

Frank Leslie's



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P R E F A C E.

It is not yet half a year since the NEW YORK JOURNAL passed into our hands; at that time it had a fair circulation, and stood high as a literary work; but though we have great faith in the results of energy and enterprise, its success since that time has astonished even ourselves. True, we have endeavored to deserve popular favor. Everything that talent and industry could do, has been put in force to increase the interest of the JOURNAL; and having under our own control an Engraving establishment, some of the best Presses for pictorial work in the country, efficient editorial help, and paper manufactured expressly for the JOURNAL, we have been enabled to give the public a superior work at a much less price than could have been afforded without such facilities.

Since the NEW YORK JOURNAL passed into the hands of FRANK LESLIE, it has contained one-third more reading matter than it did before: increase of size and solid type has produced this effect; and at this moment the JOURNAL contains more reading matter, and of a higher class, than any work of the country, perhaps of the world. To this is added more engravings, and of a superior quality, than any work illustrated after a like fashion can give for the price, as the best artists are employed, always under the publisher's own supervision.

But we intend to add other interesting features to the JOURNAL, which will place it even higher in the scale of literary excellence. The next volume will be enriched by portraits of distinguished Americans. Persons who have earned a leading position in the political, literary, or mercantile world, will find their biographies and portraits in our pages in a style of art which will render each number a treasure to their numerous friends, and interesting to the public at large. The June number contains a portrait and biography of CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

Admonished of the necessity, by the increasing demand for larger editions and back numbers, we have stereotyped the entire volume, just completed, and shall always have it in our power to supply full volumes or back numbers to any extent.

When we commenced this enterprise, it was with considerable anxiety and misgiving; but we continue it, not only with a hope of increasing patronage, but with a certainty that it is already a success of which we have every reason to be proud, and with which we might be content—if any human being was ever content—with good fortune in possession, while more was in prospect.

Among other brilliant features in contemplation for the next volume, we have in the artists' hands, designs of the most conspicuous public buildings in New York city; and shall extend these subjects over the country as we progress, especially to Washington city, and other places where history has given interest to particular locations.

More attention will also be paid to local matters, general literary intelligence, and reviews. In short, we intend to make **FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL** the best work of its class by all odds that can be found this side the Atlantic.

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TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER I.

To stand or fall,
Free in thine own arbitrant it stands—
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel. *MILTON.*

FARNSFIELD, on the borders of Nottinghamshire, is one of the few remaining villages in England where the stocks and maypole—those all but obsolete relics of bygone times—may still be found standing in primeval dignity. The former, we are happy to say, were gradually falling into disuse at the time our tale commences, much to the regret of one Michael

Tippin—generally called Old Mike—the grey-haired beadle, sexton, and constable of the village: three single gentlemen rolled into one.

Frequently had Mike, when party politics ran high in Farnsfield, or the boys were more than usually unruly, been heard emphatically to declare that the country would never be safe from the French and revolution, until the stocks were brought into general use again. In his opinion, they were the only panacea for the growing corruption of the times. What would the old man say were he living now!

The palladium of Minerva's favored city, we are told fell from heaven—that of Farnsfield came from the hands of the carpenter; but its champion es-

teemed it none the less on that account—perhaps the more; for it was a labor of love with him to patch, paint, and keep the rickety, decaying machine in repair, in the hope that justice would one day see the error of its ways, and once more bring it into use.

The fifth of November—when the lads went about collecting old barrels, gate-posts, hurdles—in short, every thing they could lay their hands upon as contributions to the bonfire on the green—was a day of sore trial and tribulation to the sexton, who watched over the safety of the stocks with all the vigilance of a jealous lover. More than once had the dignity of his staff and laced hat been perilled by a contest with the youthful marauders.



OLD MIKE AND THE TRAVELLER AT THE STOCKS.

The maypole, on the contrary, required no such protection on the recurrence of this and other dreaded anniversaries; it was guarded alike by the recollections of the old and the love of the young—who, on the first of the floral month, and during the three days of the village feast—which took place in autumn—were accustomed to assemble round it.

Many a love-tale had been breathed in its vicinity in the ears of blushing girls, who were now thoughtful, steady mothers; and many a pang of jealousy rent the heart of some rustic swain at the sight of a rival guiding the footsteps of the village belle through the mazes of the May-day dance.

Even the children loved the Maypole. They looked forward to the future; and Farnsfield—pretty, rural, hospitable Farnsfield—would not have been Farnsfield without it. Michael Tippin—for the future, following the example of his neighbors, we shall use the familiar abbreviation of Mike—was a hale, hearty man, apparently about sixty, or at the most, sixty-three years of age. Time had dealt gently with him. His tall, spare form, was still vigorous and erect as ever; his thoughtful grey eye clear, but not without a certain expression of cunning—perhaps shrewdness would have been a better word—when he turned its inquiring glance upon any one; a few thickly-curling locks, as white as snow, covered the back of his head, and gave a venerable appearance to his healthy, sunburnt features. Had Mike's countenance only been paler, he might have served as an excellent model to some artist for a saint.

At the close of a fine evening on the first day of September, 1800, Mike, having nothing else to occupy his time with, had repaired to the little green in the front of the church—a glorious specimen of the Tudor style—and was amusing himself with repairing his old friend the stocks, which stood on a little mound close to the wall of the churchyard.

The flood of sunset, deluging the green with gold and purple hues, was broken only by the mass of dark shadow which the sacred edifice cast upon the sward, enveloping the workman, stocks and all, in its shade.

The old man had been occupied more than an hour—for the repair was an important one—when his attention to his voluntary labor was called off by the dull, though quick sound, of a horseman cantering over the sun-scorched turf towards him. Mike looked up, and saw that the rider was a stranger—for he knew every face—man's, woman's, and child's—not only in the village of Farnsfield, but the neighborhood.

"Some visitor," he muttered, "to the hall; and yet it is singular they should receive company at such a time—the young squire, they say, on his death bed! Not that Sir Richard is likely to grieve much at the loss of his first-born—he never loved him! So young—so good, rich, and frank-hearted! Poor gentleman! it is a sad thing to quit a world which promises so much—and just of age, too! Ah! let me see: the first of September—of age this very day!"

By this time the horseman—who had checked his steed and remained for some time gazing around him like one uncertain of his road—perceived the speaker, and, giving the animal the rein, cantered towards him.

"A soldier!" added Mike, as he drew near.

It required no great penetration to make the discovery; so decided was the military bearing of the rider, that not even the plain, unlaced, snuff-colored suit he wore could disguise it.

His age might be about thirty—certainly not less; his features were regular and handsome, and his eyes the same color as his hair—which he wore without powder—a dark brown.

"Is this Farnsfield, my good fellow?" he said, addressing the sexton, who had risen from his knees, and stood, with one hand on the post of the stocks, gazing at him.

"It is, sir!" replied the old man; "you might trust the horse you ride to bring you, the darkest night in December, to the village post-office—he knows no other road; he has trotted every day for the last seven years, to my certain knowledge, between Newark and Farnsfield with the letter-bags."

The gentleman seemed slightly annoyed; perhaps he did not wish the direction he had come from to be known.

"It seems a pleasant place," he observed.

"It was a pleasant place, sir," answered Mike, the wrinkles on his broad, ample forehead, becoming suddenly deeper, "in Justice Oldcastle's time! He was not to be led away by new-fangled notions about the stocks hardening people, and such nonsense! I've had as many as five a week in them when he was alive."

The stranger smiled.

"Perhaps, sir," continued the speaker, "you approve of these new fashions?"

"Indeed I do not!" replied the horseman, hastily—for he was sufficiently a man of the world to perceive that he would get little information out of the old man, who was evidently a character, if he ventured to disagree with him; "on the contrary, I have been subjected to a firm discipline the greater part of my life, and I approve of it."

No doubt this was not uttered without certain mental reservations; but, as we before observed, the gentleman had his reasons for not displeasing the sexton.

"By-the-bye," he added, "what monument is that?"

He pointed to a species of cenotaph, towering to a considerable height above the wall of the churchyard, and evidently, from its construction, of much older date than the church; it was not much unlike one of those picturesque crosses formerly so common in England, erected in Catholic times to commemorate particular events. There was this difference, however—that three of the arches were walled up with blocks of granite so as to form a species of vault, the fourth being occupied by massive iron doors, on either side of which was the statue of a knight in the armor of the twelfth century; each effigy had a shield, on which were sculptured three martlets and a fleur-de-lis.

"Well, that is a singular monument," observed the old man complacently; "and I am glad that you noticed it; it belongs also to as singular a family; Sir Richard Trevanian, one of the old standards in these parts."

"Is that the burial-place of the Trevanians?" demanded the traveller, with a sigh.

"Even so," continued the sexton; "and by all accounts it is soon likely to be opened again—for the eldest son, Squire Edward, they say is dying. A good gentleman!" added the speaker, emphatically; "a good gentleman! and the poor will have cause to lament for him, go when he will! Perhaps you are acquainted with the family, sir?"

"No," replied the stranger, after a pause; "I never met but one of the name in my life."

Mike looked at him doubtfully.

"And that," added the speaker, "was far from here."

"Perhaps in foreign parts, sir?"

"This place interests me!" resumed the horseman, avoiding an answer to the question; "I had heard there are several curious old mansions in the neighborhood, and made up my mind to remain here for a day or two. My host at Newark recommended the Trevanian Arms; perhaps you will direct me to it?"

"The Trevanian Arms!" repeated Mike, with astonishment; "why, it is no better than an ale-house!"

"No matter."

"So solitary, too!"

"I shall like it all the better," observed the gentleman, impatiently; "and now, my friend, as I have given you some trouble, and delayed you at your work, if you will point out my road, I shall be happy to recompense you."

He took from his waistcoat pocket a seven shilling piece—there were seven shilling pieces in those days—and held it temptingly between his finger and thumb. Mike eyed the coin wistfully; he would fain have asked one or two more questions, but the fear of losing it prevented him.

"Keep the side of the wood, sir," he said, "till you come to Newstead Road, then turn sharp off to the right; you can't mistake the house—it is directly opposite the great entrance to the park. Betsy Guyton, who keeps it, was formerly nurse at the hall, and —"

The military-looking personage, without waiting to hear the conclusion of the sexton's observation, thanked him for his information, and trotted off in the direction he had pointed out, but not before he had dropped into the old man's hand the coin he had so lately held in his own.

"A strange guest for Bet Guyton!" he muttered, looking first at the seven-shilling piece and then after the rider; "but it is no affair of mine! Why should I trouble my head with it?"

With this philosophical reflection, he resumed his work; but had not continued it long before he was interrupted by a second traveller—a short, but very gentlemanly looking man, mounted upon an iron-grey cob—a quiet, cosy, easy-going animal, fit to carry a bishop, or at the very least, a dean.

Mike touched the scanty tuft of white hair upon his forehead: he felt instinctively that the newcomer was one of the cloth.

"Can you direct me, my good friend," inquired

the gentleman, "to a little inn, somewhere in this neighborhood, called the Trevanian Arms?"

"Where?" demanded the sexton, with a stare of surprise.

"The Trevanian Arms!" mildly repeated the inquirer.

Mike repeated the instructions he had given to his first visitor.

"Thank you, friend!" said the stranger, at the same time throwing him a crown-piece. "Do you reside hereabouts?"

"I am the sexton and Beadle of Farnsfield!"

"Sexton! Beadle! Ha—very good!" slowly enunciated the querist, complacently. "Humph! very fine church!"

"It is a fine old place!" said Mike.

"The living good?"

"More than a thousand a year, sir!"

The gentleman appeared to regard the sacred edifice with redoubled interest, and next inquired whether the incumbent had the great tithes as well as the small.

"No—no!" replied the parish officer: "they belong to the chapter at Southwell!"

"He be a parson!" exclaimed the old man, as the second traveller ambled off in the direction he had pointed out. "I'd bet the crown-piece—and, for the matter of that, the seven-shilling one, too—that he be a parson—it wor so natural loike. The first asked about the monuments and the statues of the old knights—he wor a soldier; the second wor only anxious after the tythes and living of the parish. Every one to his trade."

Either the shadows of night, which were rapidly drawing around, or the sudden and unaccountable thirst which had seized the speaker from the moment he became possessed of the money, rendered it impossible for him to pursue his work any longer; he began, therefore, to pack up his tools, in order to remove them to the lower chamber of the belfry, which he called his den.

Just as he had concluded, and was locking the gate of the churchyard, strange to relate, a third traveller, driving a powerful roan horse in a light gig, came rattling over the green. At the sight of the sexton, he, too, paused.

"What can he want?" mentally ejaculated the old man, a superstitious feeling creeping over him.

"Which is the nearest road to the Trevanian Arms?" demanded the new comer.

The keys rattled so in Mike's hand that he could not fasten the gate.

"Did you hear me, friend?" said the stranger, impatiently.

"Yes—I—I did hear you!" faltered Mike, at last. "The Trevanian Arms—it is a poor place for a gentleman like you to put up at."

"Perhaps it is cheap, and will suit my means," replied the man in the gig; "or business or pleasure may take me there; no matter what my motive, since it cannot affect you. Guide me as I request, and I will pay you for your trouble."

The cheerful, business-like tone in which the words were uttered, convinced the sexton that the speaker at least was mortal, like himself; so he gave him the same direction which he had given his predecessors; and in return the gentleman threw him a shilling, as he drove off towards the wood.

Mike reflected for some time, as he stood turning the shilling over in his hand. Never in the course of his long career had he been so puzzled.

"A man of the world, that!" he said, as he dropped the coin at last into his capacious pocket; "most likely a lawyer, for they know the value of money, and don't throw it away. The soldier gave I seven shillings. Ah, light come, light go! The parson five; it might have been less, if I hadn't told you I belonged to the church; and the lawyer, if he be a lawyer, a shilling! Hang me," he added, with a burst of curiosity, "if I wouldn't give all to know what takes soldier, parson, and lawyer, to Bet Guyton's. No good, I fear, no good! Poor young Squire!"

So great was the desire of the sexton to obtain some clue to the enigma, that he determined to visit the Trevanian Arms, despite the distance—no trifling obstacle at his age. Bet was an old acquaintance, and certain, as he thought, to make him welcome.

It is time that we proceeded to give some account of the family whose members, as our readers doubtless already have suspected, are destined to act no undistinguished parts in our tale.

Sir Richard Trevanian, when a very young man, had succeeded to the inheritance of an ancient name and a dilapidated estate. Being a prudent, calculating personage, he had married the only child and heiress of the gentleman who held the vast mortga-

ges upon his property—and so disembarassed it. To do him justice, he made her a kind, if not affectionate husband. The lady died rather more than a year after her marriage, leaving him an infant heir. Upon this child and his issue—male or female—by the marriage settlements, the estate was strictly settled; and in the event of his dying without issue, it was left at his absolute disposal—his father retaining only a life-interest in it; the entail having been cut off by the preceding baronet—an act which his son bitterly regretted.

His year of widowhood having expired, and Sir Richard having duly

Born about the mockery of wo
To midnight dances and the public show,

he became a second time a husband, giving his hand to Lady Olivia Beauchamp, who was shrewdly suspected of being the object of his first love.

Her ladyship was a proud, passionate, clever woman of the world, devotedly attached to Sir Richard and the son and daughter which in due time she bore him. They were her idols; in them she could see no faults; their very defects only rendered them more dear to her.

Not so with her step-son. If she did not absolutely hate him, he was indifferent to her; and the domestics, like well-trained menials, took their cue from their new mistress.

Master Edward was always doing something wrong. His most trifling faults were duly reported to his father, who fancied that he was only doing his duty when he employed severity as a means, he said, of reclaiming him; till in time the boy began to tremble at the sound of his voice, to pine, and avoid him.

There must be something radically wrong both in the conduct and heart of that father whose presence is a terror rather than a happiness to his child.

In the sixth year after his second marriage, Sir Richard was offered a diplomatic appointment at the court of Tuscany, which he accepted. The hall was let for a term of years to a General Maitland, and the baronet and his family, with the exception of his eldest son, departed for Italy. Edward was left behind, under the care of the Reverend Jabez Knowles—a clergyman at Southwell—with strict orders from the baronet to break his stubborn temper, if possible, and cure him of his evil ways.

The evil ways of a child! When will those on whom the holy duties of paternity devolve, comprehend that the key to the heart of youth is affection, not severity.

To do the Reverend Jabez Knowles justice, he carried out the instructions he had received and his own ideas of discipline to the very letter. The friendless boy must have turned out a prodigy of learning and virtue, if birching and impositions could have wrought so desirable a change; but somehow, despite the calculations of the pedagogue the more he birched the less tractable his pupil became; and he began to entertain serious doubts of the possibility of ever flogging the evil spirit out of him.

His school companions—it is astonishing how quickly children catch the tone and feeling of those who have the charge of them—quickly perceived that Edward was no favorite with their master, and in turn tyrannised over him. Whenever he appeared in the play-ground he was avoided, or sought only by his youthful tyrants to be made sport of; ever the usher—a young Scotchman, who was sneaking his way into the church—invariably made Edward the scape-goat of the other pupils' offences; they could make him presents—the neglected heir of Sir Richard Trevanian had nothing to give.

On one occasion, after he had been severely punished for some act of mischief committed by one of the elder boys, his innocence was accidentally made clear.

"Why did you not say it was not you?" demanded the Reverend Jabez Knowles, angrily.

"I thought you knew it, sir!" answered the child, with unaffected simplicity.

The clerical brute blushed: for once the reproof stung him.

Edward had passed more than a year under the care of his tutor, and was gradually sinking into a state of sullen apathy, when a new pupil entered the school; this was the younger son of General Maitland, the tenant of Trevanian House during the absence of Sir Richard.

He was a fine, spirited lad, about fifteen years of age; generous—for he had never been treated with affection; brave—for his spirit had not been broken by harsh and brutal treatment.

The first day he appeared upon the play-ground his new companions thronged around him; they

were pleased with his frank manners and merry laugh; each felt anxious to court his acquaintance.

"I say, Maitland, who do you intend to fag?" inquired Tom Wall, the head boy, and, *par parenthese*, the greatest bully and coward of the school.

"Fag! no one!" was the reply.

"You must either fag or be fagged!" observed the former.

"Must I?" repeated the new comer. "I would advise any one who attempts to fag me to try first if he can thrash me—and even then it would be a question to be daily settled between us!"

Several of the younger boys who had gathered round them ventured to laugh.

"What are you grinning at, you young cur?" demanded Wall, walking up to Edward, who was standing by himself, near a large chestnut-tree, in the centre of the play-ground.

The poor little fellow looked at him as if he scarcely understood the question; there was something so preposterous in the idea of his smiling.

"Speak—can't you?" said the tyrant, seizing him by the hair, and knocking his head against the tree.

In an instant George Maitland sprang to his side, his eyes flashing with indignation.

"Let go your hold!" he said.

"I shan't!" replied the head boy of the school.

The new-comer, without a moment's hesitation, drew his guard, and struck his late companion a blow which sent him reeling on the ground; and then, without waiting to see whether the fallen bully would resent it or not, took Edward by the hand, and asked if he was hurt.

It was singular to witness the change that came over the sullen, apathetic features of the pale, sickly boy; his lips quivered for an instant, and his dark eyes filled with tears—tears which the brutal treatment he had endured had long failed to draw from him. The words of kindness had touched his heart, the seal upon the long-closed fountain was removed—he had found some one to love at last, and the waters of sensibility flowed freely.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed his defender, drawing him closely towards him; "why, he does not seem to have a friend amongst you!"

"He is a stupid, bad fellow," observed several of the pupils, "and gets more floggings than all the boys in the school!"

"Does he?" muttered young Maitland, in a tone of sympathy.

"You will soon grow tired of defending him—every one hates him!"

"Do they?"

Edward looked in the face of his new friend imploringly, as if to say, "Do not you, too, hate me!"

The change which had taken place in the heart of young Trevanian was not the only remarkable circumstance of that important day: he suddenly found his courage—for when his old tormentor, Wall—who had recovered from his fall—approached, evidently with the intention of attacking Maitland, the hitherto meek and submissive child sprang towards him with the fury of a young lion, dealing him such desperate blows that the astonished tyrant staggered beneath them.

"He is mad!" shouted several of his school-fellows.

They were right: it was the madness of sensibility newly awakened.

Young as he was, it is not to be supposed that Edward could have contended for many minutes successfully against his old tormentor. Maitland soon came to his aid, observing that it was his quarrel, and no one else should settle it.

The result was, that the bully got exceedingly well thrashed, whilst his antagonist had scarcely a scar.

From that time George Maitland and Edward became friends; a brother's love existed between them. If any of the boys of his own age insulted the latter, his champion stood by whilst they fought it out, and saw fair play between them: when one of the older lads was the assailant, he threw off his jacket and settled the quarrel for him. In less than a week a great moral revolution had taken place in the establishment of Mr. Jabez.

The progress of the hitherto dull boy in his studies was equally remarkable: his intelligence, as well as his feelings had been awakened—the shame of appearing stupid in the eyes of George, who was so clever and quick, was a strong incentive. He seldom missed a lesson; the pedagogue was surprised. He could not comprehend the change, and began to suspect that at last he had flogged his obstinacy out of him.

One morning, the reverend gentleman being in

rather a more irritable temper than usual, heard a laugh in the class; and, without waiting to ascertain the real culprit, as a matter of course, he turned round and struck Edward a violent blow with the cane.

"Shameful!" exclaimed young Maitland—"shameful!"

"Who dared utter that word?" demanded the master, turning very red in the face.

"I did!" said the generous boy, rising in his desk; "and I repeat it—shameful, brutal, and unjust! It was not Trevanian who laughed!"

"Who, then?"

"I am not a spy, to denounce a school-fellow!" replied the youth.

"You shall do so, or take the punishment of the fault!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, now thoroughly excited by passion, and biting his thumbs—a peculiar habit with him when he had lost all command over his temper and reason.

The cane whizzed as it descended upon the shoulders of George Maitland, who endured it without flinching.

Not so Edward—he was pale with agony; his young heart rent at beholding the indignity offered to his friend. The poor boy sprang rather than walked from the class, and, throwing his arms around George, vainly endeavored to receive the blows upon his own tender limbs. Suddenly he uttered a deep groan, and fainted.

The Reverend Mr. Jabez Knowles became alarmed; his passion left him in an instant. His means of existence depended upon his school.

"You have murdered him!" exclaimed George Maitland, shaking his clenched fist in the face of his tutor. "I will return home—Edward shall go with me! My father is a magistrate: he shall write to Sir Richard Trevanian, who cannot know what a brute he has trusted his son to!"

By this time Sneaking Tom—as the usher was generally called—had raised the senseless Edward in his arms: as he did so, two or three drops of blood trickled from the lips of the senseless boy.

"You shall not take him from me!" continued the speaker, clinging to the form of his friend. "See, boys," he added, "they have murdered him!"

There was a shudder, and a general cry of "Shame!" ran through the school.

The two lads were removed to their rooms, and Dr. Bennet, the surgeon, sent for.

When Edward recovered from his fainting fit, the first person he recognised was George, kneeling on the side of the bed close by him.

"For me!" sobbed the sufferer; "for me!"

Despite the skillful attempts of Mrs. Knowles—who, to do her justice, was inexpressibly shocked at the brutal conduct of her husband—to prevent him, George related everything which had occurred to the medical man—who, having turned down the collar of Edward's shirt, stood with his finger for several minutes placed upon the artery just above the collar-bone.

"Of course it is nothing serious," observed the lady, anxiously.

Dr. Bennet made no reply, but silently prepared to bleed his patient. The operation performed, he gave strict orders that he should not be disturbed, but left for the rest of the day to repose.

"You hear, Master Maitland!" said Mistress Knowles.

"I will not leave him," replied the boy, "unless I am forced away! My father will be here in a day or two—he will know how to act."

"You may remain," observed the surgeon, kindly, at the same time passing his hand approvingly over the head of the speaker; "in fact, he will be better with you by his side. You shall not be removed from your friend."

With this promise the brave, warm-hearted youth was content. As soon as they were alone, he sprang from the bed and barred the door; then returned, and laid himself down by the side of Edward.

"Don't grieve," he whispered; "you know, Ned, that I love you."

The little sufferer pressed his hand.

"My father shall write to Sir Richard," added George; "he will soon remove you!"

"When I am dead!" murmured the child; "when I am dead!"

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction. Some of our readers may perhaps accuse us of exaggeration in the character of the Reverend Jabez Knowles. He was no imaginary person, and the author could cite several of his school-fellows still living ornaments both of the church and bar, as witnesses of a scene similar to the one he has described. But the persecutor of Edward Trevanian is dead. Let his



THERESE AND CHARLES GRAHAM AT FARNSFIELD CHURCH.

real name be found only on the stone which covers his remains—the hand of his former pupil shall not trace it.

CHAPTER II.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And that same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying. HERRICK.

From the day of his attack, Edward Trevanian ceased to be tormented by either the Reverend Mr. Jabez or his school-fellows. The friendship of George protected him against the latter, and a terrible secret which Doctor Bennet whispered in the ear of the schoolmaster restrained his brutal temper, —even in his wildest moods reducing him to bite his thumbs in silence.

The poor, ill-used, neglected boy was dying. Anæmism of the heart had already taken place. True, he might possibly linger on to the age of manhood, or even a year or two beyond it; but the fiat had gone forth—his doom was sealed.

By affecting great sorrow for what had occurred, and artfully hinting that any complaint on the part of young Maitland to his father would cause his separation from Edward, the former was induced to promise silence respecting had occurred, and felt himself more than repaid for the treatment he had received in the immunity which it procured his friend—whom the schoolmaster, contrary to the instructions he had received from Sir Richard, permitted to pass his holidays at Trevanian House.

There is something exceedingly beautiful in the friendship of youth. Passion cannot mar its purity, or the world's interests change its rich music into discord. We pity the boy who never had a friend,—his heart lacks one of Nature's sweetest memories.

In his repeated visits to General Maitland, the mind and manners of Edward were gradually formed to that polished and intellectual tone which good society alone imparts. George had many friends—Edward only one. His heart desired no other.

He had reached his seventeenth year when the trials he most dreaded occurred—namely, the separation from George, and the return of his unnatural father—that father whose affections had been so cruelly estranged from him—who had committed his infant heir to the tender mercy of the Reverend Jabez Knowles.

Our readers may imagine the pang with which he saw his friend depart to join the regiment in Ireland to which he had just been gazetted.

"Bear up, Ned!" exclaimed the young soldier, vainly attempting to repress his own emotion; "remember the distance is not great which separates us. Bear up for my sake. Four years more, and you will be of age—then we can roam the world together!"

"I shall never see that day," replied Edward, mournfully. "I do not regret it on my own account, but on yours!"

"On mine!" repeated the disinterested young man, not comprehending the purport of his speech; "and why not on your own?"

"It is better that it should be so," replied his friend, sadly; "it would be unwise for me to be too strongly attached to this life. I am young, have wealth, rank—all that the world envies or worships in the present or in the future; but between me and that future," he added, "I see a grisly phantom—a yawning grave! I have struggled against the presentiment, but it will not quit me. Death has set his seal upon me. I feel it in the languor of my frame, my wearied energies, my utter indifference to all but you."

"These are mere fancies—the offspring of a too susceptible imagination. Forget them."

"Well, well, perhaps they are fancies. Time will show."

Before they separated, George promised his early friend not only to write to him weekly, but to visit him as often as he could procure leave of absence from his regiment.

"Remember," he said, "I am but a raw recruit as yet, and not likely to be sent on active service for some time to come."

Immediately after the departure of the speaker, Edward Trevanian returned to the residence of the Reverend Jabez Knowles, where he was no longer treated as a pupil. For the last two years he had had apartments of his own, and been perfectly master of his time. We need not say that it had been spent with his early champion and friend, George Maitland, after whose departure he devoted himself to the preservation of his health. He lived by rule, carefully avoided every topic in conversation that could possibly excite him, and gradually schooled himself till he became as cold and apathetic in manner as he was warm and sensitive in feeling.

The secret of this extraordinary change was, that he wished to live—he had a purpose to accomplish. That achieved, he cared not how soon he threw aside the mask and yielded his worn spirit to repose.

On his arrival at the mansion, which General Maitland had vacated immediately on the baronet's return to England, Sir Richard inquired for his son.

His first feeling was that of anger that he was not at the hall to meet him.

The steward informed him that he had not seen his young master since the departure of George Maitland for the army, but doubtless he would find him at the parsonage of the Rev. Mr. Jabez.

The baronet resolved to send a message for him, but on reflecting that Edward was no longer a child, decided upon going to fetch him himself. Perhaps he felt a secret reproach of conscience at his long neglect of his first-born. If so, the impression proved neither deep nor lasting.

His son by his second marriage—a spoiled boy of fifteen—and his daughter Emily, insisted upon accompanying him. They were anxious to see the modern Orson, as they contemptuously termed their half-brother.

Both were greatly surprised and mortified when they beheld the tall, elegant young man, who rose with well-bred self-possession from his easy chair, in the little study at the parsonage, to receive them.

Sir Richard held out his hand, and colored deeply as his son touched it slightly. He felt that he merited the reproof.

"Why Edward, my dear boy," he exclaimed, with affected warmth, "how you are altered! I should scarcely have known you!"

"Strange, if you had!" replied the youth, with a melancholy smile; "it is more than ten years since we met. I was then a mere child!"

The quiet manner of the speaker, whose reproaches were the more bitter from the polished language in which he clothed them, completely upset the self-possession of the baronet.

"Your brother Walter," he said, "and your sister Emily!" pointing at the same time to his second family.

"They appear fine, healthy children!" observed Edward Trevanian, without making the least advance to a further acquaintance with them; "but no wonder," he added: "they have never known what it is to miss a parent's care!"

"A reproof, I presume!" said the father, sternly—for he began to feel excessively annoyed at the turn the conversation was taking.

"Merely an observation!" replied his son.

"Have you no inquiry for your mother?" demanded the baronet, feeling more and more iracible.

At the word "mother," the lips of Edward quivered for an instant, but he quickly repressed the weakness. Never during his life had he so successfully kept his feelings under the control of his will.

"Is Lady Trevanian still living?" he said.

"Living!" repeated her husband; "of course she is!"

"Not having heard either directly or indirectly of or from her ladyship for the last ten or twelve years, I may be excused the question!" quietly observed Edward.

"You will return with us to the hall!" said his father.

"With your permission," replied the son, "I would rather remain here! I am not much used to society—particularly that of strangers!"

Sir Richard never felt more inclined to fly into a passion in the whole course of his life—and the provocation was the more pungent from the consciousness that his unnatural conduct to his elder born merited it. One recollection alone restrained him. Edward was his elder born—the heir of his title, and what was of far greater importance, of his fortune. That was so strictly settled upon him, that even if he died without issue, he could by a stroke of his pen alienate it for ever from all who bore the name of Trevanian.

Their brief interview had given the astute, calculating man of the world sufficient insight into the character of his son to perceive that his firmness, if opposed, might amount to obstinacy; and he determined, if possible, to soothe instead of irritate the morbid sensibility which might become dangerous.

"Edward," he said, "you are unjust!"

"Prove it, sir, and I shall be the first to lament my error!"

"Unjust," continued his parent, "both towards myself and Lady Trevanian! You resent the manner in which you were left in England, without reflecting sufficiently on the motive! You are the heir not only of my paternal estate, but—"

"I am perfectly aware such is the case!" quietly observed the young man.

"Lady Trevanian has children of her own, and—"

"And is that a reason," demanded Edward, for the first time giving way to the feelings which were secretly consuming him "that I should be consigned to the care of a wretched hireling, with instructions that he should break my temper? Fit directions for a father to leave! Break my temper!" he repeated; "in other words, debase and brutalize my mind with blows! But go on, sir! You have condescended to enter on your defence, and it is fit I should hear you patiently!"

At the word "defence," the baronet colored deeply—for he was a proud, and at times a very determined man. He continued, however—for there was something in the bitter irony and tone of his neglected son which awed him.

"Explanation, Edward," he said, "would have been a better word; but no matter! Had you died in Italy, the world might have accused Lady Trevanian of neglect; or worse, perhaps—for it seldom judges charitably the conduct of the step-mother; therefore it was that you were placed under the care of the Rev. Jabez Knowles!"

"With instructions to use me as he pleased—to break my spirit—to brutalize my mind!" exclaimed Edward Trevanian, with more calmness; "the instrument was suited to the task! You selected him with your usual discrimination, sir!"

"And yet I cannot perceive that he has done either!" observed Sir Richard, somewhat sarcastically.

"Do you regret it?" demanded the youth.

"Edward, you forget that I am your father!"

"Would I could, Sir Richard. But if I have remembered it through years of neglect and misery—misery so dark and cheerless that it has left its shadow on my mind and heart, it is not probable I shall forget it now. As to my returning with you to Trevanian House, it will be against my wish if I do so; but as you are my guardian during my minority, I presume I must comply!"

"It is my wish!" exclaimed the baronet impetuously—for his forbearance was entirely exhausted; "and is necessary, my command! Do not compel me to enforce it!"

"I am aware," observed his son, "of the nature of the authority you hold over me, and shall not attempt to resist it: four years will soon elapse—and then—"

"What then?" demanded Sir Richard, eyeing him with a glance which plainly indicated his opinion that before the expiration of the time he named his neglected heir would sleep in the old monument described in the preceding chapter.

"I shall be master of myself!" exclaimed Edward, interpreting his thoughts; "fear not—I shall live till then, sir, and disappoint your affectionate calculations. The color in my cheek is not the

hctic of consumption! I am free—quite free—from that! Consumption will not kill me!"

So saying, he rose and left the room, to prepare for his departure.

"Don't you think my brother is mad?" demanded Walter Trevanian of his father.

"More dangerous than mad!" replied the baronet. The youth looked at him puzzled to comprehend how any one could be more dangerous than mad.

"I don't think he will live long!" he added; "he is so very thin, and his eyes have such an unnatural glassy brightness."

Sir Richard had observed it, too, and mentally wished that the prediction of his favorite boy might prove correct—for he felt assured that if once Edward lived to reach his majority, Walter and Emily would be left beggars.

That same day the hitherto neglected Edward took up his abode with his father.

No sooner was Lady Trevanian made acquainted with the fact that an incurable disease—like the worm in the half-closed bud of some delicate flower—was slowly but surely undermining the life of her step-son, than her tactics suddenly changed—indifference gave place to apparently the most tender and anxious solicitude. We say *apparently*—for it was merely a part which the shrewd woman of the world condescended to act.

Walter and Emily—not without some difficulty, however—were schooled to second her design. Young as they were, they felt the importance of conciliating their half-brother—of winning his affection. True, his death would render the baronetcy certain; but if once he lived to be of age, a scratch of his pen might render it an empty honor; for Edward would then have an absolute power over the estate—to say nothing of the large funded property which had been steadily accumulating during his minority.

In pursuance of this system—for such it gradually became—all ebullitions of temper and coarseness were repressed in his presence: if he entered the drawing-room and a window remained open, it was carefully closed—his easy chair was instantly vacated. Emily, who was a fine, showy girl, played and sang to him—Walter read; in short, he was surrounded with those nameless attentions so consoling to the invalid.

Gradually they made the intended impression upon his naturally grateful and susceptible nature.

There was something inexpressibly shocking in the calculated hypocrisy of beings so young, like twin serpents, stealthily twining themselves around the heart of the youth whose death they watched and prayed for.

One evening, Edward had been the object of more than usual solicitude and attention from his step-mother and her children, and yet he endured rather than responded to their advances. On reaching his room, his heart reproached him for his fancied injustice.

"They love me!" he said; "and, like an ingrate, I have repaid their affection with indifference! There was a tear in the eye of Emily when she bade me 'good night!' Poor girl, how my coldness must have pained her! Walter, too—I like him much better than I did at first! I will return and make amends for my injustice!"

Just as he reached the drawing-room door, a loud laugh fell upon his ear: it surprised him, but the chill which fell upon his heart when he heard the artful girl exclaim, "Really, mamma, it is a sad bore; why does he not die at once?" may be better imagined than described.

Her brother observed that he was sick of the part he had so long been acting.

"Patience, my loves!" exclaimed Lady Trevanian; "everything is going on as I could wish. Even if he lives to reach his majority, the fortune will be yours."

A bitter smile passed over the pale lips of the invalid, and he slowly retraced his steps to his solitary chamber: the mask of which he had so nearly been made the dupe had fallen—no after artifice could replace it.

From that day he resumed his former manner towards them. Not a reproach—not a look betrayed the discovery he had made: the knowledge of their duplicity remained a secret in his own heart,—but, like most secrets, it preyed upon it.

On the borders of the village was a pretty little rustic cottage, inhabited by a retired officer, who had served under Gen. Maitland—Adjutant Moore, and his two daughters. The old soldier was blind; a misfortune which had compelled him to quit his regiment; but the watchful care, the affectionate solicitude of his children alleviated, as far as possible, his affliction. They were his guides, companions—everything to him; whilst one daughter oc-

cupied herself with the household affairs, the other read or walked with him.

Life would indeed have been a blank to that dark man, but for the untiring care of his girls, Fanny and Therese.

Humble as was the home of this poor family, it was a home of love. Sorrow and dissension were alike strangers to it. If the eyes of the adjutant no longer enjoyed the glorious sunshine of nature, there was a sunshine in his heart when he heard the merry laugh and song of Therese, or Fanny read to him in the long evenings of winter from the almost inspired pages of Milton.

Perhaps it may be as well to describe the two sisters. Imperfect as all pen-and-ink portraits necessarily are, they give at least an outline which the imagination can fill up. Fanny, the eldest, was a tall, fair girl, beautiful rather in the expression than strict regularity of her features. There was a tender melancholy in her soft, blue eyes, such as poets have imagined to be found in those who are destined to an early death. Her lips sometimes smiled, but her eyes were always sad. They reminded those who gazed upon them of twin violets from which the night dew had only been partially shaken. Her chestnut hair, worn in the fashion of the day, fell in wavy masses of curls—Nature's own veil to modesty—over her neck and shoulders.

So exquisitely had nature harmonised her mind and body, that, despite her ignorance of calisthenics, and the lessons of the dancing-master, there was an innate grace and elegance in her deportment which art can only imitate—not give; and her voice, rich and full as the simple note of the dove, was one of those pure organs which wake the echoes of the heart.

Nothing could be more beautifully touching than her untiring devotion to her father. She read and sang to him by turns—was his guide, companion, and friend. Often would the old man declare that heaven had more than recompensed his misfortune in giving him such a child—the living counterpart of her dead mother.

The beauty of Therese, on the contrary, resembled that of the sunny daughters of the south: a sparkling brunette, eyes that Titian alone could have done justice to, and a form round and symmetrical as that of a Spanish gipsy.

Her step was grace, her bosom's swell
Seemed like love's own gentle pillow—
A nest for young desire to dwell—
A sea of sweets—a snowy billow.

For a long time the old adjutant and his daughters received but one visitor—the organist of the village church—Charles Graham, a modest, unassuming young man, devoted to his profession, and—if we must confess the truth—to Therese.

Sometimes the light-hearted girl would listen to his passion, at others, laugh at his sentimental speeches. When rendered more than usually unhappy by her caprice, the young organist, who had a key to the church, would repair, no matter how late the hour, to his beloved organ, and pour forth his complainings in strains of such plaintive melody that the villagers would assemble in the porch to listen to him. Some said that he was mad: if so, it was the madness of the heart—not brain.

About a year before the period of the commencement of our tale, the cottage of the blind soldier received a second visitor. Edward Trevanian first called there with a message from his friend George, who was still in Ireland: the adjutant had served in the regiment of his father, General Maitland, and George had known and loved the old man from his youth.

The visits of his messenger soon became daily

CHAPTER III.

Words cannot paint thee, gentlest cynosure
Of all things lovely; in that loveliest form
Souls wear the youth of woman; brows as pure
As Memphis skies that never knew a storm;
Lips with such sweetness in their honeyed deeps
As fills the rose in which a fairy sleeps. BULWER.

Despite the prediction of the physician and the evil anticipations of Lady Trevanian and her children, Edward lingered on till he reached his twentieth birthday—the first of real happiness which the solitary invalid for several years had tasted—for it was cheered by the presence of his earliest friend, George Maitland, who, having obtained three months' leave of absence from his regiment, resolved to devote them to his adopted brother, which he was the better enabled to do, as the general, his father, was engaged on active service in India.

We must pass over the pleasure of such a meeting—the reunion of two hearts locked in the bands

of the clo . . . friendship; hearts in which time, the cares of the world its dreams of ambition and sordid interest, had not yet chilled youth's generous sympathies.

At first, Sir Richard and his lady were coldly polite to their visitor—but that coldness gradually changed to aversion, which expressed itself in rudeness when they discovered how closely the dying heir and his friend were united; there appeared but one heart, one soul between them.

Walter and Emily, who had long given up hopeless their attempts to conciliate the affection of their moody brother—as they termed him—by their hypocritical attentions, scarcely kept the expression of their anger and mortification within the bounds of common decency.

The two young men were not slow to perceive the feeling of the baronet and his family. As a natural consequence, they associated with them as little as possible, passing most of their time at the cottage of the adjutant, where George Maitland was welcomed by the sisters as an old friend—they had known him from their childhood.

On these visits the sisters and the two young men would, if the weather permitted, stroll together the greater part of the day, leaving the blind old adjutant to the care of the young organist, Charles Graham. More than once they had extended their excursions to Newstead Abbey—that glorious pile, inseparably connected with the name of Byron.

In their day Newstead was considered merely as a fine old mansion, interesting from its antiquity and historical associations. It has since become a shrine, hallowed as the abode of genius and misfortune. When, alas! will they cease to be inseparable!

The gossips and scandalmongers—for there were a few such personages even in dear, rural, old Farnsfield—soon began to indulge in whispers, shrugs, and comments on the extraordinary intimacy which had sprung up between the village beauties and the heir of Sir Richard Trevanian and his friend. The rector's sister, a decided old maid, predicted in strictest confidence to the lawyer's wife, that no good would come of it. The lawyer's lady in turn hinted as much to the daughters of the apothecary and schoolmaster.

"To the pure," it has been beautifully observed, "all things are pure." Fanny and Therese, conscious of the innocence of their own hearts, little suspected that their conduct had become the talk of the whole place—that evil minds had placed as evil a construction upon it—that they were the subject of gossip amongst their neighbors.

The young organist was the first to hear the various rumors which the busy tongue of scandal thus cruelly set afloat. To say that he was pained, would give but a slight idea of the agony he endured: not that he believed them—his confidence in the virtue of Therese was as unbounded as his love. A slight pang of jealousy he certainly did feel when he saw the sisters depart upon their rambles, each leaning upon the arm of her elegant companion.

Never had the organ of the old church—the only confidant of his feelings—poured forth such strains of plaintive melody; and during the visits of George Maitland and Edward to the cottage, what tantalized him most was, that he knew not which of the friends to be jealous of, for Therese as frequently took the arm of the young squire as that of his friend.

Th. poor fellow longed to speak, but dare not. He feared the mocking laugh, the teasing smile of the light-hearted girl he was so madly devoted to. It was not till he had taken the resolution twenty times, and broken it as often, that he at last found courage to broach the subject.

Therese sought him one morning at an early hour in the church—she was sure to find him there. The village belle was dressed with more than usual care; never, in the eyes of the musician, had she appeared so lovely.

"I want to speak with you, Charles!" she said, offering him her hand.

How gently, yet how fondly, did he clasp her delicate fingers in his; with what reluctance did he resign them.

"Another day of pleasure," he said, with a sigh.

"Had you been a conjuror, Charles," replied the merry girl, "you could not have guessed more truly. Don't look so seriously! No one, I am sure, will ever take you for one!"

The arch smile of the speaker, as she uttered the words, annoyed the amorous musician exceedingly.

"I know that nature has not been too bountiful with my head," he replied; but, in return, she has not cursed me with a corrupt heart.

The eyes of Therese filled with tears at the reproach.

"Gold—pure gold!" she exclaimed, in a tone of self-reproach; "and I shall never forgive myself for having pained it—but I did not mean to do so! Forget it, Charles," she added, once more extending her hand to him; my foolish tongue ran away with my judgment, or I never could have said a word to pain so true a friend! I'll not offend again!"

The anger of her lover vanished in an instant. He must have received a far more serious cause of offence to have held out against such an appeal. He sealed her pardon with his lips upon the pledge thus temptingly held out to him.

"And now that we are friends once more," continued Therese—"there, you need not kiss my hand so! I'll tell you what has brought me thus early. I knew I should find you in the church! Fanny and I are going to Newstead."

"Alone!" inquired the organist.

"No!"

"George Maitland and the young squire are to accompany you!" said Charles Graham, with a deep drawn sigh.

"Right again! You certainly do improve!" replied the pure-minded girl, not dreaming that any one could be base enough to construe evil out of that which to her was a source of innocent gratification; "and we want you to pass the day at the cottage with papa. We shall feel quite easy at leaving him in your care. You hesitate!" added the maiden, with surprise; "very well, sir—it is not often that I ask a favor of any one. Stephen Franklin will not refuse me!"

Stephen Franklin was the only son of one of the wealthiest farmers on the Trevanian estate; a dashing, merry-hearted fellow, admitted by universal consent among the belles of Farnsfield to be the best match in the village. He had long been an ardent admirer of Therese. His character would have stood equally high with the fathers and matrons of the place, but for one drawback—an inveterate love of poaching; and poaching in those days was considered as a crime which merited the severest punishment. When detected, the squirearchy and magistrates generally proved implacable.

On all other points the conduct of the young farmer was admitted to be unexceptionable.

"Perhaps," observed the organist, deeply hurt, "he does not love you as I do, Therese."

"At least he will oblige me more readily," retorted the maiden.

"I will do him no wrong," continued the young man; "with him love is a passion, sparkling and brilliant as the flame which quickly consumes itself—with me it is a sentiment which has engrafted itself upon the heart, absorbing every feeling! Think, then, what I must endure should evil tongues speak lightly of my choice—profane the name I worship with the soul's fervid adoration, believe as pure as a mother's holy kiss—a father's blessing!"

The daughter of the blind old soldier stood for several moments as if trying to understand the drift of his speech. When she did comprehend it, a deep blush suffused her features—Nature's witness that she merited not the breath, much less the taint of suspicion.

"I did not expect this from you, Charles!" she replied at last, in a tone far more of sorrow than of anger; "I knew that you were jealous—but till this moment never dreamed you could be so unjust! Farewell!"

She turned to quit the church—but, overcome by feelings which certainly were not those of self-reproach, she seated herself upon a tomb on which was sculptured the recumbent effigy of one of the old priors of Southwell.

Her repentant lover was at her feet in an instant.

"You must hear me!" he exclaimed; "that your heart may have no excuse for treating me with injustice! What I have said are not the ravings of a senseless jealousy—I but repeat the words that are on the lips of half the village. I need not say how they have wronged me! Several times you have asked me why I no longer visited at the rectory! I offended Miss Standish, by defending you and Fanny against her vile insinuations! You demanded why I gave up my lessons to the daughters of the lawyer? It was because I could not sit patiently and listen to your detraction! All condemn and assign the worse motives," he added, "for your intimacy with those whom rank and fortune, in their opinion, have placed so far above you!"

"And you have heard these things?" faltered the astonished Therese, from whose lips the sunny smile had fled.

"Heard them with pain!"

"And believed them?"

"Never for an instant!" replied her lover, in a tone of indignation; "I could as soon doubt the purity of the mother who bore me, as yours, Therese! If all the world condemned you I should uphold your innocence! So perfect is my confidence, so devoted is my love, that doubt can never find entrance to my heart—conviction might—but it would kill me! Oh that I could prove," he added, "how perfectly is my faith in you!"

At that moment neither of the speakers dreamed how soon the faith of which he boasted would be put to the test.

"I said your heart was gold, Charles—pure gold!" exclaimed Therese, deeply moved by the manly confidence and generosity of her lover—"and I was not deceived in you. Who could have thought," she added, in a tone of sorrow and surprise, "that the world was so wicked! Friends and neighbors, who have known us from childhood, to judge Fanny and myself so harshly."

"Say rather unjustly."

"Poor Edward!" continued the girl, with a sigh, "it will be a sad shock to him when he hears that his friendship has brought a blight upon the name of two poor motherless girls—and he dying, too."

"He must not know it," replied the organist; "it would be cruel—and unnecessary, as regards him! It is your intimacy with his friend—the handsome, gay young officer, whom all the girls of Farnsfield are raving about, that has raised these infamous reports."

"Should they reach my father's ear," said the anxious girl, struck by a sudden terror, "they would kill him! The poor blind old man lives but in his children: they are the light which he has lost—flowers, sunshine, everything to him! Thank heaven!" she added, in a tone whose deep earnestness, despite his confidence, removed a bitter pang from the heart of her lover, "George Maitland joins his regiment in a month!"

"And scandal, having exhausted its venom, will seek some other victim!" observed Charles Graham.

"Meanwhile"—

"I will speak to George Maitland privately myself," interrupted Therese, who had suddenly become very thoughtful; "I am sure he will understand me. I fear we cannot put off this visit to Newstead," she continued; "it would cause explanations with my father and poor Edward Trevanian which, for both their sakes, are much better avoided."

The musician thought so, too; and, as a recompense, was permitted to escort the fair speaker to the cottage, where her sister and the two friends were already prepared to start on their visit to Newstead.

From that day it was observed that the walks of the sisters and their visitors were confined to the little garden of the adjutant's cottage, not that they became less frequent. The old soldier was delighted with the conversation of the son of his former general—it broke the monotony of his existence. He looked upon him and Edward, as well as his two girls, as mere children, forgetting that one touch from the Promethean torch of Love anticipates the wing of Time, and changes the current of existence.

To the great annoyance of Lady Trevanian, the visits of her step-son to the cottage did not cease with the departure of his friend, who, at the expiration of his leave of absence, started from Farnsfield to rejoin his regiment in Ireland. Edward was still seen at the adjutant's as frequently as ever, generally in the garden with Fanny, but sometimes with her sister.

The invalid had borne the separation from George—whom he knew he should never see again—with a firmness which surprised every one who knew how tender was the tie of friendship which united them. It was but another proof of the strong influence which the will can exercise over the heart; he dared not feel, lest the purpose of his life should be defeated.

Strange to say, from the day of his quitting him, Edward never received letter or communication of any kind from his friend. This, whether justly or not, he attributed to the machinations of Lady Trevanian.

About a month before our tale commenced, at the earnest entreaty of his physician, Dr. Bennet, the invalid confined himself to his own room. The only amusement he permitted himself was in writing long letters to Fanny and her sister: these he intrusted to his valet, Duncan, the son of the female who had been his mother's nurse—a straightforward, honest fellow, about his own age—whom no cajoleries could persuade or flattery corrupt—so devotedly was he attached to his young master.

When the visits of Edward ceased, the health of Fanny rapidly gave way; and, without suspecting the reason, her sister could not avoid connecting one event with the other. She frequently found her in tears—she complained of cold—and even in the house kept herself muffled in a thick shawl.

On one occasion Therese implored her to receive medical advice; the suffering girl refused almost with an expression of terror.

"It will soon pass," she said, "and it is cruel to alarm our father unnecessarily."

When Therese spoke of her sister's illness to the servant who had attended them in their infancy, Mary Page shook her head, and replied to her by half words and muttered sentences, which only bewildered her young mistress more and more—she could not comprehend it. The adjutant at last perceived that his favorite child was suffering: true, he could not read it in her sunken eye and faded cheek, but her voice betrayed it to him, and he insisted that Doctor Bennet should be sent for.

Fanny gave a reluctant assent, and that same night sent off a hurried letter to the hall by the hands of her usual messenger, Duncan.

Great was the shock to Therese, when the kind-hearted medical man privately informed her that Fanny was soon to become a mother—she could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses.

A plan was arranged by which when the time should come, the birth of the infant might take place without the knowledge of its grandfather, who, under the influence of wounded pride and outraged honor, was capable, in the first impulse of his indignation, of cursing his unhappy child.

No entreaty could wring from Fanny the name of her betrayer. In reply to her sister's solicitations upon the subject, she only answered that her lips were sealed by an oath, which she dared not break.

Such was the state of affairs on the evening of the day when the three travellers inquired of the sexton of Farnsfield the road to the Trevanian Arms.

CHAPTER IV.

Ne'er be I found by thee o'erawed
In that thrice-hallowed eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt o'er fire and fen,
O'er wilds and flood the haunts of men.
COLLINS'S ODE TO FEAR.

In pursuance of his design of attempting to obtain a clue to what was going on at Bet Guyton's, the old sexton trudged the three long miles between the church at Farnsfield and the Trevanian Arms; it was about ten o'clock when he arrived: to his astonishment he found both doors and windows closed.

"Rather an unusual thing," he thought, "for Bet to retire so early."

But Bet had not retired, and of this he speedily convinced himself; for, on applying his ear to the shutter, he distinctly heard the voices of several conversing in an under tone in the little parlor.

"The soldier, the parson, and the lawyer—they be come for no good!" he muttered. "I am determined to see the end of it!"

So saying, he quitted his post at the window, and marched boldly towards the door of the cottage, singing, as he approached, a snatch of one of his favorite songs, in order to avoid suspicion.

Mike Tippins, the sexton, at the door of an ale-house without his song, would have occasioned as much surprise as a parson in the pulpit without his gown, or a soldier on parade without his sword.

The old church bell, how it booms from the tower,
Sullen and sad as the lone midnight hour;
Life's pathway it marks on the dial of Time,
From infancy's years to manhood's wild prime.
We may fly from its sound, but flight is in vain—
Tho' forgotten for years, we must hear it again;
What farland we seek, wherever we roam,
It will boom from the tower, to welcome us home.

"What ho! house!" shouted the sexton, knocking at the same time lustily at the door of the cottage with his gnarled crab-stick; "what a plague! Are ye all a-bed at this early hour?"

The sexton knew that they were not in bed, but it answered his purpose to affect to think so. Presently he heard the sound of voices whispering in the little parlor below: not to appear to be listening, he resumed the burthen of his song:

Sad and stern are its sounds, as torn from the heart,
One by one we behold all life's treasures depart;
Wife, children, and friends—it calls to the grave,
Till we linger a wreck on humanity's wave;
Then, when our dark locks are whitened by age,
And Time, in life's volume, has reached the last page
Still the old church bell bids our steps cease to roam,
As it booms from the tower to welcome us home!

At the end of the old man's song, the casement directly over the porch of the cottage was opened, and Bet Guyton, the hostess of the Trevanian Arms, demanded in a shrill, shrewish voice, what drunkard was there.

"Drunkard!" repeated the sexton, in a tone of indignation, "why, I am as dry as sorrow—not a drop has passed my lips since dinner! Don't you know your old acquaintance, Mike?"

"What Mike?"

"What Mike? Why your old friend, Mike, the sexton, to be sure, who dug your husband's grave—and a good one it was! Poor fellow—he always liked to have everything comfortable about him!"

"Friend or no friend—drunk or sober," replied the woman, "I shan't open my doors to-night! I have been in bed this hour!"

"That's a lie!" mentally ejaculated the old man.

"And I advise you to hasten home, and follow my example."

So saying, Bet Guyton closed the window; at the same time the light in the little parlor below was extinguished; the voices for some time had ceased.

The old eavesdropper knew that when Bet had once said the word, it was of little use to argue the point with her; the repulse he had met only increased his anxiety, and he determined to watch the house till daybreak.

The sexton—who prided himself upon seeing as far into a mill-stone as most men—very naturally argued that it was equally certain the inmates of the house would watch him. Muttering a curse sufficiently audible for the three mysterious guests to hear, he commenced the snatch of a second song, crossed the road in front of the little inn, and entered the footpath leading through the park of Sir Richard, as his nearest way to Farnsfield.

He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards before he came to a clump of firs and shrubs, in which he concealed himself. As the moon was shining brightly, he had an uninterrupted view across the great avenue leading to the hall, and the bit of road between the lodge and the Trevanian Arms. It was impossible for any one to enter or quit the house without his perceiving him.

"There!" said the old man, after complacently surveying the position he had chosen. "I shall out-manoeuvre Bet, after all. They must hide well that hide from me. Even the grave," he added, "can't keep its secret."

Mike continued to watch for more than an hour and a half. Occasionally he was startled by a deer breaking through the underwood, or a hare crossing the avenue. So perfectly still was the night, that he distinctly heard the village clock strike the hour of twelve: for the first time in his life, he felt a nervous, chilly sensation creep over him.

"Strange!" he thought, "I have been in the belfry later than this, and never felt afraid before!"

He forgot that years had made it like a home to him.

Mike had almost made up his mind to give over his apparently fruitless watch, and return home, when the sound of the great bell of the hall came booming heavily on the night air. He listened—the sound was not repeated.

It was generally said in Farnsfield, that it tolled voluntarily on the death of a male of the house of Trevanian, and the sexton was a devout believer in the superstition.

"Poor young squire!" he said, "gone at last! There is no mistaking the death-knell of his race! Those who have once heard it seldom forget it! I should like to have been in the churchyard," he added, "to see the iron door of the vault open and close again—as they say it does, of its own accord—to admit the dead man's spirit! My father saw it once, but he never liked to speak about it!"

To do him justice, the regret he experienced at the death of Edward Trevanian was sincere: he thought more of the loss to the poor and aged than his fees on the occasion of the funeral.

Just as Mike resolved to return home, he saw a tall figure, enveloped in a cloak, walking very slowly down the avenue. In an instant Mike's curiosity was on the *qui vive*—he forgot all about the dead heir, and the loss it would prove to the poor.

Mike continued to gaze, feeling that the solution of the mystery was at hand. After all, curiosity, perhaps, was the greatest of the old man's failings. Just as the personage whose singular appearance had so excited his attention reached that part of the avenue in a direct line with the old man's place of concealment, he made, in his eagerness, a slight rustling in the shrubs. It caused the object of his watch to turn round, and he recognised, to his

terror and astonishment, the pale ghastly features, of Edward Trevanian.

Scarcely could he believe the evidence of his own senses. Taking courage, however, he advanced from his hiding-place.

"In the name of heaven, Master Edward!" he faltered, "what brings you here?"

The spectre—for such he began to feel assured it was—turned its glassy eyes upon the speaker, whose teeth chattered with terror, whilst a cold sweat hung like a night dew upon every limb.

"You heard the summons of my race!" replied a deep, sad voice.

"I did."

"You may prepare my place in the old vault—it is time I rested there!"

It is said that extreme fright will sometimes produce extreme courage. In alluding to the burial-place of his family, the spectre—real or supposed—extended his hand in the direction of Farnsfield Church. To convince himself whether it was a thing of earth or not that he had spoken with, Mike grasped it: had he clutched an icicle it could not have shot a greater chill through his frame—never had he felt the hand of a corpse so cold.

With a deep groan he fell senseless in the avenue, and the object of his terror passed silently on.

The sexton and Edward were not the only persons who were on foot in the park at that unusual hour of the night. Stephen Franklin and several of his roystering companions, taking advantage of the supposed grief and confusion at the hall, from the hourly-expected death of the heir, had been beating the covers; and, after several hours' uninterrupted sport, were returning home, when they stumbled on the body of the sexton.

"What's this!" exclaimed the young farmer, recoiling with surprise. "Murder, I fear, has been committed here!"

He was confirmed in his opinion by the dogs whining round the still inanimate form of the sexton.

"Down—down!" said Mark Thornton, another of the poachers. "Call the dogs off, Stephen; they will bring the keepers down on us else: they mind only you. As I live," added the speaker, "it is old Mike! Who could have harmed him?"

With all his faults, Mike was a favorite with the young men. His solemn gravity, when the dignity of his office was called into question—his quaint sayings and snatches of songs amused them. Although he had been a terror to most of them when children, not one of the party would have harmed a hair of the old man's head.

Their first care was to raise him.

"I don't see any blood," observed Stephen, at the same time holding a pocket-flask to his lips; "and he breathes heavily. Ah! I thought that would revive him!"

The sexton gave a deep groan.

"Where are you hurt, Mike?" inquired Mark Thornton; "on the head?"

The supposition was not an unnatural one, seeing that the object of their care for several minutes after his restoration to consciousness continued to gaze around him with a wild and terrified stare, as if he expected to encounter some fearful object.

"Gone!" he murmured; "gone!"

"Who is gone?" demanded several of the poachers.

"I saw him, or I could not have believed it."

"Saw who?"

"Cold—cold!" added the sexton with a shudder; "cold as the grave! I shall never forget it!"

"You are drunk!" observed one of the young men, impatiently.

"It is with terror, boys!" replied the sexton, who now began to recognise them. "I have seen what few have ever been permitted to see—what I never believed in thoroughly till now! But I am punished for my doubts!"

"In the name of heaven, what have you seen?" demanded the poachers, simultaneously, for their curiosity was raised to the highest pitch.

"The dead!" answered the old man, solemnly; "stalking like a living thing! I have spoken with it—touched it! You heard the great bell of the hall!"

"Two hours since," said Stephen Franklin, in a low tone of voice.

"And know what it meant?"

"Why they do say that it tolls of itself when a male of the house of Trevanian is called to his account. Poor Master Edward!" added the young farmer, in a tone of regret; "gone at last!"

"I spoke with him here!"

"With whom? Who are you talking of?"

"With Edward Trevanian," replied the sexton.

"With him whose generous hand and kind heart are now as cold as death can make them! Ho



STEPHEN FRANKLIN'S RETURN TO THE FARM.

walked past me here dressed like a mourner at a funeral!"

"You must have been dreaming!" observed several of his listeners.

"I spoke to him!"

"Did he answer you?"

"He bade me get his place ready in the old vault!" said Mike, to his astonished auditors; "still I did not feel convinced! I touched his hand—it was that of a corpse!"

The more daring of the party of young men refused to believe him, declaring that he was either practising upon their terrors, or had been deceived by his own imagination.

At this moment, as if to give the lie to their incredulity, the tall, ghost-like figure of Edward Trevanian was seen returning up the avenue. Stephen Franklin was the first to perceive it. Surprise and horror so completely mastered his senses, that he could only point him out to his companions.

Slowly, and with his hand pressed upon his heart, like one in great pain, the object of their terror passed on—sufficiently near to enable the terror-stricken poachers distinctly to recognize his features. They could endure no more, but fled the spot.

Not one of them could ever tell, when the recollection of that night returned, how they succeeded in reaching their homes in Farnsfield.

The death of Edward Trevanian was not discovered till the following morning, when his faithful servant, Duncan, on entering the chamber, discovered his young master a corpse: the aneurism had broken in the night, and the heart of the noble fellow broke with it.

He died alone—no kindred voice to breathe the parting prayer beside him—no tear of affection to assure him that his name would be remembered as a household word—a memory—amongst them; died, a few hours after he had come into the possession of wealth—the means of spreading happiness around him—of following the dictates of a generous, loving nature—of repairing the wrongs of fortune—of drying the tear in many a mourner's eye.

The grief of his relatives was displayed in the only way they could show it: they could not give him tears, when their hearts were filled with secret joy—so they gave the neglected heir a magnificent funeral. The tenantry followed on horseback, and the richly-ecutched pall was held by the unmarried sons of several of the first families in the county.

The only real mourners in Farnsfield were his servant, Duncan, and the daughter of the blind old ad-

jutant. Therese mourned for him as for a brother, whilst her sister—words can scarcely paint her grief—it was the agony of a heart which had lost its last stay on earth. Bitter and hopeless were the tears she shed—weeping like one that refused to be comforted.

From the day of his brother's death, Walter Trevanian became more insolent to the dependents of his father than ever. He was now the undoubted heir of the baronetcy and the estates of his father. His weak fond mother indulged him in every caprice.

The grief of Duncan for the loss of his master appeared like a reproach to his own selfish joy, and Walter Trevanian insisted on his being discharged from the family. He even carried his malice so far as to prevail on Sir Richard to refuse the young man a character—an act of injustice which, in after-life recoiled bitterly on the heads both of father and son.

"But the Trevanians were ever considered a strange race?" as Mike, the sexton observed, when he assisted to lower the body of Edward into the vault; and never acted or thought like any other people?" When our readers reflect on the strange sight he had seen in the park, the night of the young heir's death, they will scarcely feel surprised at the old man's opinion.

CHAPTER V.

To gaze upon the loved in death,
To mark the closing, beamless eye,
To press dear lips—and find no breath,
This, this is life's worst agony.
But God, too merciful, too wise,
To leave the lone one in despair,
Whispers, while snatching those we prize,
"My kingdom come! Ye'll meet them there!"

ELIZA COOK.

The moment so long dreaded, so anxiously expected by her sister and the old servant, Mary Page—whose fidelity to her master's daughter was beyond suspicion—at last arrived: and Fanny, forced to conceal alike a mother's joy and a mother's agony, gave birth to a female child.

Despite the mystery which shrouded the parentage of her infant, the young mother welcomed it with transport and sorrow.

Its first baptism were the tears she shed over it when Dr. Bennet gently hinted at the necessity of removing it at once from the cottage, before its existence was suspected by the blind old grandfather.

"I cannot part with it," she sobbed. "It is the only pledge left me of his love. It will kill me."

"Whose love dearest?" inquired the old domestic.

Her young mistress gazed upon her for an instant, and burst into an agony of tears.

We see the most timid of heaven's creatures, armed with the strong instincts of maternity, become bold in defense of their young. The dread of her father's wrath had hitherto been the great terror of Fanny; but rather than part with her child, she would have braved even that.

"He will not curse me," she exclaimed, "when he hears its plaintive cry! The innocence of my child shall atone for my disobedience! Go to him, Therese—fall at his feet, and—"

Then the fear—the awful dread of hearing the blind old man invoke a malediction on the daughter whose disobedience had dishonored him, would overcome the sufferer's momentary resolution, and she would frantically call her back.

It was during a fit of temporary insensibility that the infant was removed from her, and conveyed, the following night, to the house of a widow woman, with whom the benevolent physician had made an arrangement to receive it.

When Fanny recovered, and missed her infant, her despair and grief threatened to discover all. The tender endearments of her sister, the tears of the old servant, and the representations of Dr. Bennet scarcely availed to calm the transports of her sorrow.

From that day, her sister and the servant both noticed a marked change take place. The feverish excitement which had so long and fatally been undermining the health of the sufferer, gave place to a calm, amounting almost to apathy. Poor Therese, ignorant of the cause, felt delighted with the change; to her it appeared the first sign of approaching convalescence; not so to the experienced physician—to him it was the symptom of approaching death.

For several weeks the patient sufferer continued to linger on, but gradually sinking, till the credulity of affection could no longer deceive itself with hope. All felt that she was dying, except the blind old soldier, who used to sit for hours by the side of his darling child, holding her hand in his, blessing and praying for her.

It was a fearful blow to him, when one evening the doctor drew him into the little garden at the back of the cottage, and imparted, as gently as possible, the dreadful intelligence that his eldest born had but a few hours to live.

The adjutant had borne up manfully against all the other ills of life: poverty—he scarcely felt it; the privation of sight—the patient love and untiring attention of his children—their solicitude—lessened the affliction; and now he was threatened



THE ADJUTANT CURSING THERESE.

with the loss of one of them—his darling Fanny—whom he sometimes reproached himself for loving better than her sister; perhaps because she was the image of her mother, and he had a more vivid recollection of her features—Therese being a mere infant when the living darkness fell upon him.

"Is there no hope?" he faltered. "There must be? God is too merciful to rob a blind old father of his only stay."

"You forget Therese!" observed Dr. Bennet, gravely.

"True—true!" exclaimed the adjutant in a tone of self-reproach. "I have been unjust, and God has punished me! I never murmured!" he added, after a pause, but this blow has fallen on my heart and crushed me! Leave me!" he continued; "pray leave me! I must wrestle with this grief alone!"

The friendly physician withdrew to the house, leaving the old soldier in the garden by himself.

It was astonishing how Therese bore up against the intelligence; but the very depth of her love for her sister sustained her. She watched over her with a burning, anxious eye; she could not weep—tears would have relieved her.

"You will not forget me when I am gone!" said Fanny, as she lay with the hand of Therese clasped in hers; "and you will forgive me all the pain and trouble I have caused you! My infant!" she added, lowering her voice to the faintest whisper, as if she feared lest the echoes of the cottage should repeat her secret; "watch over it—be a mother to its helplessness and innocence—it will soon have no other parent than you! You promise me?"

"I do!" replied her broken-hearted sister. "Should heaven take you from me, to devote myself to its happiness—to love it, Fanny, as I have loved you!"

The dying girl threw her arms around the neck of the speaker, and thanked her with a grateful kiss.

"My poor father!" she murmured; "it will be a sad blow to him in his age and blindness—for, despite my faults he loved his wayward child—loved me as you have done, Therese!"

The language with which she had spoken suddenly gave way to the most intense excitement. Half rising from the pillow which supported her, she grasped her sister by the hand, and, fixing her eyes upon her with an expression of mingled agony and terror, exclaimed:

"You will conceal from him the secret of my shame! He would curse me!" she added, with a shudder; "his malediction would follow me to the

judgment-seat, and close the gates of heaven against me! Promise me," she continued, clinging yet more closely to the terrified Therese, "by the memory of our childhood—by the love which has ever existed between us—that our father shall never learn from your lips his child proved unworthy of him?"

Therese felt a singular misgiving that the promise demanded under such afflicting circumstances might one day recoil upon herself; yet she gave it—unhesitatingly gave it. There was more real heroism in that girl's simple, affectionate heart than her once sunny smile and metry glance would have led one to suppose.

Satisfied with the pledge—which Fanny well knew would be kept more religiously than many keep their oaths—she gradually became more calm.

"Should my child live," she continued, "you will lead her sometimes to my grave—paint to her the agony I endured—the shame and remorse—my early death, e'en in life's freshest spring. It would grieve my restless spirit if I thought my infant would judge harshly of its mother!"

Therese thought this a favorable moment for putting a question which she longed yet dreaded to ask: it was no feeling of idle curiosity, but a sense of duty which urged her.

"Should she ever ask me the name of her father?" she whispered.

Fanny raised her head, and faintly articulated:

"He is in heaven!"

"In heaven!" exclaimed her sister, indignantly. "No, Fanny—no! The man who could deceive a heart like yours—basely leave you to shame and the remorse of a broken heart, has little chance of heaven! Curse him—curse him for a heartless—"

"Therese!" frantically interrupted the dying girl, "beware lest you blaspheme against the dead! Bless him—bless him—the noblest, best, the most generous of men! His memory is the dearest, only treasure left me—his image will be the last to fade from my poor heart—his smile the first to welcome me when the grave's dread barriers no longer exist between us!"

"Is it possible that you speak thus of your seducer?" observed her sister.

At the word "seducer," a faint blush suffused for an instant the marble features of Fanny. She slowly raised her finger to her lips, as if fearful lest some half-forgotten promise should escape her, and faintly smiled.

Never had she looked more beautiful.

A sudden ray of hope entered the heart of her

sister. It was possible, after all, that the dying girl was far less culpable than she imagined. Sinking on her knees by the side of the little bed, she clasped her hand.

"One word!" she whispered. "Are you a wife?"

"In the eyes of heaven, yes!"

"But in man's?" added Therese, in a tone of disappointment.

"I shall soon be!" replied Fanny; "for the grave will unite us both!"

It was clear that, whatever the nature of her secret, the poor girl was determined it should die with her. The hope vanished in the heart of Therese almost as suddenly as it had been created; and from that hour she never asked her sister another question on the subject.

When Dr. Bennet returned to the garden, he found the blind old soldier upon his knee: in prayer—seeking strength to bear up against the heavy affliction which threatened him where strength only could be found.

There was something so sacred in the sorrow of the parent of Fanny, the physician felt that even his presence was an intrusion—he retired, therefore, to summon Therese. His child was the fitting person to break upon his solitary prayer.

"Have you told him?" she demanded as he led her to the garden.

"I have!"

"And how does he support it? The blow must have been fearful—for Fanny was his favorite child—as she deserved to be!" she added, with a burst of generous feeling which proved that the preference of the adjutant had never caused his youngest daughter one single pang of jealousy. Loving Fanny so tenderly as she did, it only appeared natural to her.

Dr. Bennet gazed on her with respect and admiration. Rarely had he seen more firmness under trying circumstances, mingled with such devoted tenderness.

"You are a good girl," he said, "and heaven will one day reward you!"

Therese looked at him with surprise—she could not understand what she had done to merit his praise.

"Is your sister prepared for the interview?" added the physician.

"Yes, sir!"

"You had better lead your father in, then!" he continued; "for I fear that a few hours —"

"No—no!" exclaimed Therese, grasping him by the hand; "do not say that you have abandoned all hope! It is hard to die, for one so young—so beautiful —"

She would have added, "so good," but a painful thought restrained her.

"In this life," continued the kind hearted man, "we have all painful duties at one time or other to perform—from the cradle to the grave it is but a tissue of trials—at best a tangled web, more frequently cut than unravelled! You have hitherto performed yours admirably," he added; "you will not be wanting now!"

Therese understood him, and, quitting his side, silently approached the spot where the old adjutant was still occupied in prayer. Quietly kneeling beside him, she joined her voice with his. As the words—"Thy will be done" broke from her lips, her father became conscious of her presence. Throwing his arms around her, he exclaimed:

"My heart is not yet desolate—I have one child left me still!"

"And one who loves you tenderly dear father!" replied Therese; "who will watch over you with redoubled care, should heaven deprive us of —"

She could not pronounce the name of her sister—a choking sensation in the throat prevented her.

"Come, father!" she added; "Fanny expects us."

The old man rose from his knees, and took the arm of his child. The muscles of his venerable countenance were fixed and rigid with the strong control he exercised over his feelings—it was the hour of the great sacrifice of his existence. Vainly had the old soldier thought to prepare himself by prayer to meet it.

Earth has no severer trial than the death-hour of those we love—the sundering of ties which have grown like tendrils out of the heart, twining themselves with the springs of life till they become part of our very being—to know that we listen to the broken accents of the voice so dear to us for the last time—to watch the approaching agony, the fluttering breath.

An instant, and the being whose presence made the sunshine of a happy home, whose virtues halloed it, has passed away—and what remains? regret—a memory—ashes.

No sooner did the blind old soldier enter the chamber of his dying child, and feel her thin, wasted arms thrown with passionate tenderness around his neck, than the fortitude he had relied for, abandoned him. He pressed her convulsively to his breast, and tears streamed from his sightless eye-balls down his venerable features.

He had braved the King of Terrors a hundred times on the battle field—seen the comrades of his youth, the brothers of his manhood, swept away from his side—mourned over the death of the wife of his affection—but never experienced an agony like the present hour.

"You are a good man, father!" sobbed the dying girl; "and God will give you strength to bear up against this affliction! Besides, Therese is left to you! She will support and comfort you when I am gone!"

"I have borne much!" exclaimed the old man; "and never yet murmured at the hand which chastened me! The loss of my sight withdrew my affections from the world to centre them in my children, whose love alleviated my misfortune! And now to lose you! Why should the trunk be spared and not the tender branch? Fanny—Fanny! my darling child!" he added, with a burst of grief; "would to heaven that I could die for thee!"

Some moments elapsed before either the dying girl or her heart-broken parent could speak again.

Therese who was kneeling at the foot of the bed, prayed fervently. She dared not indulge in tears—the luxury of grief. The necessity of appearing calm and collected sustained her; for she well knew that her task ended not with the death of the sister she so tenderly loved; her father would then have no other stay.

It was a piteous sight to see the poor blind man pass his trembling hand over the wasted features of his child, as if to impress them on his memory—something for the heart to dwell upon.

"Bless me!" she whispered. "Forgive me all my faults and disobedience to you! Let me hear your sacred lips pronounce the words of pardon! I shall die happier—much happier—assured of your forgiveness! The Father of all," she added, "will show mercy to the child who kneels before His throne rich in her earthly father's blessing and forgiveness."

"Pardon!" repeated the adjutant, with deep emotion; "my sinless treasure! What have I to pardon? Your life has been a sacrifice to your poor blind father! You have been light to his eyes—a guide to his feeble steps! When I lose you, the darkness will fall upon my heart!"

"Therese will supply my place!"

"Therese is a good girl, and I love her dearly—very dearly! But —"

His daughter kissed him, to prevent the avowal of a preference which she well knew would wound her sister to the heart. She was aware that from childhood she had been the old man's favorite.

"Your blessing, father!" she murmured; "your blessing!"

Her parent placed his hand upon her head: it lingered fondly for an instant on the long, silken curls—true, he had not seen them for years, but he remembered them: they were the same color as his wife's, to—the wife he had so passionately loved—so deeply mourned.

"I bless you Fanny," he sobbed—for tears impeded his utterance, "with a father's holiest blessing! I bless you for your duty and obedience! For —"

"No—no!" hastily interrupted his daughter; "for my love, father—for my love! That, at least, has never sinned against you!"

Could the adjutant have seen the look of agony and remorse which accompanied her words, a suspicion of something yet untold must have struck him; as it was, he mistook it for humility—and the conviction only rendered her more dear to him.

"And for your love," he added, "which has been as perfect as your obedience! I shall soon join you, Fanny!" he continued, pressing his lips to her forehead, upon which the death-dews were already gathering, sealing, by a parental kiss, the blessing and forgiveness he had pronounced; "rejoin you in that land where all will be light again—where the smiles of the first angels who welcome me will be yours and your dear mother's!"

"And you will not revoke it?" said Fanny after a pause.

"Revoke it!"

"I mean," continued his daughter, speaking with increased difficulty, "that when I am gone, faults you have passed over in your love—negligences which are forgotten now—may—may —"

"Fanny, dear Fanny," said her sister, gently taking her by the hand, "such words distress our father."

The warning look recalled the sufferer to herself. Feeling that her last moments were approaching, she clasped her hands upon her bosom, and prayed fervently, but *silently*—prayed for her infant, soon to be an orphan. What would she not have given at that moment to imprint upon its innocent cheek a dying mother's kiss—have wept over and blessed it! But that consolation was denied her.

"I am going, Therese!" she faltered; "raise me in your arms, Therese! 'Tis sweet to die in the arms of one so good, so loving."

Her sister, with the same calm fortitude which had sustained her during the agony of such a scene, complied with her request, and the head of the dying girl rested on her bosom.

The father fell upon his knees and tried to pray, but grief choked his utterance.

Fanny turned her eyes imploringly upon her, and, with a last effort, murmured in her ear:

"Your promise!"

A silent appeal to heaven that it should be kept, was the only reply the devoted Therese could make—she dared not trust herself to speak. The sufferer understood her—a faint smile flitted for an instant over her features.

"Bless you! my own true sister."

It was the last word her lips uttered, and with it her spirit fled. The chords of life were broken; as true a heart as ever trusted man had ceased to beat.

Time alone can show whether he who won it had deserved it.

So gently had the spirit of his daughter passed away, that the blind man was not aware all was over till Therese stole gently to the side of the bed, where he was still kneeling, and, throwing her arms around him, said, in a broken voice:

"Father! heaven has one angel more!"

Then, like the chords of a lute which had been overstrung, the strength and fortitude of the poor girl gave way; tears gushed to her relief, and she wept as affection weeps over the heart's broken tie.

Over such sorrow we must draw a veil. Can language paint it? No! it may be felt, not described. Few among our readers but have witnessed the death-pang of some being whom they loved—whose memory is embalmed in tears and treasured in their hearts—whose smiles return to them in dreams, which afford a tender, melancholy satisfaction, when pondered over in life's waking hours.

Therese guided the footsteps of her poor blind father to the grave of his favorite child, and back to

the cottage, once the home of love and happiness. But from that day her health gave way: a nervous fever robbed her cheek of its fullness, her dark eye of its lustre; and when, after weeks of suffering, during which her life had been despaired of, she made her appearance at the village church, few would have recognized in the pale, emaciated girl, the once light-hearted, beautiful daughter of the adjutant.

During her illness, the young organist, Charles Graham, supplied her place as the guide and companion of her father, whose slender income was sadly straitened by the double affliction which had fallen upon him. This the generous-hearted young man endeavored to alleviate, as far as his humble means permitted. One day it was fruit which had been given him; another, wine and other delicacies that his pupils had sent him. Once, and once only, he ventured to offer money; but the honest pride of the old soldier became alarmed, and he dared not repeat the proffer.

In the midst of his anxiety, the musician was daily—nay, almost hourly—annoyed by the reports of evil tongues, which had busied themselves with the fair fame of *both* the sisters. It required all his tact to keep them from the ears of the adjutant. We say that he felt annoyed at them; as to believing them, they never made the least impression upon his heart; but then, as Therese observed, on the morning of their interview in the old church of Farnsfield, "That was gold—pure gold."

The conduct of her lover did not belie her opinion of it.

CHAPTER VI.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high.
The eyelash dark—the downcast eye.
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned.

WALTER SCOTT.

WITH returning health came the necessity of exertion—for the illness and funeral of Fanny had made fearful inroads on the scanty means of the adjutant, which were yet further decreased by the lingering sickness of her surviving sister.

Therese was not a girl to sit patiently down and see her aged parent deprived of those little comforts which habit had made necessary to him—and after some days of anxious consideration, it was made known in Farnsfield that she was willing to employ her leisure time in needlework.

Some gave her work from curiosity—they were anxious to see and question her: it was a triumph to the rector's sister and the purse-proud daughters of the lawyer to witness what they considered the humiliation of the once light-hearted, happy girl whose beauty had been the theme of so many tongues—eclipsing their gentler pretensions. Others assisted her from a more generous motive—pity: they saw the struggle between honest pride and poverty.

It was a terrible shock to her father when he first discovered how his remaining child employed her time—he felt both angry and annoyed. Angry, because it sometimes deprived him of those little attentions so necessary to him; annoyed at the idea of a daughter of his being reduced to such a necessity. The blind old man could not forget that he had borne the commission of his sovereign, and in station was a gentleman.

Poor Therese could not comprehend the objections of her parent, although she strove anxiously to soothe them. She felt—and rightly—that the motive sanctified her labor.

The young farmer, Stephen Franklin, was still a constant visitor at the cottage, much to the annoyance of his mother—who, being own sister to the housekeeper at the hall, considered herself by an indefinite kind of link connected with the aristocracy; and the thought of her son, who had only to choose, to be accepted by the richest girl in Farnsfield—throwing himself away, as she termed it, upon the daughter of a blind old beggar, was mortifying to her pride in the extreme. The possibility of Therese refusing her darling boy never once entered her imagination—it would have made her yet more bitter against her.

Such is the strange contradiction of humanity.

Charles Graham, who had lost most of his pupils through his chivalrous defence of the unhappy Fanny, had accepted the place of organist at the little town of Mansfield. It was a sad blow to him to be compelled to quit his native village and the dear old organ at Farnsfield. Scarcely an evening passed that he did not walk over, generally with some little present in his hand, to the inmates of the cottage.

The adjutant looked for his visits, and felt annoyed if he did not come. Therese received him with a gentle smile.

The poor musician knew not what to attribute the altered manner of the once light-hearted girl to; the sadness of her smile perplexed him: he had a thousand times rather she had rallied him and laughed at his love-speeches, as in the happy period of their earlier acquaintance—he could have understood that. The continual presence of Stephen was another source of annoyance. Lovers are proverbially quick-sighted where a rival is concerned—and he soon discovered that the errand of the young farmer was similar to his own. He saw, too, that Therese perceived his anxiety to obtain a private interview with her, and studiously avoided it.

One evening fortune favored the musician. His rival, unable to resist the solicitations of his fond but misjudging mother, had prevailed on him to accompany her to the annual feast at South Collingham, a neighboring village, situated on the banks of the Trent, a few miles from Farnsfield. Therese had to take home some work she had been all day engaged upon, and Charles offered to accompany her.

She would have declined his escort—but her father insisted upon her accepting it, observing that the hour was too late for her to go out alone, and the house she was going to was at the extreme end of the village.

"We are selfish beings!" said her lover, with a sigh, as they entered the narrow footpath leading through the corn-field to the old church. "I saw that you did not wish me to go with you—and yet, Therese, I could not resist the pleasure, for I have long desired to speak with you alone."

Despite the schooling she had given her heart, the poor girl trembled violently. She guessed the words which were about to follow.

"You have long known that I love you," resumed the young man, after a pause, during which he had gathered courage for the explanation which he wished, yet dreaded; "but you will never know how deeply—how devotedly! I was a mere boy, Therese, when the feeling first took possession of me: and you a light, joyous girl, just emerging from the grace of childhood. Often have I quitted my companions, and sat for hours on the tombstones in the churchyard, thinking of you. My comrades called me a dreamer: they little know how happy such dreams are. The feeling has grown with my growth—strengthened with my years; twined itself so closely round my heart, that it has become part of my existence—part, do I say? It is its light and hope. You are not angry with me? you will listen to me—listen to me patiently—for I would not offend you for the world."

"I am not angry," answered Therese, in a very low tone; "few but might feel proud of such a love."

"Well, then," said the organist, encouraged by the gentleness of her manner towards him, "I have at last found courage to say, 'Therese, will you share that love—accept the heart which knows no other image than yours?' Do not answer me yet," he added, eagerly; "you have not heard all I have to urge: the home I now offer you is a humble, but it may be a happy one: my income is better, by thirty pounds a year, at Mansfield. I have a small sum which my grandfather left me; am young, and not without talent, they tell me. Will you be my wife? Your father shall reside with us: I will be a son to him; and never, never shall you have cause to repent realising the only dream of happiness I ever formed."

"Do not ask me, Charles," exclaimed the poor girl, bursting into tears. "I cannot, dare not: it would be wrong. I foresaw this: it is a sad trial for us both!"

"For me it is indeed a trial," observed her suitor, in a tone of the deepest anguish. "Oh, Therese! unsay those cruel words. The home I offer you I know will be less worthy of you than Stephen Franklin's: he is rich, and I am poor; but then you would have no mother-in-law to remind you that her son took a portionless wife; you will be its mistress, and I your slave, your happy slave."

"Stephen Franklin?" repeated his listener.

"I know it is for him that I am rejected," exclaimed her lover, passionately interrupting her. "God! I never felt the bitter curse of poverty till now!" The poor fellow pulled his hat closely over his brows, to hide the mute witness of the agony he felt ashamed of giving way to in her presence.

"You wrong me, Charles," she said, at the same time gently laying her hand upon his arm; "he you name has no more to do with my determination than if I had never seen him. It proceeds," she added, after a pause, "from a far different cause."

"I have been slandered to you!" exclaimed the organist; "some one has spoken evil words against me—and—"

"Should I listen to slander?" demanded Therese. "Slander—and against you, whom I have known from childhood—whose heart contains no more mystery than a flower; you, whom I have loved—loved as a brother!" she added, with a deep blush. "I thought you knew me better, Charles."

"You love another, then?" observed the young man, mournfully.

"I do not think I shall ever love," replied the maiden; "at least not in the sense you mean—or ever become a wife. My life must be devoted to my poor blind father. Remember, he has but one child left to sustain and to console him—how desolate would the world be to him, deprived of her! Forget this dream," she added, in a tone of the deepest sadness; "for it is but a dream. You are young, and God has gifted you with genius! In the world you will soon find one whose love will repay you for this first blight of your hopes."

"Never!" groaned the young man, greatly moved; "never—never! Heaven has but one sun—earth one Therese! Mine is not a heart to change—to know a second love. You were its first choice—you will be its last."

"Not so," said the poor girl, trying to force a smile; "time will efface these vain, because useless regrets. You will learn to think of me as a dear friend—a sister. Then with what pleasure shall not we meet again—talk of old times—the merry days of our childhood—and laugh—laugh together, Charles—at the idle dreams of our youth!"

The tone of affected lightness in which Therese commenced her reply to the passionate declaration of the young musician, changed as she proceeded; the struggle was more than nature could sustain; bursting into tears, she seated herself at the foot of the stile, in the middle of the pathway, and wept—those only who have loved can judge how bitterly.

The organist was perplexed: he knew not what to think. The recollection of the slanderous reports which had been circulated in the village respecting both the sisters, struck him for an instant with a painful doubt: it was but for an instant: his generous heart as quickly dismissed it.

"There is some mystery which I cannot fathom," he said. "You are kind, yet cruel at the same instant. Perhaps," he added, "your father objects to me on account of my poverty! I know he has the right to expect a richer son-in-law."

"My father, Charles, has never spoken with me on the subject."

"Your refusal of me, then, proceeds from your own free will?"

"Yes."

The fatal word was uttered in a tone as low and sad as the plaintive cry of a wounded ringdove.

"I will not reproach you, Therese," exclaimed the young man, after a pause, "that you once gave me reason to think I was not quite indifferent to you. You were the mistress of my heart: I gave it freely, and you had the right to sport with it."

"I did not mean to do so," sobbed the daughter of the adjutant; "indeed I did not! Oh, forgive me, Charles! Judge me not harshly: deprive me not, in my misery, of the only consolation left—your friendship!"

"And what consolation have you left me?" demanded her lover; "a life of sorrow: a blighted, lonely existence! But, as you say, I am young, and can endure the agony of disappointment—the weary solitude—the apathy of resignation! Farewell, Therese! God bless you! May you never feel a pang like mine; and should you bless another with your love, may his heart prove as true, as devoted as the one you have broken!"

He turned and left her.

"It has fallen upon me!" murmured the maiden; "the trial I foresaw has arrived at last! God give me strength to support it! Good, generous Charles!" she added, with a burst of sorrow; "never will I repay your love by bringing shame to your honest hearth! Better to part as now we part, than live to see you regret the confidence you have placed in me. Were I your wife, coldness or a doubt would kill me."

She alluded, doubtless, to the rumors which she well knew were afloat respecting her daily visits to the cottage where the innocent orphan of her dead sister was at nurse—reports which she lived in hourly dread might reach her father's ear. This was the terror which haunted her. Should he question her, what could she reply? Her answer must be tears and silence: her promise to Fanny on her death-bed left her no other choice.

On her return to the cottage, she found Dr. Ben-

net had called in; the benevolent physician took a kind interest in the father as well as daughter.

"Out so late!" he said, taking her by the hand; "this is wrong, Therese. You must be careful of your health—you are not strong yet."

"Exercise will do me good, sir."

"But not in the night-air!" observed the adjutant, in a tone of dissatisfaction; "surely your morning walks might satisfy you. There can be no longer need of your toiling as you do—our debts are nearly all paid. What can you want with money?"

Therese looked at the doctor. He knew that a portion of her weekly earnings went to pay for the support of her orphan niece.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, struck by a sudden idea; "a friend of mine has placed his motherless infant at nurse in Farnsfield. Now Therese is fond of children—the occupation would amuse her; suppose she took charge of it! To be sure five-and-twenty pounds a-year is not a very large sum; but every little helps."

"Five-and-twenty pounds a-year!" mentally replied the astonished girl. Alas! where was such a sum to come from!

"What say you?" continued the physician; "my friend will only be too happy to know that his infant is placed in such excellent care."

Therese made a sign to him. The doctor only nodded to her encouragingly.

"The very thing!" exclaimed the blind old soldier. "What say you, Therese! Will it not be much better than sitting hour after hour at your needle? By-the-bye," he added, "what is the name of the child?"

"Fanny—Fanny Needham!" replied the visitor.

A tear stole down the cheek of the bereaved father on hearing a name which reminded him of his lost child. He felt a sudden interest in the little innocent, and almost insisted upon Theresa—who sat pale as death during the conversation—undertaking the charge of it.

"Leave all the arrangements to me!" said the doctor; "I will settle with its nurse, and bring the child to you in the morning. How very fortunate that I thought of the arrangement. Bless me," he added, looking at his watch; "eleven o'clock. Good night."

Shaking hands with his host, the benevolent man rose, and left the room. Therese followed him, to see him—as she said—to the gate of the little garden in front of the cottage.

"What have you done, my dear sir?" she whispered; "I shall never be able, now that I have no longer an excuse for working at my needle, to procure half the sum you name."

"It is not necessary that you should do so!" replied Dr. Bennet. "I will provide it."

"You, sir?"

"Yes!" he continued; "it is time I explained a circumstance of which you appear to be ignorant. I first heard that your sister was likely to become a mother from Edward Trevanian."

"From him?"

"In our last interview he placed the sum of five hundred pounds in my hands, telling me that it was the fruits of his savings during his minority—out of the allowance, I presume, which Sir Richard made him. His request was, that I would apply it for the benefit of poor Fanny and her infant."

"He then," exclaimed Therese, in a tone of mingled indignation and surprise, "was the father of her child. So good and noble as he appeared, too. A seducer, on the verge of the grave!"

"I cannot answer that doubt," continued the physician; "for it is one even to myself. He certainly spoke of your sister with great affection, but not more so than—in fact, I know not what to think. The Trevanians have ever been a singular race, and Edward not the least so of his family. If I have hitherto permitted you to toil and support the orphan," he added, "it was that I felt a motive to exertion was necessary to rouse you—to reconcile you to existence. It might have been a mistake, but it was at least a kind one—and nobly have you answered to my expectation."

Long and anxiously did Therese reflect that night on the important step which had been taken, and the clue which she had gained to the birth of her niece—for that Edward was her father she no longer doubted—everything appeared to confirm it. The information which he had been the first to impart to Dr. Bennet, that Fanny was on the point of becoming a mother—the provision, slender as it was, which he had made for the child.

Never had her trust in human nature been so shaken. "If he was thus selfish and cruel," she thought, "where could confidence and honor in man be looked for?"

The following day the orphan was placed under her care, the physician paying the adjutant the stipulated sum a year in advance. It was a moment of painful satisfaction to Therese when she saw the little innocent in the arms of its unconscious grandfather, who first became attached to it from its name of Fanny. Her dead sister, she fondly thought, looked down and smiled on the reunion of all she had left and loved on earth.

The addition to the inmates of the cottage, as might be expected, gave rise to fresh rumors and reports in Farnsfield. They reached the ears of Mrs. Franklin, who repeated them to her son with such comments as suited her purpose. The consequence was, that for several weeks, much to her satisfaction, the young man discontinued his visits.

From the Franklins the tale of scandal reached the hall. Lady Trevanian became alarmed—for circumstances had occurred since the death of her stepson which filled her mind with painful doubts. Sir Richard had discovered, on his visit to London, that the large funded property, together with the accumulations of Edward's minority, had been drawn from the banker's. At first he was inclined to pronounce the power of attorney by which the transfer had been made a forgery; but there was no mistaking the signature, it was undoubtedly that of his son, and dated on the first day of September—the day he became of age, and the day of his untimely death.

The disappointment was a bitter one both to her ladyship and her husband. Lady Trevanian determined, after having heard the report of the housekeeper, to send for Dr. Bennet. He had placed the infant at nurse—she had discovered that—and naturally concluded he must know the name of both its parents. Like a prudent strategist, she determined to try the effect of cajolery, and if that failed, to threaten the worthy physician with her displeasure.

She little knew the firm mind she had to deal with.

"Ah, doctor!" she exclaimed, as he entered the drawing-room; "this is a very sad affair."

"Is Sir Richard ill?" inquired the physician.

"No—he is never ill!" replied the lady, pettishly. "His nerves are of steel—and yet I wonder how he bears it. Mine are dreadfully shaken. So young and yet so wicked—on the verge of the grave too."

Her visitor took a seat, and waited patiently till her ladyship should condescend to explain the nature of the dreadful affair to which she so pathetically alluded, and who had been so young and so wicked. Not but he partially guessed the point at which she was aiming; for he had more than once contradicted the idle rumors in Farnsfield, which were secretly undermining the health and good name of poor Therese.

"You do not answer me?" observed the artful woman, impatiently.

"Really, Lady Trevanian, not being aware of the object on which I presume you wish to consult me, I should be puzzled to do so. Like most men who are devoted to science, I am a very plain, matter-of-fact sort of personage. You must speak clearly if you wish to obtain either advice or opinion from me."

"I will speak plainly, since you require it," exclaimed her ladyship, haughtily. "I believe Dr. Bennet, that for many years you have been the medical attendant of my family?"

"I have long had that honor," he replied.

"How comes it, then," continued the angry woman, "that you connive at the dishonor of that family? for gross immorality," she added, "is dishonor—no matter how exalted the station of him who descends to it."

"Really I cannot comprehend your ladyship," said Dr. Bennet. "The groom whose arm Master Walter broke in a fit of passion a week since is going on well enough. Surely you do not mean to reproach me with that?"

"I do not allude to that," hastily interrupted the weak, doating mother. "I am sure, dear boy, he regretted it enough; and the fellow was insolent, lazy, or something of that kind—I forget exactly which. What I allude to is the child which that artful ussy, Therese Graham, had by my step-son Edward."

The physician smiled.

"You know it to be the truth," added the speaker, emphatically. "His visits were daily."

"O my honor, Lady Trevanian, I neither know nor believe in any such absurdity!" replied her visitor. "Perhaps," he added, fixing his eyes upon her, "he found there the kindness and sympathy denied him in his home!"

Her ladyship smiled deeply, but had too much tact to reply to the implied censure on the conduct of herself and children.

"Consider," he continued, with increased firmness—for the error she had fallen into with respect to Therese, instead of Fanny—which error, *par parenthese*, was shared by all the lovers of scandal in Farnsfield, rendered his negation easy to his conscience—"the improbability, not to say the absurdity, of such a suspicion: for the last four years of his life, Edward knew that he was dying!"

"Can you deny that this Therese is the mother of the child I allude to?" said the still incredulous woman.

"Most solemnly," replied Dr. Bennet, with a cheerful countenance; "and no one knows the falsehood of the report which the malignity of the gossips and old maids of Farnsfield has set afloat better than myself; for I attended the mother at its birth."

"Her name?" demanded her ladyship.

The physician remained silent.

"The name of its father?" she added; "at least you may tell me that."

"I cannot answer you, Lady Trevanian. First, because I have only a suspicion of his name; and, secondly, that were it as familiar to me as my own, it would be a point of honor with me to conceal it. Physicians are like confessors," he added; "they are sometimes the confidants of strange secrets; and, for the honor of my profession, I am proud to say they seldom betray them."

"When paid to keep them!" observed the disappointed woman, sarcastically.

Dr. Bennet rose with great dignity, and, taking his hat and cane, advanced towards the door.

"My life, and the character which I have borne for forty years, Lady Trevanian, are the best replies to your unjust insinuation. Good morning."

So saying, he left the drawing-room.

Although considerably affected by the interview, the benevolent man did not quit the hall without visiting his patient, the poor groom, whose arm had been brutally broken by Walter Trevanian. He found the lad suffering from fever and excitement, but in other respects going on as favorably as he could wish.

"Thank heaven you are come, sir!" exclaimed the boy; "I always feel better after seeing you. Do you think," he added, looking earnestly in his face, "that I may quit this place?"

"How quit it?"

"Go home!" replied his patient; "I can't stay here! I am not happy!" he added with a shudder.

"Surely Sir Richard has not discharged you?" observed the doctor.

"No—no! they don't want me to leave—but I will!" added the groom. "Master Walter offered to double my wages, but it wor all of no use."

The physician saw that his patient had something on his mind, and, with his knowledge of the human heart, he easily obtained his confidence.

"Well, then," said the lad, "I will tell you; but mind you don't repeat it till after I am gone—and then I don't care who hears it. The night that the young squire died, I heard the old hands talking in the servants'-hall how that the great bell always struck off itself when any one of the master's family wor about to die."

"Surely you do not believe in such folly!" observed the physician.

"No more than you do, doctor!" replied the lad; "but it *did* strike for all that—and I know who made it."

"Who?"

"Master Walter," whispered the groom; "I saw him creep up the old tower stairs—at first I couldn't make out what he wor at; but I followed him, and saw him swing the clapper against the side of the bell—then hold it in both his hands, to prevent its striking again—for it is said only to toll once, you know."

"And what could be his motive for such a piece of folly?"

"Motive!" repeated the patient; "I did not expect such a question from you, of all men in the world, sir." Do you think," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that Master Edward didn't hear it—that he didn't know the old story of what the bell wor supposed to strike for—that it *didn't* cause his poor heart to break?"

The cold calculation—the fiend-like motive of the act—struck Doctor Bennet instantly: what its effect must have been upon Edward, he shuddered to think.

"Infamous!" he exclaimed.

"Wor'n't it, doctor! It wor for telling him of it that Master Walter broke my arm. I know why he did it—he wanted to be Sir Richard's heir, and was too impatient to wait; but it will never do him any good, even if he lives to get it."

"Never!" added the physician, emphatically.

"And now, since I have told you all, you don't wonder that I wish to leave this place?"

"Not in the least, my boy," replied the benevolent man; "and if you will give me your name I will do my best to procure you another situation."

"Tom Tanner, sir."

The gentleman wrote it down in his pocket-book, and, promising the poor fellow that he would not forget him, took his leave.

"Poor murdered boy!" he murmured, as he crossed the park on his way back to Farnsfield; "the fatal aneurism was first brought on by the harsh treatment he was subjected to in his youth. The heartless young ruffian," he added, alluding to Walter Trevanian, "had not even the excuse of ignorance; for I repeatedly told both him and his father that the slightest shock or emotion at any time might cause the artery to burst."

Whether such had been its effects or not upon Edward, can never be known. The doctor's way home lay through the churchyard, where he found the sexton, Mike, plying his trade: the old man was a favorite with him—he liked his quaint sayings, his snatches of old ballads and veneration for the past.

"Well Mike!" he said, stopping for a moment to chat with him; "still busy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sexton, looking up from the grave he had more than half dug, and leaning on his spade; "thank goodness, we have both plenty of work to do. I am glad—very glad—to see you," added the speaker; "indeed I had been thinking of making so bold as to call upon your honor."

"Are you ill?" inquired the physician; "if so, it cannot be anything very serious—for I never saw you looking better. But call up at the surgery—a little medicine will soon put all right."

"No! no! no!" exclaimed the grave-digger, shaking his head with a very peculiar expression; "I don't want anything of that kind—the earth is my doctor. I can't tell you how the smell of it revives me, as I turn it over and over year after year. It's my belief I know every shovelful in the churchyard. But no matter for that," he added, "it's something I've got upon my mind that I want to consult you about."

"Had you not better consult the clergyman?" suggested the gentleman—who at that particular moment felt little inclination to listen to one of Mike's usually long-winded stories.

"No!" replied the old man doubtfully; "the rector be a sort of cousin to Sir Richard—and it wouldn't do to tell him! Besides," he added, "I have more confidence in you, doctor—I have known you these forty years; and, though I never take your physic myself," he added, with a smile, "I *always* recommend you! I won't keep you long."

Dr. Bennet patiently seated himself upon one of the nearest tombstones, to listen to Mike's tale. Great was his astonishment as it proceeded. The sexton, with greater prolixity than we can venture to inflict upon our readers, related the circumstance of three visitors inquiring their way to the Trevanian Arms, on the night of the young squire's death—his own visit there—and the appearances which had so terrified him in the park.

"Imagination will do a great deal," observed his auditor, when he had finished; "the three strangers who inquired their way I can readily believe; but the rest is so wild, so improbable, that—perhaps you had been drinking?"

"Sober as your honor is at this moment," replied Mike. "Besides, imagination could not have played Stephen Franklin, Mark Thornton, and three or four more of the lads, the same trick."

"Did they, too, see the appearance you describe?" inquired the physician.

"As plainly as I did!" said the old man. "It walked so stately along, with its hand upon its heart, as if holding it."

The doctor appeared struck by the description.

"Have you related this to any one?" he inquired.

"You be the first."

"And if you be wise," observed the gentleman, "you will let me be the last. Sir Richard would be highly displeased at such a report becoming general in the place. Few would believe you. The baronet, you well know, is implacable when offended."

"That's the reason why Stephen and the rest of the lads, who were out poaching—I don't mind telling you—have kept the secret," said the sexton; "we always speak of it when we meet together; but it ain't about keeping our own counsel," added Mike; "I have lived long enough in the world to know the advantage of that! What I want is, to hear your opinion—your *real* opinion—of the matter."

(To be continued.)

Story of the Young Italian.

I was born at Naples: my parents, though of noble rank, were limited in fortune; or, rather, my father was ostentatious beyond his means, and expended so much on his palace, his equipage, and his retinue, that he was continually straitened in his pecuniary circumstances. I was a younger son, and looked upon with indifference by my father, who, from a principle of family pride, wished to leave all his property to my elder brother. I showed, when quite a child, an extreme sensibility. Everything affected me violently. While yet an infant in my mother's arms, and before I had learnt to talk, I could be wrought upon to a wonderful degree of anguish or delight by the power of music. As I grew older, my feelings remained equally acute, and I was easily transported into paroxysms of pleasure or rage. It was the amusement of my relations and of the domestics to play upon this irritable temperament. I was moved to tears, tickled to laughter, provoked to fury, for the entertainment of company, who were amused by such a tempest of mighty passion in a pigmy frame—they little thought, or, perhaps, little heeded, the dangerous sensibilities they were fostering. I thus became a little creature of passion before reason was developed. In a short time I grew too old to be a plaything, and then I became a torment. The tricks and passions I had been teased into became irksome, and I was disliked by my teachers for the very reasons they had taught me. My mother died, and my power as a spoiled child was at an end. There was no longer any necessity to humor or tolerate me, for there was nothing to be gained by it, as I was no favorite of my father. I therefore experienced the fate of a spoiled child in such situation, and was neglected or noticed only to be crossed and contradicted. Such was the early treatment of a heart which, if I can judge of it at all, was naturally disposed to the extremes of tenderness and affection.

My father, as I have already said, never liked me,—in fact, he never understood me; he looked upon me as wilful and wayward, as deficient in natural affection. It was the staidness of his own manner, the loftiness and grandeur of his own look, that had repelled me from his arms. I always pictured him to myself as I had seen him, clad in his senatorial robes, rustling with pomp and pride. The magnificence of his person had daunted my young imagination. I could never approach him with the confiding affection of a child.

My father's feelings were wrapped up in my elder brother. He was to be the inheritor of the family title and the family dignity, and everything was sacrificed to him—I, as well as everything else. It was determined to devote me to the church, that so my humors and myself might be removed out of the way, either of tasking my father's time and trouble, or interfering with the interests of my brother. At an early age, therefore, before my mind had dawned upon the world and its delights, or known anything of it beyond the precincts of my father's palace, I was sent to a convent, the superior of which was my uncle, and was confided entirely to his care.

My uncle was a man totally estranged from the world; he had never relished, nor he had never tasted, its pleasures; and he considered rigid self-denial as the great basis of Christian virtue. He considered every one's temperament like his own, or at least he made them conform to it. His character and habits had an influence over the fraternity of which he was superior—a more gloomy, saturnine set of beings were never assembled together. The convent, too, was calculated to awaken sad and solitary thoughts. It was situated in a gloomy gorge of those mountains away south of Vesuvius. All distant views were shut out by sterile volcanic heights. A mountain stream raved beneath its walls, and eagles screamed about its turrets.

I had been sent to this place at so tender an age as soon to lose all distinct recollection of the scenes I had left behind. As my mind expanded, therefore, it formed its idea of the world from the convent and its vicinity, and a dreary world it appeared to me. An early tinge of melancholy was thus infused into my character; and the dismal stories of the monks, about devils and evil spirits, with which they frightened my young imagination, gave me a tendency to superstition which I could never effectually shake off. They took the same delight to work upon my ardent feelings that had been so mischievously executed by my father's household. I can recollect the horrors with which they fed my heated fancy during an eruption of Vesuvius. We were distant from that volcano, with mountains

between us; but its convulsive throes shook the solid foundation of nature. Earthquakes threatened to topple down our convent towers. A lurid, baleful light hung in the heavens at night, and showers of ashes, borne by the wind, fell in our narrow valley. The monks talked of the earth being honey-combed beneath us; of streams of molten lava raging through its veins; of caverns of sulphurous flame roaring in the centre, the abodes of demons and the damned; of fiery gulfs ready to yawn beneath our feet. All these tales were told to the doleful accompaniment of the mountain's thunders, whose low bellowing made the walls of our convent vibrate.

One of the monks had been a painter, who had retired from the world, and embraced this dismal life, in expiation of some crime. He was a melancholy man, who pursued his art in the solitude of his cell, but made it a sort of penance to him. His employment was to portray, either on canvass or in waxen models, the human face and human form, in the agonies of death, and in all the stages of dissolution and decay. I turn with shuddering even from the recollection of his works. Yet, at the time, my strong but ill-directed imagination seized with ardor upon his instructions in his art. Anything was a variety from the dry studies and monotonous duties of the cloister. In a little while I became expert with my pencil, and my gloomy productions were thought worthy of decorating some of the altars of the chapel.

In this dismal way was a creature of feeling and fancy brought up. Everything genial and amiable in my nature was repressed, and nothing brought out but what was unprofitable and ungracious. I was ardent in my temperament; quick, mercurial, impetuous; formed to be a creature all love and adoration; but a leaden hand was laid on all my finer qualities. I was taught nothing but fear and hatred. I hated my uncle. I hated the monks. I hated the convent in which I was immured. I hated the world; and I almost hated myself for being, as I supposed, so hating and hateful an animal.

When I had nearly attained the age of sixteen, I was suffered, on one occasion, to accompany one of the brethren on a mission to a distant part of the country. We soon left behind us the gloomy valley in which I had been pent up for so many years, and, after a short journey among the mountains, emerged upon the voluptuous landscape that spreads itself about the Bay of Naples. Heavens! how transported was I when I stretched my gaze over a vast reach of delicious sunny country, gay with groves and vineyards; with Vesuvius raising its forked summit to my right; the blue Mediterranean to my left, with its enchanting coast, studded with shining towns and sumptuous villas; and Naples, my native Naples, gleaming far, far in the distance!

And was this the lovely world from which I had been excluded? I had reached that age when the sensibilities are in all their bloom and freshness. Mine had been checked and chilled. They now burst forth with the suddenness of a retarded spring. My heart, hitherto unnaturally shrunk up, expanded into a riot of vague but delicious emotions. The beauty of nature intoxicated—bewildered me. The song of the peasants, their cheerful looks, their happy avocations, the picturesque gaiety of their dresses, their rustic music, their dances—all broke upon me like witchcraft. My soul responded to the music, my heart danced in my bosom. All the men appeared amiable, all the women lovely.

I returned to the convent, that is to say, my body returned, but my heart and soul never entered there again. I could not forget this glimpse of a beautiful and a happy world—a world so suited to my natural character; I had felt so happy while in it, so different a being from what I felt myself when in the convent—that tomb of the living. I contrasted the countenances of the beings I had seen, full of fire and freshness and enjoyment, with the pallid, leaden, lack-lustre visages of the monks; the music of the dance with the droning chant of the chapel. I had before found the exercises of the cloister wearisome; they now became intolerable. The dull round of duties wore away my spirit; my nerves became irritated by the fretful tinkling of the convent-bell, evermore dingling among the mountain echoes, evermore calling me from my repose at night, my pencil by day, to attend to some tedious and mechanical ceremony of devotion.

I was not of a nature to meditate long without putting my thoughts into action. My spirit had been suddenly aroused, and was now all awake within me. I watched an opportunity, fled from the convent, and made my way on foot to Naples.

As I entered its gay and crowded streets, and beheld the variety and stir of life around me, the luxury of palaces, the splendor of equipages, and the pantomimic animation of the motley populace, I seemed as if awakened to a world of enchantment, and solemnly vowed that nothing should force me back to the monotony of the cloister.

I had to inquire my way to my father's palace, for I had been so young on leaving it that I knew not its situation. I found some difficulty in getting admitted to my father's presence, for the domestics scarcely knew that there was such a being as myself in existence, and my monastic dress did not operate in my favor. Even my father entertained no recollection of my person. I told him my name, threw myself at his feet, implored his forgiveness, and entreated that I might not be sent back to the convent.

He received me with the condescension of a patron rather than the fondness of a parent; listened patiently, but coldly, to my tale of monastic grievances and disgusts, and promised to think what else could be done for me. This coldness blighted and drove back all the frank affection of my nature, that was ready to spring forth at the least warmth of parental kindness. All my early feelings towards my father revived. I again looked up to him as the stately, magnificent being that had daunted my childish imagination, and felt as if I had no pretensions to his sympathies. My brother engrossed all his care and love; he inherited his nature, and carried himself towards me with a protecting rather than a fraternal air. It wounded my pride, which was great. I could brook condescension from my father, for I looked up to him with awe, as a superior being; but I could not brook patronage from a brother who I felt was intellectually my inferior. The servants perceived that I was an unwelcome intruder in the paternal mansion, and, menial-like, they treated me with neglect. Thus baffled at every point, my affections outraged wherever they would attach themselves, I became sullen, silent, and desponding. My feelings, driven back upon myself, entered and preyed upon my heart. I remained for some days an unwelcome guest rather than a restored son in my father's house. I was doomed never to be properly known there. I was made, by wrong treatment, strange even to myself, and they judged of me from my strangeness.

I was startled one day at the sight of one of the monks of my convent gliding out of my father's room. He saw me, but pretended not to notice me, and this very hypocrisy made me suspect something. I had become sore and susceptible in my feelings; everything inflicted a wound on them. In this state of mind I was treated with marked disrespect by a pampered minion, the favorite servant of my father. All the pride and passion of my nature rose in an instant, and I struck him to the earth. My father was passing by; he stopped not to inquire the reason, nor, indeed, could he read the long course of mental sufferings which were the real cause. He rebuked me with anger and scorn; he summoned all the haughtiness of his nature and grandeur of his look to give weight to the contumely with which he treated me. I felt I had not deserved it. I felt that I was not appreciated. I felt that I had that within me which merited better treatment; my heart swelled against a father's injustice. I broke through my habitual awe of him; I replied to him with impatience; my hot spirit flushed in my cheek and kindled in my eye, but my sensitive heart swelled as quickly, and, before I had half vented my passion, I felt it suffocate and quenched in my tears. My father was astonished and incensed at this turning of the worm, and ordered me to my chamber. I retired in silence, choking with contending emotions.

I had not been long there when I overheard voices in an adjoining apartment. It was a consultation between my father and the monk about the means of getting me back quietly to the convent. My resolution was taken. I had no longer a home nor a father. That very night I left the paternal roof. I got on board a vessel about making sail from the harbor, and abandoned myself to the wide world. No matter to what port she steered; any part of so beautiful a world was better than my convent. No matter where I was cast by fortune; any place would be more a home to me than the home I had left behind. The vessel was bound to Genoa. We arrived there after a voyage of a few days.

As I entered the harbor between the moles which embrace it, and beheld the amphitheatre of palaces, and churches, and splendid gardens, rising one above another, I felt at once its title to the appellation of Genoa the Superb. I landed on the mole an utter stranger, without knowing what to do, or

whither to direct my steps. No matter; I was released from the thralldom of the convent and the humiliations of home. When I traversed the Strada Balbi and the Strada Nuova, those streets of palaces, and gazed at the wonders of architecture around me—when I wandered at close of day amid a gay throng of the brilliant and the beautiful, through the green alleys of the Aqua Verde, or among the colonnades and terraces of the magnificent Doria gardens, I thought it impossible to be ever otherwise than happy in Genoa.

A few days sufficed to show me my mistake. My scanty purse was exhausted, and for the first time in my life I experienced the sordid distress of penury. I had never known the want of money, and had never adverted to the possibility of such an evil. I was ignorant of the world and its ways; and when first the idea of destitution came over my mind, its effect was withering. I was wandering penniless through the streets, which no longer delighted my eyes, when chance led my steps into the magnificent church of the Annunziata.

A celebrated painter of the day was at that moment superintending the placing of one of his pictures over an altar. The proficiency which I had acquired in his art during my residence in the convent had made me an enthusiastic amateur. I was struck, at the first glance, with the painting. It was the face of a Madonna. So innocent, so lovely, such a divine expression of maternal tenderness! I lost, for the moment, all recollection of myself in the enthusiasm of my art. I clasped my hands together, and uttered an ejaculation of delight. The painter perceived my emotion. He was flattered and gratified by it. My air and manner pleased him, and he accosted me. I felt too much the want of friendship to repel the advances of a stranger; and there was something in this one so benevolent and winning, that in a moment he gained my confidence.

I told him my story and my situation, concealing only my name and rank. He appeared strongly interested by my recital, invited me to his house, and from that time I became his favorite pupil. He thought he perceived in me extraordinary talents for the art, and his encomiums awakened all my ardor. What a blissful period of my existence was it that I passed beneath his roof! Another being seemed created within me; or rather, all that was amiable and excellent was drawn out. I was as reclusive as ever I had been at the convent; but how different was my seclusion! My time was spent in storing my mind with lofty and poetical ideas; in meditating on all that was striking and noble in history and fiction; in studying and tracing all that was sublime and beautiful in nature. I was always a visionary, imaginative being, but now my reveries and imaginings all elevated me to rapture. I looked up to my master as to a benevolent genius that had opened to me a region of enchantment. He was not a native of Genoa, but had been drawn thither by the solicitations of several of the nobility, and had resided there but a few years, for the completion of certain works he had undertaken. His health was delicate, and he had to confide much of the filling up of his designs to the pencils of his scholars. He considered me as particularly happy in delineating the human countenance, in seizing upon characteristic, though fleeting expressions, and fixing them powerfully upon my canvass. I was employed continually, therefore, in sketching faces, and often, when some particular grace or beauty of expression was wanted in a countenance, it was intrusted to my pencil. My benefactor was fond of bringing me forward, and partly, perhaps, through my actual skill, and partly through his partial praises, I began to be noted for the expressions of my countenances. Among the various works which he had undertaken was an historical piece for one of the palaces of Genoa, in which were to be introduced the likenesses of several of the family. Among these was one intrusted to my pencil. It was that of a young girl who as yet was in a convent for her education. She came out for the purpose of sitting for the picture. I first saw her in an apartment of one of the sumptuous palaces of Genoa. She stood before a casement that looked out upon the bay; a stream of vernal sunshine fell upon her, and shed a kind of glory round her, as it lit up the rich crimson chamber. She was but sixteen years of age—and oh, how lovely! The scene broke upon me like a mere vision of spring and youth and beauty. I could have fallen down and worshipped her. She was like one of those fictions of poets and painters, when they would express the *beau idéal* that haunts their minds with indescribable perfection. I was permitted to sketch her countenance in various positions, and I fondly protracted the study that was

undoing me. The more I gazed on her, the more I became enamored; there was something almost painful in my intense admiration. I was but nineteen years of age, shy, diffident, and inexperienced. I was treated with attention by her mother, for my youth and my enthusiasm in my art had won favor for me; and I am inclined to think that there was something in my air and manner that inspired interest and respect. Still the kindness with which I was treated could not dispel the embarrassment into which my own imagination threw me when in presence of this lovely being. It elevated her into something almost more than mortal. She seemed too exquisite for earthly use, too delicate and exalted for human attainment. As I sat tracing her charms on my canvass, with my eyes occasionally riveted on her features, I drank in delicious poison that made me giddy. My heart alternately gushed with tenderness and ached with despair. Now I became more than ever sensible of the violent fires that had lain dormant at the bottom of my soul. You who are born in a more temperate climate, and under a cooler sky, have little idea of the violence of passion in our southern bosoms.

A few days finished my task. Bianca returned to her convent, but her image remained indelibly impressed upon my heart. It dwelt in my imagination; it became my pervading idea of beauty. It had an effect even upon my pencil. I became noted for my felicity in depicting female loveliness; it was but because I multiplied the image of Bianca. I soothed and yet fed my fancy by introducing her in all the productions of my master. I have stood with delight in one of the chapels of the Annunziata, and heard the crowd extol the seraphic beauty of a saint which I had painted. I have seen them bow down in adoration before the painting; they were bowing before the loveliness of Bianca.

I existed in this kind of dream, I might almost say delirium, for upwards of a year. Such is the tenacity of my imagination, that the image which was formed in it continued in all its power and freshness. Indeed, I was a solitary, meditative being, much given to reverie, and apt to foster ideas which had once taken strong possession of me. I was roused from this fond, melancholy, delicious dream by the death of my worthy benefactor. I cannot describe the pangs his death occasioned me. It left me alone, and almost broken-hearted. He bequeathed to me his little property, which, from the liberality of his disposition, and his expensive style of living, was indeed but small; and he most particularly recommended me, in dying, to the protection of a nobleman who had been his patron.

The latter was a man who passed for munificent. He was a lover and encourager of the arts, and evidently wished to be thought so. He fancied he saw in me indications of future excellence: my pencil had already attracted attention; he took me at once under his protection. Seeing that I was overwhelmed with grief, and incapable of exerting myself in the mansion of my late benefactor, he invited me to sojourn for a time at a villa which he possessed on the border of the sea, in the picturesque neighborhood of Sestri de Ponente.

I found at the villa the count's only son, Filippo; he was nearly of my age, prepossessing in his appearance, and fascinating in his manners; he attached himself to me, and seemed to court my good opinion. I thought there was something of profession in his kindness, and of caprice in his disposition; but I had nothing else near me to attach myself to, and my heart felt the need of something to repose upon. His education had been neglected; he looked upon me as his superior in mental powers and acquirements, and tacitly acknowledged my superiority. I felt that I was his equal in birth, and that gave independence to my manners, which had its effect. The caprice and tyranny I saw sometimes exercised on others, over whom he had power, were never manifested towards me. We became intimate friends and frequent companions. Still I loved to be alone, and to indulge in the reveries of my own imagination among the scenery by which I was surrounded.

The villa commanded a wide view of the Mediterranean, and of the picturesque Ligurian coast. It stood alone in the midst of ornamented grounds, finely decorated with statues and fountains, and laid out into groves and alleys and shady lawns. Everything was assembled here that could gratify the taste, or agreeably occupy the mind. Soothed by the tranquillity of this elegant retreat, the turbulence of my feelings gradually subsided, and, blending with the romantic spell which still reigned over my imagination, produced a soft, voluptuous melancholy.

I had not been long under the roof of the count

when our solitude was enlivened by another inhabitant. It was the daughter of a relative of the count, who had lately died in reduced circumstances, bequeathing this only child to his protection. I had heard much of her beauty from Filippo, but my fancy had become so engrossed by one idea of beauty as not to admit of any other. We were in the central saloon of the villa when she arrived. She was still in mourning, and approached leaning on the count's arm. As they ascended the marble portico I was struck by the elegance of her figure and movement, by the grace with which the *mezzaro*, the bewitching veil of Genoa, was folded about her slender form. They entered. Heavens! what was my surprise when I beheld Bianca before me! It was herself; pale with grief, but still more matured in loveliness than when I had last beheld her. The time that had elapsed had developed the graces of her person, and the sorrow she had undergone had diffused over her countenance an irresistible tenderness.

She blushed and trembled at seeing me, and tears rushed into her eyes, for she remembered in whose company she had been accustomed to behold me. For my part, I cannot express what were my emotions. By degrees I overcame the extreme shyness that had formerly paralyzed me in her presence. We were drawn together by sympathy of situation. We had each lost our best friend in the world; we were each, in some measure, thrown upon the kindness of others. When I came to know her intellectually, all my ideal picturings of her were confirmed. Her newness to the world, her delightful susceptibility to everything beautiful and agreeable in nature, reminded me of my own emotions when first I escaped from the convent; her rectitude of thinking delighted my judgment; the sweetness of her nature wrapped itself round my heart; and then her young, and tender, and budding loveliness sent a delicious madness to my brain.

I gazed upon her with a kind of idolatry, as something more than mortal; and I felt humiliated at the idea of my comparative unworthiness. Yet she was mortal, and one of mortality's most susceptible and loving compounds; for she loved me!

How first I discovered the transporting truth I cannot recollect; I believe it stole upon me by degrees as a wonder past hope or belief. We were both at such a tender and loving age; in constant intercourse with each other; mingling in the same elegant pursuits—for music, poetry, and painting were our mutual delights; and we were almost separated from society among lovely and romantic scenery. Is it strange that two young hearts, thus brought together, should readily twine round each other?

What a dream—a transient dream of unalloyed delight, then passed over my soul! Then it was that the world around me was, indeed, a paradise, for I had woman—lovely woman—to share it with me! How often have I rambled along the picturesque shores of Sestri, or climbed its wild mountains, with the coast gemmed with villas, and the blue sea far below me, and the slender Faro of Genoa on its romantic promontory in the distance, and, as I sustained the faltering steps of Bianca, have thought there could no unhappiness enter into so beautiful a world! How often have we listened together to the nightingale, as it poured forth its rich notes among the moonlight bowers of the garden, and have wondered that poets could ever have fancied anything melancholy in its song! Why, oh why is this budding season of life and tenderness so transient? Why is this rosy cloud of love, that sheds such a glow over the morning of our days, so prone to brew up into the whirlwind and the storm?

I was the first to awaken from this blissful delirium of the affections. I had gained Bianca's heart, what was I to do with it? I had no wealth nor prospect to entitle me to her hand; I was to take advantage of her ignorance of the world, of her confiding affection, and draw her down to my own poverty? Was this requiring the hospitality of the count? Was this requiring the love of Bianca?

Now first I began to feel that even successful love may have its bitterness. A corroding care gathered about my heart. I moved about the palace like a guilty being. I felt as if I had abused its hospitality, as if I were a thief within its walls. I could no longer look with unembarrassed mien in the countenance of the count. I accused myself of perfidy to him, and I thought he read it in my looks, and began to distrust and despise me. His manner had always been ostentatious and condescending; it now appeared cold and haughty. Filippo, too, became reserved and distant, or at least I suspected him to be so. Heavens! was this mere coinage of

my brain! Was I to become suspicious of all the world? A poor, surmising wretch; watching looks and gestures, and torturing myself with misconstructions? Or, if true, was I to remain beneath a roof where I was merely tolerated, and linger there on sufferance? "This is not to be endured!" exclaimed I; "I will tear myself from this state of self-abasement—I will break through this fascination, and fly—Fly!—Whither—from the world? for where is the world when I leave Bianca behind me?"

My spirit was naturally proud, and swelled within me at the idea of being looked upon with contumely. Many times I was on the point of declaring my family and rank, and asserting my equality in the presence of Bianca, when I thought her relations assumed an air of superiority. But the feeling was transient. I considered myself discarded and condemned by my family, and had solemnly vowed never to own relationship to them until they themselves should claim it.

The struggle of my mind preyed upon my happiness and my health. It seemed as if the uncertainty of being loved would be less intolerable than thus to be assured of it, and yet not dare to enjoy the conviction. I was no longer the enraptured admirer of Bianca; I no longer hung in ecstasy on the tones of her voice, nor drank in with insatiate gaze the beauty of her countenance. Her very smiles ceased to delight me, for I felt culpable in having won them.

She could not but be sensible of the change in me, and inquired the cause with her usual frankness and simplicity. I could not evade the inquiry, for my heart was full to aching. I told her all the conflict of my soul, my devouring passion, my oiter self-upbraiding. "Yes," said I, "I am unworthy of you. I am an offshoot from my family—a wanderer—a nameless, homeless wanderer—with nothing but poverty for my portion; and yet I have dared to love you—have dared to aspire to your love!"

My agitation moved her to tears, but she saw nothing in my situation so hopeless as I had depicted it. Brought up in a convent, she knew nothing of the world—its wants—its cares; and, indeed, what woman is a worldly casuist in matters of the heart? Nay, more—she kindled into a sweet enthusiasm when she spoke of my fortunes and myself. We had dwelt together on the works of the famous masters; I had related to her their histories, the high reputation, the influence, the magnificence to which they had attained—the companions of princes, the favorites of kings, the pride and boast of nations. All this she applied to me. Her love saw nothing in all their great productions, that I was not able to achieve; and when I beheld the lovely creature glow with fervor, and her whole countenance radiant with visions of my glory, I was snatched up for the moment into the heaven of her own imagination.

I am dwelling too long upon this part of my story; yet I cannot help lingering over a period of my life on which, with all its cares and conflicts, I look back with fondness, for as yet my soul was unstained by a crime. I do not know what might have been the result of this struggle between pride, delicacy, and passion, had I not read in a Neapolitan gazette an account of the sudden death of my brother. It was accompanied by an earnest inquiry for intelligence concerning me, and a prayer, should this meet my eye, that I would hasten to Naples to comfort an infirm and afflicted father.

I was naturally of an affectionate disposition, but my brother had never been as a brother to me. I had long considered myself as disconnected from him, and his death caused me but little emotion. The thoughts of my father, infirm and suffering, touched me, however, to the quick; and when I thought of him, that lofty, magnificent being, now bowed down and desolate, and suing to me for comfort, all my resentment for past neglect was subdued, and a glow of filial affection was awakened within me.

The predominant feeling, however, that overpowered all others, was transport at the sudden change in my whole fortunes. A home, a name, rank, wealth awaited me; and love painted a still more rapturous prospect in the distance. I hastened to Bianca, and threw myself at her feet. "Oh, Bianca!" exclaimed I, "at length I can claim you for my own. I am no longer a nameless adventurer, a neglected, rejected outcast. Look—read—behold the tidings that restore me to my name and to myself!"

I will not dwell on the scene that ensued. Bianca rejoiced in the reverse of my situation, because she saw it lightened my heart of a load of care; for her own part, she had loved me for myself, and had

never doubted that my own merits would command both fame and fortune.

I now felt all my native pride buoyant within me. I no longer walked with my eyes bent to the dust; hope elevated them to the skies; my soul was lit up with fresh fires, and beamed from my countenance.

I wished to impart the change in my circumstances to the count, to let him know who and what I was, and to make formal proposals for the hand of Bianca; but he was absent on a distant estate. I opened my whole soul to Filippo. Now, first, I told him of my passion, of the doubts and fears that had distracted me, and of the tidings that had suddenly dispelled them. He overwhelmed me with congratulations, and with the warmest expressions of sympathy. I embraced him in the fulness of my heart; I felt compunctions for having suspected him of coldness, and asked his forgiveness for having ever doubted his friendship.

Nothing is so warm and enthusiastic as a sudden expansion of the heart between young men. Filippo entered into our concerns with the most eager interest. He was our confidant and counsellor. It was determined that I should hasten at once to Naples, to re-establish myself in my father's affections and my paternal home; and the moment the reconciliation was effected, and my father's consent insured, I should return and demand Bianca of the count. Filippo engaged to secure his father's acquiescence; indeed, he undertook to watch over our interests, and to be the channel through which we might correspond.

My parting with Bianca was tender, delicious, agonizing. It was in a little pavilion of the garden which had been one of our favorite resorts. How often and often did I return to have one more adieu; to have her look once more on me in speechless emotion; to enjoy once more the rapturous sight of those tears streaming down her lovely cheeks; to seize once more on that delicate hand, the frankly accorded pledge of love, and cover it with tears and kisses! Heavens! There is a delight even in the parting agony of two lovers, worth a thousand tame pleasures of the world. I have her at this moment before my eyes, at the window of the pavilion, putting aside the vines that clustered about the casement, her light form beaming forth in virgin light, her countenance all tears and smiles, sending a thousand and a thousand adieus after me, as hesitating, in a delirium of fondness and agitation, I faltered my way down the avenue.

As the bark bore me out of the harbor of Genoa, how eagerly my eye stretched along the coast of Sestri till it discovered the villa gleaming from among trees at the foot of the mountain! As long as day lasted I gazed and gazed upon it till it lessened and lessened to a mere white speck in the distance; and still my intense and fixed gaze discerned it when all other objects of the coast had blended into indistinct confusion, or were lost in the evening gloom.

On arriving at Naples I hastened to my paternal home. My heart yearned for the long-withheld blessing of a father's love. As I entered the proud portal of the ancestral palace, my emotions were so great that I could not speak. No one knew me; the servants gazed at me with curiosity and surprise. A few years of intellectual elevation and development had made a prodigious change in the poor fugitive stripling from the convent. Still that no one should know me in my rightful home was overpowering. I felt like the prodigal son returned. I was a stranger in the house of my father. I burst into tears and wept aloud. When I made myself known, however, all was changed. I, who had once been almost repulsed from its walls, and forced to fly as an exile, was welcomed back with acclamation, with servility. One of the servants hastened to prepare my father for my reception: my eagerness to receive the paternal embrace was so great, that I could not await his return, but hurried after him. What a spectacle met my eyes as I entered the chamber! My father, whom I had left in the pride of vigorous age, whose noble and majestic bearing had so awed my young imagination, was bowed down and withered into decrepitude. A paralysis had ravaged his stately form, and left it a shaking ruin. He sat propped up in his chair, with pale relaxed visage, and glassy wandering eye. His intellects had evidently shared in the ravage of his frame. The servant was endeavoring to make him comprehend that a visitor was at hand. I tottered up to him, and sank at his feet. All his past coldness and neglect were forgotten in his present sufferings. I remembered only that he was my parent, and that I had deserted him. I clasped his knees—my voice was almost stifled with convulsive sobs. "Pardon—pardon, oh! my father!" was all that I

could utter. His apprehension seemed slowly to return to him. He gazed at me for some moments with a vague inquiring look; a convulsive tremor quivered about his lips; he feebly extended a shaking hand, laid it upon my head, and burst out into an infantine flow of tears.

From that moment he would scarcely spare me from his sight. I appeared the only object that his heart responded to in the world; all else was as a blank to him. He had almost lost the powers of speech, and the reasoning faculty seemed at an end. He was mute and passive, excepting that fits of child-like weeping would sometimes come over him without any immediate cause. If I left the room at any time, his eye was incessantly fixed on the door till my return, and on my entrance there was another gush of tears.

To talk with him of my concerns in this ruined state of mind would have been worse than useless; to have left him, for ever so short a time, would have been cruel, unnatural. Here, then, was a new trial for my affections. I wrote to Bianca an account of my return, and of my actual situation, painting in vivid colors, for they were true, the torments I suffered at our being thus separated; for to the youthful lover every day of absence is an age of love lost. I enclosed the letter in one to Filippo, who was the channel of our correspondence. I received a reply from him full of friendship and sympathy; from Bianca, full of assurances of affection and constancy. Week after week, month after month elapsed, without making any change in my circumstances. The vital flame, which had seemed nearly extinct when first I met my father, kept fluttering on without any apparent diminution. I watched him constantly, faithfully, I had almost said patiently. I knew that his death alone would set me free—yet I never at any moment wished it. I felt too glad to be able to make any atonement for past disobedience; and, denied as I had been all endearments of relationship in my early days, my heart yearned towards a father who in his age and helplessness had thrown himself entirely on me for comfort.

My passion for Bianca gained daily more force from absence; by constant meditation it wore itself a deeper and deeper channel. I made no new friends nor acquaintances, sought none of the pleasures of Naples which my rank and fortune threw open to me. Mine was a heart that confined itself to few objects, but dwelt upon them with the intense passion. To sit by my father, administer to his wants, and to meditate on Bianca in the silence of his chamber, was my constant habit. Sometimes I amused myself with my pencil, in portraying the image that was ever present to my imagination. I transferred to canvas every look and smile of hers that dwelt in my heart. I showed them to my father, in hopes of awakening an interest in his bosom for the mere shadow of my love. But he was too sunk in intellect to take any more than a child-like notice of them. When I received a letter from Bianca, it was a new source of solitary luxury. Her letters, it is true, were less and less frequent, but they were always full of assurances of unabated affection. They breathed not the frank and innocent warmth with which she expressed herself in conversation, but I accounted for it from the embarrassment which inexperienced minds have often to express themselves upon paper. Filippo assured me of her unaltered constancy. They both lamented, in the strongest terms, our continued separation, though they did justice to the filial piety that kept me by my father's side.

Nearly two years elapsed in this protracted exile. To me they were so many ages. Ardent and impetuous by nature, I scarcely know how I should have supported so long an absence, had I not felt assured that the faith of Bianca was equal to my own. At length my father died: life went from him almost imperceptibly. I hung over him in mute affliction, and watched the expiring spasms of nature. His last faltering accents whispered repeatedly a blessing on me. Alas! how has it been fulfilled!

When I had paid due honors to his remains, and laid them in the tomb of our ancestors, I arranged briefly my affairs, put them in a posture to be easily at my command from a distance, and embarked once more with a bounding heart from Genoa.

Our voyage was propitious, and oh! what was my rapture when first, in the dawn of morning, I saw the shadowy summits of the Apennines rising almost like clouds above the horizon! The sweet breath of summer just moved us over the long wavering billows that were rolling us on towards Genoa. By degrees the coast of Sestri rose like a creation of enchantment from the silver bosom of the deep. I beheld the line of villages and palaces

studding its borders. My eye reverted to a well-known point, and at length, from the confusion of distant objects, it singled out the villa which contained Bianca. It was a mere speck in the landscape, but glimmering from afar, the polar star of my heart.

Again I gazed at it for a livelong summer's day, but, oh! how different the emotions between departure and return! It now kept growing and growing, instead of lessening and lessening on my sight. My heart seemed to dilate with it. I looked at it through a telescope. I gradually defined one feature after another. The balconies of the central saloon where first I met Bianca beneath its roof; the terrace where we so often had passed the delightful summer evenings; the awning that shaded her chamber window; I almost fancied I saw her form beneath it. Could she but know her lover was in the bark whose white sail now gleamed on the sunny bosom of the sea! My fond impatience increased as we neared the coast; the ship seemed to lag lazily over the billows; I could almost have sprung into the sea and swam to the desired shore.

The shadows of evening gradually shrouded the scene; but the moon arose in all her fulness and beauty, and shed the tender light, so dear to lovers, over the romantic coast of Sestri. My soul was bathed in unutterable tenderness; I anticipated the heavenly evenings I should pass in once more wandering with Bianca by the light of that blessed moon.

It was late at night before we entered the harbor. As early next morning as I could get released from the formalities of landing, I threw myself on horseback and hastened to the villa. As I galloped round the rocky promontory on which stands the Faro, and saw the coast of Sestri opening upon me, a thousand anxieties and doubts suddenly sprang up in my bosom. There is something fearful in returning to those we love, while yet uncertain what ills or changes absence may have effected. The turbulence of my agitation shook my very frame. I spurred my horse to redoubled speed; he was covered with foam when we both arrived panting at the gateway that opened to the grounds around the villa. I left my horse at a cottage, and walked through the grounds, that I might regain tranquillity for the approaching interview. I chid myself for having suffered mere doubts and surmises thus suddenly to overcome me; but I was always prone to be carried away by gusts of the feelings.

On entering the garden everything bore the same look as when I had left it; and this unchanged aspect of things re-assured me. There were the alleys in which I had so often walked with Bianca, as we listened to the song of the nightingale; the same shades under which we had so often sat during the noontide heat. There were the same flowers of which she was fond, and which appeared still to be under the ministry of her hand. Everything looked and breathed of Bianca; hope and joy flushed in my bosom at every step. I passed a little arbor, in which we had often sat and read together—a book and a glove lay on the bench—it was Bianca's glove; it was a volume of the *Metastasio* I had given her. The glove lay in my favorite passage. I clasped them to my heart with rapture. "All is safe!" exclaimed I; "she loves me—she is still my own!"

I bouned lightly along the avenue down which I had faltered so slowly at my departure. I beheld her favorite pavilion, which had witnessed our parting scene. The window was open, with the same vine clambering about it, precisely as when she waved and wept me an adieu. O, how transporting was the contrast in my situation! As I passed near the pavilion, I heard the tones of a female voice; they thrilled through me with an appeal to my heart not to be mistaken. Before I could think, I felt they were Bianca's. For an instant I paused, overpowered with agitation. I feared to break so suddenly upon her. I softly ascended the steps of the pavilion. The door was open. I saw Bianca seated at a table; her back was towards me; she was warbling a soft, melancholy air, and was occupied in drawing. A glance sufficed to show me that she was copying one of my own paintings. I gazed on her for a moment in a delicious tumult of emotions. She paused in her singing; a heavy sigh, almost a sob, followed. I could no longer contain myself. "Bianca!" exclaimed I, in a half-smothered voice. She started at the sound, brushed back the ringlets that hung clustering about her face, darted a glance at me, uttered a piercing shriek, and would have fallen to the earth had I not caught her in my arms.

"Bianca! my own Bianca!" exclaimed I, folding her to my bosom, my voice stifled in sobs of convulsive joy. She lay in my arms without sense

or motion. Alarmed at the effects of my precipitation, I scarce knew what to do. I tried by a thousand endearing words to call her back to consciousness. She slowly recovered, and half-opening her eyes, "Where am I?" murmured she, faintly. "Here!" exclaimed I, pressing her to my bosom—"Here! close to the heart that adores you—in the arms of your faithful Ottavio!" "Oh, no! no! no!" shrieked she, starting into sudden life and terror—"away! away!—leave me! leave me!"

She tore herself from my arms, rushed to a corner of the saloon, and covered her face with her hands, as if the very sight of me were baleful. I was thunderstruck. I could not believe my senses. I followed her, trembling, confounded. I endeavored to take her hand, but she shrank from my very touch with horror.

"Good heavens, Bianca!" exclaimed I, "what is the meaning of this? Is this my reception after so long an absence? Is this the love you professed for me?"

At the mention of love a shuddering ran through her. She turned to me a face wild with anguish: "No more of that—no more of that!" gasped she; "talk not to me of love—I—I am married!"

I reeled as if I had received a mortal blow—a sickness struck to my very heart. I caught at a window-frame for support. For a moment or two everything was chaos around me. When I recovered I beheld Bianca lying on a sofa, her face buried in the pillow, and sobbing convulsively. Indignation for her fickleness for a moment overpowered every other feeling.

"Faithless—perjured!" cried I, striding across the room. But another glance at that beautiful being in distress checked all my wrath. Anger could not dwell together with her idea in my soul.

"Oh! Bianca," exclaimed I, in anguish, "could I have dreamt of this? Could I have suspected you would have been false to me?"

She raised her face all streaming with tears, all disordered with emotion, and gave me one appealing look. "False to you!—They told me you were dead!"

"What!" said I, "in spite of our constant correspondence?"

She gazed wildly at me: "Correspondence! what correspondence?"

"Have you not repeatedly received and replied to my letters?"

She clasped her hands with solemnity and fervor. "As I hope for mercy—never!"

A horrible surmise shot through my brain. "Who told you I was dead?"

"It was reported that the ship in which you embarked for Naples perished at sea."

"But who told you the report?"

She paused for an instant, and trembled: "Filippo!"

"May the God of heaven curse him!" cried I, extending my clenched fists aloft.

"O, do not curse him, do not curse him!" exclaimed she; "he is—he is—my husband!"

This was all that was wanting to unfold the perfidy that had been practised upon me. My blood boiled like liquid fire in my veins. I gasped with rage too great for utterance. I remained for a time bewildered by the whirl of horrible thoughts that rushed through my mind. The poor victim of deception before me thought it was with her I was incensed. She faintly murmured forth her exculpation. I will not dwell upon it. I saw in it more than she meant to reveal. I saw with a glance how both of us had been betrayed.

"'Tis well," muttered I to myself, in smothered accents of concentrated fury. "He shall render an account of all this."

Bianca overheard me. New terror flashed in her countenance. "For mercy's sake, do not meet him! Say nothing of what has passed—for my sake, say nothing to him—I shall only be the sufferer!"

A new suspicion darted across my mind—"What!" exclaimed I, "do you then fear him? Is he unkind to you? Tell me," reiterated I, grasping her hand, and looking her eagerly in the face, "tell me—dare he to use you harshly?"

"No! no! no!" cried she, faltering and embarrassed; but the glance at her face had told me volumes. I saw in her pallid and wasted features, in the prompt terror and subdued agony of her eye, a whole history of a mind broken down by tyranny. Great God! and was this beautiful flower snatched from me to be thus trampled upon? The idea roused me to madness. I clenched my teeth and my hands; I foamed at the mouth; every passion seemed to have resolved itself into the fury that like a lava boiled within my heart. Bianca shrank from me in speechless affright. As I strode by the win-

dow my eye darted down the alley. Fatal moment! I beheld Filippo at a distance; my brain was in delirium—I sprang from the pavilion, and was before him with the quickness of lightning. He saw me as I came rushing upon him—he turned pale, looked wildly to the right and left as if he would have fled, and, trembling, drew his sword.

"Wretch!" cried I, "well may you draw your weapon."

I spoke not another word—I snatched forth a stiletto, put by the sword which trembled in his hand, and buried my poniard in his bosom. He fell with the blow, but my rage was unsated. I sprang upon him with the bloodthirsty feeling of a tiger; redoubled my blows; mangled him in my frenzy, grasped him by the throat, until with reiterated wounds and strangling convulsions he expired in my grasp. I remained glaring on the countenance, horrible in death, that seemed to stare back with its protruded eyes upon me. Piercing shrieks roused me from my delirium. I looked round, and beheld Bianca flying distractedly towards us. My brain whirled—I waited not to meet her, but fled from the scene of horror. I fled forth from the garden like another Cain—a hell within my bosom, and a curse upon my head. I fled without knowing whither, almost without knowing why. My only idea was to get farther and farther from the horrors I had left behind, as if I could throw space between myself and my conscience. I fled to the Appenines, and wandered for days and days among their savage heights. How I existed I cannot tell—what rocks and precipices I braved; and how I braved them I know not. I kept on and on, trying to out-travel the curse that clung to me. Alas! the shrieks of Bianca rang for ever in my ears. The horrible countenance of my victim was for ever before my eyes. The blood of Filippo cried to me from the ground. Rocks, trees, and torrents all resounded with my crime. Then it was I felt how much more insupportable is the anguish of remorse than every other mental pang. Oh! could I but have cast off this crime that festered in my heart—could I but have regained the innocence that reigned in my breast as I entered the garden at Sestri—could I but have restored my victim to life, I felt as if I could look on with transport, even though Bianca were in his arms!

By degrees this frenzied fever of remorse settled into a permanent malady of the mind—into one of the most horrible that ever poor wretch was cursed with. Wherever I went, the countenance of him I had slain appeared to follow me. Whenever I turned my head, I beheld it behind me, hideous with the contortions of the dying moment. I have tried in every way to escape from this horrible phantom, but in vain. I know not whether it be an illusion to the mind, the consequence of my dismal education at the convent, or whether a phantom really sent by heaven to punish me; but there it ever is—at all times—in all places. Nor has time nor habit had any effect in familiarising me with its terrors. I have traveled from place to place—plunged into amusements—tried dissipation and distraction of every kind—all—all in vain. I once had recourse to my pencil as a desperate experiment. I painted an exact resemblance of this phantom face. I placed it before me, in hopes that, by constantly contemplating the copy, I might diminish the effect of the original. But I only doubled instead of diminishing the misery. Such is the curse that has clung to my footsteps—that has made my life a burthen, but the thought of death terrible. God knows what I have suffered—what days and days and nights and nights of sleepless torment—what a never-dying worm has preyed upon my heart—what an unquenchable fire has burned within my brain! He knows the wrongs that wrought upon my poor weak nature—that converted the tenderest of affections into the deadliest of fury. He knows best whether a frail, erring creature has expiated, by long-enduring torture and merciless remorse, the crime of a moment of madness. Often, often have I prostrated myself in the dust, and implored that he would give me a sign of his forgiveness, and let me die.

This Tale (by Washington Irving) was inadvertently copied from Eliza Cook's Journal, where it was published without acknowledgment.

MANUFACTURE OF A QUARTERN LOAF.—The most complicated manufacture, perhaps, which we have among mankind, and which, in all its parts, requires the most continued exertions of human industry and skill, is the production of a quatern loaf from a few seeds of wheat put into the earth.—*Lain's Norway.*

Ice.

THE machinery employed for cutting ice on a large scale, for cities and shipment, is worked by men and horses in the following manner: From the time the ice forms, it is kept free from snow until thick enough to be cut; that process commences when the ice is a foot thick. A surface of some two acres is then selected, and a straight line drawn through its centre. A hand-plough is pushed along this line until the groove is about three inches deep, when the marker is introduced. This is drawn by two horses, and makes two new grooves, 21 inches apart, the gage remaining in the original groove. The marker is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. Having drawn these lines over the whole surface in one direction, the process is repeated in a transverse direction, marking all the ice out into squares of 21 inches. The plough, drawn by a single horse, follows in these grooves, cutting to a depth of six inches. One entire range of blocks is then cut out with the ice-saw, and the remainder are split off towards the opening thus made with an iron bar, shaped like a spade, and of a wedge-like form; a very slight blow is sufficient to produce that effect, especially in very cold weather. Platforms are placed near the opening made in the ice, and with a hook the ice is caught, and by a sudden jerk thrown up the slide on to the platform. Beside this platform stands a sled, of the same height, capable of containing about three tons, which, when loaded, is drawn upon the ice to the front of the storehouse, where a large stationary platform, of exactly the same height, is ready to receive its load, which, as soon as discharged, is hoisted block by block into the house by horse-power.

Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day. When a thaw or rain occurs, it unfits the ice for market by rendering it porous; and occasionally snow is immediately followed by rain, and that again by frost, forming snow ice, which is valueless, and must be removed by the plane. A plane is gaged to run in the grooves made by the marker, and shaves the ice to the depth of three inches; it is drawn by a horse until the whole surface of the ice is planed. The chips thus produced are then scraped off, and if the clear ice is not reached, the process is repeated. If this makes the ice too thin for cutting, it is left *in statu quo*, and a few nights of hard frost will add below as much as has been taken off above.

Our engraving shows the process of ice-cutting at Rockland Lake, near New York. The Rockland Lake Ice Company is one of the largest in the country, delivering an enormous quantity of the article in New York city. Their ice-houses are located on the margin of the lake.

A Timely Rescue.

THE next morning, when I went to look for my horse, he was nowhere to be found. I put the saddle on my head and tracked him for hours; it was evident the poor beast had been travelling away in search of grass. I walked until my feet were one mass of blisters. At length, when about to give up in despair, having quite lost the track on stony ground, I came upon the marks quite fresh in a bit of swampy ground, and a few hundred yards further found Master Greytail rolling in the mud of a nearly dry waterhole, as comfortably as possible. I put down the saddle and called him. At that moment I heard a loud roar and crash in a scrub behind me, and out rushed, at a terrific pace, a black

bull, charging straight at me. I had only just time to throw myself on one side flat on the ground as he thundered by me. My next move was to scramble among a small clump of trees—one of great size, the rest were mere saplings. The bull, having missed his mark, turned again, and first revenged himself by tossing my saddle up in the air, until, fortunately, it lodged in some bushes; then, having smelt me out, he commenced a circuit round the trees, stamping, pawing, and bellowing frightfully. With his red eyes and long sharp horns, he looked like a demon. I was quite unarmed, having broken my knife the day before; my pistols were in my holsters, and I was wearied to death. My only chance consisted in dodging him round the trees until he should be tired out. Deeply did I regret having left my faithful dogs, Boomer and Bounder, behind. The bull charged again and again, sometimes coming with such force against the tree that he fell on his knees; sometimes bending the saplings behind which I stood, until his horns almost touched me. There was not a branch I could lay hold of to climb up.

How long this awful game of "touchwood" lasted I know not; it seemed hours. After the first excitement passed off, weariness again took possession of me, and it required all the instinct of self-preservation to keep me on my feet. Several times the bull left me for a few seconds, bellowing his malignant discontent; but before I could pass over to a

charge, he seemed to catch him by the horns. There was a struggle, a cloud of dust, a stamping like two strong men wrestling; I could not see clearly; but the next moment the bull was on his back, the blood welling from his throat, his limbs quivering in death.

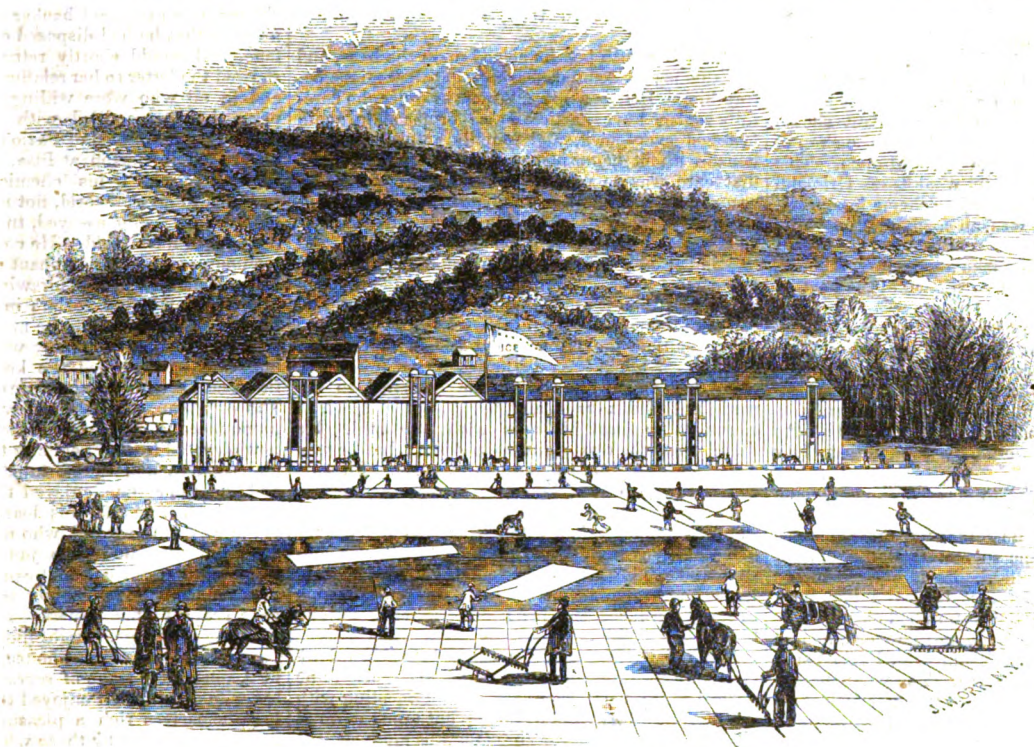
A Courteous Gentleman.

A TRADESMAN, living in the Rue St. Honoré, possesses a young and pretty wife, who is passionately fond of the theatre, but being continually occupied in business, he is rarely able to indulge her. A few days ago she got a ticket for the Porte St. Martin, and telling him that it had been given to her, asked him to accompany her. He promised, but when evening came, was unable to go. The wife, who was *en grande toilette*, was furious at her disappointment; but determined not to be balked, she made her servant accompany her. On leaving the theatre she was followed by two young men, who were very insolent. To escape them she called a cab that was passing; but the coachman made a sign that he had some one in the vehicle. She was turning away, when the cab stopped, and an elegantly dressed young man jumped from it. "I see, ladies," he said, with a low bow, "that you are annoyed by two insolent fellows. Deign to accept this cab—I will seek for another." The tradeswoman accepted with thanks, and the gentleman handed her and her servant in with the greatest politeness. She gave her address to the cabman, and the vehicle drove off. Arrived near her own residence, she stopped, and asked what was to pay. "21f. 75c.," said the cabman. "What, 21f.?" cried the tradeswoman in astonishment. "Why, you have only come from the Porte St. Denis, and have not been half an hour on the way." "Do not talk nonsense," said the cabman, rudely. "I have been driving the gentleman about since morning. But where is he? Disappeared?"

On discovering that his fare really had disappeared, the man thought the women were in connivance with him to cheat him, and he became very insolent. The tradeswoman had not money enough to satisfy the demand of the cabman, and he gave her and her companion into custody. They had to pass the whole night in the guard-house de la Lingerie, and were not released until the next morning, when the tradesman claimed them, and indemnified the coachman. The tradeswoman vows that she will never go to the play again without her husband.

HONOR YOUR BUSINESS.—Every man is a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto.

POWER OF THE JEWS.—The Jews, though scattered over the face of the earth, yet maintain a secret and indissoluble bond of union and common interest. In every country they are, as it were, the servants; but the time may come when they will virtually be the masters in their turn. Even at the present day are they not, to a great extent, the arbiters of the fate of Europe? Maintaining, on the one hand, the bond between the different States, by the mysterious power of wealth which they possess; and on the other, loosening the ties of social life, and introducing or fostering ideas of change and revolution among various peoples? In the Jewish nation stirs the Nemesis of the destiny of Europe.



ICE CUTTING AT ROCKLAND LAKE, NEAR NEW YORK.

better position he always came back at full speed. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, my eyes grew hot and misty, my knees trembled under me, I felt it impossible to hold out until dark. At length I grew desperate, and determined to make a run for the opposite cover the moment the bull turned towards the waterhole again. I felt sure I was doomed, and thought of it until I grew indifferent. The bull seemed to know I was worn out, and grew more fierce and rapid in his charges; but, just when I was going to sit down under the great tree and let him do his worst, I heard the rattle of a horse among the rocks above, and a shout that sounded like the voice of an angel. Then came the barking of a dog and the loud reports of a stock-whip; but the bull, with his devilish eyes fixed on me, never moved. Up came a horseman at full speed; crack fell the lash on the black bull's hide; out spurted the blood in a long streak. The bull turned savagely to charge the horseman. The horse wheeled round just enough to baffle him—no more; again the lash descended, cutting like a long flexible razor; but the mad bull was not to be beaten off by a whip. He charged again and again; but he had met his match. Right and left, as needed, the horse turned again and again, sometimes pivoting on his hind, sometimes on his fore-legs. The stockman shouted something, leaped from his horse, and strode forward to meet the bull with an open knife between his teeth. As the beast lowered his head to

Grimaldi and Fazio: a Tale of Pisa.

DURING the civil war of Genoa, an Italian, of the name of Grimaldi, fled to Pisa. Money was the only thing in the universe that could boast of his friendship or esteem. He maintained that fortune ought to be pursued in any way, and that no means of acquiring it were disgraceful but such as did not succeed. We may readily suppose that a man holding such sentiments had formed a settled plan to become rich. Accordingly, he began very early in life to labor at the edifice of his fortune, and, even in his youth, he acquired the appellation of a miser. With the tact of acquiring riches, he acquired the far more extraordinary art of retaining them. He lived quite alone. He had neither dog nor cat in his house, because he must have found them victuals. Neither did he keep a servant, to save the payment of wages. He was in continual fear of being robbed, and theft, in his estimation, was a crime of blacker dye than parricide. He was the object of universal contempt; but when he felt himself insulted or abused, he went straightway home, cast a delighted look at his strong-box, and was comforted. The frugality of his meals, and the poverty of his dress, did not deceive the public as to the true state of his circumstances—an artifice frequently adopted by misers.

One evening, after he had supped in company (it may easily be supposed that such a character never supped at home), he was returning to his house at a late hour, and unattended. Some one who had watched his steps fell upon him, intending to commit murder. Grimaldi felt himself stabbed, but he was still able to run from his aggressor. At the same time a violent storm arose. Faint with loss of blood, and trembling lest his assailant should repeat the blow, the miser rushed into the shop of a goldsmith, which by chance was still open. This goldsmith was in pursuit of wealth—as Grimaldi had been—but he had adopted a scheme less promising than usury. He was an alchemist in search of the philosopher's stone. On the evening of this event he was about to make a grand experiment, and had left his shop open to moderate the heat of his furnaces.

The abrupt entrance of Grimaldi seemed somewhat rude. Fazio, for that was the goldsmith's name, immediately recognised the intruder, and asked him what he did in the street at such an unreasonable hour, and in such stormy weather!

"Ah!" sighed Grimaldi, "I am wounded!" As he pronounced these words, he sank into a chair and expired.

We shall not attempt to describe the confusion of Fazio. He lifted Grimaldi from his seat, tore open his clothes that he might have free room to breathe, and used means to restore animation, but in vain: the miser was dead. Fazio now examined the body, and perceived that Grimaldi had been stabbed in the breast; the wound had closed of itself, so that the blood could not flow out, and he died by suffocation. At this juncture, Fazio found himself in the greatest distress. The whole neighborhood was asleep, or had shut up their houses on account of the bad weather. He was quite alone in his house, as his wife and two children had gone to visit his dying father. Suddenly, a bold thought flashed across his brain, the execution of which, under these circumstances, seemed easily practicable. He was certain that no one had seen Grimaldi enter into his shop. In such continued rain and thunder, there was no temptation for people to be standing at their windows. Besides, by announcing the death of Grimaldi, Fazio himself might have incurred the suspicion of being his murderer. After weighing maturely the whole of the affair, he shut up his shop, resolved to turn the adventure to his own advantage; and, consistently with his passion for transmutations, he determined to make an experiment whether he could not transmute misfortune into fortune, as he had been trying to convert his lead into silver.

Fazio knew of Grimaldi's wealth. He searched his pockets, and found, together with some coin, a large bunch of keys.

"This," he exclaimed, "is a mark of the favor of Heaven: the finger of Providence is manifest in the whole transaction. That such a terrible storm should come on this night; that my shop alone should be open; that Grimaldi should be wounded, and die in my chair; all this could not have happened without a particular dispensation from above. He has no relation; certainly, no friend. One stranger is as good as another stranger, and Fazio as good as another heir. I have even one right more. Had it not been for me he would have died in the street; who knows whether he did not come into my shop to constitute me his heir? His visit

supplies the place of a formal testament. I will quietly take the executorship upon myself; that will be the wisest and the safest way. Were I to relate the whole transaction to the magistrates, not one would believe my story. The body of Grimaldi is in my house, and every man would pronounce me his murderer; it would be impossible for me to prove my innocence. But if I bury him privately, he will not be injured, and I shall be safe. Between the scaffold and full coffers—it would be folly to hesitate. I have discovered the object of my long and anxious search; I have found the philosopher's stone, without the help of crucible or furnace."

Armed with a dark lantern, he proceeded to the miser's house. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder pealed, but he heeded not the storm. His mind was full of Grimaldi's treasure. He tried his keys, unlocked his doors, opened the sitting-room; it was small, but well secured. It had incomparably more locks than doors. We may easily imagine the first object of his search. Against the iron chest he directed the whole battery of this bunch of keys, yet he almost despaired of success, as the exterior was guarded by five locks, while the interior was still more strongly fortified. At length, however, his perseverance was rewarded. He found a casket full of gold rings, bracelets, jewels, and other valuables, and with them four bags, on each of which he read with transport, "Three thousand ducats in gold." He trusted implicitly to the superscription, taking it for granted that the sum was rightly told.

Quivering with joy, he seized upon the bags, and left the jewels behind, fearing that they might betray him. Being a great friend to order, he carefully replaced every article in its former state, again fastened every lock, and happily returned to his house without being met or seen by any one. His first care was to put his four bags in a place of security; his second, to take measures for the interment of the deceased. He lifted him as easily as a feather; for the bare touch of the bags of gold had imparted a strength which astonished himself. He carried Grimaldi into his cellar, dug a deep grave, and tumbled him into it with his keys and clothes. This done, he filled up the grave with so much caution, that it was impossible to discover that the earth had been disturbed.

Having finished his work, he hastened to his room, untied his bags, and began, not so much to count, as to feast his eyes with, the gold. He found that all was right to a ducat; but he was dazzled at the sight of so much treasure. First he counted it, then he weighed it; his ecstasy increasing every moment. He deposited the whole heap in a private closet, burnt the bags, and did not remove his eyes from them till the last atom was consumed, when he threw the ashes into the air, fearing lest even these might betray him. At last he retired to rest; for labor and joy had conspired to fatigue him.

Some days afterwards, nothing being heard of Grimaldi, the magistrates ordered his house to be opened. All were surprised at not meeting with the master, either dead or alive; but much more at not finding any money. Three months more elapsed without any tidings of Grimaldi. As soon as Fazio perceived that his sudden disappearance ceased to be the engrossing topic of conversation, he began to drop hints of the success of his chemical discoveries. In a short time he spread a report that he had transmuted a quantity of lead into a bar of gold. People laughed at him, as they had frequently done before, for he had on many occasions deceived himself in his operations. But Fazio now stood firm to his assertions, prudently observed a judicious gradation in his conversations and exhibitions of his skill, and at last declared that he was going to France to convert his gold bar into current coin.

The more effectually to conceal his real design, he pretended to be in want of cash for his travelling expenses, and borrowed a hundred florins on the security of a small farm. Fifty of these he kept for his own use, and fifty he gave to his wife, at the same time assuring her of his speedy return. When she found him thus serious, she was thrown into the greatest state of alarm. She feared that it was the ruin of his fortune which forced Fazio to fly his country. She never expected to see him again, and thought of nothing but being shortly reduced to the extremity of distress, and left forlorn, with her two fatherless children, destitute of bread. She begged and conjured him not to travel. She spoke with such earnestness and pathos, that Fazio was so affected at her distress, as no longer to be able to conceal his secret, notwithstanding his resolution to keep it for life. He led her to his cabinet, narrated the transaction with Grimaldi, and showed her his

golden treasure, the sight of which removed every doubt.

We may judge of the satisfaction this disclosure gave to Valentina, for this was the name of Fazio's wife. She fell upon his neck, warmly embraced him, thanked him for his confidence, and flattered him as much for his dexterity and presence of mind, as she had before teased him with reproaches and objections. A multitude of plans for future happiness and parade were projected; and preparations for the journey were made with all speed. But when the day of his departure arrived, Valentina (on whom Fazio, as we may suppose, had imposed the profoundest silence) did not fail to make common cause with the rest of the family, and remonstrated against the journey with unabated warmth. She pretended that he was quitting her for ever, was lavish of her prayers and entreaties, and affected to swoon away with anguish. Fazio himself passed for a fool. The whole town laughed at him openly, and he laughed at the whole town in his sleeve.

While he was on his road to Marseilles, his wife, who remained at Pisa, continued to play the part she had assumed. She incessantly complained of her poverty, while in private she had plenty of all things. Every one lamented her fate, commiserated the condition of her children, and the more humane pitied Fazio as a lunatic.

In the mean time he sold his gold for bills of exchange on an eminent banker at Pisa, and wrote to his wife that he had disposed of his bars to advantage, and would shortly return home. Valentina showed the letter to her relations and acquaintances, and to all who were willing to read it; all who perused it were filled with astonishment. The majority still doubted of Fazio's good fortune, when he arrived in person at Pisa. He related the success with which his chemical labors had been crowned to all the world, not forgetting to add, that his bars, on being assayed, turned out to be of the purest and finest gold. He corroborated the verbal testimonies of his triumphant success, by speaking and substantial proofs, drawing from the banker nine thousand gold dollars in specie. Before this kind of demonstration, the most inveterate scepticism was dumb. The story was told from house to house, and all extolled the knowledge of Fazio in the occult science of the transmutation of metals. The very man, who, but a few months before, was pronounced a fool by the whole city at large, was now elevated by that very city to the rank of a great philosopher; and the fortunate goldsmith, at one and the same time, enjoyed the double advantage of being honored for his learning and wealth. It is the way of the world, who never look to motives, but to results, and who judge by effects, never troubling themselves about causes.

There being no longer any need for secrecy, Fazio gave scope to his desires. He redeemed his farm from the mortgage, bought himself a title at Rome, purchased a magnificent house, and was surrounded by a splendid retinue of servants. In this manner his wife and himself enjoyed the pleasure of knowing themselves rich, a pleasure that is by far the most sensibly felt by those who have been formerly in want. Valentina, who was now a woman of too much consideration personally to superintend her own household, with the approval of her husband entrusted that duty to an old and very ugly relation, who brought with her into the family a young and beautiful daughter.

Fazio, now a man of fashion, cast his eyes on the daughter of the aged relation. She was called Adelaide. She lent a willing ear to the overtures of Fazio, and soon entered into so intimate correspondence, as to cause a disagreement with his wife. But ere Valentina had time to penetrate the secret, or convince herself of her husband's infidelity, he had already lavished large sums on Adelaide. Valentina was jealous of her rights to the last punctilio, and it grieved her much to see herself under the authority of an usurper. Discord broke in upon their conjugal union. Valentina became sullen, and Adelaide imperious. One day they quarrelled so violently, that Valentina turned the old housekeeper and her daughter out of doors. Fazio, on returning home, was incensed at this procedure, while it heightened his passion for Adelaide. He at once hired a splendid lodging for her residence, at which new mark of regard, Valentina, who was very violent naturally, could no longer control her fury.

Fazio, having vainly tried every art to pacify or deceive her, retired to an estate that he had bought in the country, and there he received Adelaide. This no sooner reached the ears of Valentina who in jealousy was more like a fury than a woman, than she meditated the most horrid revenge. With-

out once reflecting on the melancholy consequences, she resolved to impeach her husband before a magistrate, as the murderer of Grimaldi. She put her dreadful scheme into execution on the spur of the moment; and Fazio, who was dreaming away delicious moments in the company of his fair one, never thought of the storm that was gathering round his head.

The judge, having examined into the circumstances narrated to him by the informant, despatched persons to dig up the ground in Fazio's cellar; the remains of Grimaldi being found, the unfortunate goldsmith was seized by the police, and carried to prison. On his first interrogatory, he stoutly denied the charge; but, on being confronted with his wife, and she appearing as his accuser, he immediately exclaimed: "Wretch that thou art, had I loved thee less, thou wouldst not have been entrusted with my secret; I was weak enough to trust thee, and now I reap the reward of my foolish tenderness." The torture, which, in those days, was so dangerous to accused innocence, extorted from Fazio a confession of all that he had done, and even of what he had not done. He accused himself of the murder of Grimaldi, although guiltless; and was sentenced to forfeit his possessions, and suffer death at the place of public execution.

Valentina, on being dismissed from the court of justice, returned to her house, but was not a little surprised at finding it beset with police officers, who had even turned her children out of it. No more was wanting than this fresh misfortune to render her a prey to complete despair. The stings of conscience already wrung her heart; for, her revenge being satiated, she now saw the rashness of her conduct in all its extent, and had a full presentiment of her future misery. Pain and remorse rose to their height. In frantic mood she ran about with dishevelled hair, and implored the judge to liberate her husband, whom she herself had delivered up to the hangman. The sight of her children, now destitute through her act, redoubled her anguish.

The whole city resounded with this melancholy event. Valentina, who was a horror to herself, had not even the poor consolation of exciting compassion. Relations and acquaintance hated and avoided her like a ravenous beast.

Fazio, in the meantime, was awaiting his deplorable doom. He was led to the place of execution along the principal streets. He ascended the scaffold with great composure, declared his innocence, and cursed the impetuous jealousy of his wife. He was executed; and his body, according to custom, was exposed on the scaffold as a terror to the beholders. Rage and despair had, in the meantime, transported Valentina to the most dreadful of all imaginable deeds. She took her two children by the hand, and hurried them with hasty steps, continually weeping, to the place of execution. She pressed through the crowd, who made way for her to pass, and loaded her with execrations. But Valentina was deaf to all that passed. She reached the foot of the bloody scaffold, and mounted with her children the fatal steps, as though she would once more have embraced the body of her spouse. The frantic mother led her children close to the bleeding corpse, and bade them embrace their deceased father. At this piteous sight, rendered more doleful by the cries of the little mourners, all the spectators burst into tears, when suddenly the raging mother plunged a dagger into the breast of one, then ran upon the other, and stretched him dead beside his dying brother. An universal burst of horror and dismay rent the air. The populace rushed forward to lay hold on her—but already she had stabbed herself with the poniard, and fell lifeless on the bodies of her family.

Something about Norway.

NORWAY, like almost all countries in equally high latitudes, abounds in elevated and sterile lands and great lakes in the interior, and in rugged promontories, fjords, or friths, and rocky isles upon its coasts. The physical aspect and configuration of this portion of the Scandinavian peninsula have in a particular manner excited the interest of eminent scientific travellers. Mr. Laing, during his close investigations in the country, was led to believe that the whole of its rude and elevated lands had been formed by volcanic action, probably operating at a great depth beneath the upper stratum of the earth's surface, and with too rare interruptions to leave material evidence of an ordinary character visible.

The climate of Norway is much less severe than that of other European countries of the same parallel of latitude lying further from the sea. The crops, however, are confined chiefly to those of the coarser

grains. Wheat is produced, indeed, only in the southern districts, except occasionally in very sheltered places. North of Christiana, rye, oats, flax, and hemp compose the staple produce of the country.

The population of Norway, in 1835, was stated to be 1,100,000, but it is said to be on the increase, at about the rate of one-fourth per cent. annually. Two things chiefly interest us regarding Norway, in any general view we might take of the country—the origin and character of the people, on account of the part which their ancestors played in the earlier periods of European history, and the singular form of government which they at present enjoy. The Norwegians are without doubt of Teutonic origin, and, as it is probable, of the purest blood extant of that widely-spread race, whose warriors devastated England and France for so long a period, and, after possessing themselves of the fairest provinces of the continental country, finally subjected fair Britain, where enough of their laws and institutions still remain, to humble the Britons by the remembrance they recall of that unfortunate period in their national history.

But the remarkable character of the present political constitution and government, which is here established, is the most deserving of observation of all that relates to the country and people of Norway. This ancient kingdom, after having been for above four centuries united with Denmark, was severed from that country and united with Sweden at the last general settlement of Europe. The union of Sweden and Norway, however, is rather that of the crowns of these two kingdoms, than of the two countries in their proper political organisation—since the ancient laws and institutions which are peculiar to each have been but little changed; and it is the proper Norwegian institutions which are of so singular a character.

The constitution now established in Norway vests the supreme executive power in the crown—which is henceforth subject to the same laws of descent as that of the sister kingdom, with a remarkable check upon the undue exercise of its authority—and the legislative power in one single elective body, divided by its own act into two parts. This legislative body is called the Storting. It consists of not less than seventy-five, and not more than a hundred members, depending upon the number of electors—which undergoes some occasional change—instead of upon the districts, as with ourselves. One-third of this body is elected by the citizens of the larger towns, and the remaining two-thirds by the inhabitants of the rural districts. But it is a peculiar feature in the Norwegian representative system, that no less than another hundred qualified persons are elected to sit and perform the duties of the proper members returned, in case of sickness, or any other lawful cause, obliging them at any time to neglect the performance of their legislative duties. The qualifications for the franchise, and for a seat in the assembly, are, as far as property is concerned, the same, and require in either case the possession of an annual income of about a hundred and fifty dollars. But the elector must have attained his twenty-fifth year, must be a native, and must have resided at least ten years in the country; and the supplicant for a seat in the assembly must have attained his thirtieth year, and must not be in either the civil or the military service of the crown. The mode of exercising the franchise, is by a peculiar binary election. In the towns, every fifty electors, and in the rural districts, every hundred, choose one representative of their number, which produces a body of electors by whom the legislators are chosen. The assembly, thus elected, divides itself into two separate bodies, one of which comprises a fourth of the whole number, and forms a kind of upper house, which is called the Lagthing. The remaining two-thirds is then called the Odelsting, or lower house. By this arrangement the people at least enjoy one of the advantages which Britons enjoy from their parliamentary system—that of having their *projets de loi* twice considered before they become law. This parliament, thus constructed, and called the Storting, enjoys a kind of self-existence, and assembles without the summons of the sovereign. Its ordinary meetings are but once in every three years, for three months. This long interval between the sessions must tend to beget a languor, forming a great contrast with the energetic action of our legislative assembly. In case, however, of emergency, the Storting assembles at any time between the ordinary periods of meeting, though it is necessary that any enactment passed during these extra sessions receive confirmation at the next regular time of meeting, before it becomes the established law of the land. Two other circumstances, however, stamp still more strongly the popular character of

this assembly. The first of these is, that all fiscal laws must originate in the lower house; and the second, that the enactments of the body, if passed through both houses in three successive sessions, may become a law without the king's consent.

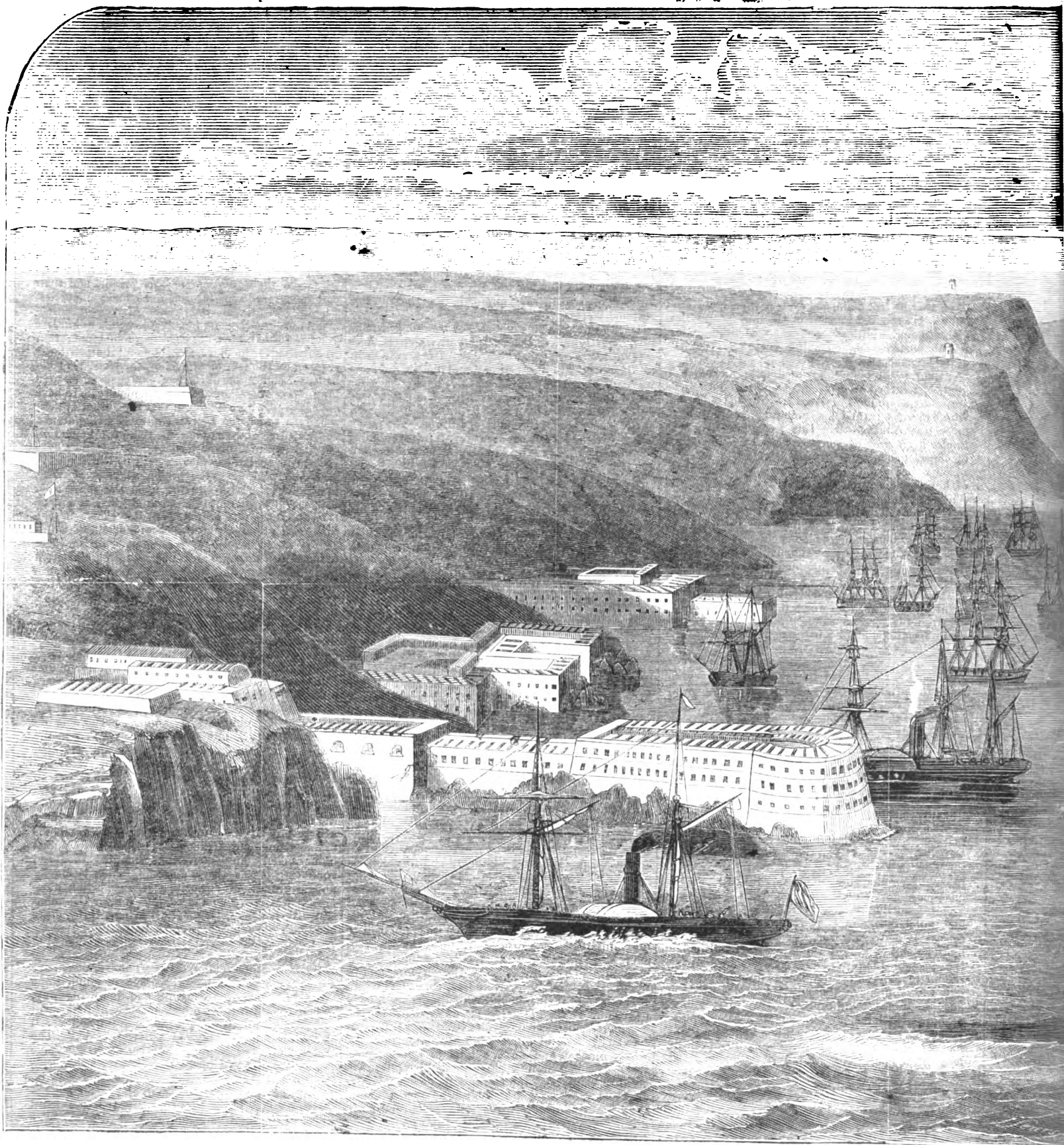
A remarkable instance of the effects of this privilege occurred in 1821, in the abolition of hereditary nobility. The Storting has the power also to impeach the king's ministers and the judges, and also its own members.

The Norwegians, whether it be the cause or the effect of these institutions, with the advantages of a free press, are said to possess an independent spirit, and to be of a calm temper and thoughtful disposition. They are considered, moreover, rather to resemble the Danes and the Germans in general, than the Swedes, with whom they are united.

The established religion of the country is the Lutheran, but every form of worship is tolerated, except that of the Jews, which people are not even permitted to reside in Norway. The traveller who witnesses the sufferings of this people, and their patient endurance of injuries in so many countries, whether by Christians or Mahomedans, will scarcely fail to regret that the memorable words of our late great statesman have not been more effectual; that when we give the Jews among us all the privileges enjoyed by the rest of our fellow-subjects, we shall be better able to plead the cause of their persecuted brethren in other lands. Christian men seem to have almost everywhere forgotten that the author of their religion was born at Bethlehem, of Jewish parents, and nurtured at Nazareth, and though crucified at, yet first mourned in, Jerusalem.

The Norwegian capital was built by Christian IV, of Denmark, during the union of Norway with that country. It is situated upon the small river Agger, which falls into the fiord that takes its name from the town, and is placed in the centre of the base of a grand amphitheatre of noble hills, sufficiently varied in form, and in the color of the vegetation which they produce, and rising high enough behind the town and around the fiord, to present a most agreeable spectacle when seen from the water. The town, however, when we enter it, disappoints the expectations of the traveller, which its fine position cannot fail to have raised. Perhaps, indeed, there is no considerable town in Europe which produces so few objects of interest as Christiana. It is, however, a somewhat regularly built town, and has several handsome streets. The private houses are of brick and stone, and are usually, in the better quarters, spacious, have inclosed courts, and are inhabited each by several families. There is no place or public building worthy of notice within the town. A palace, however, stands on elevated ground in the near vicinity, which is the residence of the viceroy. The Norwegian capital is not so deficient in the more essential institutions of a presiding town. It possesses a university, in one of the halls of which the Storting holds its sittings, and several asylums, among which there is one for orphans and one for lunatics; and it has a public library, containing above one hundred thousand volumes. It has also a museum, which is chiefly filled with northern curiosities: the collection, however, is but spare compared with that of Copenhagen. It has likewise a cathedral and three other churches.—*Hill's Shores of the Baltic.*

MATRIMONY IN GERMANY.—A correspondent who is traveling in Germany, says:—The Germans have a queer way of making brides, and of doing some other things in the courting and marrying way. When a maiden is betrothed, she is called "bride," and so continues until she becomes "wife." All the while she is engaged she is "bride." The lovers, immediately upon their betrothal, exchange plain gold rings, which are worn ever afterwards, till death parts them. The woman wears hers on the third finger of the left hand, and when she becomes "wife," her ring is transferred to the third finger of the right hand, and there it remains. The husband always wears his ring just as the wife wears hers, so that if you look upon a man's hand you can tell whether he is mortgaged or not. There is no cheating for him ever after—no coquetting with the girls, as if he was an unmarried man; for lo! the whole story is told by his finger ring. A married Viennese lady was much amused when I told her that in our country we only "ring" the women, but let the husbands run at large, unmarked. "Oh, that is dreadful!" said she, more than half shocked. "Only think, there is Fredrick, my husband—only twenty-four—so young, so handsome—that all the girls would be taking him for an unmarried man, and be making love to him! Oh, it is dreadful! I would not live in your country with Fredrick for the world."



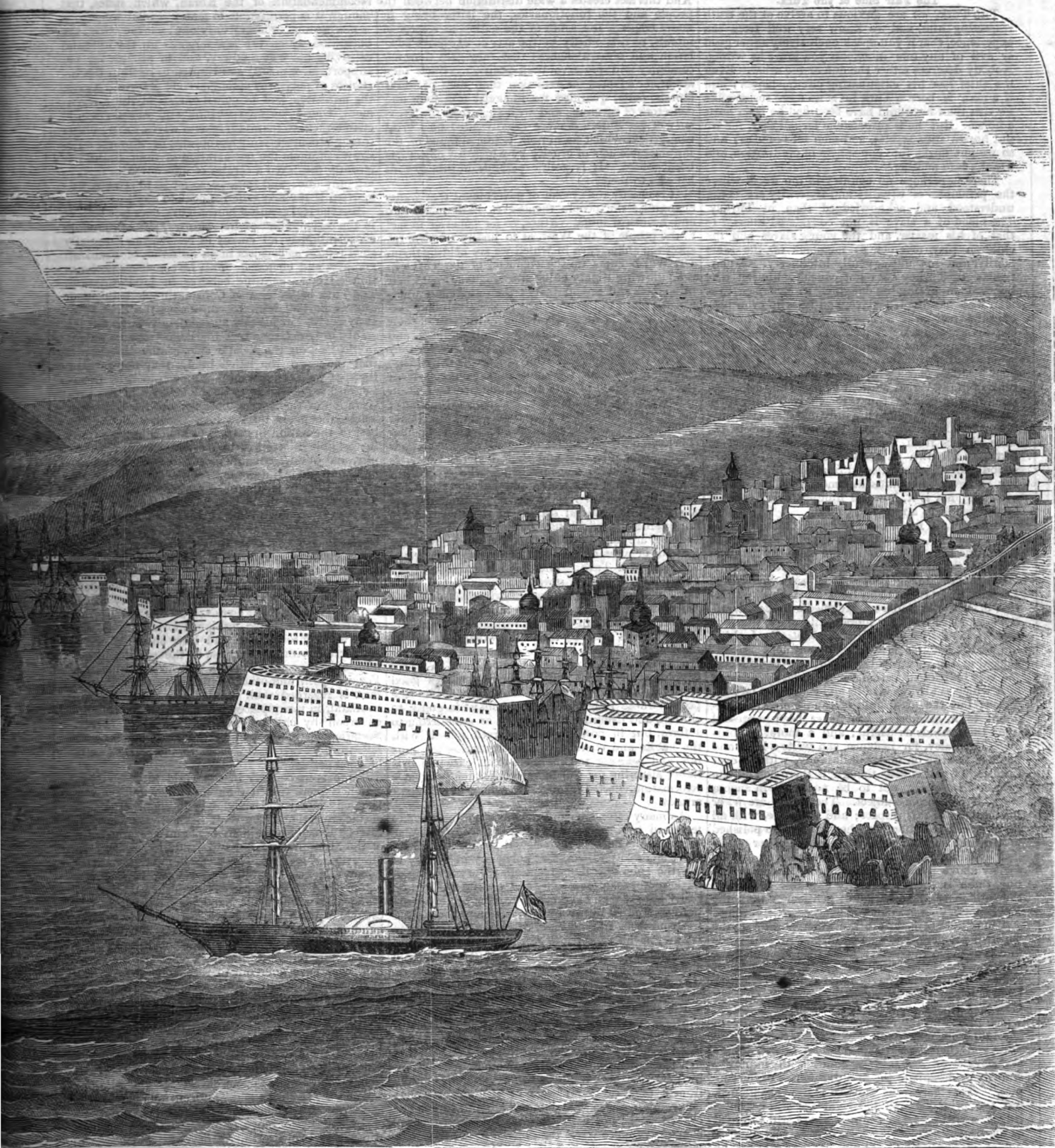
Sebastopol.

This celebrated stronghold is built upon a soil in which chalk and lime predominate, and is backed by cliffs of great height. The town rises in the form of an amphitheatre, and the bay is well defended by the heights. That portion of the town which is set apart for the troops is, in fact, a kind of suburb. There is some difference of opinion as to the number of "civil" inhabitants, but we cannot suppose them under 30,000; and as to the military population, it may to-day be 10, and to-morrow 50,000. The Russians exhibited considerable judgment in selecting the site of Sebastopol, when they became masters of the Crimea. It is inapproachable

—or nearly so—by sea; and might have been rendered as impregnable by land. The latter precaution does not, however, appear to have been taken. *Within itself*, it is most amply fortified. It will be seen by the following statement that the number of cannon amounts to 2,000 pieces. The casemate system has been adopted; and the entire cost has not been less than 500,000,000 of francs—about 10,000,000 dollars. But, in spite of this vast outlay, the real strength of Sebastopol is questioned by military authorities. The materials of the walls are of soft stone, and the ventilation of the fortresses is described as most imperfect. In glancing at the batteries, which are admirably planted for fire and

cross-fire, we proceed to them westward from the lighthouse in the following order:

	CANNON
1. The Citadel - Number of cannon unknown.	
2. Battery of the Telegraph	17
3. Fort Constantine	104
4. Bay	64
5. Bay of Quarantine	51
6. Bay	50
7. Fort Nicholas	192
8. Fort St. Paul	80
9. Battery.	
10. Hospital.	
11. Park of Artillery.	



12. Façade Marine.

13. Battery

80

An English engineer of the name of Upton was the original fortifier of Sebastopol. When he repaired thither, the harbor was in a very inefficient state, and in vain had several engineers endeavored to improve it. There was great difficulty in getting the water into it so as to admit large ships. He procured immense iron-works at Birmingham, and by dint of science, labor, and expense, he made it what it is. The Emperor was so pleased that he gave him the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, and he was received at the palace at St. Petersburg. He died about a year ago.

It is a curious fact that a son of Mr. Upton has been captured. He resided in a comfortable country-house in the suburbs of the town. Lord Raglan rode up to the house, ignorant of its occupant, and was much surprised at the appearance of one of his own countrymen. It was thought that much might be learned from an intelligent and trustworthy engineer; he was accordingly carried off to the camp, where he will be treated with kindness in return for as much information as he can be induced to communicate.

It will not be deemed irrelevant to state here that there is at this moment a curious evidence of the consequences of a breach with a Power with which

England was so long on friendly terms. One of the bravest and ablest of the Russian admirals was the late Admiral Greig. During the last war, as upon previous occasions, he served the Imperial house of Russia with fidelity and courage; but, being an Englishman, he was never naturalised. Little dreaming, however, of a rupture with Great Britain, his sons have become naturalised citizens of the Czar, and hold high naval and military trusts. Thus one of them is at this moment in Sebastopol, serving as engineer there, while, we believe, English cousins of his are amongst the beleaguering forces holding commissions in her Majesty's army.

According to Admiral Duudas's dispatch, five sail-

The Fair Side of the Turk.

THE Turk, we are anxious to arrive at the truth respecting him, and we know very well from sad experience, that if you speak exclusively either good or evil of any one in excess you must be wrong. Nobody deserves either the one or the other. Even the thief has his extenuating circumstances; and if a man is born a Turk he is no more responsible for that than he would have been had he been born a horse. But he is responsible for all that, for we put horses into stables, and men into houses; and so we put Turks into one sphere of civilization, and Franks into another.

There is perhaps no country in the world where the principles of equality and fraternity are better understood and acknowledged than in Turkey. The blood of a slave is not considered inferior to that of his master, and the young slaves and the children play together as members of the same family, and not unfrequently intermarry. A gentleman in Turkey does not consider himself dishonored in giving his daughter in marriage to a man who has been a slave, and he will even procure the freedom of a slave on purpose to make a son-in-law of him. Afterwards also he endeavors by his influence to elevate him in rank, and the whole course of ambition is open to him; for the poor boatman of the Golden Horn may rise to the rank of grand vizier, without exciting any astonishment on the part of the people. In Turkey there are no aristocracy, there are only one man (the Sultan) and the people; and the Sultan selects his state officers from the people, without respect to birth, by his own supreme and sovereign pleasure—and the officer so selected from any inferior calling is never afterwards ashamed of it, but openly avows it; nor is it, however humble, ever regarded by the people as a reproach to him.

Moreover, in no country are the common people better qualified, by dignified and polite manners, to rise to the highest offices in the state, for manners are, from the first, an essential part of every Mussulman's education. "Philosophy," says Sir George Larpent, "is taught them from an Arabic translation of Aristotle, and from Mehmed's *Higher Morality*, a standard work for moral philosophy, in which politeness is discussed in the first chapter." In high life in England, as elsewhere, deportment is considered of the very highest importance—as, indeed, the very basis of education, for it is that department of it which is always visible, and can never be concealed; but the great bulk of the people are indifferent to it, because it has never been impressed upon their minds as useful; and a moral philosopher, Dr. Paley, for instance, can write a long and popular treatise on moral philosophy, without ever thinking of politeness—though if there be any one subject that ought not to be neglected in such a work, it is such a subject. The Turks are wiser than we are in this respect; and therefore, with all their scientific ignorance, they are a more polished people, and the poor amongst them are better qualified by education and habit for appearing in the society above them than the poor of England. In fine, there is greater equality amongst them, and they are more like a nation of gentlemen than the English are.

The officers of state are the worst portion of the Turkish people. The system of government tends to corrupt men in power. These men are called the slaves of the Sultan, and the nation seems to consider the Sultan at liberty to do as he pleases with them. "The time is not very remote," says Sir George Larpent, "when the fusion of the law, which placed all the functionaries of the empire in absolute dependence on the Sultan, was in full force, and when the Sultan, who did not dare to injure the meanest of his subjects, could with impunity strangle or decapitate the first dignitaries of the empire." This barbarous practice is now abandoned, but the principle and the right are still acknowledged, and the Sultan's ministers are still regarded as the Sultan's slaves. "Hence it is, that there is not an Osmanli who lives on his property, or by the fruits of his labor, that does not affect towards them a species of disdain—that of the freeman towards the slave—slave not by his birth or his evil fortune, but through his free will, and a desire to gratify his ambition."

The consequence of this system has been, that the worst of men have been elevated to distinction in Turkey; and their tenure of office being very precarious through the intrigues of rivals, who conduct all their manoeuvres by secret slander, and not by dignified and rhetorical controversy, as in this country; the Turkish ministers are, of all state functionaries, the most irresistibly tempted, if not necessitated, to make their hay while the sun shines.

And this fact creates a wide distinction between the people and the functionaries, the latter being in many respects the scum of the nation in respect to morals, as it is chiefly by the arts of excessive adulation and obsequiousness that they gain their ascendancy and preserve their position. Such men are better adapted for extortion than men of purer morals, better qualified for financial ministers and collectors of revenue; and with such men the Treasury of the Sultan is more rapidly filled on a great emergency, whilst he himself is unconscious of the innumerable acts of cruelty by which his object has been gained. It is politic perhaps in him to shut his ears to them.

It is chiefly the system of government that wants changing; the people themselves have many rare and beautiful moral virtues, so far superior in fact to the people of the West, as to justify in some respect the abhorrence in which we are held by them. Dr. Walsh sums up the character of the Turks in the following highly eulogistic language:—"Their unfeigned and ardent piety; their strict but unaffected regard to the laws which their religion imposes; their devoted submission to the will of their sovereign—as the descendant of their prophet, and holding his crown by divine right; the respect they pay to their superiors who are set in authority, though raised from the same rank as themselves; their noble pride in only estimating personal merit, and retaining, as a matter to boast of, the name of the humble trade to which they were born; their charity to all who are distressed; their exceeding sobriety and moderation in all their appetites; their immovable integrity, and their being the carriers of untold gold to our merchants, who trust them with the utmost confidence, and never yet had occasion to withdraw it; the gravity of their deportment, and the general solidity of their character—are qualities in which few Turks, of whatever rank they be, are found deficient. I know nothing more grateful or pleasing than the simple and unaffected kindness of a Turk. There is a natural courtesy about him, which is always independent of factitious manners. He addresses his equals by the name of brother; his elders he calls master, and his junior, son; and in general regulates his deportment towards them by the feelings that would arise from such relations." This is the people who are taught morals and manners at schools, and in books of philosophy, and whose religion makes good works an imperative duty on the true believer—the people whose religion does not consist in going to church, and listening to a prayer, or submitting to a form, but in positively incorporating itself with the habits and customs of life, regulating the morals and refining the manners to an extent that is rather alarming for the moral consequences of any reformation effected through the agency of Christian armies.

As many erroneous and romantic notions are entertained by Christians—young ladies in particular—respecting Turkish marriage, it is well to remember the important fact, that polygamy in Turkey is not the rule, but the exception. Very few Turks have more than one wife, and a wife in Turkey really enjoys many rights and privileges; her property is secured to her by law, which prevents the husband from squandering, or having control over it; and if he repudiates or divorces her, he must not send her away empty handed, but make ample and suitable provision for her. On this subject Sir George Larpent writes as follows:—"The Multequa, following the example of the Koran, has laid down the civil inferiority of woman; but as in Turkey, even more than elsewhere, the manners of the people serve as a corrective to their institutions, this inferiority disappears in ordinary life. In the first place, instances of polygamy are extremely rare in Turkey. Mr. White tells us—and he speaks from a practical knowledge of the subject—that polygamy in the capital does not amount to five per cent., that is, not five out of every hundred husbands have more wives than one. It is rarely met with among the richest and most powerful functionaries; and even then, plurality of wives is an exception. In Constantinople, the Ulema, the employes of the government, the higher officers of the army and navy, those persons in the service of grantees, workmen, and artisans of the different guilds, have generally only one wife. In the provinces this number is still higher. The proof is found by examining the number of male and female inhabitants of the town, when it will be found that in Constantinople the latter are only one-seventh more than the former, while in the provinces the difference is only about one-thirtieth, that is, on the average in Turkey, there are about 31 women to 30 men. On one hand the express

recommendation of the Koran, which states, that though it is permissible to marry several women, it is meritorious to marry only one; on the other, the obligation which the law imposes on the husband of giving his wife a dowry, and to provide for her support, have greatly contributed to restrain the instances of polygamy among private persons. Again, the ministers and principal officers of the government, whose personal fortune and salaries would enable them to maintain several wives, have—either through contact with Europeans, or through a desire to promote the regeneration of their country—recently displayed a species of affectation in marrying only one; and some go so far as to remain unmarried if the first wife happens to die."

But the real genuine honest Turk does not believe in the regeneration of his country, and is therefore conscientiously an enemy of all reform, especially such reform as consists in an imitation of Frankish manners and customs. This he considers profanation. He is a genuine believer in predestination. The Turk believing that Constantinople is doomed, refuses in that faith to counteract the designs of Providence, but piously and patiently waits for the result, only desiring that his bones may be buried in Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, that the feet of the hated infidel may not profane the spot where his remains are deposited, by treading on his grave. It seems he believes in the preservation of the Asiatic Turkey; but the European Turkey he gives up for lost. Such a Turk—the best of the nation in respect to honor, but the most inaccessible in respect to reason, science, philosophy, and Western manners—dislikes the allied armies and their interference with Turkish affairs; and to him it is almost a matter of indifference whether the Russians beat the Allies or the Allies the Russians; for in either case he perceives that the Empire of Islam is doomed to fall before the Christian ascendancy. It is the children of such pious Turks who spit upon the *giaoours*, and who are taught by their nurses, or by each other, to hold out their fore and middle fingers *a la fourchette* at them, as if to express the pleasure they would have in gouging their eyes. But this is the spirit of patriotism in its old-fashioned form after all, and it is as easy to comprehend how such a spirit is compatible with the exercise of the social and domestic virtues in Turks as in Christian nations. For in Spain and other Popish countries a Protestant is regarded with similar detestation; and in Scotland, in many places a Roman Catholic is looked upon by children with a species of horror. Sectarianism is everywhere the same, and it never fails to blind men and women to the real character of one another.

There is no country in the world in which education is more valued than in Turkey, but then it is chiefly moral and religious education. The scientific education of the West has not yet taken root there. Every Mussulman is taught the principles of the Mussulman faith, and its duties, rights, and observances, and to hold them in most reverential honor. Hence the thorough religiousness of the whole people. But science is as a handmaid to religion; and without the handmaid, religion is incapable of effecting what is expected of her. That handmaid is to be found in the West, but then the religion is greatly wanting. As a people, the Turks are far more religious than the French and the English, who have gone out to regenerate them. We only fear that the allied armies will lose the respect of the Turks by the apparent profanity in which they are sure to indulge. Much, no doubt, will be concealed from the Turks through their ignorance of the western languages; but there are interpreters amongst them, whose tales will circulate, and the consequence is sure to be either disgust or corruption. The two ends of the old world—the religious end and the scientific end—are a curious illustration of the respective character of each, religion and science; and if we judge of principles by the fruits which they bring forth, we have little to boast of, if in reverence, moderation, temperance, dignity, and personal good manners, and private morals, we are rather behind than in advance of a people so far inferior to us in scientific knowledge.

Geography is taught the young Turks at school, from a book which is one hundred and fifty years old, and astronomy is learned in the work of Durandeli Mehmed, an author who was translated into German nearly two hundred years ago! Natural history is taught after an Arabic translation of Pliny the elder, and politics from Sufti Pacha's *Mirror of the Vicars*. This is like reading a newspaper of the last century for the news of to-day, and the only advance that can be derived from it is, that all the people are led together into the same delusion.

Their astronomy is merely considered as subvenient to astrology, and they regularly consult Kamel Jajid Ben Aslam's Treatise of Algebra, because it contains references to astrology, and oneiromancy or the interpretation of dreams. Blessed ignorance! It looks quite innocent! Such a people has not yet arrived at the age of quackery and adulteration; and if it is deceived, it is not by the deceiver but by the true believer, who is himself deceived as well as his dupe. It is a beautiful thing—innocence; when the deceiver and the deceived are alike imposed upon, who then can blame? But such romantic times are coming to an end in Turkey. Faith is doomed; and science, with all her kindred arts, will prove the source of innumerable impositions when conscience is smothered. And smothered it will be. One of the first lessons of western enlightenment is deception. Even merchants, with all their pretended honor in meeting their engagements, do not seem to consider it any sin to deceive a Turk as they would a child. Thus, for instance, the conscience of a Turk would forbid him to eat white lump sugar, because it is purified with blood. The sugar merchants, therefore, procure a written certificate from the sugar refiners that no blood has been used in refining! This, according to Professor Brande, in his lectures, lately published, is a falsehood; but the Turk's conscience is satisfied, and the responsibility rests on the sugar refiners. The Turk himself will soon learn to connive at the practice, and reap the profits. When he has acquired courage enough to drink wine openly and eat pork boldly, and even taste black pudding occasionally, where, then, will be his conscience?—where the conscience of a Jew is who sups on oysters, and takes lobster-sauce to his fish; where the conscience of a publican is who puts salt in his beer to make his customers thirst; and where the conscience of a christian sugar refiner is who uses bullock's blood in refining his sugar, and then, for the sake of getting a price for it, swears that he did not. We live in the land of adulteration—the Turks do not. What is adulterated in Turkey comes from the Giaours. The honest Turks have not yet learned the sciences sufficiently to practice such arts. But their day is coming—enlightenment is approaching—the sun of the West is rising on the East; and every dodge that it has revealed to the clever tricksters of Christendom will be taught in Islam. Alas, for the crescent! It will then be new moon; for it will go out altogether in the blaze of meridian splendor.

Thus passes the glory of the world; but such is destiny—kismet, as the Turks call it. Every nation must succumb to its fate, and go through its various transmigrations. All will be right at last. We cannot go back; but, like the descending river, we hurry onwards, over rapids and cataracts, just as they present themselves. We cannot shape our course.

Bear-Hunting in Russia.

Everybody knows that the bear sleeps or dozes all through the winter months, eating nothing, but sucking his paws, with a low moaning sound. Then is the time when, if you be at St. Petersburg, you will be invited, as we were, to join many such expeditions. The various hunting clubs of that capital employ peasants to discover the retreat of the animal. When this is reported to be found, the party start, and the same peasants proceed to rouse the bear with shouts and blows—for the danger is not so great until his blood is actually drawn. Then a most extraordinary fact has been observed, which is this; if twenty rifles be fired at him simultaneously, and only one ball touches him, he seems to be guided by some mysterious instinct to the very person among the whole party who has aimed that ball. Four or five out of twenty can verify the experiment by agreeing that they alone shall fire, and only one, again, out of their number loading with ball—the other three or four burning powder. The rest must reserve their charges for the sake of security, and must be ready to knock the bear over in the midst of his rush. It then becomes evident whose shot has told, if the bear be hit at all; and if he be, it will be found that he will make no mistake himself about the individual to whom he owes his wound. In such cases his charge is exceedingly rapid—far more rapid than is generally supposed; for it is imagined that there is quite a contrast between the slowness, or at least the sluggishness, of the bear's movements, and the almost winged spring and bound of some other wild beasts of the larger class. It would be better for any one belonging to a hunting party—such as that of which we speak—not to reckon too confidently on this presumed inferiority of the bear.

While we were at St. Petersburg, an English gentleman had fearful occasion to learn the brute's agility. He had gone about the end of December, with a company of ten or a dozen, to hunt bears in Finland for a few weeks. One morning, the sportsman received word from a mujik that a fine specimen was ruminating in the dell of a rather clear wood of fir-trees—and thither our hunters repaired. The quarry was soon roused from those sad and solitary meditations in which he would have passed the winter. Finding after he had made a few shambling paces, that there was around him a distant ring of men, he halted, and doubtfully eyed the array. Wishing to make a surer shot, the sportsman called to each other, and slightly narrowed the diameter of their circle, all advancing a few steps simultaneously towards the centre. It was at this moment that three or four guns rose so as many shoulders; the English gentleman to whom we refer was among those who fired. For about ten seconds it seemed uncertain whether any of the shots had taken effect, so perfectly still stood the bear. Then, suddenly uttering a strange sound, he rushed straight towards that one individual—whom we shall call Mr. Horner—quite disregarding and disclaiming the rest of the field. Hastily discharging his other barrel, the hunter, of course turned and fled. We may remark that after the bear is killed, it is generally ascertainable by the position of the leaden messengers in his body, and by his own place in the field, from what direction they must have come, and who, therefore, were the successful marksmen. In the present case, from the strength and velocity of the bear's charge, an inexperienced spectator would have certainly concluded that no wound had yet been inflicted. The fact was otherwise. Both the barrels of the man now running for his life had been well and truly aimed, and the wild beast, which seemed to have wings, so rapid was his course, was bearing at that moment, nevertheless, two balls in his body, back to him from whom he had received them. Horner's first shot had pierced the lower part of the bear's neck crosswise, making two very small opposite holes, corresponding with each other exactly, only that the puncture on the left or near side was plastered and lined at the edges, with some of the hair dragged into the orifice by the entering bullet, and that the further orifice bled a little more. The second ball, fired after the bear had begun his dash, hit the breast-bone slantingly, curved round beneath the hide, and lodged in the left flank, producing a long, ragged and formidable interior damage.

Horner was fast losing his distance, when his left-hand comrade in the hunting ring, getting an opening, sent a crashing ball from forty-five yards into the centre of the bears' ribs. A short, savage howl acknowledged the receipt; and for a second the brute seemed slightly to reel—but only for a second. He took up the pursuit with fresh energy and speed; for even the last blow could not now induce him to forsake for another enemy his first assailant. Not more than ten yards separated Mr. Horner from the brute, whose very breath, he afterwards declared, he felt upon his shoulder, when at that instant his foot struck the transverse root of a tree, and he fell headlong.

When a bear cannot hug you, or before he does, he strikes out with his paw, aiming at your forehead, and where his paw descends, the scalp of your head parts, and he drags it down, peeling off the forehead, the eyes, the nose, and the entire skin and flesh of the face, like a mask. And so incredibly quick and sudden is the operation, that a person standing by would not know what had happened till he saw the effect.

The movement itself is as rapid as a flash of lightning—and then "the human face divine" has entirely disappeared. One would think that the brute, awed by the countenance of man, was obliged to remove it before proceeding to suck the bones of his victim, which is what he does at leisure, if victorious and unmolested, beginning often with the little finger of one of the hands. He does not bite off that finger, but makes a small puncture in the tip of it, and so draws forth his repast.

Horner, endeavoring to rise, half-faced the bear; and instinctively raised an arm to guard his head. In that decisive and fearful emergency, a ball, more effective than any of the rest, struck the animal behind the ear and entered the brain. Nevertheless, this timely shot arrested not wholly that tremendous *coup de patte*, or paw-stroke, which was weakened, indeed, and deadened. The arm of the gentleman whom we have called Horner, for the convenience of narration, was fractured by the descending blow, which he had tried to intercept; his guard was beaten down like a roll of thin paper, and he fell

back, scalped to the eyes, the dead bear rolling over him. It might have been worse. A skilful operation was performed in London, whither he repaired at once, and he recovered his former health in a few months, though not his former appearance. He will always carry that day's mark, and be able to preface his story by saying; "See what I got once, when bear-hunting in Finland!"

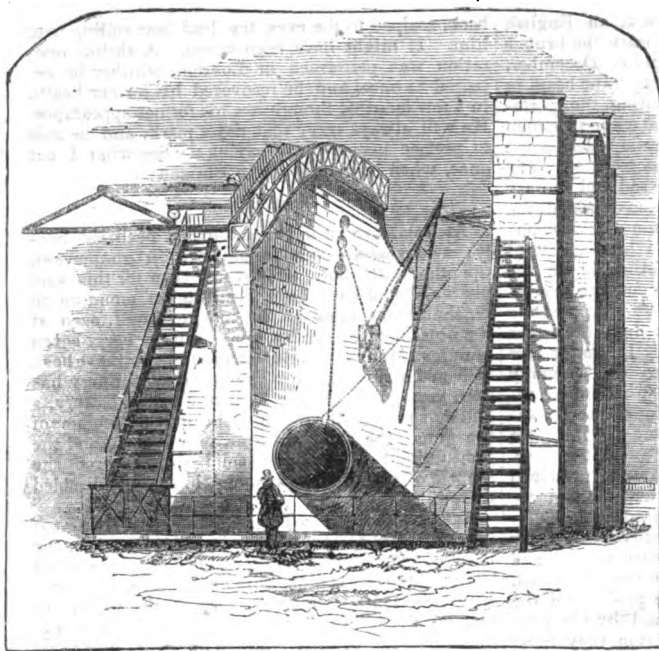
At Balaklava an important arrival occurred lately; two vessels, one freighted with gunpowder, the other with shot. Had it not been for this supply we should have been destitute of ammunition for the larger guns by the morrow night, even at the present rate of firing, one discharge every seven minutes. Many of the Russian round-shot have been collected and returned. The Russian gunnery has been very good. In the 21-gun English battery, a hollow shot was thrown into the muzzle of one of the guns; the shot, however, was broken, and the gun uninjured. Another solid shot entered the muzzle of one of the guns, and broke and disabled the gun.

WEAR AND TEAR.—The effect of heat is living too fast, the effect of stimulating is living too fast, the effect of overwork is living too fast, and the effect of living too fast is premature decay and early death. European fruit-trees transported to the tropics are proverbially prolific in the amount of their leafy productions—two or three crops in one year—but there is a lamentable paucity in the amount of fruit, and the natural period of their lives is much curtailed. The unfortunate bird, the Strasburg goose, affords an apt illustration of the effect of diminished respiratory powers and large consumption of food, composed of hydrogen and carbon, on the liver. By warmth and inactivity its respiration is reduced to a very low degree, and at the same time it is fed on materials containing a very large amount of oleaginous matter. The consequence is, that the liver is stimulated to exertion, it hypertrophies from work. Like the muscles of a blacksmith's arm, it gets no rest, but goes on working like a mill-horse, to try and get rid of the large amount of carbon in the system; but it is unable to accomplish the Herculean task required of it, and its cells become gorged with hydro-carbon in the shape of oily particles, and the mass of disease is the delightful dish in which epicures luxuriate under the designation *pate de foie gras*. The effect of over-taxation in the amount of work may be seen every day in the battered limbs and broken constitution of race-horses, and the rapid destruction of eye-sight in those engaged in very fine work is proverbial. A watch-maker employed his time in writing the Lord's Prayer on a space about the size of the wing of a fly, in which all the t's were crossed and all the i's dotted. While so engaged he worked in a bright light; it occupied him about a fortnight, but in that short time his sight aged thirty years.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."—It has pleased Providence to bless this country with an abundant harvest; but that favor has not been confined to America alone—it extends also to lands in which the climate and the soil are infinitely more favored by nature than our own. But to make a diligent use of that harvest—to extend its produce through a thousand productive channels of national prosperity—to enrich the agriculturist, and, through the increase of his profits, to give a fresh stimulus to trade—to make new demands on manufactures—to pour new energies into the various investments of enterprise and capital—that is the merit of the American people, and that is the way in which the civilisation of man assists the bounty of the Creator, in other countries that I might name—such, for instance, as Spain and Sicily, once the granary of Europe—lands infinitely more favorable than our own—for want of roads, for want of markets, or facilities for interchange—in one word, for want of civilization, the corn in many places will rot uncut where it stands, and the whole harvest pass away, enriching no trade, recruiting no manufactures, rewarding no industry, affording no surplus capital to energy or enterprise; and that is the way in which uncivilised nations frustrate the benevolence of Providence.

GAS IN CHINA.—Small gas-works are being sent out to Hong Kong, for the supply of fifty lights. This is the first introduction of gas into the Chinese Empire.

ELECTRICITY AND CHLOROFORM.—A distinguished physician of Paris—Dr. Robert de Lambelle—announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and restores the sufferer to life.



THE GREAT ROSSBY TELESCOPE.

THE PLANETS;

ARE THEY INHABITED WORLDS?

CHAPTER I.

WHEN we walk abroad on a clear, starlight night, and direct our view to the aspect of the heavens, there are certain reflexions which will present themselves to every meditative mind. Are those shining orbs, which in such countless numbers decorate the firmament, peopled with creatures endowed like ourselves with reason to discover, with sense to love, and with imagination to expand to their boundless perfection the attributes of him of "whose fingers the heavens are the work?" Has he, who "made man lower than the angels, to crown him" with the glory of discovering that light in which he has "decked himself as with a garment," also made other creatures with like powers and like destinies, with dominion over the works of his hands, and having all things put in subjection under their feet? And are those resplendent globes, which roll in silent majesty through the measureless abysses of space, the dwellings of such beings? These are inquiries against which neither the urgency of business, nor the allurements of pleasure can block up the avenues of the mind.

Those, whose information on topics of this nature is most superficial, would be prompted to look immediately for direct evidence on these questions; and consequently to appeal to the telescope. Such an appeal would, however, be fruitless. Vast as are the powers of that instrument, it still fails infinitely short of the ability to give direct evidence on such inquiries. What will the telescope do for us in the examination of any of the heavenly bodies, or indeed of any distant object? It will accomplish this, and nothing more: it will enable us to behold it, as we should see it at a lesser distance. But, strictly speaking, it cannot accomplish even this: for to suppose it did, would be to ascribe to it all the admirable optical perfection of the eye; for that instrument, however, nearly it approaches the organ of vision, is still deficient in some of the qualities which have been conferred upon the eye by its Maker.

Let us, however, assume that we resort to the use of a telescope having such a magnifying power, for example, as a thousand; what would such an instrument do for us? It would, in fact, place us a thousand times nearer to the object that we are desirous to examine, and thus enable us to see it as we should at that diminished distance without a telescope. Such is the extent of the aid which we should derive from the instrument. Now, let us see what this aid would effect. Take, for example, the case of the moon, the nearest body in the universe to the earth. The distance of that object is about 240,000 miles; the telescope would then place us at 240 miles from it. Could we at the distance of 240 miles distinctly, or even indistinctly, see a man, a horse, an elephant, or any other natural object? Could we discern any arti-

ficial structure? Assuredly not. But take the case of one of the planets. When Mars is nearest to the earth, its distance is about 50,000,000 of miles. Such a telescope would place us at a distance of 50,000 miles from it. What object could we expect to see at 50,000 miles distance? The planet Venus, when nearest the earth, is at a distance something less than 30,000,000 of miles; but at that distance her dark hemisphere is turned towards us; and when a considerable portion of her enlightened hemisphere is visible, her distance is not less than that of Mars. All the other planets, when nearest to the earth, are at much greater distances. As the stars lie infinitely more remote than the most remote planet, it is needless here to add anything respecting them.

It is plain that the telescope cannot afford any direct evidence on the question, whether the planets, like the earth, are inhabited globes? Yet, although science has not given direct answers to these questions, it has supplied a body of circumstantial evidence bearing upon them of an extremely interesting nature. Modern discovery has collected together a mass of facts connected with the position and motions, the physical character and conditions, and the parts played in the solar system by the several globes of which that system is composed, which forms a body of analogies bearing on this inquiry even more cogent and convincing than the proofs on the strength of which we daily dispose of the property and lives of our fellow-citizens, and hazard our own.

We shall first consider this interesting question so far as relates to the group of planets, which from several striking analogies they bear to our own, have been called the terrestrial planets. These planets, in number three, and by name Mercury, Venus, and Mars, revolve with the earth around the sun, at distances from that luminary less in a great proportion than the other members of the solar system. We shall next extend the same inquiries to the other bodies composing that system, as well as to those which are distributed through the more distant regions of the universe.

In considering the earth as a dwelling-place suited to man and to the creatures which it has pleased his Maker to place in subjection to him, there is a mutual fitness and adaptation observable among a multitude of arrangements which cannot be traced to, and which indeed obviously cannot arise from, any general mechanical law by which the motions and changes of mere material masses are governed. It is in these conveniences and luxuries with which our dwelling has been so considerably furnished, that we see the beneficent intentions of its Creator more immediately manifested, than by any great physical or mechanical laws, however imposing or important. If—having a due knowledge of our natural necessities—of our appetites and passions—of our susceptibilities of pleasure and pain—in fine, of our physical organisation—we were, for the first time, introduced to this glorious earth, with its balmy atmosphere, its pure and translucent waters, the life and beauty of its animal and vegetable kingdoms, with its attraction upon the matter of our own bodies just sufficient to give them the requisite stability, and yet not so

great as to deprive them of the power of free and rapid motion—with its intervals of light and darkness, giving an alternation of labor and rest nicely corresponding with our muscular powers—with its grateful succession of seasons and its moderate variations of temperature, so justly suited to our organization—with all this fitness before us, could we hesitate to infer that such a place must have been provided expressly for our habitation?

If, then, the discoveries of science disclose to us in each planet, which, like our own, rolls in regulated periods round the sun, provisions in all respects similar—if they are proved to be similarly built, ventilated, warmed, illuminated, and furnished—supplied with the same alternations of light and darkness by the same expedient—with the same pleasant succession of seasons—the same diversity of climates—the same agreeable distribution of land and water—can we doubt that such structures have been provided as the abodes of beings in all respects resembling ourselves? The strong presumption raised by such analogies is converted into a moral certainty, when it is shown, from arguments of irresistible force, that such bodies are the creation of the same hand that raised the round world and launched it into space. Such, then, is the nature of the evidence which science offers on this interesting question. Let us endeavor to strip it of such technical forms of language and reasoning as are intelligible only to the scientific, and to present it so as to be easily and agreeably comprehended.

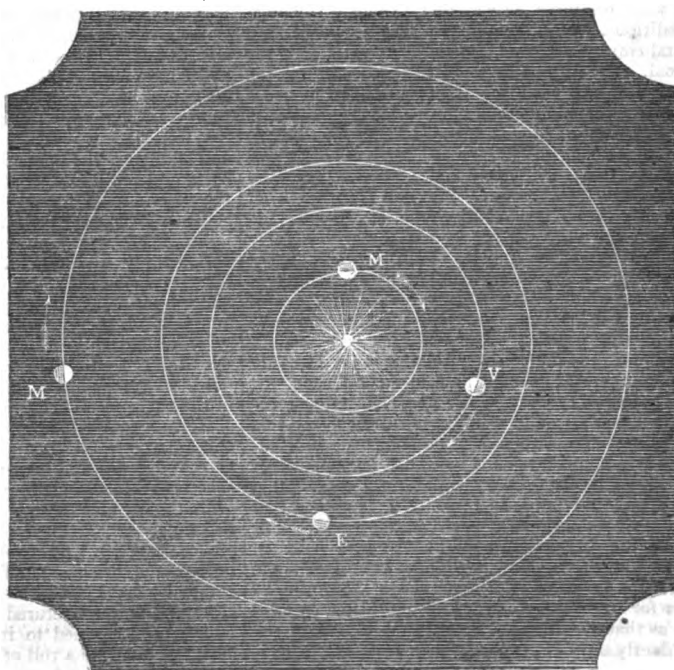
If we look at a plan of the solar system, but more especially of that part of it to which we desire now more particularly to call the attention of the reader, the first glance will impress us with the idea that the earth is only an individual of a class of worlds of which the three other planets are members. Look at the annexed plan, fig. 1, which represents the relative positions of these planets in their course round the sun. The position of Mercury is represented at M, that of Venus at V, that of the Earth at E, and that of Mars at M. The circles represent the paths in which they severally move in going round the sun, which is represented radiating its light and heat from the common centre.

These four bodies are globular in their form, and not extremely different in their magnitudes. They move round the sun as a common centre in circular orbits, as indicated in the plan, and nearly in the same plane.

Now the impression is irresistible that these four globes are bodies of the same class; but let us see the purposes in the economy of nature which are fulfilled by this common character given to the motion of these planets and the position of the sun.

We find, upon considering the qualities of organised bodies, and especially of the species of the animals and vegetables upon the earth, that the maintenance of their physical well-being is essentially dependent upon the uniformity and regularity with which they are supplied with the two great physical principles of light and heat. Should these, or either of them, be subject to any extreme varia-

Fig. 1.



tions, such vicissitudes would be incompatible with the organization of the species. There is a cold on one hand and a heat on the other, under which no organised body could continue to exist, and there are still narrower limits within which it is necessary to confine the temperatures they are exposed to, in order to secure the perfection of their physical health. There are also degrees of light, the intensity of which would be incompatible with the continued perfection of the organs of vision.

Seeing, then, how essential to the well-being of the creatures that people this globe an uniform supply of light and warmth is, we are naturally led to examine the expedient by which this necessary provision has been secured to them. If we had a fire in our neighborhood which at once supplied light and heat, and that circumstances obliged us continually to shift our position in relation to it, how should we move so as to receive an uniform degree of illumination and warmth from it? Could we move in any other path than that of a circle around the fire as a centre, keeping thereby always at the same distance from it? Now this is exactly the path in which the earth moves, as represented in the plan: and we find that the three other planets, severally, also move in circles, each keeping continually at the same distance from the common fountain of light and heat.*

Since this motion in the case of the earth is an expedient whereby an important end is attained, analogy justifies the conclusion that it is to be regarded likewise as the expedient for the attainment of a similar end in each of the planets. But it will probably be said that the planets are at different distances from the sun; therefore, that although it must be admitted that each planet (considered *per se*) is supplied uniformly with light and warmth by this circular motion; yet the intensity of these principles to which they are severally exposed, comparing one with another, is so extremely different as to destroy all analogy between them.

In answer to this, we are, however, to consider that the influence of light and heat upon a planet does not depend solely on its distance from the sun. The heat, as is well known, produced by the solar rays, depends on the density of the air which surrounds the objects affected by it. Thus we find the temperature, at great elevations in our own atmosphere, considerably lower than at the mean surface of our globe; because at these elevations the air becomes so thin as to be incapable of collecting and retaining the sun's heat. We can, therefore, easily imagine, provided the existence of planetary atmospheres be conceded, that their densities have been so regulated, that the nearest planets to the sun, which receive the greatest intensity of its rays, may not, after all, be subject to a greater temperature than the most remote ones, which are exposed to the least intensity of its rays; just as we find that the temperature of the summits of lofty mountains at the tropics is as low as the temperature of some of the polar latitudes. It is plain, then, how the effects of the various distances of the planet from the sun may be equalised and compensated. The means of accomplishing this are provided in the form of atmospheres, as we shall presently see.

But let us turn to the consideration of the solar light. The intensity of the sun's light varies with his distance exactly in the same proportion as that of his heat; and the brightness of the day in each of the planets would be in the exact proportion of the apparent magnitudes of the sun as seen from them severally. Now, it is evident that as we approach any object, its visual magnitude increases, and as we recede from it, its visual magnitude diminishes. A balloon seen at the place from which it makes its ascent appears of vast dimensions. Seen at a great height in the air, it is diminished to a mere spot. Looking from the summit of the cliffs of Dover, Edgar says to Kent:

Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight.

Knowing the relative distances of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars from the sun, nothing is more easy than to ascertain, by calculation, the

* The paths of the planets in moving round the sun, when submitted to extremely accurate examination, proved to be oval in their form; but their departure from the circular form is so very minute, that if such an orbit were described in its proper proportions on paper, it would be indistinguishable from a circle. For all the purposes of the argument here advanced, the paths of the planets may, therefore, be taken to be concentric circles, with the sun in the common centre.

relative apparent magnitudes of the sun, as seen from them severally; since the apparent diameter must decrease in exactly the same proportion as the distance from the sun increases, and *vice versa*. In this way we find that the sun, as seen from the four planets, has the relative magnitudes shown in fig. 2, where E being taken to represent the disc of the sun, as seen from the Earth, M will be its disc as seen from Mercury, V, as seen from Venus, and M', as seen from Mars.

The brightness of the sun's light at Mercury will be greater than at the Earth, in the same proportion, as M is greater than E, and its light at Mars will be less bright than at the Earth, in the same ratio as that in which M' is less than E. It might, therefore, be concluded that the light at Mars would be too feeble, and the light at Mercury too intense, for vision.

A very slight consideration of the structure and functions of the eye will, however, demonstrate how easily such difficulties may be removed. The perception of light which any creature possessing that organ acquires, depends (*ceteris paribus*) upon the magnitude of the circular aperture or *foramen*, in front of the eye, called the *pupil*, which has, externally, the appearance of a circular black spot; but which is, in reality, a circular hole through which the light is admitted to the interior of the chamber of vision, there to affect the membranous coating which transmits its influence to the brain, and causes the sensation.

This will be better understood by reference to the annexed figures 3 and 4, the former representing the external form and appearance of the eye, and the latter a section of the eye-ball, made in a horizontal plane, through the dotted line A B. The line P (fig. 3) points to the pupil; I to the Iris, a colored ring surrounding the pupil; and W to the white of the eye. In fig. 4, P points to the pupil, I to the Iris, and N and O to a membranous coat, full of nerves and blood-vessels, which lines the inside of the eye-ball. The light, entering from M G through the pupil, and passing through the internal humors of the eye, which are perfectly transparent, strikes on that membranous coating, and acts upon it in such a manner as to produce a perception. The apparent brightness of the light will obviously depend on the quantity which enters the eye through the pupil, and the sensitiveness of the membranous coating on which it acts.

If, then, the pupils of eyes on Venus or Mercury were smaller, and those on Mars larger, in the same proportion as E is smaller than V and M (fig. 2), and larger than M', the membranous coating having the same sensibility, the apparent brightness of the solar light would be the same to all of them. Or supposing the pupils of the eyes to have the same magnitude, a like effect would be produced by imparting to the membranous coatings different degrees of sensibility, the sensibility on Venus and Mercury being less, and on Mars greater, than those of the eyes upon the Earth.

In considering the powers of locomotion and strength conferred upon animals on the earth, we find that they have certain limitations; that animals are capable of exercising these powers for certain periods, varying, it is true, among individuals, but still, in the main, comprised within certain narrow limits. We find, that after the lapse of certain intervals, bodily repose is wanted. But besides the disposition to activity and locomotion, and the alternate want of rest,

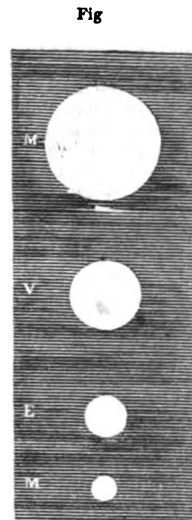
animals in general have also other wants and capabilities of enjoyment which are periodical. Thus they are capable of wakefulness for certain periods, after which recurs the physical want of sleep. Now, upon a general survey of the creation, it is found that the average period which must regulate the intervals of labor and rest, of wakefulness and sleep, corresponds, in the main with that which regulates the alternations of light and darkness.

In the vegetable kingdom we find prevailing also periodical functions, certainly not so obvious and apparent, but not on that account the less interesting, which are ascertained to have the same close alliance with the period that regulates the returns of light and darkness. Plants undergo certain changes and suffer certain effects, in the presence of solar light, which are different from, and in some respects contrary to, those which they undergo in its absence. These changes are essential to the vegetable health of the creature; without them the tribes of plants would be extinct.

The duration of these operations is just as essential as their alternations. Light must be present a certain time, and neither more nor less; and its absence must be equally regulated by limits, otherwise the plants must perish. There is, then, it is evident, an essential relation between the functions and qualities of the vegetable kingdom—between the power of activity, the susceptibility of enjoyment, and the physical wants of animals, and the periods which separate light from darkness; but what are those periods? What is the mechanical expedient to which he has resorted to accomplish his inscrutable purposes, who divided the light from the darkness, and "saw that it was good?" Nothing can be more simple. Nothing can be more beautiful. Nothing can be more admirably perfect. While the globe of the earth makes its annual course round the sun, it has, at the same time, a spinning motion, on a certain diameter, as an axis, in virtue of which it successively exposes all parts of its surface to the light and warmth of the sun. Each complete rotation is accomplished in the interval which we call twenty-four hours. All points on our earth are alternately exposed to, and withdrawn from the solar light. The earth, in its annual movement round the sun, is represented in fig. 5. It will be seen that one hemisphere is shone upon by the sun while the other is dark. But as the globe revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours, each side is successively exposed to the sun's light and heat, for average intervals of twelve hours.

The culinary process of turning meat by a string or on a spit, successively exposing every side to the heat of the fire, is a homely illustration of this expedient.

Now when we reflect on the correspondence between these intervals and the indispensable wants of all organised creatures, can we for a moment doubt that the earth was made to turn upon its axis in that particular time rather than any other,

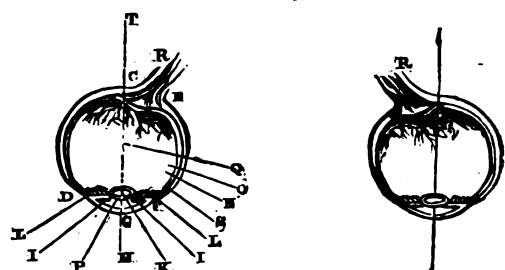


Fig

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4



because it was more conducive than otherwise to the well-being of the countless myriads of species, the production of the divine hand, for whose enjoyment the earth was made?

[To be continued.]

All visitors at the teetotal festivals are expected to appear in "pumps;" persons having "bottle noses" are not admitted at any price.

of-the-line and two frigates have been sunk across the entrance of the harbor, the lower masts of the ships remaining above water for some time, but have since been cut away. It is, nevertheless, possible to find a passage between each sunken ship there wide enough even for the *Britannia*.

The Russians have moored seven of their line-of-battle-ships and ten frigates across the entrance of the harbor, outside of the forts. The ships remaining inside have also shifted berths.

It appears that a number of divers, supplied with the diving apparatus of Messrs. Heincke, have been ordered to Sebastopol, for the purpose of removing the obstruction caused by the sinking of several Russian vessels at the entrance of the harbor. So pressing was the demand, that the diver at the Royal Panopticon, who, since the re-opening of that institution, has astonished the public by the display of the brilliant subaqueous light, has been put in requisition, and sent off at a few hours' notice. Whilst the promptitude of the government in providing the means of re-opening the harbor is deserving of all commendation, the fact that the fleet was sent out unprovided with so essential an appendage as a sufficient staff of divers, is a curious instance of oversight.

Rather more than a mile to the south of the great aqueduct-tunnel, and upon a height which rises almost perpendicularly above the valley, the first division of the British army has taken up a position. It forms, therefore, the extreme right of the whole allied forces, and it is protected by a steep wall of rock, which is inaccessible to the enemy. The French army occupies the left of the English position, and extends to the coast immediately south of Sebastopol, where the deep and navigable bays offered the greatest facilities for landing the siege-trains and the stores of the allies.

The illustration of this subject will, we think, be admitted to be among the noblest specimens of engraving on wood, and worthy of a subject to which the eyes of the whole world are at this moment directed.

An Interview with Nicholas.

THE emperor was standing in the middle of the room, dressed in the plain dark-blue uniform of a general-in-chief, and wore a simple white enamelled cross at the button-hole on his chest. This, I believe, was the cross of the order of St. George, an honor conferred only upon persons who have rendered important services to their country. I imagine that his imperial majesty has not yet assumed the decoration of the highest class of the order, which is worn by such men as Paskewitch, Woronzoff, etc., and which was described to me as different in size from that worn by the emperor. I expected to see a fine tall man, but was not prepared to find his imperial majesty so much superior to the generality of men in height and appearance. He certainly did not look more than fifty; nor were there any particular signs of care on his countenance, at least not more than one sees in every man of his age. His features were fine and regular, his head bald in the centre, and his eye expressive of mildness, quite in accordance with his words.

I was aware that his majesty spoke both English and French, and hoped that he would address me in my native tongue. As I bowed and stepped forward, he addressed me as "Monsieur le Lieutenant," and inquired after my health, whether I had got rid of my fever, and how and where I had caught it. He asked me about the loss of the "Tiger," and inquired why we had not anchored, being so near the land. I replied that the fog was very thick, and that by our reckoning we were some distance from land when the vessel struck. He asked if I was married, made some kind inquiries respecting the family of my late captain, and informed me that Mrs. Giffard was gone to Odessa, to join her husband, not having heard of his death.

His imperial majesty then said, that it had been his intention to grant the captain his liberty; but as that was now impossible, he would extend that grace to me as the next in command, and asked me how I should like to go home.

I was quite taken aback by this announcement, as, although I had been told at Odessa that I should have my liberty, still I did not anticipate that it would be granted so soon and so freely. I was therefore unprepared to answer the question as to my intended route, and said that I really had not thought about it; upon which his imperial majesty burst into a fit of laughter, much amused at my surprise and embarrassment, and said, "*Allez donc, pensez-y* (Go and think about it), and let me know this evening, through the minister of war, what road you would like to take." He then bowed me

out of the room, turning to the prince, to whom he made some remark in Russian, and the latter followed me.

When we were in the outer room, the prince shook hands with me, congratulating me on my release, and said, "I suppose we shall not again see you against us?" and on joining the other officers in the hall, I received their congratulations also, one of them telling me that they knew very well a week previously that I was to have my release; still it had not transpired, to my knowledge. I gladly accepted the offer of Prince Dolgorouki, to fall in with the *cortège* of his imperial majesty, who was preparing to attend divine service in the chapel of the palace.

As we were conversing, the emperor, leading the empress, and followed by the rest of the imperial family and their suite, passed on their way to the chapel, and we closed in the procession. I should have felt a delicacy in thrusting myself forward, had not Prince Dolgorouki kindly taken me by the arm and led me into the chapel, in which the imperial family had taken their places, so that I was within twenty yards of the altar; the rest of the officers in attendance were outside, in a room that opens into the chapel by a small door, and where, as I was informed, I should have been unable to hear the music.

The empress occupied a seat to my left; the rest of the assembly standing during the service. Her majesty was evidently suffering from ill-health, and only rose occasionally during particular parts: the ladies of the court were behind her and the emperor. The imperial family were to the right, on the opposite side of the chapel, with the general officers behind them; the ministers stood in the centre, where I was. Three arches, supported by square columns, separated the imperial family from their suites. The service was conducted by two priests, arrayed in gorgeous robes of green and gold, with mitres on their heads. One stood within the screen of the altar, the centre door of which was open; and the other in the chapel, outside the screen, holding a book, from which he read portions of the Scriptures. The service was chanted, and sometimes sung, by a choir of fifty men and boys of all ages, placed twenty-five on each side of the altar, facing each other. There was no instrumental music, but it was some time before I could feel certain of this fact; for such was the intonation, and the various voices were so perfectly harmonised, as to imitate the swelling tones of an organ, which imparted a striking solemnity to the performance. At times the screen was closed—during the consecration of the Eucharist, I suppose; at other times two assistants entered from side-doors, with censers of burning incense, which they handed to the priest; the latter, taking them, swung them three times towards the congregation, who repeatedly crossed themselves; and this, with the repetition of a few words (Kyrie eleison), was all the part that the congregation took in the service and responses. Once during the service I was honored with the observation of the emperor; at another time the eyes of all the persons present were turned towards me; they were, no doubt, praying for a release from their enemies.

The service concluded, the ministers and generals went out of the chapel into the room in which the other officers had remained; and we all drew up in a line on one side, whilst the ladies formed the other side of the avenue through which the imperial family returned to their apartments.

The courtiers now dispersed, some lingered behind; among these was Prince Lichtenstein, who renewed his conversation with me, and, while thus engaged, a gentleman came up and requested to be introduced to me. He was a naval officer and aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine; I regret to say that I cannot remember his name. He spoke good English, and, after the usual preliminaries of conversation, said, "Your countrymen are determined to pay us a visit; they are only five miles off." This was the first intimation I received of Sir Charles Napier being so near Cronstadt. I replied, that I had no doubt my countrymen would do their best, and visit them before long; they laughed, but the general feeling among those with whom I spoke during my stay in Russia, appeared to be one of regret at the rupture of amicable relations.

I took leave of these gentlemen, and proceeded with Mr. Sharnan to take a walk in the grounds of the palace. Here, drawn up in a line, were some hundred recruits, in the usual great-coat of the soldiers, waiting to be inspected by the emperor.

The grounds were at the back of the palace, and were laid out with much care and taste. We next proceeded to the gardens in front, which are sepa-

rated from the palace by the high-road, running on a terrace some eighty feet above the grounds. From this terrace there is a slope, down which flows a cascade, over blue tiles, and appearing to emerge from under the road. The cascade is ornamented with gilt figures of Cupid, water-nymphs, etc. Descending by a zigzag path by the side of the waterfall, we reached the gardens below. Here is an immense circular basin, in the centre of which, on a small island, is a gilt sculpture representing Samson tearing open the lion's mouth; and from the latter issues a jet that rises above the height of the road, even with the palace windows. This jet is surrounded by a great many others, all round the basin, as well as in different parts of the grounds. A canal from the Gulf of Finland communicates, in a straight line, with the large basin, and on each side of it rises numberless jets. I have not seen the waterworks at Versailles, but I have been assured that these rival them in grandeur.

A TURK is every inch a soldier; eats whatever is given him, obeys without a murmur, works like a horse, marches till he drops, draws his own water, cuts his own wood, ties his horse to a tree, and sleeps on the ground, without moving a muscle of his face, or giving the smallest sign of impatience. The contempt with which the Austrian officers affect to treat such men as these is ridiculous in the extreme—as if good-fitting clothes and well-shaven cheeks were the main elements in the composition of an army. The fact is, that the Turks have all the leading military virtues in a greater degree, I firmly believe, than any people in the world; and if officered as they ought to be, and armed as they ought to be, might once again make Europe tremble.

FRESH Turkish troops arrived from Stamboul, and proceeded to the right front of the position of Balaklava, where they were making batteries for the defence of that position. It was easy to see that these Turks were from Constantinople, for more than usual care had been bestowed on their outfit. They had all warm winter clothing, and they were moreover provided with tents. The troops that accompanied the allies from Bulgaria were still in their summer dress, had no tents, and were compelled to sleep in the open air.

The following are the distances which separate the points so frequently mentioned in the recital of events connected with the present war:—From Marseilles to Malta, 1,000 kilometres (a kilometre is five-eighths of an English mile;) from Malta to Constantinople, 1,560; from Constantinople to Varna, 160; from Constantinople to Eupatoria, 180; from the isle of Serpents to Cape Tarkan, on the west of the Crimea, 200; Odessa to Sebastopol, 534; Varna to Sebastopol, 360. By land from Eupatoria to Old Fort, the distance is 24 kilometres; from Old Fort to the village of Alma, 36; from Alma to Belbek, from Belbek to Sebastopol, 10; from Balaklava to Sebastopol, 12.

You know what is called "field day" at the hospitals in town. Perhaps an amputation or two, with half a dozen surgeons to assist, if necessary, and a hundred surgical eyes looking on. Can you imagine our field day on the banks of the little river Alma! If God spares me again to see old England, I shall probably never more witness as much practice in my whole lifetime as I saw there in two hours. The pluck of a soldier no one has yet truly described. They laugh at pain, and will scarcely submit to die. It is perfectly marvelous, this triumph of mind over body. If a limb were torn off or crushed at home, you would have them brought in fainting, and in a state of dreadful collapse. Here they come with a dangling arm or a riddled elbow, and it's "Now doctor, be quick, if you please; I'm not done for so bad but I can get away back and see!" And many of these brave fellows, with a lump of tow wrung out in cold water wrapped round their stumps, crawled to the rear of the fight, and with shells bursting round them, and with balls tearing up the sods at their feet, watched the progress of the battle. I tell you as a solemn truth that I took off the foot of an officer, Captain —, who insisted on being helped on his horse again, and declared that he could fight now that his "foot was dressed." Surgeon — told him that if he mounted he would burst the ligatures and die on the spot, but for all that he would have returned to the hill if he could have prevailed on anybody to help him to mount.

WHAT beau is least liked by young ladies on a pic-nic party? A rain-bow.

Incidents of the War.

Our batteries are placed so near Sebastopol that we can hear distinctly the church bells, the tunes played by the bands, (the other day they played "God save the Queen,") the howling of the dogs, and the crowing of vigilant cocks, so that a body of Russian riflemen, inclined for close quarters, have only to creep quietly towards our works, and they are forthwith gratified. But a short time since, about one hundred and fifty of the enemy came up a ravine, at the bottom of which were twelve men and a sergeant stationed to keep close watch in a small house, which would have afforded a determined party good protection for a volley or two, after which a terrible but interesting conflict took place between the tallest man of the 2d battalion of rifles and a huge Russian rifleman. Hannan, an Irishman, noted at the Cape for his rashness, rushed forward and fired. The shot was returned, and a second shot attempted by his opponent, but fortunately a cap could not be found. Seeing this, Hannan rushed up, and with his fist knocked the Russian over a low wall, and leaped after him. The two now grappled, and a dreadful struggle followed, in which, at last, our soldier was worsted; and a short-sword was in the air to give him his death-blow—nay, more, its point was through the trousers, and about to penetrate the thigh and bowels, but, ere the thrust was given, a shot from Hannan's comrade and friend, Ferguson, pierced the heart of the sturdy Russian, and he fell lifeless by the side of his intended victim.

About two p. m., the shipping of the combined fleets commenced on the outside forts, at the entrance of the harbor, and such fearful firing on both sides I should think was hardly ever before witnessed. The different tiers of guns from the forts was quite equal to our broadsides. The ships must have suffered severely. At three p. m. one of the principal magazines of the enemy blew up, and the cloud must have been more than a mile in circumference. It was from an eighty-gun fort; but, fancy, in less than forty minutes they had several guns blazing away at us again. One of our magazines, or ammunition waggons, with four horses and driver, was blown to atoms by a shell from the enemy. One of the Lancaster guns has burst, and killed six hands. The valleys near the entrenchments are quite paved with shot and shell from the enemy. The doctor of the 68th was cut in two by a shot, and an assistant surgeon belonging to a ship, who was a spectator, was killed. One of the sailors passed me on a stretcher, with his arm taken off, singing "God save the Queen."

The special correspondent of the *Herald* says:—"Conspicuous among the din could be plainly heard the Lancaster guns. Their sharp crack, different from the other heavy guns, was like that of a rifle among muskets. But the most singular effect was produced by its ball, which rushed through the air with a noise and regular beat, precisely like the passage of a rapid express train at a few yards distance. This peculiarity excited shouts of laughter among our men, who instantly nicknamed it the express train; and only by that name is the gun known. The effect of the shot seemed most terrible. From its deafening noise, the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth alike went down before it. A battery of twenty or thirty such guns would destroy Sebastopol in a week. Unfortunately, from a short supply of ammunition, we can only afford to mount two, and even those are only fired once in eight minutes."

As to Russian soldiers, some of them are evidently cool and determined characters, for this afternoon one of our sentries rushed into a battery where there was a large working party, and reported that, in his rear, he saw three Russians, and in front, more than one hundred were advancing. The poor fellow was pale with anxiety, and one of the engineer officers asked him if he had been seized with cholera; but, on hearing the real state of things, proceeded to the head of the battery, and there, to his astonishment, found three fine looking fellows, armed and clad in great coats. They smiled, and one of them politely took off his cap. The engineer officer did the same; but, on a party of ours showing themselves, the three—who were at first mistaken for men who wished to desert—took to their heels and fled down the hill at a safety-pace.

While the fleets and army, on the 17th October, were attacking Sebastopol, one Russian shell, by ill luck, dropped and exploded full upon the reserve magazine of the principal French battery. The effect was instantaneous and awful. About twenty tons of gunpowder, with shell and rockets in proportion, instantly ignited, and the earth seemed to

heave as the greater part of the battery, with sixteen guns, and nearly all the men, were hurled high into the air. A volunteer party—ten men from each regiment—skirmished during the cannonade, and five hundred Zouaves and other light French infantry attempted, though with no great success, to pick off the Russian gunners. A continuous roar of cannon prevailed on all sides. The scene was perfectly hellish. The atmosphere was only a thick lurid smoke, which seemed to suffocate, and through its heavy folds the scream of shot and shell was enough to make one's hair stand on end. No words could do justice to such a pandemonium. Let our readers imagine at least four thousand pieces of the heaviest ordnance in the world firing shell and rockets without a second's intermission. The air seemed one perpetual explosion; but in the midst of which, singularly enough, the peculiar jerking scream of the Lancaster shell could be plainly heard.

The Russian three-decker, the *Twelve Apostles*, which was completely sheltered by the land from the attack of the French ships, and quite as completely sheltered from everything but one of the Lancaster guns, began to drop red-hot hollow shot into the English Crown battery. The effect of this was soon apparent. Before a dozen shots had been fired, one of them bounded and struck a spare ammunition-wagon full of powder, which it instantly exploded. The shock was not so severe as it might have been, for the powder was comparatively unconfined. It of course killed a few of our men, but the works of the battery were uninjured. The Russians set up tremendous cheers when they saw the explosion. Their mirth, however, was but short-lived. While in the act of cheering, a shell from the Lancaster lodged in the magazine of the Russian redoubt in front of the redan wall. The explosion which followed was appalling. It made the stoutest man's blood run cold. At first it seemed as if the whole of Sebastopol was enveloped in ruin; five minutes after, when the loose earth and smoke cleared away, and allowed us to see the extent of the mischief, we saw that only a black hole remained where the grand redoubt had stood, and that the greater part of the redan wall was blown away; so stunning appeared the effects of the terrible blow to the enemy, that it was some minutes before they fired a single gun. When they did they concentrated their whole fire upon the battery where the fatal Lancaster gun was placed, but in vain; it was quite out of range, and their shot stopped rolling nearly two hundred yards in advance of the battery. Seeing this, the Russians wisely gave up the attempt to reach it, and turned their attention to the French fleet. One of the Lancaster guns, that landed from the Arrow, and placed in a battery in front of 2d brigade, light division, was particularly directed at the line-of-battle ship the *Twelve Apostles*. In a very short time the ship was hauled off and placed under the protection of Fort St. Nicholas, but not until she had been perforated by four missiles from the Lancaster. One of our Lancasters was dismounted early in the day, but soon put right again. A shameful piece of neglect on the part of the home authorities has been discovered; the shells for the Lancaster guns are too large for the bore, and every shell costs immense labor in filing down before it can be used.

Nowhere has more extreme precaution against plague been exercised than at Sebastopol. The Czar has lavished there all ingenuity and all money that could preserve the city of his pride from the ravage of imported pestilence. The water which comes down through the Inkermann tunnel, he has had filtered for the use of the sailors and inhabitants, by being passed through a mass of sand and charcoal. But now, the allies have cut off the water-supply, and thus the Russians suffer the more intensely.

Among the deeds of coolness I must mention that of a Light Division man. He was one of a picket, and seeing a gentleman in plain clothes riding out of Sebastopol, with a guard of three or four soldiers somewhat in his rear, watched him. Presently the horseman got off, walked a short distance on one side in order to sketch—probably he was an engineer officer taking the positions of our working parties—leaving his charger to crop the stunted grass. Our active soldier seized the favorable opportunity, crept quietly up to the steed, mounted him, and rode off in triumph to his comrades, who received him with a British cheer.

Sir Edmund Lyons was at such close quarters with Fort Constantine that the upper tier of guns of the fort could not be brought to bear on the Agamemnon.

Many have deserted from Sebastopol. One day

a Circassian prisoner and a Russian made their escape, and described a scene most horrible to think of—hundreds lying dead in the streets, and all too much engaged to bury their dead, and the stench therefore most awful.

I had a foraging expedition into Balaklava, and returned with a goose, butter, preserved milk, etc.—a very successful foray, and a full haversack. Of the price of provisions you will have some idea when I tell you that a small ham is sold for £3; tins of preserved meat fetch £1 16s. each; and for sauces, curry powders, and marmalade, the prices sound fabulous. I have known a pot of marmalade to fetch one guinea, and frequently 10s. is given for this luxury.

Captain Peel (Diamond) has much distinguished himself, and threw a Russian 8-inch shell over the parapet of his battery, which burst harmlessly on the other side.

The climate at present is of the most heavenly description, and the mountainous scenery, especially in the neighborhood of Balaklava, grand and beautiful.

It is said that there is a great deal of sand in the Russian gunpowder through the swindling of contractors, and the deserters declare that much of it is found useless.

I paid a visit to the Albion, and found that she was a wonderful specimen of the effects of shore practice against wooden walls. She appears to be perfectly riddled on the side that was opposed to the enemy, and riddled principally by shells, which appear to have burst on striking, or rather lodging, in the side. The surgeon himself was bruised by one of the splinters, so that he could not operate. The surgeon told me that several of the wounded were struck by splinters from shells. Lord Raglan has expressed himself highly pleased with the precision of firing of the Naval Brigade on the heights commanding Sebastopol. They fire their great guns with the precision of riflemen.

Colonel Dacres, who in practice and precept is a sectary of the total abstinence doctrine, has never had one hour's illness during the whole campaign, although, like others, necessarily exposed to epidemic and endemic influences, as well as the fatigues, hardships, and privations attendant on warfare. This officer, I may mention, *en passant*, had the good fortune to carry off as a trophy from the battle-field of Alma a splendid altar-piece, the property of Menchikoff. The prince, it appears, had with him a regular museum of orthodox *sacra* *Deorum* images, amulets, relics, and such like, as an *ægis* in this pious crusade. It was, however, as the event proved, of small avail in the hour of need, and all these precious items, with his money, papers, and personalities, fell into the hands of the victorious armies.

The distress of the garrison of Sebastopol has been confirmed by several deserters, who all told the same story, and as there could be no previous understanding between them, their assertions are entitled to some credit. The fire from our batteries has most terribly told upon Sebastopol; the place is like a vast slaughter-house, and the streets are full of howling and gnashing of teeth. Five thousand men are killed or severely wounded. The explosion of the magazine in the rear of the redoubt, on the first day of the siege, killed and disabled three thousand men. The garrison are disheartened, and wish their tribulation was over, and that the allies had taken the town. The chief engineer, who conducts the defence of the fortress, is severely wounded. Among the deserters is a Polish officer, and the information he gives corresponds in all particulars with the information given by the others. This officer managed to get out of the town on horseback, and he rode straight up to Lord Raglan's head-quarters, when he surrendered in due form. He appeared very happy at having effected his escape, and was evidently proud of his exploit. The desperate means which the other deserters took to get away, proves sufficiently that Sebastopol must be a perfect Gehenna. In the midst of the fire they actually jumped out of the embrasures of their batteries, and made their way up to our lines while red-hot shot and shell were whizzing past them in every direction.

Lord Raglan has spoken in the highest terms of the Naval Brigade, though the harum-scarum dare-devils, not content with endeavoring to fire three times to an artillery-man's twice, must jump upon the embrasures to see where his shot hits, to the great likelihood of his being tumbled down by the enemy much quicker than he got up.

Somebody wants to know whether it is only "dreamy rivers" that have beds?

New Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at New York.

OUR engraving is a view of a new structure now in the process of erection in this city, designed for the exclusive use of those unfortunate persons whom nature has left devoid of the invaluable gifts of hearing and speaking. The corner-stone was laid on the 22d of November last. It is situated on the banks of the Hudson river, at a point called Washington Heights, about six miles from the New York City Hall. The building is the design of R. G. Hatfield, Esq., and is quite equal in its beautiful proportions to many other works that he has produced.

The grounds of the Deaf and Dumb Institution comprise an area of 37½ acres. The principal building is 150 feet front, by 56 feet deep. It embraces four stories, including the basement, and is surmounted by a dome or observatory commanding a very beautiful prospect. The principal floor of the front building contains a reception room, a director's room, a room for the president, and rooms also for the accommodation of the pupils. The basement contains rooms for domestic purposes, fuel, &c. The school-house is in the rear part, being 150 feet long by 55 feet wide, and contains class, library, lecture, and cabinet rooms, besides a hall of design.

The material principally to be used in the construction of the exterior walls, will be yellow Milwaukee brick. The verandahs will be made of cast iron, ornamented, and properly painted. No pains or expense will be spared to render this Institution the model of the world. It is designed for a most noble purpose.

Eleven Lives.

It is a startling fact, that eleven lives of only eighty years a-piece bring us back to the Norman Conquest. Thus: 1050, William I.; 1130, Henry I.; 1210, John; 1290, Edward I.; 1370, Edward III.; 1450, Henry VI.; 1530, Henry VIII.; 1610, James I.; 1690, William III.; 1770, George III.; 1850, Victoria. The child of Edward III.'s reign dying in that of Henry VI., would have seen France half conquered by England and lost again, and two kings murdered. The child of Elizabeth's would have seen royalty destroyed and restored, to be again changed and modified; and the very Restoration a mere step to carrying out the principle of the Rebellion.

Horace Walpole mentions, in his letter to Sir Horace Mann, having once met Mrs. Godfrey, sister of the Duke of Marlborough, and mistress of James II. An old lady died the other day who knew Dr. Johnson, and had flirted with this same Walpole: so here two generations carry us back to the Dutch landing at Torbay.

Dr. Johnson himself mentions when a child being touched for the evil by Queen Anne, whom he only remembered as a stately lady in black.

But, extending our privilege and taking the longest lives of our nation, how soon we mount back to the day when England was a third-rate power, steam unknown, balloons and railroads things of fable, existing only in the self-moving vessel of Odin and the Arab's winged horse, India unconquered, and her colonies scarce bigger than the mother country.

The Countess of Desmond, born in the reign of Edward IV., died in that of James I.—her life extending to 143; killed at last, of all ways in the world, by a fall from a cherry-tree, following the predilection of the first woman, and taking no warning by her example.

Old Parr, a Shropshire peasant, born in the same reign as this Irish Countess, lived out ten kings,

died not long before Charles I. took his last false step from a certain window in his own palace of Whitehall, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, amongst the princes whose virtues and vices he had witnessed; the only peasant in that great assembly of dead monarchs. Henry Jenkins, born about 1503, died during the long Parliament. When a boy he was sent with a cart-load of arrows (perhaps among them was that which pierced the brave, foolish luckless James) to the camp at Flodden, the thoughtless boy carelessly whistling, reckless of the widow-makers that he brought. Here's a life, my master's: Scotland checked for ever till its union, the Reformation, and the Rebellion—169 years. In Jenkin's parish lived four centenarians.

What a fire-side circle to talk like the nones or the fates of times long—long past! outliving generations, outliving their fathers' tombstones, outliving hopes and fears, and seeing their nation grow as a child does to manhood, from gristle to bone; what "sad stories of the death of kings," what looking down on their infant auditors of some sixty summers, or, "by'r lady, some fourscore;" what changes of costume they must have known, from pointed toe to broad toe, from slashed sleeve to tight doublet, from puffed hose to tight stocking; what fresh coins, from silver penny to copper penny, from angel to sovereign; what change of masonry from gable-end and Tudor oriel to thatched roof and Grecian pillar; what living chronicles, what incarnations of history, what abridgments of old almanacks

pounds of dry substance. It must be recollected that the solid parts, when separated from the aqueous or moist parts, may contain a small quantity of liqueous or extractive matter probably unfit for food; and next that the same substances do not act uniformly on all stomachs, and are relatively more or less nutritious. But as a general result the scientific reporters estimate that 1 pound of good bread is equal to 2½ or 3 pounds of good potatoes.

Benefits of Sensibility.

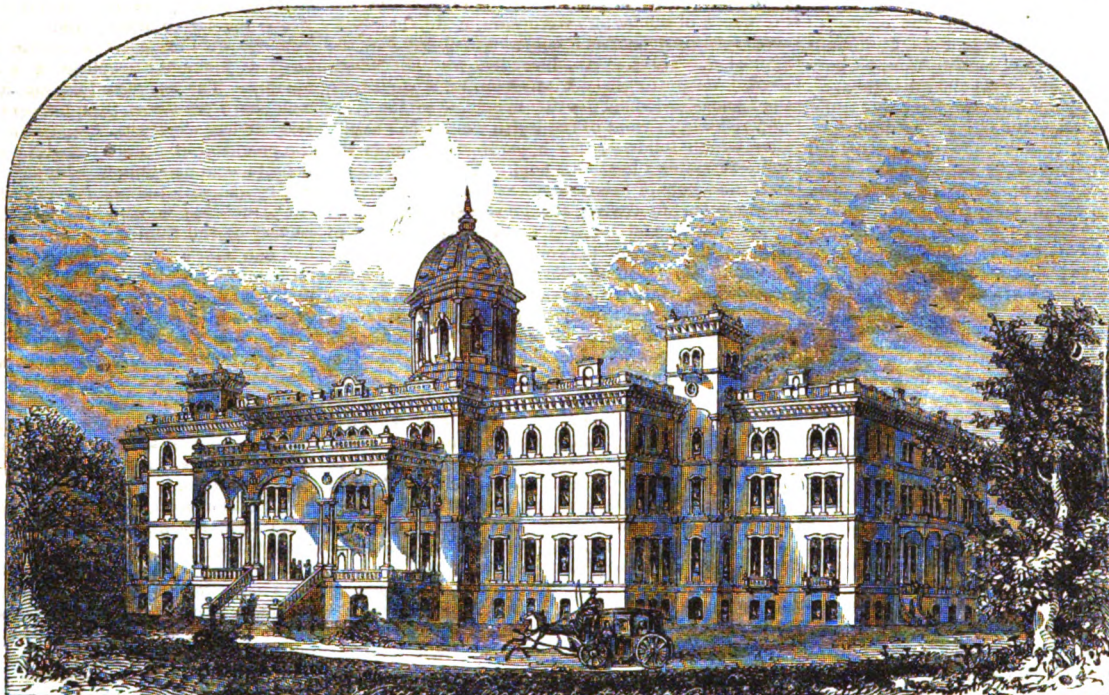
It may appear at first view, that our condition would have been improved had we not been endowed with the sensibility which often renders disease so great an evil; but in the same proportion that our ease would have been consulted our danger would have been increased. It is by the quick sensibility of our frame that we are warned of a thousand dangers, and enabled to guard against them.

Book Shelves.

To give some idea of the extent of the new portion of the library of the British Museum, it has, as a point of useful information, or perhaps also as a matter of curiosity, been ascertained that the whole length of the shelves, which hold 260,000 volumes, is 42,240 feet, or eight miles. The length of the shelves in the library at Munich, containing 500,000 volumes, taking the same proportion, will be fifteen miles and two-fifths. The king's library in Paris, of 650,000 volumes, must, by the same calculation, have twenty miles.

Street Findings.

Two lads had quarrelled in a narrow lane connecting two principal streets, and in the comparative seclusion which the spot afforded, the feud had for some time been prosecuted without interruption. Keeping a respectable distance apart, the more malicious of them threw stones at the other, and twice or thrice nearly struck him a severe blow. It was remarkable that the younger boy, at whom these stones were thrown, returned no missiles to his enemy, but contented himself with dexterously jump-



NEW INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, AT NEW YORK.

ing up, or sinking down, to avoid an injury—laughing merrily at every lucky escape. Passing the boy who was hurling the stones, I quietly said to him—"If you will let that poor lad alone, I will thank you!" The simplicity and moderation of this request seemed instantly to un-demonise him—it acted like chloroform on his passions. I chose this mode of intervention, because I have noted that those who interfere to promote peace oft put on a hostile spirit, and commit themselves to the error they profess to condemn. And certainly it proved very successful. The offender slunk away with a faltering step—his feet seemed to tell the pavement that his head had suddenly become conscious of having perpetrated a wrong. "Why didn't 'e pitch into 'm?" exclaimed a companion of the good-tempered lad. "I think I could fight him," said the latter, contemplatively eyeing his antagonist, and apparently estimating his dimensions, as he receded down the lane—"I think I could fight him; but I didn't like to—WHAT'S THE GOOD OF FIGHTING ANYBODY?!" FOUND—That princes may sometimes gather instruction from peasants.

Nourishment in Bread.

THE superior nutritious qualities of bread have been doubted; but the question has been set at rest in France, by some chemical researches into the comparative nutriment of various edible substances. Messrs. Percy and Vanguelin have ascertained that bread contains 80 nutritive parts in 100; meal, 34 in 100; French beans, 92; common beans, 89; peas, 93; lentils, 94; cabbages and turnips (the most aqueous of the bodies compared) produce only 8 parts of solid matter in 100 pounds; carrots and spinach produce only 14 pounds in the same quantity; whilst 100 pounds of potatoes contain 25

ing up, or sinking down, to avoid an injury—laughing merrily at every lucky escape. Passing the boy who was hurling the stones, I quietly said to him—"If you will let that poor lad alone, I will thank you!" The simplicity and moderation of this request seemed instantly to un-demonise him—it acted like chloroform on his passions. I chose this mode of intervention, because I have noted that those who interfere to promote peace oft put on a hostile spirit, and commit themselves to the error they profess to condemn. And certainly it proved very successful. The offender slunk away with a faltering step—his feet seemed to tell the pavement that his head had suddenly become conscious of having perpetrated a wrong. "Why didn't 'e pitch into 'm?" exclaimed a companion of the good-tempered lad. "I think I could fight him," said the latter, contemplatively eyeing his antagonist, and apparently estimating his dimensions, as he receded down the lane—"I think I could fight him; but I didn't like to—WHAT'S THE GOOD OF FIGHTING ANYBODY?!" FOUND—That princes may sometimes gather instruction from peasants.

HEALTH is the greatest of all bodily pleasures, but the least thought of.

It is not well to be too hasty in believing, or rejecting what is reported; to be able to suspend our judgment for a while will save us many an error.

LIBRARIES are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.



COOLIES AT THE SUGAR-CROP.

Sugar.

It is not a little remarkable that an article in such general use as sugar—the production of which in the present day amounts to a million and a half of tons from all sources—should have been so little known amongst the ancients, and so rare in many parts of England, even up to the fifteenth century, that we read of a Mrs. Pastor, the wife of a landowner of Norfolk, of that day, writing to her husband in London, and begging that he will “vouchsafe to buy her a pound of sugar.”

Many of the early writers, even so far back as the father of history, Herodotus, make allusions to “honey made by the hands of man,” and “the sweet juice of an Indian reed, much used for drinking,” which Pliny calls Sacchorh; but of its precise nature, place of production, &c., the most vague opinions were held.

There is little doubt that China and India were the original places of production of this article, whence it would seem to have travelled by slow degrees towards Persia, Arabia, and Syria; and thence became known to many nations of Europe, through the Crusaders, who carried back with them the knowledge of many useful arts.

Chemically speaking, sugar, or the saccharine principle, is met with in many products of the vegetable and animal kingdom. It has been extensively manufactured from beet-root in France and Germany; while, in the United States, a very capital sugar is produced from the juices of the maple-tree. In Ceylon, and some parts of continental India, sugar is also produced from the juices of the cocoa-nut and jaggery palms. The sugar, however, of which I am now about to write, is the ordinary sugar of commerce, the production of the sugar-cane.

Tracing the spread of the sugar-cane culture from Arabia, westward, to the Islands of the Mediterranean, Italy, and Spain, we gather that the Portuguese carried the cane to the Island of Madeira; and about the fifteenth century the Spaniards imported it into the Canaries and the Brazils. Europe continued to be supplied with sugar by the Spaniards and Portuguese; and it was not until the following century that the English colonists of Barbadoes commenced the first of the West India plantations, which afterwards formed such a lucrative occupation to many of the colonists in that part of the world.

The duties levied on the importation of raw sugars into England, not less than the abolition of the slave-trade, and slavery in their Western colonies, have materially affected the manufacture of the article in various parts of the world, and has at length had the effect of throwing out of cultivation most of the estates in the West Indies where slavery existed, and at the same time encouraging a very large growth of the cane in the United States, India, and the Mauritius, by means of free labor.

Upon no imported article has the customs duty in England varied so much as upon sugar. In the 17th century it amounted to but 1s. 6d. per cwt. on sugar, the produce of British plantations. By the end of that century it had been doubled. By the end of the following century it was raised to 17s. 6d. Between 1800 and 1833, various changes took place; and it finally, at the later date, stood at 24s. the cwt. on British plantations; while British East India and Mauritius sugars were 8s. or 10s. higher, and foreign 60s. and 63s. the cwt. The equaliza-

tion of East and West India sugars as regards duties, and since that time the reduction and assimilation of duties levied on all kinds to 10s. the cwt., have given a great stimulus to this branch of Indian industry. At the peace, 43,000 cwts. of sugar from the East Indies; was received. At the present time India and the Mauritius between them send to England two millions of hundred weights.

The particular mode of cultivation and manufacture which I am now about to detail, has reference to the Isle of France, or the Mauritius, a comparatively modern colony, and until the last quarter of a century producing but small and indifferent samples of sugar. This island belonged at one time to France; but since its possession by the English, many enterprising planters have settled there, and, by means of English capital and French skill, have succeeded, in spite of many difficulties, in producing as fine a description of sugar as is to be met with.

The climate of the Mauritius is very genial, although tropical. Its soil is most fertile, and the vegetation of the island rich and varied in the extreme. Excellent roads stretch from the principal town and seat of Government, Port Louis, through the most fertile districts in every direction. At some distance from the shore, lofty and abrupt ranges of hills rise from the luxuriant plains, clad to their summits with the most abundant and beautiful foliage. Dotted along the slopes of green hills and pleasantly-situated amidst the cool shade of palm topos and mingo groves, may be seen many delightful villas, the rustic dwellings of the wealthy Mauritians.

Farther from the town than the above are the bungalows of the planters, surrounded by out-houses, stores, cattle-sheds, and dwellings of their Indian workpeople. A more animated and interesting scene can scarcely be pictured than the homestead of a Mauritius sugar-planter of the present day. Their labor is entirely that of free Indians brought thither free of cost from the Malabar Coast, or from Bengal, under stipulated agreements as to their return home at the end of a stated term. These laborers have each a cottage and piece of ground allotted them; and if at all industriously inclined, which many are, may live in considerable comfort, and at the end of five or seven years, return to their native villages in a state of comparative affluence.

The “works” of a sugar-planter, if of the most approved description and well managed, present an extended and pleasing view. The power employed is, in nearly all cases, that of steam, and the engine will be so placed as to be readily available for the many purposes for which it will be required, whilst the mill is so situated as to be easily reached from any part of the estate. A supply of water is a great point; not less so indeed, for the works, than is a good stock of cattle for the fields.

The soil of the Maritius is mostly of a fine chocolate color, loamy and fertile to a degree; so much so, that many plantations have produced ample crops for several years in succession, without the aid of manure. The propagation of the plant is performed by slips of the cane, generally of a single joint, being placed in holes at regular distances, a few inches below the surface, or in slight trenches, turned up with a little kind of plough. The planting takes place at the change of the monsoon, when frequent showers may be reckoned on, followed by a sunshine not too powerful. At their first stage of growth, the young canes are subject to attacks from many enemies, not the least fatal and secret of which are the white ants. Wild pigs, porcupines, rats, hedgehogs, &c., all prey upon it, attracted by the sweetness of its sap. Weeds of every description are carefully removed from the earlier growth of the canes, as a free circulation of air is most necessary to their proper development.

The liberal rains which fall in all tropical coun-

tries during the south-west monsoon, induce a rapid growth of all plants; and amongst these the sugar cane is one of the most luxuriant vegetation. A more beautiful scene cannot be met with than a fine full-grown field of canes, free from weeds or the attacks of wild animals. In the Mauritius they attain a surprising height, often nine or ten feet, and of a thickness almost incredible—indeed they bear a closer resemblance to bamboos than canes. The joints into which a cane is divided, are distant some six or eight inches from each other, their length entirely depending on the vigor of the cane, to which this forms a sure guide. From each joint springs a narrow and rather graceful leaf, which, however, are stripped off as the plant approaches maturity, to within three or four joints of the top. By the side of these gigantic canes, yellow in their stem and bright green in their leaves, and waving to the breeze, the tall Malabar cooly appears quite dwarfed, and a whole gang of a hundred laborers soon becomes quite hidden amongst the dense groves of sugar-cane, which stretch on every side for many miles, through valleys, round hills, and across ample plains.

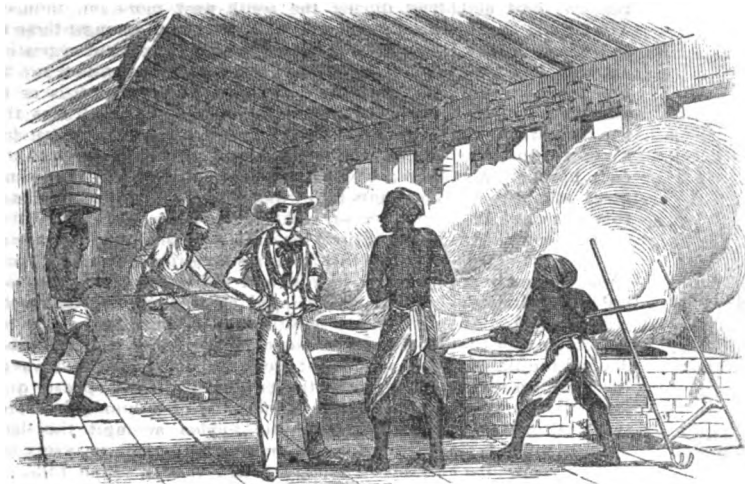
The world-famed names of Paul and Virginia, consecrated by one of the noblest works of fiction and fact in existence, are still to be seen engraved on a simple tomb at the foot of the Pamplemousse mountain, surrounded by scenery which, of itself, without the hallowed recollections of the tale, would suffice to give a charm to any spot. Birds of softest note warble amongst the deep green foliage of mango and tamarind trees. The squirrel leaps from the wide branches of the bread-fruit tree, and the gay fluttering plumage of the paroquet and the dove may be seen darting amidst the waving, broad leaves of the bananas. A cottage is near the lovely spot, surrounded by a grove of orange and jambo trees. A small garden of cotton, and tobacco, and melons, is attached, and the sound of soft, sweet voices comes from beneath its roof. Can it be some kindred spirit to the gentle Virginia that dwells therein?

Voices are heard over the fields from where the canes are being cut, the first of the new harvest. The toil of that burning day is over. A fine-limbed, swarthy Malabar cooly, with streaming black locks, hastens up the hill from his comrades. A small, graceful figure emerges from the orange grove: the genius of the spot darts down the path, and welcomes the laborer home. It is the first night of the new harvest, and there is rejoicing amongst the children of the heathen. One of their first acts of gladness is to place a large bouquet of flowers upon the tomb of the sleeping lovers, Paul and Virginia, whose simple, touching history has found an echo and a sympathy even in the hearts of those unlettered people.

The taking in of the sugar crop is a most bustling scene. Every one capable of assisting in any way turns out to lend a helping hand, for there is work for all. The huge canes towering above the tallest of the coolies, stagger and fall before the short sharp click of the Malabar bill-hook. The ground is heaped up with them, whilst parties of men and women are engaged making them up in



WEEDING A SUGAR PLANTATION.



THE BOILING-HOUSE ON A SUGAR ESTATE.

bundles for removal to the mill. The tops being cut off, they are taken from the ground in bullock or mule carts, and at once passed into the crushing mill.

There an equally busy, though very different scene presents itself. Beneath a wide and lofty roof a pile of dark iron machinery stands, waving its long arms, and twisting its terrible-looking limbs, and rushing round with its heavy wheels, as though it were afraid of being too late for something, without quite knowing what. The cart-loads of beautiful canes are piled in regular heaps before this Goliath of a machine, whilst a party of men and boys are busily engaged feeding the hungry monster with armfuls of them. The bright, smooth, clean canes are passed between the metal jaws of the insatiable creature, and lo! on the other side, they fall down a confused and ugly mass of crushed and broken fibre and wood, while a pale stream of juice flows from the relentless iron jaws, and, rushing down a narrow channel, is lost to sight amidst a chaos of wheels, and pistons, and other dreadful dark-looking apparatus.

Next to this noisy, steamy, smoky place, is a long range of neat, orderly buildings, that appear as though they never had been in the least dirty, and didn't mean to be, come what might. There are no windows to it; but, bless me! what a number of wide, open doors. A delightful breeze floats through the place; there is a decidedly warmish feel; but it is softened by the breeze, which brings in its company a number of pleasant perfumes from orange groves and rose apples, and citron trees, that one rather prefers it.

But if the outside be clean and neat, how much more so is the interior? Why, there never was such a place, to be sure, except in the Hotel de Ville, at Paris, or Victoria's castle at Windsor. There are huge bright shining copper stew-pans, large enough to boil soup for the whole unions of the United States; and coolers, and vats, and cisterns, capacious enough to mix grog for the entire British navy, with enough to spare for the army too. Is it possible that the Governor-General of India and his lady can be coming to take breakfast in this beautiful clean hall, and have a dance afterwards? They might very well be entertained in a dirtier place. All that is wanted are some mats and cushions for the company, and a few garlands of flowers.

Reader, this is the boiling-house of the Pamplemousse sugar estate; and the neat looking dapper gentleman, with the light wand in his hand, is not the master of the ceremonies, as I imagined, but the boiling-master of the establishment. The bright shining coppers are becoming hot and steamy; their contents are thickening gradually, whilst in one or two the operation of skimming commences, in order to remove the foreign matter which rises to the surface during the boiling.

The dapper master of the ceremonies claps his hands, and half a dozen coolies, as clean as himself, glide in from some invisible corner—I almost fancied they came out of one of the large vats—and without so much as a word spoken, tilted up, by some unseen machinery, one of the hissing boiling caldrons of sugar juice, and away it went into another caldron rather brighter than the others. The party of mutes having performed this, shifted a number of the other pans, allowed some more fresh liquor to flow in from a vat near the mill-house, and at length, by the aid of more chains

and pulleys, that looked like instruments of torture, they contrived to upset the nearest caldron over a sort of gigantic funnel or wooden water-spout, and away rushed the burning hot-juice to some unknown regions below.

Down a wide flight of stone stairs, along a cool passage, and thro' a pair of huge folding doors, the visitor reaches the granulating room. It is immediately beneath the boiling-house, and contains many sets of capacious Heidelberg-looking vats, in which are first boilings of the new crop granulating and draining, ready for shipment to England. I was shown a little sugar remaining over from the last year's harvest, and a more perfect crystal, and finer, fuller flavor, I certainly never remember. It was white as any salt, and shone brilliantly like pure crystals in the sunlight. It had been prepared by some new and improved process, of which the Mauritius planters are now ready to avail themselves; and what is of equal value to the beautiful appearance is, that the yield of sugar from the juice is much greater by this process, and at the same time the proportion of drainage or molasses is much less.

When the sugar is believed to be sufficiently drained, it is dug out of the large granulators and placed in bags for shipment, very few casks being used in this colony, the sugar being of a far drier nature than that of the West Indies or Brazil. Cropping time lasts from six weeks to three months, during which time both man and beast are worked to the utmost, in order to secure the canes whilst in their prime. If left for too long a period in the ground, they blossom and lose a great part of their juice, as well as become harder and more difficult to grind; and hence it is the endeavor of the planter so to regulate his planting and his cultivation, that all his fields may not be forced on his hands at one time.

The calculation for ordinarily good ground is a yield of one ton and a half of sugar per acre; but from some of the richer soils of the Mauritius as much as four and even five tons to the acre have been obtained. The whole of the labor employed on the estates of this island is imported, as well as the food for their support—viz: rice, dried fish, curry-stuffs, and ghee, a sort of fat.

One great and constantly recurring drawback to the prosperity of the sugar planter of the Mauritius, is the liability to hurricanes, to which the locality is subject. During the months of February, March, and April, those terrific tempests are most frequently met with; and when they visit the island in full force they are not soon forgotten. Houses, factories, mills, engines, cane-fields, all are rooted from the ground and scattered far and near like so many straws before the destroying element. Machinery, many tons in weight, has been known to be lifted many feet in the air, and hurled to a great distance. Ships laden with full cargoes, and lying quietly at anchor in the harbor, have been not only driven high and dry on the sandy beach, but actually blown for a quarter of a mile inland, and obliged to be broken up where they lay, for to take them back to their own element was a matter of sheer impossibility. The loss that is occasioned by these fearful visitations may be readily imagined, although all works situated on the exposed sides of the island are built of great strength.

During the great crisis of 1847 and 1848, several of the largest planting firms connected with the Mauritius failed, and their prostration caused much embarrassment in the colony at the time. Fresh energy and capital has, however, been since brought to bear upon the sugar industry of this island; and it is now in a more healthy and thriving condition than at any previous period of its history.

Large quantities of a pale and rather weak sugar are imported into this country from British India, where the East India Company have long used their utmost endeavors to encourage a better cultivation and mode of manufacture. The sugars of Madras

and Bengal are still far inferior to those of most other countries, though a very few pretty and saleable specimens have been recently brought over from Cossipore, near Calcutta, the make of a European house.

By far the greater part of the sugar shipped from the presidencies of India are both grown and made up by natives, who will not be induced to take greater pains. Some English factors have established mills and boiling-houses, at which they receive any quantity of canes brought to them by native growers, paying for them according to their yield in juice at the mill. This is a troublesome method; but it has been found to answer whenever properly and fairly managed on both sides.

In Jamaica, and some other of our earliest sugar-producing colonies, the difficulty of procuring free labor after the abolition of slavery, added to the embarrassments of the leading planters induced by former extravagance and reckless living, has quite revolutionized their industry. Most of the best plantations have been sold at merely nominal sums, and purchased by the freed negroes, who squat on their small holdings and grow just sufficient for their maintenance, have no inclination to labor for hire.

This, however, is not universally the case; for on some few of the islands where the *squinting* system could not be carried out, and where the estates fell entire into the hands of enterprising capitalists, skill and industry have been brought to bear upon the properties; and at this moment, what with new and improved machinery, a supply of manure and imported free labor, the owners are realizing handsome returns for the capital sunk; in spite of low prices and equalized duties. It is a remarkable fact that some, and indeed, not a few of the most thriving sugar estates in the West Indies, belong at the present time to ship owners and cotton manufacturers in Liverpool and Glasgow, who in the days of high duties and extravagance made heavy advances to the reckless planters; and when the pressure came, and bankruptcy stared the latter in the face, the creditor took over the properties at a valuation, in exchange for the debt. This has been the fate of fully one-half of the finest properties in the West Indies. Of the remainder, the greater portion have been publicly brought to the hammer, and, as already noticed, sold in small lots to free negroes or any body. Very few indeed remain to this day in the hands of the descendants of the original proprietors.

Before concluding this chapter on the sugars of commerce, I may as well mention that the description of sugar called Muscovado, is simply the raw unrefined sugar as produced by boiling and granulating. These sorts known as fine crystallized sugars have been better and more carefully freed from impurities and coloring matters, some of them being evaporated in what are termed vacuum pans—that is to say, in pans having light metal covers, and from which all air has been removed by an apparatus for the purpose. By this means the liquor or syrup boils with much less heat, and consequently does not become so brown. There is another description called "Clayed Sugar," which is a sort partially purified by being set to granulate in porous earthen pans, kept moistened, from which the moisture passing and running through the grains of sugar, carries with it much of the impurity and color.

Sugar refining has been practiced in England for the last two hundred years. At first the Dutch supplied that country with better and cheaper loaf-sugar than could be produced in London; but gradually improvements were effected, until they are now able to compete successfully in this trade with any other country. The entire art consists in employing certain substances in the mass of dissolved raw sugar as will remove all the color and impurities to be found in it, leaving little beyond the pure crystallizable portion, which is left to cool in earthen moulds.

Sugar-candy, imported from China, is a peculiar kind of clarified sugar left to cool slowly upon strings or twigs, which are placed in the vessels containing the refined syrup, and which is there kept at a certain moderate temperature during several days; and at the end of which time the still liquid syrup is allowed to run off, and the candy, in fine large crystals, is removed and left to dry in the air.

DISCOVERED AT LAST.—We were long puzzled to know why a young man always declares that his sweetheart is as sweet as honey; but we now think that the simile is provoked by the comb on her head.

Practical Instructions in the Art of Photography.

CHAPTER I.

Does not Society owe much to Science for the discovery of Photography? In truth it does!

By the aid of a sunbeam every person may become an artist, without possessing any knowledge of drawing, and thus all classes are under infinite obligation to the art. The physician is enabled by its means to delineate the gradual changes of disease, or portray the types of insanity with a faithfulness never before known; and by its aid he can obtain copies of these types for the use of his medical brethren. The architect can copy the most extensive building, with its elaborate details, in a few seconds, and by its aid benefit by the experience of foreign lands, as well as his own, through the effective agency of the photographic camera. The mechanic is under vast obligations to the art, for by its assistance he is enabled not only to fix the perfect resemblance of the most complicated machinery upon paper, but also to reproduce it, and thus make his distant friends as well acquainted with the details as he is himself. The traveller can preserve faithful memorials of his visit to remarkable places by its assistance; and the archaeologist, the botanist, and the numismatist are all under great obligations to the art. The artist can obtain the best studies of perspective, of light and shade, of grouping, position, &c., by its truthful aid. As an instance, we may mention, that an artist of our acquaintance, who had previously paid upwards of £40 for a lay-figure, offered to sell it at one-third its original value after he had become master of the art of photography. We might extend the list of the advantages of the art to a considerable length, but our space does not permit. Suffice it to say, that it is eminently useful to the agriculturist to copy various animals; to the antiquary, who,

"Bending o'er some mossy tomb,
Where valour sleeps, or beauties bloom,"

may be enabled to preserve a lasting and pleasing "Memento of departed fame;"

to the phrenologist and physiognomist; to the microscopist, the horticulturist, and the navigator; to the soldier for studying the forms and positions, &c., of forts and fortifications; to manufacturers by enabling them to improve their designs; to astronomers and sculptors; and last, but not least, to ladies, by affording them amusement, opportunities for copying patterns of work, lace, &c., and taking the likeness of their family.

Photography has also been of service in suppressing crime, by affording increased facilities to the detective police, when supplied with a copy of the criminal's likeness.

We propose commencing a series of practical papers upon Photography in all its branches, comprising the production of pictures by the action of light, upon prepared surfaces of paper, glass, talc, silvered plates, &c., by the processes commonly known as Photography, Talbotype, or Calotype, Daguerreotype, Anthotype, Cyanotype, Ferrotypes, &c., giving all the best and latest improvements in the art.

Each process will be carefully tested prior to publication, and every minute detail, the causes of failure, best methods to ensure success, and the various stages of the manipulation carefully noted at the time the experiments are made, so that the most important—because they generally appear too trifling—details will be noticed.

It is well known that Society fosters two great classes—the lovers of science, and the lovers of usefulness. We shall endeavor to please both—a difficult task, we allow. But we flatter ourselves that the lovers of science will have no cause to complain of our exertions; and to the eternal "cui bono?" of the other class, we must refer them to the first portion of this chapter.

It will be our strenuous endeavor to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and, in accordance with our previous remarks, we may venture to promise such an intellectual banquet for the lovers of this fascinating art, as well as the utilitarians, that they will both acknowledge that the time devoted to the study of Photography has not been misapplied.

In conclusion, we beg to invite a free correspondence upon all subjects connected with Photography, subject, of course, to our general rules for intercommunication.

CHAPTER II.

1. It is probable that you do not know anything about photography, or photogenic drawing as it was formerly called; and even if you know something, we have no doubt that you will be desirous of

learning more, because the art is one of the most fascinating with which we are acquainted. It is needless to allude to its beauties more particularly, as you will discover fresh charms each day—nay, each hour, minute, or second.

2. Perhaps you are frightened at the hard name which the art bears; but if not possessed of its true signification, we will soon enlighten you upon the subject. The word Photography* is derived from two Greek words, *phose*, light, and *grapho*, to write or depict, while the word Photogenic is also derived from two Greek words, *phose* light, and *ginnomai* I generate.

3. It therefore appears that the chief agency by which the pictures are formed is light, which has long been known to produce other effects upon objects than their mere illumination, &c.

4. Unless you are acquainted with the nature and properties of light, the agent by which these pictures are produced, it is impossible that you can ever make a scientific photographer. It is true that you may produce pictures, and very good ones, but this is a quackish manner of proceeding: you are literally in every sense of the word working in the dark, although assisted by light.

5. Do not be alarmed by the expression "*scientific*;" it is not our intention to make philosophers of every young lady and gentleman throughout the kingdom, although we should feel happy in being the medium of doing so; but we think that every person should understand the nature of light, more particularly those who practice photography. Indeed it is absolutely essential that photographers should do so; consequently we shall commence our instructions in the art by treating of the agent—light—by which the wondrous effects are produced, and explain clearly, distinctly, and popularly the leading points connected with Photography. In doing so, we do not propose giving a lengthened article upon Optics, but rather to explain the *chemical action of light*, which causes bodies to combine together or decompose.

6. We have not divested these papers entirely of technicalities, because, although they are professedly written for the amateur, nevertheless they will be of infinite service to those who are more advanced in the art, as all processes worth recording will be tried, and, if approved of, noticed. In furnishing the directions, due care will be observed, so that the most inexperienced in the art will be enabled to pursue it, unassisted by other instructions than our own.

7. Many works written upon the subject have fallen into the error, in our opinion, of giving only the best process, or rather the process that the author of the work was able to accomplish in the easiest manner. We have adopted a different method, for we propose noticing each *practicable process*, so that the proficient in the art may be enabled to try them consecutively, while, by a simple arrangement, the tyro can at once decide which is the easiest, and the one that ensures the most satisfactory results, and therefore to be preferred.

By this means we hope to gain the attention of all the readers of the *New York Journal*, for whom these instructions, the result of considerable time and experience, are intended.—To be continued.

* The word Photography is pronounced thus, Fo-tog-ra-phy—the accent on the second o being pronounced as the o in clog, not, cock, collar, con, concave, &c.

On the Preservation of Timber

WHEN wood is exposed to frequent currents of air, especially at high temperatures, the moisture it contains evaporates too rapidly, and gives rise to cracks and fissures which either destroy the resistance of the material, or open a passage for the water contained at other times in the atmosphere, to penetrate to the interior of the mass. If the temperature to which wood is exposed, whilst any sap remains in it, is too elevated, the vegetable fluids ferment, the tenacity is diminished, and when the action is carried to its full extent, the wood quickly becomes affected by the dry rot. Exposure to the atmosphere in positions where the rain can lodge in quantity, contact with the ground, and application in damp situations deprived of air, will render wood liable to the wet rot; and however well-seasoned it may have been previously to being brought within the influence of any of these causes, it will infallibly suffer. It is therefore of the highest importance that, whether in the merchants' stores, or subsequently when placed in a building, wood should be preserved from contact with the ground, and that air should have free access to it in every direction. The germs of destruction are often communicated to it whilst the wood is in store, from neglect of these simple precautions; if they be once

implanted, the progress of decay can never be subsequently arrested. It has been supposed that keeping wood in water tends to prevent the commencement of dry rot, because in that position the sap is washed out of the pores. If this theory is correct, it is evident that the oftener the water is changed the greater will be the probability of its producing the desired effect, because if it be allowed to stagnate, it must become saturated with the sap in course of time, and unable to take up any additional quantity which may be present. Duhamel observed, that if wood were immersed immediately after it was felled, it would be less liable to decay than if put in water at a subsequent period; he also found that immersion tended to preserve the wood from the attacks of insects, and even to arrest the progress of some kinds of decay, but that a notable portion of the strength was lost. The drying and seasoning take place with greater rapidity after immersion, probably because the water displaces the sap, which does not evaporate so rapidly as the thinner fluid. Duhamel asserts that the process of charring the ends of posts, &c., built into the ground, is very inefficient, and that it is only of use to the extent of interposing an extraneous substance between the wood and the earth; in his opinion it would be better to inclose the lower ends in sand, stone, cinders, or other materials which would easily carry off the water supplied by the surrounding media.

When wood is converted and placed in a building, its durability may be greatly increased by covering it with a coating of paint, or other substance which will prevent the moisture of the atmosphere from obtaining access to it. But it is essential that the wood so covered should be free from sap or internal moisture, or the very perfection of the coating will be found to accelerate its decay. Care must be taken to prevent water from finding its way into the joints, and if the wood be exposed directly to the rays of the sun, it should be painted of a color able to reflect rather than to absorb heat. It is desirable that it should be planed before being painted, in order that the paint may be applied in an equal manner over the surface. It is important also to observe, that the moisture in the atmosphere not only affects the volume of the wood, but frequently alters the position of the fibres, by producing a tension analogous to that which may be observed in hygrometric cords.

Of late years the process of kyanising, creosoting, and immersing timber in solutions of mineral salts, have been applied with various success for preserving it from rot and the attacks of worms or ants. Of these, kyanising, which employs a solution of deutochloride of mercury, appears to be the most satisfactory; and among some striking illustrations of its results may be cited the fence of the Regent's Park—the posts of which were inserted in the ground, without being painted, at least eighteen years since, and remain at the present day in very tolerable condition. For railways and harbor works, English engineers appear to prefer the system of creosoting, or immersing the timber in the rough oil of tar, until it has absorbed at least 7 or 8 lbs. per cubic foot. The difficulty of injecting so large a quantity of oil is overcome by exhausting the sap and moisture from the wood in vacuo, and then forcing in the oil under great pressure; a species of artificial drying is, however, frequently necessary; and indeed the success of this process appears to depend entirely upon the extent to which the original moisture is withdrawn. Both corrosive sublimate and oil of tar are capable of resisting the causes of decay communicated by the atmosphere; and the latter is said to be an effectual preservative against the attacks of boring animals; but it is to be feared that the ordinary manner of applying them does not insure their penetration to a sufficient depth to attain the objects desired. The use of the sulphate of copper and of the other metallic salts has hitherto been unsuccessful.

In the theatre at Munich a soluble glass was applied to the woodwork and scenery, for the purpose of preserving, and, as far as possible, rendering them incombustible. The glass was, in fact, a solution of free silica in caustic alkali; and if the wood was properly seasoned, there can be no doubt of the value of the application, especially if it was injected under pressure. Professor Way's researches into the silica beds of the lower chalk prove that a solution of this nature could be obtained easily and economically; and the advantage it offers certainly render its application desirable.

The worst kind of borrower is he who borrows with the intention of repaying—for you know to a moral certainty that he intends to borrow again.

Thomas Hart Benton.

The greatest material enterprise, ever undertaken in this or any other country, is now in process of actual realization within our boundaries. We allude to the Pacific Railroad. No one man has done so much towards enlightening the people in regard to the advantages and feasibility of this gigantic enterprise, or contributed so much, pecuniarily, and otherwise, towards its accomplishment, as the distinguished gentleman whose portrait adorns our pages. With the political antecedents of Mr. Benton, we have nothing to do. In all the great scientific, mechanical, and internal improvements, with which the prosperity of the country is connected, he has ever been first and foremost. Though now considerably advanced in years, he still exhibits the same far-seeing sagacity and boldness in the execution of plans, that have always characterized his life. We trust he may live to see the fulfilment of his glorious project, and take a seat in the first car that shall leave the banks of the great "Father of Waters," and rush onward with lightning speed, to the peaceful shores of the broad Pacific. But if his personality shall be gone, his name will live, and ever be indissolubly connected with the great work to which he may be said to have given birth.

A company has already been formed in New York, with a capital of one hundred millions, called the "Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company," and they intend to construct the work as quick as possible. Several rival routes, each claim the preference; but the vast amount of information collected by Colonel Benton, together with results of surveys made at his own expense, and by his son-in-law, Col. Fremont, leave little room to doubt but what is called the central route is the true one. This extends from St. Louis, Mo., to San Francisco, closely following the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude.*

THE HOURS MOST FATAL TO LIFE.—We have ourselves ascertained the hour of death in 2880 instances of all ages, and have arrived at interesting conclusions. We may remark that the population from which the data are derived is a mixed population in every respect, and that the deaths occurred during a period of several years. If the deaths of the 2880 persons had occurred indifferently at any hour during the twenty-four, 120 would have occurred at each hour. But this was by no means the case. There are two hours in which the proportion was remarkably below this, two *minima* in fact, namely, from midnight to one o'clock, when the deaths were 53 per cent. below the average, and from noon to one o'clock, when they were 20½ per cent. below. From three to six o'clock, A. M., inclusive, and from three to seven o'clock, P. M., there is a gradual increase; in the former of 23½ per cent. above the average, in the latter of 5½ per cent. The *maximum* of deaths is from five to six o'clock, A. M., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next, during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess; a third hour of excess is that from nine to ten o'clock in the morning, being 17½ per cent. above the average. From ten, A. M., to three o'clock, P. M., the deaths are less numerous, being 16½ per cent. below the average, the hour before noon being the most fatal. From three o'clock, P. M., to seven P. M., the deaths rise to 5½ per cent. above the average, and then fall from that hour to eleven, P. M., averaging 6½ per cent. below the mean.

During the hours from nine to eleven in the evening there is a *minimum* of 6½ per cent. below the average. Thus, the least mortality is during the mid-day hours, namely, from ten to three o'clock. About one-third of the total deaths noted were children under five years of age, and they show the influence of the latter still more strikingly. At all the hours from ten in the morning until midnight the deaths are at or below the mean; the hours from ten to eleven, A. M., four to five, P. M., and nine to ten, P. M., being *minima*, but the hour after midnight being the lowest *maximum*: at all the hours from two to ten, A. M., the deaths are above the mean, attaining their *maximum* at from five to six, P. M., when it is 45½ per cent. above.

ANCIENT ANTIQUITIES.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, and 40 round, with walls 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots. Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple

Louis XIV. of France, the prince of Conde and the cardinal de Retz, leaders of the opposing factions, during a short truce went together to view the curious garden of an old hermit, famous as a florist. They amused themselves by keeping him attentive to their discourse while they trod to pieces his best flowers on each side of the path. He soon discovered their plan, and shaking his grey locks, cried, "Alas! alas! how much were it to be wished that you could agree in plans to relieve your distressed country with the same readiness which you show in joining to persecute a helpless solitary."

CHANGE OF NAMES.—Towards the middle of the fifteenth century it became the fashion among the wits and learned men, particularly in Italy, to change their baptismal names for classic ones. Among the rest Platina, the historian at Rome, calling together his friends, took the name of Callimachus, instead of Phillip. Pope Paul II, who reigned about that time, unluckily for the historian,

chanced to be suspicious and illiterate. He had no idea that people could wish to alter their names unless they had some bad design, and actually scrupled not to employ imprisonment and other violent methods to discover the fancied mystery. Platina was most cruelly tortured on this frivolous account. He had nothing to confess; so the Pope, after endeavoring in vain to convict him of heresy and sedition, released him after a long imprisonment.

IGNORANCE OF THE FATHER OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—The ignorance of Frederick William of Prussia was more than remarkable. His written as well as his spoken language was a jargon compounded of high German and low German, French and Latin, which set at defiance all rules of grammar, and betrayed an utter disregard of orthography. His majesty directed that his son, afterwards Frederick the Great, should not be taught Latin. One day his tutor wished the prince to translate a passage from the law of the Roman empire, called the Golden Bull. The king came in, and hearing some Latin words, said, "What are you about, fellow, with my son?" "Your majesty, I am explaining to him the Aurea Bulla." The king, lifting up his cane, his invariable companion, with which he struck every one who offended him, rejoined, "I'll Aurea Bulla you, you scoundrel," and so put an end to the prince's Latin.



THOMAS HART BENTON.

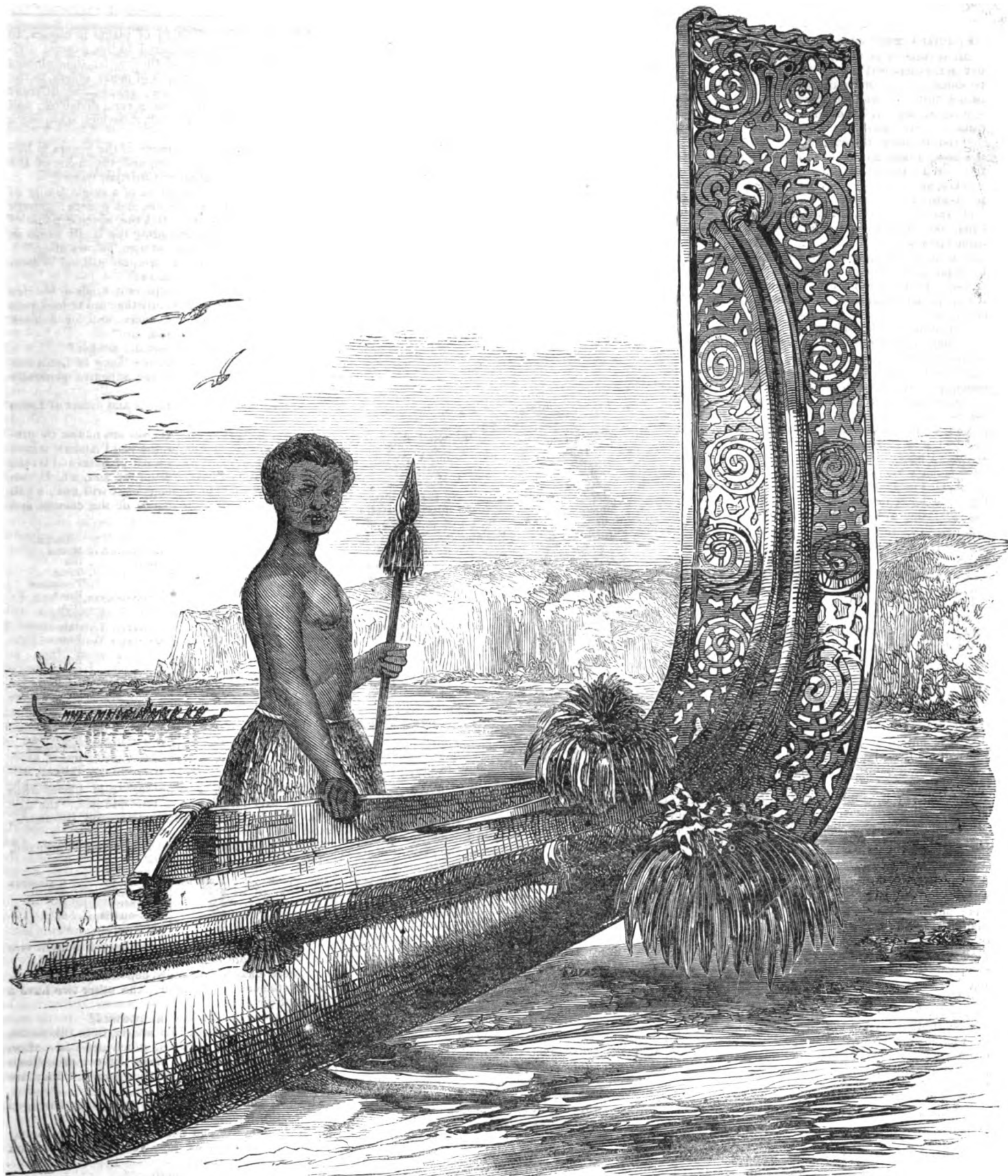
of Diana at Ephesus was 425 feet high. It was 200 years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 763 feet on the sides; its base covers 13 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 206: 100,000 men were employed in its erection. About the 1590th part of the Great Pyramid of Egypt is occupied by chambers and passages; all the rest is solid masonry. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 3000 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round. It has 100 gates. Carthage was 25 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 25,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was once plundered of \$50,000 sterling, and Nero carried from it 500 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles in extent.

DISGRACEFUL AMUSEMENT.—In the disgraceful and paltry war of the Frond, in the minority of

All the materials of the submarine telegraph destined to unite Elsinore, in Denmark, with Helsingborg, in Sweden, have arrived from England in the latter place, and the laying down of the cable containing the electric wires has commenced. The distance is about five miles and three quarters. When completed, Stockholm, which is 59° 20' north latitude, will be in direct communication with Milan, and with all the electric lines of Denmark, Germany, Belgium, and France.

CABRIOLETS.—Mr. John Roberts, of Bruton street, Bond street, London, has taken out a patent for constructing cabriolets with two doors placed at the back, and with a seat or seats capable of being moved in such manner as to allow the passengers to ride facing or looking forwards, and to enter and leave the vehicle from behind from either door as preferred.

* See article on Western Country, by Benton, page 35.



MAORI CHIEF, AND CARVED STERN OF A NEW ZEALAND CANOE.

HERE we have a Chief of Maoris, who, according to the testimony of the best informed writers upon the subject, are a superior race, capable of high civilization, whom we may one day see living peacefully in villages, cities, and hamlets, industrious, and contributing as much to the prosperity of New Zealand as the white settlers themselves; indeed, a considerable fusion of the race is already going on.

Beside the Chief is the elaborately-carved head of his war-canoe, such as we recollect among the illustrations of Captain Cook's Voyages. These canoes are of great length, gaily painted red, and ornamented with white feathers, and the head and stern richly carved. Like other nations, the New Zealanders have various high-sounding names by which they designate their war-canoes; for example,

"*Maratuhai*," or "a slaying and devouring fire." It is not unfrequent to find, at the head of their canoes, figures and ornaments designed by the chiefs to whom they belong.

A Visit to the Tomb of Pizarro.

IN the crypt under the high altar, at Lima, are deposited the remains of the celebrated Pizarro, who was assassinated in the palace. A small piece of silver which I dropped into the hand of the attending sacristan procured me admission into the crypt. Descending a few steps, I entered a small place, some twenty feet long, quite light and whitewashed, and which smelled and looked like a comfortable wine-cellar, that I caught myself more than once looking round for the bins and bottles. The first object I

saw was a large square tomb, surmounted by the erect figure of an abbot; and, close by, in a narrow opening in the wall, I noticed what appeared to me to be a collection of dusty rags; but a closer inspection proved that this was all that remained of the great conqueror of Peru. He had still on him the clothes and shoes which he wore at the time of his assassination. Of course, his body is nothing but a skeleton, covered with dried flesh and skin, so that no features are discernible. The body is covered with what once was white linen, swathed round him; but the dust of centuries had collected on it, and turned it into a light brown color, and it almost pulverizes when touched. The body is placed on a narrow piece of plank, in a sloping position, and has been placed in this hole to put it out of the way.

Familiar Conversations on Interesting Subjects.

Mrs. Wilson was sitting in her room sewing, one day in the early part of March, when her little daughter came running in, in great glee. In her hand she held a bunch of beautiful flowers.

"Look, mother," she cried, "what a lovely bouquet Mrs. Haybrook has sent me from town."

"Rather out of the common order of things, isn't it, Clara, to send flowers from the town to the country: but I suppose they are hot-house plants?"

"Oh yes! mother, they must be; but are they not beautiful!"

"Beautiful indeed, Clara; and how sweetly they smell too: why, the room is filled with their perfume already."

"Mother, can you tell me what it is that causes the odor or perfume of flowers?"

"Botanists account for it in some measure; but it is generally considered to be beyond human observation."

"What do they say about it?"

"They say it arises from the volatile oils, formed by the corolla."

"Volatile oils, formed by the corolla! I don't know what that means, mother!"

"Volatile means passing off by evaporation—the corolla is the blossom part of the flower; if the heat is very great, the oils evaporate faster than they are formed; if it is too feeble, they scarcely evaporate at all. Under both these circumstances, flowers seem to have very little smell."

"Then I suppose, mother, that is the reason why flowers generally seem more fragrant in the morning and evening than they do in the middle of the day?"

"Yes; for then the heat being neither too great nor too little, these oils evaporate just fast enough to form a perfumed atmosphere around the flowers."

"But, mother, this seems very plain, I think; what did you mean when you said a little while ago, it was beyond our observation?"

"I alluded to the particular way in which these oils were formed by the corolla: that, as well as the secretion of nectary, appear to be hidden mysteries of the Great Author of Nature, which our limited faculties are not permitted to comprehend."

"Nectary is a sweet juice, something like honey which is found in many flowers, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes; and if it answers no other purpose, we know it affords food for bees and other insects."

"Was the science of botany known to the ancients, mother?"

"It was, to a certain extent; but, like other branches of natural science, it had much to contend with. It is said of Solomon, you know, that 'he spake of trees; from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop, that springeth out of the wall; and people from all countries came to hear his wisdom.' Pythagoras, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and other philosophers wrote on this subject; but, as the descriptions which they gave of plants were without any system, their works were of little use. Dioscorides gave the names and properties of six hundred plants, but having no idea of species or genera, it amounted to little or nothing."

"I don't understand what you mean by 'species or genera,' mother?"

"Naturalists have reduced all known vegetable productions on the surface of the globe into classes, orders, genera, and species. The classes are composed of orders, the orders of genera, and the genera of species."

"Who made this division, mother?"

"Charles Von Linnæus, a native of Sweden, who has justly been styled by scientific men, the 'prince of naturalists.' I will endeavor to procure you the history of his life, which you can read at your leisure, and which I am sure you will be pleased with."

"Has it been long since his time, mother?"

"He was born in 1707, and died in 1778."

"But what particular advantages are to be derived from having plants divided in this manner, mother?"

"It enables a person acquainted with botany, to determine, at a glance almost, the particular class and family to which any plant may belong. To the traveller, more particularly, its advantages are felt; for oftentimes they come across plants unknown to them before, which a knowledge of this science enables them at once to refer to their proper station."

"But how are these different classes, etc., known from each other, mother? there must be some distinguishing mark."

"Yes, there is; but, in order to understand this distinction perfectly, it is necessary to have some acquaintance with the different parts of a flower. Give me a lily from your bouquet, and I will tell you the names of these different parts."

Clara did so.

"Now," continued Mrs. Wilson, taking the lily in her hand, "this part which you call the blossom, is, as I have already told you, the corolla; tell me of how many parts it is composed."

"Six," answered Clara.

"Six, yes; well each of these six parts is called a petal. Now, what do you observe within the corolla?"

"Six little threads like, with a sort of knob at the end, and —"

"Not too fast! these little things like threads are termed stamens; the long slender part is called the filament, and the little knob the anther. Now, what else is there?"

"A stem, I suppose I might call it, which rises in the centre, above the stamens."

"This stem, as you call it, is the pistil: it consists of three parts: this top part is termed the stigma; the long slender part the style; and this bottom part the germ."

"The germ contains the seeds, doesn't it, mother?"

"Yes; and when ripe it is termed the pericarp; the seeds are termed ovules. The anther, I should have told you, contains the pollen or dust, which serves to give life to the young seed."

"How does the pollen reach the germ, mother?"

"When the flower is ripe, the anthers burst, and the pollen is scattered: insects too, in search of honey, disturb the dust of the stamens."

"Are these all the parts of the flower, mother?"

"No; the end of the flower-stem where these petals are inserted, is termed the receptacle. These are all the parts of the lily, but there is another part, which, although found in most flowers, is wanting here."

"You mean that little green thing like a cup, don't you, mother, at the bottom of the corolla? Here is one in this pink."

"Yes, that is what I allude to; this little green cup is called the calyx. Now let me hear if you can explain the different parts of a flower?"

"First, then, I suppose it is the calyx which surrounds the corolla —"

"The different parts of the calyx, I should have told you, are called sepals."

"Next the corolla, or blossom part of the flower; the parts of which are called the petals; within the corolla are the stamens; the parts are the anther, which contains the pollen, and the filament, which supports the anther; then, in the centre of the stamens, is the pistil, composed of the germ, the style, and the stigma; and the last is the receptacle, which supports the other parts of the flower. That is all, isn't it, mother?"

"In the mature plant, there are two other parts."

"Oh! yes; the pericarp and the seed."

"You have done very well, Clara: that, I think, is as much as your mind ought to be burthened with at one time; so we will leave the subject for the present."

Conversation II.

"CAN you tell me anything more about flowers this morning, mother?" asked Clara, a few days after the last conversation on flowers between her and her mother took place.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Wilson. "I was just thinking about sending for you for that purpose. I suppose you have not forgotten what I told you about the different parts of the flower?"

"No mother; I was going over them to myself a little while ago, and I could distinguish them all quite perfectly."

"I told you the other day that plants were divided into classes, orders, &c. Classes are the largest division. According to the system which is now most commonly adopted, there are twenty-one classes."

"How are these distinguished from each other, mother?"

"By the number of stamens they contain; that is, the first ten are distinguished in that way; the remaining eleven, upon distinctions observed in the stamens."

"Then I suppose, mother, a plant with one stamen belongs to the first class; one with two to the second, and so on?"

"Yes."

"Then the lily, having six stamens, is of the sixth class; and the pink, having ten, is of the tenth class."

"Just so. This division of plants in classes, to orders, etc., may be compared to the general divisions of the inhabitants of the earth; thus classes are like the different nations of men; orders, to the different divisions of nations; genera, the different families which compose these several divisions; and species, the different individuals which compose a family."

"Then, I suppose, the name of the genera is like to the surname of a person, and the name of the species to the individual or Christian name?"

"Yes; but when you speak of a single family of plants, you should say genus, not genera; genera is the plural of genus. But the specific name of the flower, instead of preceding the family name as it does among the families of men, follows after."

"What! just as if you were to call me Wilson Clara, instead of Clara Wilson?"

"Yes; there are many different kinds or species of roses, you know; in botany they are termed *rosa canina*, or dog-rose, *rosa damascena*, or damask rose, *rosa alba*, or white rose, etc."

"Why how foolish this seems, mother?"

"It is owing to these names being of Latin origin; and in that language the adjective generally follows the noun."

"Are the names of the classes and orders of Latin origin too, mother?"

"No; the first twelve classes are named by prefixing Greek numerals to the word *Andria*, which signifies stamen. Here is a list of Latin and Greek numerals which I have written for you, which you had better commit to memory, as it will enable you to understand better the names of the classes and orders."

LATIN.		GREEK.	
Unus	1	Monos	Monos.
Res	2	Dis	Dis.
Tres	3	Treis	Treis.
Quatuor	4	Tetras	Tetras.
Quinque	5	Pente	Pente.
Sex	6	Hex	Hex.
Septem	7	Hepta	Hepta.
Octo	8	Okto	Okto.
Novem	9	Ennea	Ennea.
Decem	10	Deka	Deka.
Undecim	11	Endeka	Endeka.
Dodecim	12	Dodeka	Dodeka.
Tredecim	13	Dekatreis	Dekatreis.
Quatuordecim	14	Dekatetras	Dekatetras.
Quindecim	15	Dekapente	Dekapente.
Sexdecim	16	Dekahex	Dekahex.
Septemdecim	17	Dekasepta	Dekasepta.
Octodecim	18	Dekaokta	Dekaokta.
Novemdecim	19	Dekaeenea	Dekaeenea.
Viginti	20	Eikosi	Eikosi.
Multus	Many	Polus	Polus.

"Then, mother, I suppose," said Clara, after looking over the list for a few minutes, "the first class is called *Monos-andria*, the second, *Dis-andria*, etc.?"

"No; only a portion of the numeral is prefixed, thus:—

Mon-andria	1 stamen	Hex-andria	6 stamens
Di-andria	2 "	Hept-andria	7 "
Tri-andria	3 "	Oct-andria	8 "
Tetr-andria	4 "	Enne-andria	9 "
Pent-andria	5 "	Dec-andria	10 "

"That is only ten classes, mother; I thought you said twelve were named in this way?"

"These classes, you know, depend upon the number of stamens they contain; the other two have a different distinction."

"What is that distinction, mother?"

"The eleventh class, *Ikos-andria*, from *Dikosi*, 20, has more than ten stamens, which are inserted on the calyx. The twelfth class, *Poly-andria*, from *Polus*, many, has also more than ten, but they are inserted on the receptacle."

"Then, mother, I should say the poppy belonged to the twelfth class?"

"Yes; and can you not think of some belonging to the eleventh? look into your bouquet, I think you will find one there."

"The rose, doesn't it mother?"

"Yes."

"Now, how are the other classes known?"

"The thirteenth has four stamens; two of which are longer than the other two. The fourteenth has six: four of which are longer than the others."

"How are these named, mother?"

"By prefixing Greek numerals to *Dynamia*, which signifies power or length: thus, *Di-dynamia*, 13, *Tetra-dynamia*, 14."

"What flowers belong to these classes?"

"Of the former, we might name the wall-flower, and the fox-glove; of the latter, cabbage, mustard, radish, and other important table vegetables. The next two classes are named by prefixing Greek numerals to *adelpia*, which signifies brotherhood: thus, *Mon-adelpia*, 15; *Dia-adelpia*, 16."

To be continued.

Thomas H. Benton, on the Western Country

The present territory of Kansas, extending seven hundred miles in length upon two hundred in breadth, and containing above one hundred thousand square miles, would form two states of above fifty thousand square miles each. A section of the Rocky Mountains, embracing the Three Parks, and the head waters of the South Platte, the Arkansas, Del Norte, and the eastern branches of the Great Colorado of the West, would form another state, larger, in the opinion of Fremont, than all the Swiss cantons put together; and presenting everything grand and beautiful that is to be found in Switzerland, without its drawback of avalanches and glaciers. The valley of the Upper Colorado, from the western base of the Rocky Mountains to the eastern base of the Wahsatch and Anterria ranges, 200 miles wide by 200 miles long, and now a part of Utah, might form the fourth—and the remainder of Utah, from the Wahsatch to California, would form the fifth—of which the part this way covering Santa Clara meadows, and Wahsatch and Anterria ranges, would be the brightest part.

We begin with the territory of Kansas, and find its length above three times its breadth, and naturally divisible into two states by a north and south line, half way to the mountains. The eastern half is beginning to be known from the reports of emigrants and explorers; but to understand its whole interior, the general outline of the whole territory must first be traced—in the mind's eye, or upon a map—thus: Beginning on the western boundary of Missouri, in the latitude of 37 degrees, and following that parallel west, to the eastern boundary of New Mexico, then a deflection of one degree north to the parallel of 38; and on that parallel to the summit of the Rocky Mountains; then northwardly along that summit to the parallel of 40 degrees; then east with that parallel to the Missouri line; and south with that line to the beginning. This is the outline; now for the interior; and for the sake of distinction we will examine that by sections, conformable to the natural divisions of the country.

We commence with the Kansas river, on the north side of the territory, and its four long forks—the Smoky Hill, the Saline, Solomon's, and the Republican—of which the Smoky Hill is the most considerable, and in the best place for the advantage of the territory. All these forks flow in the right direction—from west to east—and are beautifully parallel to each other, without mountains or ridges between to interrupt their communications, and making, after their junction, near two hundred miles of steamboat navigation before their united waters reach the great Missouri river. All the land drained by these streams constitute the Valley of Kansas—if the term valley can be applied to a region which has but little perceptible depression below the general level of the country. We will consider the term applicable to all the territory drained by all the Kansas forks and all their tributaries. One general description applies to the whole—the rich soil like Egypt, and tempting as Egypt would be, if raised above the slimy flood, waved into gentle undulations, variegated with groves and meadows, sprinkled with springs, coursed by streams, and warmed by a sun which warms without burning, and blessed with the alternation of seasons which give vigor to the mind and body. Egypt thus raised up and changed, might stand for Kansas; as she is, the only point of comparison is in the soil. For this valley is high and clean, diversified with wood and prairie, watered by springs and streams, grassy and flowery—its bosom filled with stone for building, coal for fuel, and iron for the home supply of that first of metals. This is the Kansas of the northern, or Kansas river side, where Fremont says (and he has a right to know), a continuous corn field, two hundred miles in length, might be made, so rich and level is the country. But of this part it is not necessary to say much, as the crowds of emigrants are directing themselves upon it, and vying with each other in glowing descriptions which they give of its beauty, salubrity, and fertility.

I turn to the south side of the Territory, of which little has been said, and much is to be told, and all profitable to be known. In the first place, this south side includes the whole body of the Arkansas river, from near the Missouri line to its headmost spring in the Rocky mountains—a length of above seven hundred miles on a straight line, and near double that length in the meanders of the stream. This gives to the Territory a second large river, and in the right place, and flowing in the right direction—and parallel to the other, as if its twin sister; and so near together as to be seldom more than a

degree, and sometimes not half a degree, from each other, and no mountains nor high grounds between them. This of itself is a great advantage to the Territory; for the Arkansas, like all rivers in the prairie country, brings fertile borders, and groves of wood and rich grass, and makes an attractive line for settlement and travel. In the next place, it gives a succession of tributaries on each side—each giving lines of wood and water—the only thing wanted for settlement and cultivation. Some of these tributaries are of good length, and drain wide areas—as the Neosho, drawing its expanded headwaters from the centre of the Territory, two hundred miles long, and becoming navigable before it reaches the Arkansas river. The Verdigris is but little less than the Neosho, and the next, above it, and of the same characteristics; and both adapted to cultivation and pasturage. On the opposite side, coming in from the south, is the Salt fork of the Arkansas, the lower part of it within the limits of Kansas, with its salt plains, and rock salt—impregnating the river, and rendering its waters undrinkable in the dry season. I have seen parcels of this rock salt at St. Louis, cut off with hatchets by the Indians, and of the blown salt, swept up by the squaws with the turkey-wing fans when the autumnal sun had evaporated the briny waters of the saline marshes—all so useless now in the hands of the Indians, and to become so valuable in the hands of the whites. Ascending the river, there is a continued succession of affluents from each side, all exercising their fertilized powers upon bordering lines of wood, soil and grass, and becoming better to the very basin of the mountains; so that the river advantages on the north side of the Territory are rivalled by similar advantages on the south side.

I have spoken of the two sides of the Territory; now for the centre, and that is soon dispatched. An expanded prairie, level to the view, rich in soil, scant (but not destitute) of water, green with grass, and enlivened in the proper season, with myriads of buffaloes—spreads illimitably before the eyes of the traveller. Some springs, many small streams, numerous pools, peculiar to those plains, (reservoirs of the rain invaluable for stock,) furnish the present supply, to be helped out by wells as soon as settled. The annual autumnal devastating fires being stopped, the indigenous forest growth will immediately come forth, accompanied by the exotics which the thrifty farmer will lose no time to introduce. Coal will furnish fuel, so that the whole central plain will receive settlers from the beginning and especially on the line of road actually travelled and where the rail road may be expected to be. In the meantime the settler has an attraction—superior to many, and profitable as well as pleasant in itself—to draw him into this vast plane. It is the pastoral pursuit: for this is the bucolic region of our America—now the resort of wild animals—and soon to become the home of the domestic. A short sweet grass, equally nutritious in the green or dried state (for it dries of itself on the ground,) covers the face of the earth, inviting all ruminating animals to take their food on it, without measure, and without stint—a great pastoral region in which the ox will not know his master's crib, nor the ass the hand that feedeth him, but in which the dumb, unconscious beast, without knowing it, will feel the bounty of the hand which is the giver of all good.

Mr. Charles McClanahan, a Virginian emigrant to California, and a large dealer in stock to that country, writing back to me from the Valley of San Luis in August, 1853, says:

"On this route, almost the entire way, may be settled; as all the land from Missouri to Bent's Fort is rich and very fertile, equal to the best lands of Missouri and Illinois; and no land can beat the Sierra Blanca for grass. Even to the very summit it stands as thick as the best meadows, and many acres would mow at least four tons to the acre. Then comes the large and beautiful valley of San Luis, said to be one of the most fertile in New Mexico. Indeed, fine land is upon the whole route, and the climate is such that stock can live out all the winter upon the grass. On this route there is abundance of grass and water, so much so, that stock will travel and keep fat. A very large majority of our sheep are as fat mutton as any in the Philadelphia or Baltimore market; and a very large number of Mr. Barnwell's cattle are fine beef, and I have never seen any stock, after travelling so far, look half so well."

The western or Upper Kansas will make another great state; and both will quickly be ripe for admission into the Union—East Kansas in 1855, and the western in 1856. They will both be settled with unexampled rapidity. In agriculture and

grazing alone they present irresistible attractions to the settler. But it is not agricultural and pastoral advantages alone, great as they are, which are to attract people to this region; other causes are to add their inducements to the same attractions, and to render them invincible. At the head of these other causes stands the pre-emption law, now engrafted as a permanent feature in the federal land system, and made applicable to all the public lands in the Territory. By virtue of this law, the laboring man, without a dollar in his pocket, is put ahead of the speculator with his thousands. He may choose for himself out of the wide domain—a mark out his choice—take possession—work it, and raise enough out of it, or on it, to pay the government price by the time the pay is demandable—with the good prospect to see it rise to ten or twenty times as much as it cost within a few years. This is a chance for a freehold, and of provision for a family, which the wise and industrious tiller of the earth will not neglect. Then comes the political advantages. The act of Congress creating the Territory give great political rights to unnaturalized settlers coming into it. It gives the elective franchise and eligibility to office upon the simple declaration of an intention to become a citizen of the United States, and taking the requisite oaths. This is an advantage which the foreign emigrant will know how to appreciate, and to appropriate. Then comes an advantage of a different kind still, novel but energetic, and already in full operation—the competition for excess of settlers between the free and slave states. That competition, though deplorable in its political and social aspect, must have one good effect upon the Territory—that of rapidly filling it with people—the only point of view in which I refer to it. Finally comes a fourth cause in this extra list for attracting settlers—one that must have its effect upon all who can reason from cause to effect—who can look ahead and see what is to happen by seeing what exists—who can estimate the force of natural causes, which are self-acting and irresistible, and which work out their results without the directing and helping hand of government. It is the Pacific Railroad! Kansas has the charter from nature for that road, and will use it. She has the smooth way on which to place it—the straight way on which to run it—the material with which to build it—the soil and people to support it—and the salubrious climate to give it exemption from disease; and she has in her south-west quarter, precisely where the straight line requires them to be, the multiplied gates which open the mountains to the Pacific—the Coochatope, the Carnero, the San Juan, the Poonche, the Medio, the Mosca, the Sangre de Christo, the Utah. These passes, and the rich, grand, and beautiful country in which they lie, command a road—and will have it; and the pre-emptioner who acquires a quarter section on its line may consider his fortune made.

We also take a section of the Rocky Mountains, from 37 to 41 degrees—near 300 miles north and south—and go down to the base on each side, say a hundred miles or more each way—making an area of 60,000 square miles, while all the Swiss cantons have not 20,000. Here, then, is territory enough for a great mountain state. Now let us look to its contents and capabilities. First, there are the Three Parks, first described by Fremont, and since laid down on all the maps—large, beautiful mountain coves, two of thirty miles diameter each, the other of sixty—at a great elevation, delightful in summer, and tempered in winter, from the concentration of the sun's rays; and sheltered by the lofty rim of mountains, for ever crowned with snow, which wall them in, and break off the outside storms. The name is not fanciful, nor bestowed capriciously by travellers, but a real description, translated from the Indian name of these parks, which signifies "cow lodge;" and not without reason—for the buffaloes not only feed, but lodge there, and make them the places of their immense congregation, attended by all their minor animals—elk, deer, antelopes, bears. Then the innumerable little valleys, in which rise the myriad of young streams, which collecting into creeks go off to start their long courses to the mighty rivers, which, there rising together, go off in opposite directions—some to the rising, some to the setting sun; the South Platte, the Arkansas, the Del Norte on one side, and the great Colorado of the West on the other—all four born so near together, to run so far apart; a point of similitude to Switzerland which the instructed mind will not fail to perceive, and also to discover another similitude in Pike's Peak—grand in its elevation, forever luminous in snow, the Mont Blanc of the Rocky Mountains—which no adventurous Packard or De Sausses has ever yet climbed.



The Ocean.

How interesting is the ocean!—perhaps the most interesting of all the wonders of nature. The vast expanse of waters stretching far beyond the reach of vision, presents to our eyes a picture of immensity that awes the mind; and its unfathomable depths involve so much of mystery as to charm and overpower the imagination. Its mood and aspect, too, rouse curiosity and invite contemplation by ceaseless change; now rushing and roaring, as it does, in tremendous mountain billows, when the fierce hurricane careers over its surface, now dancing with crest of foam before a gladsome breeze, to fling itself on the shore with noisy playfulness; now lying still in a calm, as profoundly peaceful as though it had gone to sleep never more to waken. To the poet, the ocean offers an image of eternity, at once 'beautiful, sublime, and glorious,' inspiring deep emotions; the painter's eye never tires of watching its living hues and liquid movements, in the hope of reproducing them on his canvas; while the philosopher finds in the "great and wide sea, wherein are creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts," an exhaustless object of study. It is this latter view we purpose to take in the following pages, and present a sketch of what has been done by science and philosophy towards revealing the mystery of the deep.

In looking at a map of the globe, the great preponderance of water over land at once arrests the attention. This is not a matter of chance, for the liquid element plays an important part in the economy of our planet. It is the grand agent of change, of destruction, and renovation; and the facts brought to light by the researches of geologists, show that it has been the same in all ages, if not to a greater degree than now. During the silurian and carboniferous periods, the proportion of water was far greater than at present, and we may believe that the greatness of the ocean was in perfect accordance with the greatness of the developments yet to follow. The developments are still going on, though imperceptibly, before our eyes; for while the sea exists there can be no permanence for the land.

Long as we have been familiar with the ocean, it is only about eighty years ago that any positive study was directed to its various interesting phenomena. Mariners, even in early ages, knew that there were currents which often baffled them in their navigation; certain regions were recognised as subject to calms, others to storms; and remarkable effects of tides were noticed on different coasts; but the causes of these phenomena, and the purposes they were intended to serve, still remained among the secrets of nature. But although, even now, the great controlling laws remain undiscovered, we can speak with fuller certainty of their effects, and push our investigations with such abundant resources, as to widen and confirm our knowledge. We now know that the land and water react one on the other, that the vast preponderance of water is in reality a proof of a subsidiary function, "for mass and number, as we see in all the kingdoms of nature, never belong to the superior being." We know that by this reaction the life

branch of inquiry, are to some extent known and demonstrated, and are found to be parts of a system as fraught with beauty and beneficence as those works of nature which are better understood. To form a clear idea of the subject, we must first take a brief survey of the ocean, its extent, and divisions. Take a map, draw a line from the south pole to Cape Agulhas, and another from the same point to Cape Horn; all the water that lies between, and fills the great valley bounded by the continents of Europe, Africa, and America, on the east and west, is known as the Atlantic Ocean. Stretching away northwards, it meets the Arctic Sea, between Norway and Greenland, where the width is still so great that it may be considered as the same ocean, embracing the earth from pole to pole. How different from the idea of the ancient Greek geographers who applied the term *oceanos* to what they believed to be a belt of water surrounding the land! Including the Baltic, Black, Mediterranean, and Carribean Seas, and Hudson's Bay, the Atlantic comprises thirty millions of square miles. These inland seas are one of its chief characteristics; no other ocean penetrates into the land as does the Atlantic. Looking at its grand outlines, Humboldt has suggested that it may have been formed by a rush of waters from the South, which continued their course northwards till they struck the mountainous coast of Brazil, when being turned aside, they swept across, and having hollowed out the Gulf of Guinea, the mighty torrent rushed again to the West, and formed the indentation now filled by the Carribean Sea and Mexican Gulf. From thence it swept on to the north, and spent itself in the circumpolar seas.

Draw a third line from the South pole to South-west Cape, Van Dieman's Land, and we have the western boundary of the Pacific, its eastern limit being the line already drawn from Cape Horn. This ocean comprehends one hundred millions of square miles—half the superficies of the globe! Enclosed by America on the East, and Asia and Australia on the West, it is the largest of the oceans; and owing to the distance between the continents in the South, it is there of extraordinary width—eight thousand miles—but grows narrower as it approaches the North, until, at Behring Strait, not more than thirty-six miles across, it meets the boundary of the Arctic Sea. Thus, though so much larger than the Atlantic, it cannot be considered as taking the same vast sweep from one pole to the other. Five minor seas are connected with it as offshoots: what are called the North and South China Sea, the seas of Japan, Okhotsk, and Behring—the latter cut off by the Aleutian Isles and the Alaskan promontory. This is the ocean which so much excited the astonishment and admiration of the early Spanish conquerors of America, when they first beheld it from the highlands of the western coast and the mountains of the Isthmus; and which afforded so vast a field to the energies of Drake, and his companions, and successors—foremost in establishing the fame of Britain's naval enterprise. Magellan, who was the first to cross it, found it so tranquil, that he named it the Pacific.

Between the lines drawn from South-west Cape

of the globe is sustained; that if the ocean destroys, it also renews; that it is the feeder of lakes, rivers, and springs, however far inland may be their source, and it is a mighty agent in the constitution of climate. Heated every day by the sun, vapors rise from the surface of the water, and spreading themselves through the atmosphere, become condensed and transformed into mist and fog, and are carried by the winds across islands and continents, where the clouds pour down their contents, as the early and the latter rains, dropping fatness on the land, endowing it with life and fertility. No sooner has it fallen, than the superabundant moisture begins to flow back to the vast reservoir whence it was drawn, in a perpetual course; "for seed-time and harvest shall never fail."

The general effect here described is subject to a variety of modifications, and these, which constitute an important

and Cape Agulhas, lies the extensive watery region, known as the Indian Ocean, bounded on the North by the continent of India, and containing that vast archipelago of islands, large and small, scattered between the Maylayan peninsula and the northern shore of Australia, where marvellous fertility and lavish beauty combine to form the most glorious and exquisite of tropical scenery. Gulfs characterise the Indian Ocean—the Arabia Gulf or Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf; we thus see that each of the three great oceans has different characteristics. Its extent, including the gulfs and the Bay of Bengal, is twenty-five millions of square miles.

Last, there is the Arctic Ocean, or Polar Sea, which fills the basin, about two thousand miles in diameter, formed by the northern coasts of Asia, America and Europe. Altogether it comprises about four millions of square miles; but it is as yet imperfectly known, for there frost and ice conspire to hinder the most persevering of man's attempts at exploration. It is only inch by inch, and bidding defiance to peril, that we have gained our knowledge of the margin of the basin; all attempts to sail across it from one side to the other have hitherto failed. Dreary and terrific though it be, we shall presently see that the Polar Ocean serves no unimportant purpose in the economy of nature.

Adding ocean to ocean, and sea to sea, we find that more than three-fourths of the globe are water; the land, with its continents and islands, its empires, kingdoms, and states, the abode of hundreds of millions of human beings, forming but a comparatively small portion of the whole. This portion is so grouped, that as shewn by Ritter, the solid is all in one-half of the globe, the fluid in the other. For instance: a great circle drawn from the coast of Peru to the southern extremity of Asia, embraces a hemisphere which contains so small a portion of land, that we may with but little violence to the truth describe it as the hemisphere of water, seeing that, besides the islands that dot the Pacific, it contains only Australia, the southern extremity of America, and the Indian Archipelago; while nearly all the land will be found in the opposite hemisphere. This is one of the facts lately brought to light by science, which open up, as it were, new views of the physical constitution of our planet. The philosopher reasoning from them arrives at more enlightened conclusions.

Besides the distinctive features above mentioned, the oceans are strikingly characterised by the conformation of their shores, as may be seen by reference to a map. This is a matter which has much to do with commerce, and the social advancement of nations. The coast-line of Asia is 30,800 miles; of North America, 24,000; of South America, 13,600; of Africa, 14,000; of Australia, 7,600; of Europe, 17,200. Here we see that Africa, although three times larger than Europe, has a much smaller coast-line—nowhere does it admit the sea to its inner regions, and hence its backwardness in civilization. The shores of Europe, on the contrary, are so deeply indented, so broken up by bays, creeks, promontories, and peninsulas, that the Atlantic penetrates far into its interior, circulating a vigorous life in all directions, and offering the amplest maritime privileges to populations unmatched for intelligence, activity and enterprise. Neither the Pacific nor the Indian Ocean thrusts itself as deeply into the land as the Atlantic. "Where," says Guyot, "have we beheld all people and societies arrive at their highest perfection, if not in Europe, that peninsular continent, the most indented and most maritime of all the continents? Where do we see barbarism reign triumphant, if not in Africa and Australia—continents shut out from all contact with the rest of the world, its seas, and its people, by their continuous and unindented outlines? . . . All the highly civilised peoples of the world, with the exception of one or two primitive nations, have lived, or still live, on the margins of seas or oceans. The Chinese and the Hindoos unquestionably represent the most advanced state of civilization in Oriental Asia. In Europe, to name Phœnicia, Asia Minor, Greece, and Rome, is to enumerate all the highly cultivated peoples of antiquity; and all have, as the theatre of their strifes and exploits, as well as for their connecting-link, the Mediterranean Sea. To come to a later date, it is to the ocean that Spain and Portugal owed the brilliant part they played at the period when superb discoveries doubled the extent of the historic world. At this very hour, the might of England causes itself to be felt from one to the other extremity of the world."

If, in the immensity of ocean, vastness of length and breadth, there be cause of astonishment, so

there is in its depth. Accurate surveys, carried on during several years, and repeated when necessary, have made us well acquainted with the depth and nature of the bottom of European seas, and of some other latitudes. And this is a work in which a government may worthily employ a portion of its resources, seeing that marine discovery tends to the improvement of navigation, and the welfare of mankind at large. In Europe it is found that a bold shore generally indicates a deep sea, while a sloping shore is a sign of a shallow sea; but this peculiarity prevails much less markedly around the other continents. Off Norway, the coast of Spain, and other parts of the Mediterranean, a sudden descent to a great depth is particularly remarkable; and if the sea were for a time to forsake its bed, the steep and picturesque character of lofty shores would be greatly heightened. Standing on the bottom, we should see the cliffs on the west of Ireland rising 4,000 feet above our heads, double their present elevation; and in some places the difference would be still greater, the seas in the south of Europe being deeper than in the north.

Generally speaking, the sea increases gradually in depth as the shore is left behind, from 50 to 500 fathoms or more; but the slope is, by no means regular, abrupt breaks and inequalities occur before the region of soundings is left for the deep sea. In some instances, the slope stretches very far into the ocean; emigrants bound to New York find a relief to their weariness in seeing the lead dropped, and bringing up a specimen of the bottom while yet at 500 miles from land. Off another part of the American coast, Cape Hatteras, there is a sudden plunge to a depth of 3,300 fathoms, or 19,800 feet; but such breaks are rare in that region. A story is told of certain young men to whom one of these gulfs was near proving fatal. They were out in a small boat, and hooked a shark in Massachusetts Bay. The predacious creature immediately ran out to the end of the line, and keeping his nose to the ground, scudded rapidly seawards; to row in the contrary direction was impossible, not one of the party had a knife to cut the line, and by some fatality it could not be cast off. Luckily they were seen by an inward-bound steamer, and rescued; but scarcely had they leaped into the boat lowered to receive them, than their own suddenly disappeared. The shark had come to the edge of the deep water, and plunged immediately downwards, dragging boat and line with him, doubtless to his no little embarrassment.

We are best acquainted with the Atlantic, it has so long been the highway of commerce, and can form a general notion as to the main features of the bottom on which it rests. A systematic survey, by means of deep-sea soundings, will ere long be carried on jointly by the British and United States governments; and from this we shall doubtless extend our knowledge of the mighty basin. Already we know that it is in some places of prodigious depth. Sir James Ross sounded on two occasions with from 14,000 to 16,000 feet of line; and on a spot 900 miles west of St. Helena, he failed to reach the bottom with 27,600 feet. Here we have a descent equal to the rise of the Himalayas above the surface. The Americans have found a depth of six miles in the North Atlantic; and a sounding taken in October, 1852, by Captain Denham, near Tristan d'Aunha, in the South Atlantic, strikingly confirms the supposition thrown out by Dr. Whewell, in his "Researches on the Tides," that the greatest depth of the Atlantic would prove to be nine miles. Captain Denham found it to be more than eight miles. We must wait for renewed attempts before accepting these deep-sea soundings literally; still, even regarded as nothing more than approximations, they verify the theoretical view. Professor B. Pierce has shown, that a line described at a descending angle from the table-lands of Lupata, South Africa, and from those of Bolivia, would intersect somewhere about 1,000 miles from the American coast, at a depth of 7,600 feet, but if drawn from the summits of the Andes and of the African mountains, they meet at a depth of 15,000 feet. The soundings hitherto taken, however, give a greater depth than here assigned; they represent to us the Atlantic as a valley of prodigious depth as well as length; and if we imagine the elevation from where Captain Denham struck the bottom to the top of Chimborazo, it will enlarge our idea of the tremendous forces which have produced such inequalities in the crust of the earth.

Whatever the depth, the ocean bottom is exposed to continual alterations from natural causes. The solid matters borne down by rivers are making the sea shallower every day, although perhaps imperceptibly so, unless measured at long intervals. The

Mississippi discharges every year into the Gulf of Mexico, a deposit of earth sufficient to form a bed one mile square, and seventy-six feet thick; such masses, poured forth by so many rivers, must necessarily produce an effect, and we may believe that their distribution over the bottom is another of those slow processes of change through which the earth has passed since its creation.

The great sand-banks, too, in many places, constantly alter the form of the sea-bottom. Between England and the continent the average depth of the German Ocean is 90 feet, except on the bold coast of Norway, where it descends suddenly to 190 fathoms; and there are certain spots where this depth is every day diminished. The Dogger-bank threatens, at no very remote period, to form an island; placed between England and Holland, the rivers of both countries are always adding to its mass, by the muddy deposit they carry down. One-fifth of the German Ocean is occupied by banks about seventy-eight feet in height, their whole extent being equal to that of Ireland. These banks, even when fifty feet below the surface, not unfrequently deflect currents in the water, thereby producing changes in the direction of surface-streams, and eddies, which assist materially in the throwing down of the deposit that adds to their bulk. They are thus at once a cause and an effect.

The banks of other seas are of much greater dimensions: those of Agulhas, at the southern extremity of Africa, stretch for 150 miles into the ocean, and increase the difficulty of navigation in that stormy region. They may, indeed, be described as continents in process of formation, as many parts are above the surface. Similar in character are the banks of Newfoundland: these constitute a double bank, one branch of which is 200 miles wide and 600 long, or more, for there are traces of it found reaching across the Atlantic to the North of Scotland. This may probably be the ridge which, according to a tradition among mariners, the Dutch sounded in the early days of their American colonies, all the way from the west of England to New York. If, on further survey, such a shoal should be found to exist, how useful it will become as a foundation for a transatlantic telegraph. The depth of water on the great bank is from 25 to 100 fathoms.

Another cause of alteration in the sea-bottom remains to be noticed—volcanic action or earthquakes. The upheaval of Graham's Island in the Mediterranean, in 1831, is a case in point.

This extraordinary phenomenon, which excited much attention at the time, was preceded by earthquake shocks, and gradually the volcanic mass rose from a depth of 100 fathoms until it was 200 feet above the water, and three miles in circumference. After about two months, partly by subsidence and the action of the sea, it was brought down below the surface, where it still remains, a dangerous shoal. Something similar is taking place in the Atlantic between St. Helena and Ascension, where an island, or group of islands, is slowly being upheaved. Some centuries hence, their tops will doubtless be seen emerging from the waves.

Wherever there are volcanoes, we may be sure that important changes are taking place. A considerable extent of the coast of Aracan has been slowly and gradually rising within the past hundred years; in some places, the upheaval amounts to nearly 30 feet. Volcanic agency is very active in that part of the world. A bay in the little island of Goung-Api, more than 300 feet deep, was entirely filled up by a mass of black basalt that rose from the bottom, and so silently that the inhabitants knew nothing of the change until they saw the dark rock within a few feet of the surface. Similar forces are at work at the bottom of the Pacific, along the whole range of the Andes, and as far from the mainland as the Galapagos and Juan Fernandez. The whole of this vast area is rising, though not always with visible effects, except when violent disturbances occur, and then the alterations of depths are unmistakable. The earthquakes which took place along the coasts of Peru and Chili, in the early part of 1853, threw up dangerous shoals near the land, and greatly changed the soundings in some of the ports. The Hawaiian group is another centre of upheaval; and in the north, two islands which now stand among the Kuriles, in water more than 200 fathoms deep, were upheaved some fifty years ago. We thus see that the bottom of the ocean undergoes continual change; here becoming deeper, there growing shallower, and unfavorable to navigation. If, however, banks and shoals are a cause of danger, they have, at the same time, a great economical value, for it is to them that the animals of the ocean chiefly resort, and they are the fishing grounds whence commerce derives no inconsider-

able portion of its revenues, and the world of its food.

Among the ocean phenomena to be considered, the tides hold a prominent place; their alternate rise and fall is not less a benefit to the dwellers on the shores, than a constantly recurring subject of interest for the philosopher. In them we have a lasting example of one of the great activities of nature—of cause and effect, which seldom fails to impress the mind with a sense of the wonderful. This is never more strongly felt than when one accustomed to witness the great six-hourly movements of the water, finds himself on the borders of a tideless sea. How dead and inert does it appear, and how restricted is the field of observation on its margin!

Much has been written on the subject of the tides, and yet we are far from having that clear explanation of their causes and effects to which a century or two of investigation would seem to entitle us. One of our most distinguished writers, who has devoted many years of his life to this branch of physics, now abandons his ingenious theory, and declares that the true explanation is still a secret. This, however, is not the place to discuss the theory of the tides; it will suffice to state, that the cause is held to be due to the attractive influence of the sun and moon, and turn our attention at once to the effect.

Whatever be the impelling cause, it is found that the great tidal-wave originates in the vast oceanic region surrounding the antarctic pole. It is there we have the largest expanse of unbroken water, which perhaps renders it particularly suitable as the starting point of the mighty periodical heave. We may best gain an idea of the phenomenon by following the course of a single wave.

We will suppose that the resistless movement having come up from the far south, and shown itself round the shores of the Auckland, New Zealand, and other islands of the circumpolar sea, is passing Van Diemen's Land at midnight—twelve o'clock. In twelve hours more, so rapid is the motion, it reaches Madras; and seven hours later is rushing, as a furious wave, up the great rivers of Southern India. This wave it was, that dashing at a height of thirty or forty feet into the Indus, so amazed the troops of Alexander the Great, who had never seen any but the diminutive tides of the Mediterranean. To them it was at first a terror—a fearful instance of the wonder and mystery of the East. Meantime, another division of the same wave pursuing a westerly course, has also in twelve hours or by noon, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, and sweeping round the famous promontory, it finds a clear course up the great valley of the Atlantic. In another twelve hours, say midnight of Monday, the wave has made good progress to the north, and stretches in a deep curve all across the Atlantic, and produces high water at Newfoundland and at Cape Blanco, on the coast of Africa. It now turns to the east, almost at right angles to its original course, and at four in the morning of Tuesday, is giving high water to Brest, to the Land's End, and to Cape Clear. Here another division takes place, and we must follow each portion separately. One stream rushes up the Channel, through the Straits of Dover, and at noon, the thirty-sixth hour from the commencement, it is high water at Dunkirk and Dungeness. From this point the movement takes an easterly direction across the German Ocean, and is felt on the coasts of Belgium and Holland, where, however, it becomes subordinate to a stronger impulse, as we shall presently see.

Returning to the Land's End, we find the other portion of the great wave continuing its course round the west coast of Ireland, and through the Irish Sea, filling port after port as it speeds onwards, hastening the passage of ships into their haven, and carrying with it a reinvigorating influence with it far into the land. Many an eye brightens, and many a weary heart rejoices as the foamy swell breaks on the shore, which announces the return of the wave that brings with it the breath of the sea. In some rivers it produces what is called the "bore," an almost perpendicular wave of several feet in height, which travels against the stream, steady and resistless as an avalanche, and with a roar that is heard at a considerable distance. The lift of the water, scarcely observable in mid-ocean, becomes very apparent as soon as the great tidal-wave arrives in shallow water. Hence, as the stream rushes up the slope of the Bristol Channel, it swells higher and higher as the depth diminishes, and at last rushes into the Severn a wave nine feet in height. Strangers who visit Gloucester are often invited to walk down to the bridge to see the

bore; and those who have witnessed the sight at the time of spring-tides, and after nightfall, will long remember the impression made by the deep, surging sound, approaching nearer and nearer, till all on a sudden the river is filled to the brim, and sweeping through the arches of the bridge, pursues its course resistlessly upwards. The same movement takes place, also, in the Seine, where it is known as *la barre*; and the steamer which plies between Rouen and Havre has not unfrequently to wait, in descending the stream, about half-way between the two places, until the advancing wave has brought water enough to float her clear of the shallows. It is in the Amazon, however, that this phenomenon assumes its mightiest form—there a wave of from fifteen to twenty feet high travels furiously against the stream to a distance of many miles from the mouth.

But we have not yet done with the great tidal-wave of the Atlantic; from the west of Ireland it continues its course round the north of Scotland, creating a maze of eddies and whirlpools among the numerous islands of that rocky coast, and at the thirty-sixth hour it has brought high water to Aberdeen and to Hekkeford in Norway, on the opposite side of the sea. The other division of the wave, as we have seen, is making high tide at Dunkirk and Dungeness at the same time. From Aberdeen, the direction of the movement is southwards—precisely the reverse direction to the first start; and continuing to flow down the eastern side of England, it enters the Thames at midnight of Tuesday, forty-eight hours after its departure from Van Diemen's Land, and at a few hours later it is high water at London. The German Ocean, it will thus be seen, has two tide-waves—that which comes from the north being the strongest, and governing the time of high water at nearly every port, even on the Belgian coast, notwithstanding the presence of the other branch of the great wave, which is perceptible as far north as Jutland.

Such is the origin and progress of a tide-wave: and when we consider that a series of these waves, twelve hours apart, are always on their way from the south to the north, we may form an idea of the mighty power by which the impulse is thus propagated from one side of the globe to the other, at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour. It should, however, be understood, that there is no actual translation of water; the particles of water rise as they feel the impulse one after another, but they sink down again immediately in the same place. The movement, indeed, is well represented by a field of corn or tall grass on a breezy day: the stalks bend as they feel the pressure of the wind, and a succession of waves appear to be passing over the field; but, as we know, there is no change of position—no onward movement except in appearance. As before observed, the "lift" is small far out at sea; not more than three feet at St. Helena, and still less at Tahiti and the other South-sea Islands. The whole depth of the water is affected by the impulse; consequently, as soon as the lower stratum feels the bottom, it is retarded by friction, the long wave becomes a short one, and the surface-water rushing onward with greater speed than that below, produces that curl of the breakers which forms so magnificent a spectacle as they roll foaming on the shore. At Madras, the surf begins to break at more than a league from the shore. The tides of the Bristol Channel rise from 40 to 60 feet; and in the Bay of Fundy, on the opposite side of the ocean, they reach a height of 70 feet, and are so furious as to cause at times much mischief. The average rise, however, of the North Atlantic is from ten to twelve feet. There will be a slight increase in this amount for some centuries to come, owing to the gradual approach of the moon towards the earth, after which it will diminish through a long period, as our satellite retires to her former distance.

The tides of the Pacific are less clearly defined than those of the Atlantic, although they are more or less influenced by the westerly movements of the moon. A wave which appears to originate at the equator, spreads itself in opposite directions, to the north and south. The Pacific is less open than the Atlantic, its innumerable coral-reefs, islands, and elevations, to which the name of "submarine steppes" has been given, all tend to impede the progress of a wave. The bottom must be free for the movement of the water to be well defined. The tides of Tierra del Fuego and of Patagonia are produced by a wave which comes from around Cape Horn.

What the tides fail to effect—namely, transference of water from place to place—is effected by other means. Heavy gales, for instance, will cause a set or stream in the direction in which they blow: a north-west gale off the Cape of Good Hope is said

to produce the highest waves. In the Pacific, too, the phenomenon is sometimes witnessed of a wave propagated by the ground-swell, travelling against the wind at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour, denoting its existence only by the commotion it causes in breaking against the lee-shore of the coral islands. Such a swell indicates the coming on of a gale, or the passage of a distant tornado. According to the strength of the wind, the pressure of the waves is from 600 to 6,000 pounds on each square foot; hence, the disturbance extends to a considerable depth—not, however, lower than 200 or 300 feet; beyond that all is tranquil, except the movement of the undercurrents. Were it not so, the minuter plants and animals which inhabit the bottom would be entirely destroyed.

Although we see that life and movement, at times of a tremendous nature, characterize the ocean, it has yet its moments of calm—of tranquility so profound that a ship on its bosom if frozen in could not be more motionless than on such occasions. Not a breath of air stirs the light vane at the mast-head, and the sea, without any figure of speech, resembles an immense sheet of glass, so unruffled is its surface. Yet at times there appears a faint but vast undulation, as though Old Ocean had gone to sleep, and breathed but at long intervals. These calms occur in all parts of the ocean, but more frequently in the polar regions and the Pacific than elsewhere; and, besides, there is a belt of calms in either hemisphere, at the place where the trade winds meet. These calms are not less trying to the patience of the mariner than productive of unusual phenomena. When long continued, the sea appears to lose its vital principle, and to be given over to decomposition. The color is checkered by films that overspread the surface; strange-looking masses of jelly are formed, out of which uncouth-looking animals are bred in vast numbers; and it seems to be true of the sea as of living beings—that without movement and exercise there can be no health. This fact did not escape the notice of the early navigators. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his narrative of his voyage to the South Sea in 1593, speaks of the equatorial calms as a great cause of scurvy, and continues, "were it not for the moving of the sea by the force of winds, tides, and currents, it would corrupt all the world. The experience I saw in anno 1590, lying with a fleet of her majesties ships about the islands of the Azores almost six months, the greatest part of the time we were becalmed: with which all the sea became so replenished with several sorts of gellyes, and formes of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderfull: some greene, some black, some yellow, some white, some of divers colors, and many of them had life, and some there were a yard and halfe, and two yards long; which had I not seene, I could hardly have beleived: hardly a man could draw a bucket of water cleere of some corruption."

Coleridge makes us feel a calm as well as see it in his "Ancient Mariner."

"Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

While the tides perform the part of a great oscillation, obeying apparently in its time the passage of the moon across the meridian, there are currents in the ocean which move always in one and the same direction, carrying the waters of one latitude into another thousands of miles distant, and playing a part in the economy of nature of which the full importance is not yet ascertained. There is something about these currents that renders them peculiarly interesting. We have in them a confirmation of the truth of the words written of old: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

The great zone of water which surrounds the southern pole, appears to be the prime mover of the machinery of the currents as well as of the tides. The causes by which the currents are produced are various; the rotation of the earth exerts an influence, as also the trade-winds and the heat of the sun; and these causes are constant in character, while others are periodical or accidental, and may be described as a drift occasioned by a tide, and by a long set of the wind in one quarter. Such streams

are, however, very shallow, while the greater currents are generally of enormous depth. A drift from the north is caused by the melting of the ice in the arctic seas; it sets steadily to the south, as though the cold water made haste to reach a warmer region. It is on this current that icebergs float down into the Atlantic on the breaking up of the polar winter. Scoresby once counted 500 bergs setting out on their voyage; not unfrequently they come down to the 42d parallel, right in the track of vessels bound from England to the United States. Three hundred were passed by the Great Western during one of her voyages, some of them rising 100 feet out of the water, and the largest 100 miles in circumference. These bergs chill the water to a distance of forty or fifty miles around, and lower the temperature from 18 to 20 degrees in their immediate neighborhood, besides producing variations in the winds. The stones and other solid material which they bring down sink as the ice melts, and serve to increase the bulk of the banks of Newfoundland.

The torrid zone is 705 geographical miles in width, and contains less land and more water than any one of the others. The action of a vertical sun on this broad region, besides causing great evaporation, warms the water, which, thereby made lighter, is displaced by the cold water that flows from either pole, and an immediate circulation is established. But as the water descends from the icy latitudes, it is left behind by the earth as it rotates, in the same way as the polar currents of the atmosphere are left behind, and with an analogous effect. The rate of rotation at the equator is 1,000 miles an hour; thus it is that for 30 degrees on each side of the line, there is all the effect of a current flowing from east to west, which, being further acted on by the trade-winds, drifts at an average of ten or eleven miles in the twenty-four hours. Moreover, it is known that within the tropics there are hourly variations in the barometer as the sun travels on his course, the effect of which is to alter the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of the water, and so to aid in establishing the current.

Voyagers to the antarctic seas meet a great current coming from the south: Sir James Ross fell in with it in his explorations of those latitudes, and by careful investigation, greatly added to our knowledge of this interesting phenomenon. At Cape Horn, it is divided into two branches; and while a small portion doubles the promontory and enters the Atlantic, the main branch flows onwards along the western coast of America to the equator, where it mingles with the vast stream 3,500 miles in width, which flows to the west between the parallels of 26 degrees south and 24 degrees north. Cold water is thus brought from the polar sea to temper the warmth of the tropics, and to this is owing the low temperature that so often prevails in Peru, and the presence of antarctic vegetation on the coasts of that country. The modification of climate is remarkable, and more permanent than in some other regions; the water being 14 degrees colder than the surrounding ocean, makes the air 11 degrees colder than it would otherwise be in those latitudes. Travellers in Peru complain of the chilling effects of the low temperature. The small amount of fluctuation is due to the fact that the current is not one of surface merely, but descends to a depth of 5,000 feet, as proved by the soundings of Admiral Dupetit Thouars, who says: "It is a considerable section of the polar sea sweeping majestically from the south to the north." This current is suddenly deflected to the westward, and becomes part of the great equatorial current. Off Payta it is so well defined, that the line where the cold and warm water meet is distinctly traceable. The prow of a ship may be in one while the stern is in the other. The mighty stream, 3,500 miles in width, continues its course all across the Pacific, until it is opposed and broken by the islands off the coast of China and the Eastern Archipelago. It, however, forces its way through the numerous channels, but in diminished volume, and joins the equatorial stream of the Indian Ocean. This, flowing to the west, is again divided by Madagascar—one part passes round the northern part of the island, and turns to the south through the Mozambique Channel; the other sweeps down the eastern coast, and when past the southern point of the island, both are reunited, and continue onwards to the Cape of Good Hope. Here the stream takes the name of the South Atlantic current; it rounds the Cape, travels up the west coast of Africa, till, in the great basin of the Gulf of Guinea, it receives an impulse that sends it westward all across the Atlantic. Striking the coast of Brazil about Cape St. Roque, a portion

turns to the south, and running along the coast, becomes gradually feebler, and is lost about the Strait of Magellan. Before disappearing, it has, however, sufficient energy to send off a minor branch, which recrosses the Atlantic, and makes its way, at 150 miles to the south of the Cape of Good Hope, back into the Indian Ocean, and is still perceptible at a distance of 2,000 miles to the east—an instance of oceanic circulation that surprises the imagination by its magnitude. The other branch takes a north-westerly direction from Cape St. Roque, and with such force and speed as scarcely to be delayed or turned aside while passing where the mighty Amazon and Orinoco pour out the waters of half a continent, and flows into the Caribbean Sea.

There are thirteen well-ascertained currents in the Atlantic, varying in extent and velocity; that which comes up from the south moves at the rate of eighty miles an hour, the main equatorial at sixty miles, and others not more than ten miles. The Gulf Stream is the one most familiarly known—perhaps from its lying in the track of vessels sailing from England to the United States. This great current rushes from the Gulf of Mexico by the narrow passage between Florida and Cuba, with a speed of sixty or more miles a day, varying in different seasons. Some observations show it to be most rapid in August, and slowest in November. It carries out of the Gulf more than 3,000 times as much water as is borne in by the Mississippi; the excess is probably derived from the South Atlantic stream we have just followed into the Caribbean Sea. This mighty current traverses 23 degrees of latitude, and, according to Rennell, is seventy-eight days in performing its course of 2,000 miles, averaging thirty-eight miles a day; but, as just stated, it has double this rate at its outset. Proceeding northwards, at some distance from the American coast, it arrives at the banks of Newfoundland, where it turns aside and crosses the Atlantic to the Azores, and extends its influence to the shores of Britain and Norway.

Those who have crossed the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, will remember what a relief was afforded to the monotony of the voyage on entering the Gulf Stream. Bunches of weed and Portuguese men-of-war floating on the surface, could be fished up and examined with more or less of interest; while the warmth of the water was a constant cause of astonishment. The Gulf of Mexico is in the hottest zone, and the stream, at the point of departure, has a temperature of 86 degrees, of which it loses not more than 13 degrees in its whole course, and is always much warmer than the surrounding ocean. It is owing to the meeting of this warm water with the cold current from the north, that dense fogs are so prevalent on the banks of Newfoundland, dreaded at all times by the seaman, but most when within them he feels the deadly chill from neighboring icebergs.

In the early days of the American colonies, and down to a very recent period, a low southerly latitude was always taken for the route across the Atlantic. Charleston was the chief trading port; and the ships, after steering to the south, were left to drift along the coast to their destination. The Gulf Stream was thought to be an effectual bar to a direct course. Dr. Franklin, however, showed that masters of vessels might always know when they entered or when they left the Gulf Stream by merely dropping a thermometer overboard; and simple as the observation was, traders hailed it as a most important discovery, for it led them to attempt the direct course; and if blown off the coast by the north-west gales of winter, instead of running down south, they put back into the Gulf Stream, where the milder temperature enabled them to wait for a more favorable opportunity of completing their voyage. Thus it is that science continually learns to avail itself of the operations of nature.

The whole effect of this great current on conditions of climate is not yet ascertained; but we know enough to warrant the conclusions of Lieut. Maury when he says: "A simple calculation will show that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter day, would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands, from the freezing-point to summer heat. It is the influence of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the emerald isle of the sea, and clothes the shores of Albion with ever-green robes; while in the same latitude on the other side, the shores of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice."

The Gulf Stream has many peculiarities: the

color at its source is a deep dark blue, and this undergoes but little change for the first 100 miles, presenting a remarkable contrast to the green waters of the Atlantic between which it flows, and which, as is proved by observation, shut it in with as well defined a line of demarcation as though they were of solid substance. It may be said, that the stream makes its way between walls of cold water. The American survey has also proved that it runs uphill: in the Florida Pass the stream is 200 fathoms deep, while off Hatteras it is not more than 100 fathoms; and as the depth gradually diminishes while the surface remains unaltered, the conclusion is arrived at, that the current flows from a low to a higher level, or uphill. Some streams, on the contrary, such as that from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, and from the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea, are level at the bottom and downhill on the surface.

It was the Gulf Stream that bore strange plants and two corpses of an unknown race of men to the Azores, where, seen by the far-searching eyes of Columbus, they revealed to him the existence of a new world in the west. All along its course it distributes food to the inhabitants of the deep; the whales which haunt the neighborhood of the Western Islands, though they cannot live in the warm current, derive abundant nutriment from the algae and medusae which it disperses over the surrounding waters. And it is the same stream which still brings to our shores a portion of the temperature and the productions of the tropics. To it we are largely indebted for our mild winters, and for the presence in a northerly latitude of marine plants and animals which are natives of a southern clime. If by any convulsion of nature it were diverted from its present course, America would be scarcely habitable; we should have the climate of Lapland, or worse. All our wooded uplands and smiling valleys would perish under the grim dominion of frost and ice. Among the beneficent operations of nature, there is, perhaps, none more comprehensive, or more important in its consequences, than this. Some of its phenomena are singularly interesting. Owing to the position of the British Islands, the stream is prevented from reaching the southern parts of Norway, but it strikes upon the northern parts. Hence it is that in January, the severest month, the north of Norway is much less cold than the south, and that at the North Cape the south-east winds are the coldest during the same period. Here, too, we see why the winter temperature of the eastern coast of England is so nearly uniform and harsh along its whole extent, while on the opposite shore it becomes more and more genial as we advance towards the west.

A stream from the north flows down between the American coast and the Gulf Stream, which disappears at Florida, and is found again as an undercurrent in the Caribbean Sea. We have much yet to learn respecting these undercurrents; it is doubtless by their means the Atlantic is prevented from becoming overful, for, with slight exceptions, all the surface-currents of this ocean are poured into it. Some of the undercurrents flow in a directly opposite direction to those on the surface; others at right angles; some extend through a deep stratum of water, with a swift movement; others are shallow and slow. In the tracing of these hidden streams, there will be work for scientific explorers for many years to come.

The Pacific has nine principal currents, but our acquaintance with them is much less perfect than with those of the Atlantic. North of the great equatorial current, which flows from east to west, there is a stream in the contrary direction. In 1815, an American trader off the coast of California fell in with a junk which had sailed from Japan seventeen months previously, and having lost her masts, had been carried by the easterly drift all across the ocean. The wreck of another Japanese vessel was found at Kodiak, on the north-west coast, brought by the same means. Some ethnologists believe this current to have been instrumental in peopling the north-western shores of America from the Tatar lands on the opposite side of the Pacific.

There are also periodical currents caused by monsoons, as in the Indian Ocean, or the China Sea, where for one-half of the year the water is driven in one direction, and in the opposite direction the other half. Evaporation, too, is a cause of periodical currents: from May to October a stream sets into the Persian Gulf, and out of it the other six; while just the reverse is taking place in the Red Sea, on the other side of the Arabian peninsula. It has been estimated that, owing to the evaporation—two-tenths of an inch daily—the surface of the Red Sea is lower at Suez than at the Straits of Bab-el-Man-

deb; and as the water grows heavier by abstraction of its fluid particles, it descends, and forms a continuous undercurrent flowing outwards.

These ocean-currents present to us a portion of the life of our globe in its grandest aspect: there is something stupendous in the idea of these streams—their extent, depth, and power exceeding in magnitude the largest rivers in the world. As we have seen, the rush of the great South American rivers into the sea diverts them not from their course; and after making the tour of the ocean, they divide and enter on a new course some 6,000 or 7,000 miles from their starting-point, with an energy that best displays the might which called them into action. Their depth, too, is so great, that this alone gives them a vast superiority over rivers; and so with current and counter-current, streams on the surface and streams below, the great circulation goes on, each following its path in obedience to a law which, when discovered, will doubtless be found beautiful in its simplicity. Humboldt says: "The currents of the ocean supply new and most abundant matter of research for the elucidation of the physical phenomena of the earth. While they carry the temperature of one zone into that of another, they sometimes promote and sometimes retard the distribution of the race of men, and the commercial intercourse of civilized nations. It is the duty of philosophers to determine and adjust their numerous elements, according to the sublime model of astronomical science, in order that some of those eternal laws may be made known by which the climatic changes of the firmament are dependent on the liquid and aerial currents of our planet."

It may be supposed that, with such a commingling of the waters, their temperature would be pretty nearly uniform. Such, however, is not the fact. Recent voyages, made for scientific objects, have established, among other results, that the ocean is divided into three distinct regions of temperature, or thermal basins, as they have been called. These are, two polar and one equatorial; but the layer of water which is nearest the bottom, and which varies in thickness, is always at the same steady temperature—a little above 39 degrees. Between the tropics, where the heat of the sun is most powerful, this layer lies farthest from the surface, and the lead must be sunk twelve hundred fathoms before it reaches the temperature of 39.5. On the 45th parallel, half-way between the equator and the pole, the same temperature is found at 600 fathoms; and in latitude 50 degrees 14 minutes, it is the same at the surface as below, forming, as it were, an equable ring outside of the polar circle. In Sir James Ross's antarctic explorations, he crossed this zone in six different meridians of longitude, and on each occasion the results obtained by the thermometer were the same. It is the dividing-line between the two basins, and indicates to us the mean temperature of the ocean, for it appears to be subject to no fluctuations from within or without. "This circle of mean temperature of the Southern Ocean," to quote the words of that enterprising seaman, "is a standard point in nature, which, if determined with very great accuracy, would afford to philosophers of future ages the means of ascertaining if the globe we inhabit shall have undergone any change of temperature, and to what amount, during the interval." On approaching the pole, the temperature of 39.5 again sinks to a considerable depth; and in the South Polar Sea, is found at 750 fathoms below the surface in latitude 70 degrees. The three thermal areas are here distinctly made out. Deepest, as we have seen, under the equator, the line of uniform temperature rises from 7,200 feet, curving gradually upwards, until, at more than 50 degrees from its centre at either pole, it strikes the surface—forming a basin thousands of miles in diameter. From this point it then as gradually descends, and forms the two polar basins, where it sinks to a great depth to escape the intense cold, as in the torrid zone to escape the heat.

[To be continued.]

AN Irishman having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who did not attend to the appointment, was accidentally, in the course of the same day, met by him, whom he thus accosted, "Arrah! my dear jewel, I met you this morning, but you did not come; but I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning, whether you come or no!"

A CELEBRATED barrister, retired from practice, was one day asked his sincere opinion of the law. "Why, the fact is," rejoined he, "if any man was to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a law-suit, he should certainly have it, lest, in defending my coat, I should lose my waistcoat also."

The Fate of Sir John Franklin.

THE veil that obscured the fate of Sir John Franklin has been unexpectedly lifted. Dr. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, has reached England, bringing with him from the Arctic Seas a number of articles that belonged to Sir John Franklin and his companions. The story of the recovery of these memorials is most painfully interesting. Dr. Rae's account—which may, of course, be implicitly relied upon—is this:—In the spring he fell in with a party of Esquimaux, who were in possession of a number of articles known to belong to Sir John Franklin himself, and other things, the property of members of his party. These articles included, amongst the rest, some silver plate bearing the crests of the owners. When the Esquimaux were questioned as to the way in which they had become possessed of such valuables belonging to officers of the Royal Navy of England, they said that the vessels of Franklin had crushed in the icebergs, and their crews forced to set out over the snow on their way towards the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company—that in 1850 the Esquimaux had met forty Englishmen belonging to Sir John Franklin's ships travelling on foot, and dragging a boat over the ice, near King William's Land; that the officer in command of these unfortunates had bought from the Esquimaux for his followers a small seal, being greatly in want of provisions; that at a later period the Esquimaux found the dead bodies of all this party on the ice near Back River; and that the Esquimaux helped themselves to the stores of the dead—taking gunpowder, silver, plate, and whatever else they thought fit to appropriate.

Dr. Rae, whose previous exploits as an Arctic traveller, have already so highly distinguished him, proceeded to the Admiralty, England, and laid before Sir James Graham the melancholy evidence on which his report is founded. Dr. Rae was not employed in searching for Sir John Franklin, but in completing his survey of the coast of Boothia. He justly thought, however, that the information he had obtained greatly outweighed the importance of his survey, and he has hurried home to satisfy the public anxiety as to the fate of the long-lost expedition, and to prevent the risk of any more lives in a fruitless search. It would seem, from his description of the place in which the bodies were found, that both Sir James Ross and Lieutenant Belot must have been within a few miles of the spot to which our unfortunate countrymen had struggled on in their desperate march. A few of the unfortunate men must, he thinks, have survived until the arrival of the wild fowl, about the end of May, 1850, as shots were heard, and fresh bones and feathers of geese were noticed, near the scene of the sad event.

The following is Dr. Rae's Report to the Secretary of the Admiralty:—

"REPULSE BAY, July 29.

SIR:—I have the honor to mention, for the information of my Lord's Commissioners of the Admiralty, that during my journey over the ice and snow this spring, with the view of completing the survey of the West shore of Boothia, I met with Esquimaux in Pelly Bay, from one of whom I learned that a party of "white men" (Kablounans) had perished from want of food some distance to the westward, and not far beyond a large river, containing many falls and rapids. Subsequently, further particulars were received, and a number of articles purchased, which place the fate of a portion, if not of all, of the then survivors of Sir John Franklin's long-lost party beyond a doubt—a fate terrible as the imagination can conceive."

The substance of the information obtained at various times and from various sources, was as follows:

"In the spring, four winters past, (spring, 1850,) a party of "white men," amounting to about forty, were seen travelling southward over the ice, and dragging a boat with them, by some Esquimaux, who were killing seals near the North shore of King William's Land, which is a large island. None of the party could speak the Esquimaux language intelligibly, but by the signs of the natives were made to understand that their [ship or ships, had been crushed by ice, and that they were now going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom, except one officer, looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and purchased a small seal from the natives. At a later date the same season, but previous to the breaking up of the ice, the bodies of some thirty persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the N. W. of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River, (named by the Esquimaux Dootko-hi-calik,) as its description, and that of the low shore in the neighborhood of Point Ogle and Montreal Island, agree exactly with that of Sir George Beck. Some of the bodies had been buried, (probably those of the first victims of famine,) some were in a tent or tents, others under the boat,

over to the Secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company on my arrival in London.

None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the "whites," nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and who had seen the party when travelling.

I offer no apology for taking the liberty of addressing you, as I do so from a belief that their Lordships would be desirous of being put in possession at as early date as possible of any tidings, however meagre and unexpectedly obtained, regarding this painfully interesting subject.

I may add, that, by means of our guns and nets, we obtained an ample supply of provisions last autumn, and my small party passed the winter in snow houses in comparative comfort, the skins of the deer shot affording abundant warm clothing and bedding. My spring journey was a failure, in consequence of an accumulation of obstacles, several of which my former experience in Arctic travelling had not taught me to expect. I have, &c.,

JOHN RAE, C.F.,
Commanding Hudson's Bay Company's }
Arctic Expedition. }

List of articles purchased from the Esquimaux, said to have been obtained at the place where the

bodies of persons reported to have died of famine, were taken to England.

1	silver table fork ..	Crest No 1
2	" do. ..	" 2
1	" " spoon ..	" 3
1	" do. ..	" 4
1	Motto: "Spero meliora."	
1	" fork ..	" 4
1	Motto: "Spero meliora."	
1	dessert fork ..	" 5
1	table spoon ..	" 5
1	tea do. ..	" 5
1	silver table fork, initials,	
	H. D. E. G.	
1	table fork, initials A. McD.	
1	" do. " G. A. M.	
1	" do. " I. T.	
1	dessert spoon " J. S. P.	
1	round silver plate, engraved,	
	"Sir John Franklin, K. C. B."	
1	star or order, with motto, "Nec	
	aspera terrent," on one side;	
	and on the reverse, "G. R.	
	MDCCLXXV."	

Also a number of other articles with no marks by which they could be recognised; but which will be handed over with those above named to the Secretary of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company.

JOHN RAE, C.F.
Repulse Bay, July, 1854."

To these we have added an illustration of kindred interest—a medallion Portrait of the lamented Sir John Franklin, executed in bronze by M. David. His Portrait is flanked with an Engraving (actual size) of the Badge of the Knight's Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, worn by Franklin.

We should add that the several Relics have been carefully drawn from the originals, by permission of the First Lord of the Admiralty. They have been grouped within a glazed case, and will be treasured at the Admiralty office, as memorials of the ill-fated Expedition.

The remaining articles are specified beneath the illustrations. The plate, includes spoons and a fork, marked with the head of a fish looking upward, with a laurel branch on either side—the crest of Sir John Franklin. (See the central group of articles). The articles marked with the crest, bird with laurel branch in mouth, and motto, "Spero meliora," belonged to Lieutenant James Walker Fairhome, R. N., second son of the late George Fairhome, Esq., of Greenknowe Berwickshire, who was one of the officers of the ill-fated Expedition.

We learn from the *Edinburgh Advertiser* that the assistant surgeon of the ill-fated *Erebus*, referred to in Dr. Rae's communication, was a native of Anstruther, brother of Professor John Goodsir, Edinburgh, and of the minister of Largo. He was a gentleman of great professional ability, and much distinguished for his scientific attainments. He was the author of numerous papers on natural history, and joint editor with his brother, Professor Goodsir, of the volume of "Anatomical and Pathological Observations," published in 1845—the year



DR. RAE.

which had been turned over to form a shelter, and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him.

From the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging existence.

There appeared to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground by the natives, out of the kegs or cases containing it; and a quantity of ball and shot was found below high-water mark, having probably been left on the ice close to the beach. There must have been a number of watches compasses, telescopes, guns (several doubled barrelled,) &c., all of which appear to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of those different articles with the Esquimaux, together with some silver spoons and forks. I purchased as many as I could get. A list of the most important of these I enclose, with a rough sketch of the crests and initials of the forks and spoons. The articles themselves shall be handed

before he sailed with Sir John Franklin.

The only paper found attached to these Relics, consisted of two pages of a little book, entitled the "Student's Manual." In the way in which the leaves were folded, the following portion of the work was prominent:—"My first convictions on the subject of religion were confirmed from observing that really religious persons had some solid happiness among them, which I had felt that the vanities of the world could not give. I shall never forget standing by the bed of my sick mother.

"Are you not afraid to die?"

"No."

"No! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?"

"Because God has said to me—*'Fear not: when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'*"

"The remembrance of this scene has oftentimes since drawn an ardent prayer from me, that I might die the death of the righteous."

It will doubtless, further interest our readers to be informed that Dr. Rae, by permission of the authorities of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, will devote his whole time, as long as requisite, to satisfy the questions, as far as in his power, and to reply to communications from the relatives and friends of the long-missing party, instead of completing his chart and writing up the report of his expedition for their information.

Two overland expeditions have been decided upon—the one in boats, to go down the Mackenzie River in search of Captain Collinson, about the safety of whom there is now some anxiety; the other, in canoes, down Back's Fish River, to make further inquiry into the fate of Sir John Franklin's people, and to endeavor to obtain some more relics; and, should any of the remains of the dead be found, to place them decently under ground.

It was arranged by the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, and Captain Shepherd, Deputy-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, that these expeditions should be left wholly in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Co.; and the same evening the Deputy Governor had posted letters to Sir. Geo. Simpson.



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

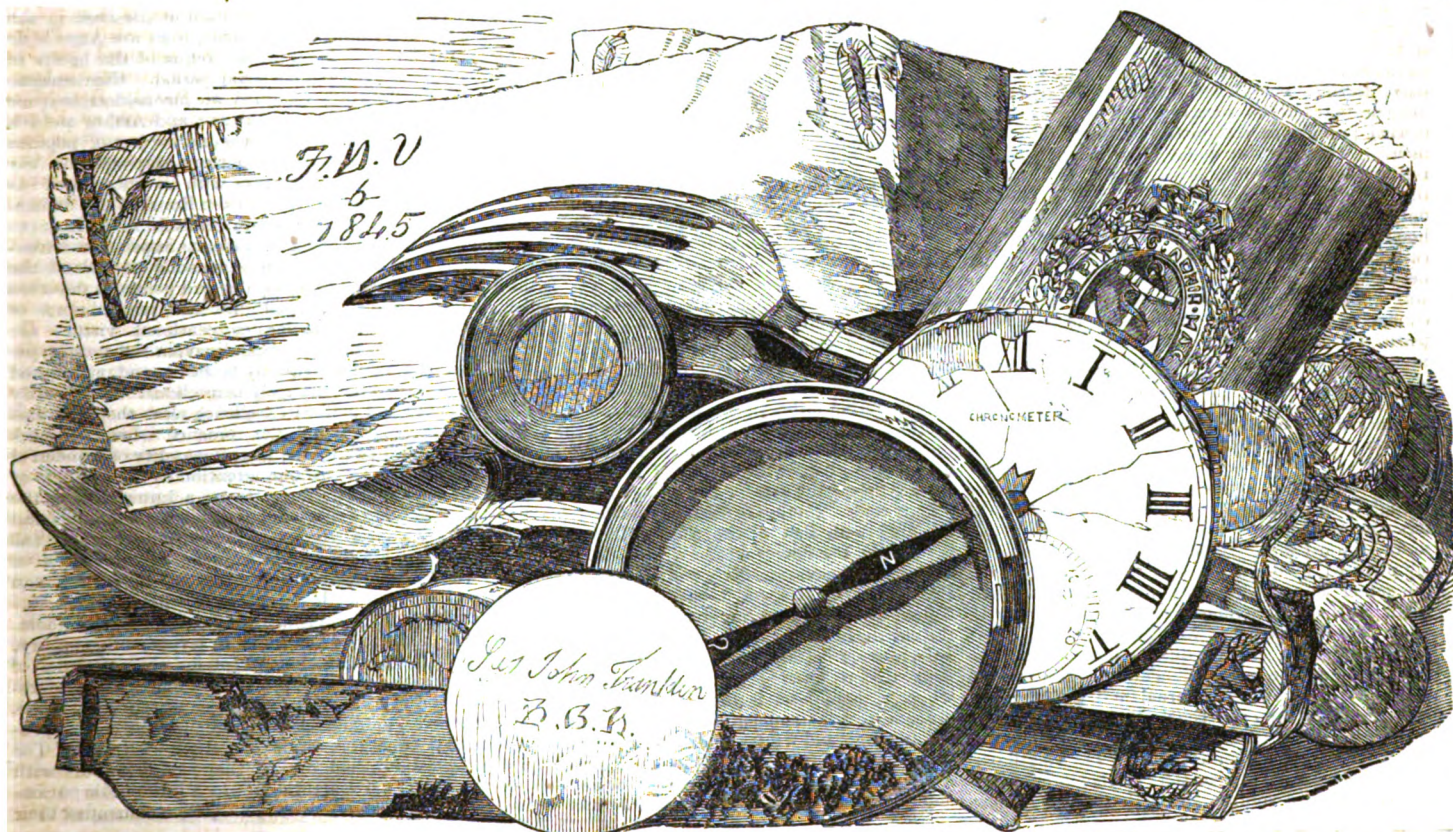
We are enabled to add that Dr. Rae's party traced the West coast of Boothia, from the Castor and Pollux River, up to Cape Porter of Sir James C. Ro's, by which it was proved that King William's Land is a large island. Dr. Rae's extreme North point near Cape Porter was 69 deg. 5 min. N. The width of land from Pelly Bay on the East, and the Castor and Pollux River on the West of Boothia, is fully sixty miles. The "Committee Islands" of Dean and Simpson, are small rocky elevations on a low flat part of the continent. Dr. Rae could have easily accomplished a portion of the survey between the Magnetic Pole and Bellot Strait, but the leaving a part undone was nearly as bad as doing none of it; accordingly, he did not make the attempt. The unexpected and unusual obstacles of foggy weather and deep soft snow, were among the causes of failure, and the news heard of Franklin's fate put a stop to a half-formed intention of passing another winter at Repulse Bay.

It is now more than nine years since Sir John Franklin left England on his ill-fated voyage of discovery. The North-West Expedition, which sailed in the summer of 1845, consisted of the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, under the command of Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier. Their instructions were to pass through Baffin's Bay to Barrow's Strait, and then endeavor to find an outlet towards the West. Strange to say, although between nine and ten years have elapsed since the sailing of the *Erebus* and *Terror* from Sheerness, that the whole which we know of their adventures, their discoveries, and their misfortunes, may be stated in a few lines. The last communication received through any channel from any member of the expedition was contained in letters written by Sir John Franklin himself, only two months after his departure, and dated from an island in Baffin's Bay. The next point at which we have any trace of the adventurers is a small inlet in the vicinity of Cape Riley, at which point it was proved that they were quartered during the first winter of their absence, and where an inscription on the graves of three seamen shows that some at least of the party must have remained until

April, 1846.

They had then been more than twelve months from home; and from that time down to the disastrous period indicated by the Esquimaux narrative now brought to light, we have nothing but speculation to guide us as to the course which they took.

A BLIND AUTHOR.—Jaques Arago (brother of the eminent *savant*) is one of the most singular men of his country and time. Though afflicted with total blindness, he has contrived to gain no mean reputation as a writer, a dramatist, a critic, a wit, a punster, a traveller, a navigator round the world, and finally as the managing director of a band of daring fellows, who some months ago went out to California to seek for gold. No other stone-blind man in the universe would perhaps have had the cool audacity to conceive the idea of writing such a work as is reviewed by our contemporary, viz: a collection of brief, sparkling, brilliant, criticisms, in prose and verse, on the actors and actresses of Paris.



PART OF FLANNEL SHIRT.

PIECE OF PLATE.

PART OF COMPASS.

CERTIFICATE CASE.

BUTTONS LINKED WITH CORD.

Fashion and Famine.

By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS. 1 vol. 12mo. New York. 1851.

It is rarely that we sit down to the review of a production with the pleasure that attends us in this; not that we are never pleased, when exciting the flesh and cauterising the bared nerve of timid mediocrity; but that our emotion is peculiarly the product of the approval of an object proposed and of the method of its attainment: not that we never respond to the graphic delineations which decorate *ad libitum*, the pages of our current literature; but that the gratification which is ordinarily found in the perusal of a new work, is displaced by admiration of the genius which abounds in *Fashion and Famine*, or is submerged in the pride which swells within us, that the achievement is American. We had heard much—read much of this recent work; and what with its encomiums and the exaggerated panegyrics of its authoress, traveling through the press, we were inclined to think that the notices exhibited more ingenuity than the book could possess; and that the labor of praise far exceeded the sum of that which had been employed upon the novel; and, perhaps, we should to this day have remained ignorant of its claims, had not the criticism of carpers aroused an interest in the object of their censure, and suggested a suspicion that the book which was a subject for their animadversions, could be a book of no ordinary pretensions. So we addressed ourselves to reading, and have arisen rewarded.

An extraordinary tale has been told in an extraordinary way. The conventional events to which novelists, from the days of Fielding, have punctiliously applied themselves for the securing of an adventitious probability, before employing them as the pack-horses of their genius, have been utterly rejected from *Fashion and Famine*; and the authoress, proposing to her intellect the development of a moral, has pressed occurrences into her service as the execution of her purpose has required. No skeleton story has commanded an adaptation of invention to its dry articulations, nor rejected symmetries as unsuitable, that were inapplicable to every protruding process: starting under pressure of an idea comprehending the harmonies, and moving in unison with the aspirations of a common nature, the authoress seems to have resorted to her narrative as to a course that should bear her to her goal. The just in action and the ideal of truth are discovered in the examples which her invention furnishes: the false and the infamous press forward to punishment with a fatality which her genius supplies: the passions, the virtues, and the vices of men are themselves, impressed on the pages of her book; its events and their instruments are represented but in effigy; these are inventions it is true, but those are nature itself. From the germinating innocence in childhood's bosom, along life's dubious path; past the temptations that beset, and the evils that perplex it, to the false security of prosperous crime; away stretching to where the fearful shadow of the outer dark, ferries conscience from her refuges; her one constant purpose seems to have been "to assert eternal providence and justify the ways of God to men." The hill-side home, the distant sea, the rolling brook and slumbering woods; and dweller there, a fair and gentle child of virtue, such as only childhood knows; of beauty, such as childhood's only is, growing, by the side of frugal kin, (a simple, old, and honest pair,) with wild nature heedless, day by day towards perfection, still—this was a paradise—meek habitation of a nature, pure enough to be envied, yet frail enough to be encompassed by designing ill. And there, too, entwining the strong tendrils of rude but earnest affections about their endeared object, kept tutelar watch, the devoted friend. Where her eye reposed, the summer fields bloomed more brightly; and more sweetly lowed the upland herds, that were folded by her care. The skies, and floods, and solemn groves no more imposed material limits to his thought; and where she walked, from golden waters flashed many fair schemes of future life; and to his upward gaze, visions of exceeding happiness lay pictured in the azure deeps; and spirits, from the nether-land, on reversed pinions, stayed their flight: he thought, to linger awhile near her he loved, when the pine-tree tops were swept by the fingers of the wind. A change, quick—total—harsh—is worked upon the picture. Thus far, the ethereal and the true—now, the infernal and the false. A stranger glides upon the scene. Nature has wrought in cunning work upon his form of man, and produced the exterior of an antinous. The volatile essence, delegated to the masters of the animal machine, acts in a volume and with an energy com-

mensurate with the tendoned fabric. Thus, external symmetries, the instrument of a nefarious will, becomes graceful in action, and the port of manhood furnishes the means of plying the seductions of deceit. Success attends the fiend: his work of ruin is complete. The heart, so loving and so trustful, has timed its pulsations to his: and the strong nature of that one, whose life she was, has withered, but has turned not yet away. The world receives them. The love of a season's diversion palls on the jaded senses of the voluptuary. The wife is bartered for a libertine's consideration; and the woman, whose purity was, ere while, parcel of heaven's own, has sullied her honor in the pursuit of revenge.

Now commences a career of guilt—not glaring and repulsive, but enveloped in lutealizing and lacquered with wealth. All that caprice can covet, or imagination conceive, is enjoyed, with the luxury of all that art can devise, or gold supply. Corroding solitude is excluded from saloons that banish remorse but welcome brocade. Rich palaces open to the entrance of the morally impoverished, and crowned fashion bends her strumpet knee in the train of bedizened guilt. The round of folly is run. From the eminence where she treads upon the necks of gaping worshippers, Ada Leicester gazes fixedly upon but one scene—her heart. Oh world! that allures but to mock, and flatters but to ruin, what of relief to the festering mind can thy unguents and thy electuaries bring? Vaulting ambition, sensuous repose; successes or triumphs in arms; from the sway of empire to the insolence of place, fruition is ashes, and its legacy despair. The night has departed, and the revellers have gone. Grows wan the tawdry splendors of the banquet-hall, and the early morning dints have disrobed the flaming ministers that presided at the feast. She is alone—the object of all eyes shrinks from her own; and with a shudder, the queen of the revels passes from the scene of her triumph to humiliation and remorse. Approach and behold! A homely room, with rude walls and battered door looks out upon a scene of lovely nature. Upright chairs, of rustic pattern, stand orderly upon the plainly covered floor, and a farm-house bed exhibits its patch-work quilt and country-white linen in the russet dawn. The door swings open, and a woman flings herself upon her knees at the side, and buries her face in the clothes of that humble bed. It is she—the guilty one—dismantled of appliances and shrinking from the future, come to the scene of her early innocence, reproduced in the present. It is Ada Leicester returned to Ada Wilcox. The avenging Nemesis who, with equal flight, has pursued her wandering steps, attends upon her now; and sobs of anguish tell how truly memory has preserved the picture of her childhood, with which to allure repentance on to reform. Such is fashion, and such its usual attributes. Another scene has, in the meantime, opened and progressed. An aged couple, compelled by rumors of an only daughter's shame, have exchanged the cold commiseration of censorious friends for the colder charities of the world. They have but honesty and faith to guide them, and with a bright-eyed mercy at their side, are, while practising the divine precept, "Love one another," suffering famine in a Christian land. But the winds that visit them are attempted to their endurance; their simple virtues baffle misfortune, and their lives struggle into sunshine.

Again, diverging paths approach, and beings whom long time had sundered, with life's mysterious flow, are brought to mingle in each other's fate. The erring and suffering child, the faithful guardian friend, the practised, consummate villain, the parents again draw near; and again, as in the early time, their lives are interwoven. But not now the vicious triumph. The wretch, enmeshed in his scheme of iniquity, self-murdered, expires; the long-enduring father bends his head, an expiatory sacrifice for the offences of his child; and the suffering woman arises from her long degradation to a repentance that, with works of mercy and love, washes her guilt away. Nor is this all of the tale that is told. There are found individual histories blending with that of the chief characters of the work; and the few events in which, elucidate incidentally the main narrative, and assist its progress. Perhaps, without them it had been impossible to define truly the character, or to preserve unimpaired the clearness of the plot. The trusting, truthful Julia; the guileless, confiding Florence; the ingenious Robert Otis—I see them grouped at last; where it happiness is the meed only of some, a peaceful rest is the boon of all; and when night winds rough and wintry colds load the sullen blast; when weary feet stand in the gate, and helpless hands knock timorously without, I sometimes see an opening door, and a face of charity and of love

bidding the houseless wanderer in—and the face is that of Betsy Gray. Such a picture cannot be mistaken. The dullest cannot fail to appreciate its moral, nor the profligate to be abashed by its precepts. It appeals directly to all minds everywhere, as a true narrative of the stormy voyage of a heart, from its embarkation at life's early morning to its wreck on passion's boisterous sea. The wail of desolation has hardly subsided ere the lowering cloud presents the promised sign of relief. Wrecked hopes revive; lost virtues are restored; the errors of a vicious career are loathed and forsaken; and life's setting sun gilds a haven that has been won amid the calm scenes of a peaceful night.

One cannot fail of being reminded, while perusing the pages of Mrs. Stephens's work, not only how vast the interval between the romance and the novel; but how great the departure, both in structure and in execution, of the modern fiction from that which entertained our grandfathers. So far, however, from these changes being attributable to the caprice of genius, or to the eccentricity of authors, they are to be received as the immediate effects of the progress of manners and the advance of civilisation. That which is predicable of them all, is an appeal to the imagination through its most accessible approaches. The Scandinavian mind, by its familiarity with the vicissitudes of hyperborean regions, was tinged with a gloomy superstition; and Ice-gods and Frost-kings, with all the variety of their grim mythology, were employed in the machinery of the romance. The *Neibulungenlied*, and the *Heldenbuch*, furnish a truer standard of the intelligence of those who received them, than barren history affords. The age of chivalry was an age of violence and rapine. The knight was as often the scourge of the weak as the protector of the defenceless. Female chastity was hardly secure, even under abbey walls, from the assaults of the monks themselves; nor could the secular marauders, whose brutality it had escaped, be compelled to relinquish their prey without recourse to the relics of a saint exhibited with monastic ceremonies. Spiral stairs encircled the fortress, in the fastnesses of which noble damsels sought refuge from the lawless love of knight adventurers. Superstition accepted the awe inspired by the reliquary, as the effect of enchantment; and the circuitous ways of the castle were projected upon their excited imaginations, in dragon-spines. In the East, where the sword of the caliph united temporal power with the spiritual potency of the prophet of God, the popular mind was oppressed by the despotism of force, and inspired with a religious frenzy, that while destructive to reason, established the empire of a fanatical fatalism. Hence, the Arabian fancy revelled in a land of talismans and genii, blending intrepidity of invention, with an abject submission to the superlatively marvellous. The *Nights' Entertainments* are a picture of the social stage and moral condition of the East in the days of Haroun, no less true, than are *Amadis de Gaul* and *Sir Tristram* the reflex of the habits of Europe during the medieval period. Charlemagne and his Palladins occupied no inconsiderable space in the superstition of the age; and Arthur and his knights furnished an engrossing subject of popular credulity. Chivalrous courtesy distinguishes *Sir Gawain*; Mordred betrays with an exaggerated infamy; and the romances of the Round Table exhibit the errant-lover of beautiful damsels, in *Sir Launcelot du Lac*. Garelou of Mayence impersonates treason in the colossal, and the song of Roland the brave, perpetuate the loyalty and generous devotion of the olden time, with the sad remembrance of *Roncesvalles*. Similar conventional virtues are preserved in the early Scandinavian romances, typified by personages equally fantastic, and represented in actions more strangely marvellous. Great bodily strength and martial excellence were the attributes of the knight; and the romance which discloses them, although by the instrumentality of wonderful adventures, excites our attention to the manners of the age, and introduces to us a knowledge of the popular state castles and dragons, enchantments and sorceries, cruel soldans and paynim giants, are the engineers of the military romance; the success of which in arresting the imagination, reflects and establishes the degree of superstition, which enthralled the mind of middle-aged Christendom. The heroic romance of the seventeenth century, though retaining the marvellous characteristics of its progenitor, dismissed the fabulous, when rejected by a superior social elevation. In the mean time, however, another class of romances had been produced from the union of fiction with love. The troubadours had decked their chaste amours with incidents too romantic, not to allure public curiosity. To be sure, military subjects commanded their

attention; but the influence of the church, which began to be felt, infused devotion into gallantry; and the minstrel of the *Lais* relied on the extravagance of his tales, for their interest, equally with the inventor of the marvels of the *Fabliaux*. Neither was mistaken: mythological barbarism had given place to religious superstition; which, entwining about the ruins of a decayed chivalry, decorated arms with the blood red cross, and united the love of God with the love of the ladies. The court of love, therefore, was an institution of the times, and the good king Rene, a type of a phase of the popular mind. Another and more notable change awaited at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Manners had softened: the revival of letters had infused into the intercourse of Europe greater refinement. Private relations qualified public strife, and the whole body politic and social was busied with adventures, the history and achievement of which were circumscribed within the limits of a court circle. Affairs began to be more, and pursuits less, the business of life. Men stood in the shadow of great events; and the application of the advanced guard of the human intellect to the problem of the future, transfused proportionate excitement through its successive ranks. Neither time, nor inclination permitted a return to the voluminous conceits of the *Astrea*, or of the *Grand Cyrus*. Sir Charles Grandison was voted a stately bore; and the vices whose punishment, and the virtues whose reward required a theatre of ten volumes, were beyond even the redeeming elegance of a *Lovelace*, or the reclaiming morality of *Clarissa Harlowe*. The novel of two duodecimo volumes became the fashionable repository of fiction. Its office was thought to be the embodiment of the times, in pictures accurate and sufficiently amusing to awaken interest. It has been defined to be "a fictitious narrative, differing from the romance, because the events are accommodated to the ordinary transactions of human events, and to modern society." But the difficulty of finding such a novel betrays the absurdity of the definition. None such ever existed. The draught of *Tom Jones* on our credulity, is as great as that made by *Gulliver*. If familiar with the manners of the people, the novelist securely ascends to the scenes of the past. The *Mysteries of Udolpho* turn upon modern facts; and *Waverley*, the prototype of this class, falls to the romance, quite as naturally as *Ivanhoe*. Though dealing with manners more than with emotions, with probabilities more than with the marvellous, yet are the experiences of the ordinary events introduced upon its pages, characterized by overwhelming passion, and by incidents of terrible and mysterious import. It is vain, therefore, to peculiarize the novel by its accommodation to ordinary events. Its introduction was coincident with the decline of the drama. That creature of emotion, and embodiment of the unusual for scenic effect, lingered superfluously, when a wider stage was opened for the exhibition of the passions. The chimeras of semi-civilization, the fantastical figments of untutored mind, ceased to interest a world that had advanced in the arts, and was entering upon a career of scientific experiment. Still, the imagination which they had satisfied remained to be gratified, and the superstitious credulity which had formerly accepted the grossest inventions, when converted by social progress into a rational curiosity, craved none the less the excitement of fiction. The world's ideal was still to be realized; but the world's ideal had greatly changed; and what formerly had been effected by the prowess of knights-errant, the sufferings of enchanted damsels, and the ravages of terrible griffins, was now discovered in scenes presenting unusual combinations of ordinary events, occupied by characters endowed with extraordinary virtues, or disfigured by extraordinary crime; and yet not so exaggerated as to seem impossible, and just so unnatural as to interest and amuse. It is nonsensical to assert that, to be successful, a novel should be natural. Its business is with both the actual and the ideal: the first is parcel of the daily nature which we contemplate without emotion; but the last is necessary to the production of a picture so improbable, that the triumph of the author consists in the wish of every reader that the improbable were true. What is less improbable than the bawdry of *Truncheon*, the coarseness of *Benbow*? And what more unnatural? Without recourse to the dramatic, *Kenilworth* had been a failure; and an adherence to the natural had placed *Sir Walter* with *Elkanah Settle*. The genius of his pages rises to the colossal, portrays superhuman virtues, and fastens on unusual events. Were this not so, the sword of *Richard Cœur de Lion* had been invested with no greater dignity of interest than *Gammer Gurton's* needle;

and the Lion-hearted himself been eclipsed by Jack-the-giant-killer. The preternatural with him is in constant use. Eldritch dwarfs abound, and *Gramarye* is as much part of the machinery of the *Waverley* Novels, as sorceries and diablerie are of the *Golden Ass* of *Apulius*. It is true, therefore, in nature; and such is the historical evidence, that exaggeration, mystery, and obscurity have, in all ages, constituted large forces in the successful appeal of fiction to the imaginations of men; the structure of the invention only, and the means employed, having varied as stage after stage in the progress of social improvement has been attained; but its original purpose—the captivation of the fancy—having never been relinquished.

We have seen it charged upon Mrs. Stephens's work that it is unnatural. Now, whether it is intended that the book treats of unnatural subjects, or of natural subjects in an unnatural way, we confess does not matter; or whether there is intended any meaning at all. Not that we would deride the authority of the critic; but that we consider each proposition to be equally false. The eventful history of the human passions is impressed upon its pages;—palatial splendors conspire against virtue; the allurements of fashion paralyze truth; remorse is stifled in the embrace of wealth; and the votaries of pleasure pursue a selfish love, regardless of the crimes which its gratification requires. Retribution is at hand. The avenger proceeds from the humble. Beneath the priceless garb, within the stately dwelling, penetrates nature; and the voice which first trained the child to virtue, first teaches the woman the anguish of remorse. Fashion has bowed her head to *Famine*; and the artifices of affluent guilt are revealed to the eye of the poor. This is nature; the pomp and circumstance are but the incidents which interest and excite—the potencies which, in the modern imagination, have supplanted the enchantment and the wizard of the olden time.

We have no words to use against the mawkish sensibility of those who detect impurity in the moral of the book. Such repudiate the reform, the necessity of which soils their consciences with the supposition of existing guilt; and morbidly refrain from the Master's petition, "lead us not into temptation," because of the possible licentiousness that it prays to avert.

It is not our purpose to bestow a verbal criticism upon "Fashion and Famine." Defects it undoubtedly has; but these are greatly counterbalanced by its many and great merits. There is no trace of studied thought, or of laboriously-wrought expression. Ideas are conveyed in the language of the heart, and they appeal directly to the heart. It would have been better, however, had the authoress left to the reader to pronounce upon the characteristics of the scenes she so vividly describes. The damasks are superb—the carpets luxurious; all the saloons are magnificent, and every mirror splendid. Of such is the tinsel of elegance. The practice is apt to betray poverty of description, which, assuredly, is no part of the deficiencies of Mrs. Stephens.

In the portraiture of the passions she has no superior: her home is the heart. Its weakness and strength alike she has gauged; its shoals and its depths equally explored. Take one passage, selected at random.

The father is imprisoned on a charge of the murder of the husband. The wretched wife has visited his cell, and implores his forgiveness.

"Father—father, spare me—I am wretched—I am punished—spare me, spare me!"

"Ada," said the old man, solemnly, "do you heartily repent and forsake your sin?"

"I do repent—I have forsaken—he is dead for whom I left you; it was a solitary fault, bitterly, oh, bitterly atoned for!"

The old man looked at her earnestly—at the glowing purple of her garments—at the delicate veil she had gathered up to her face with one hand. The other had fallen nervelessly down. The old man took it from her lap, and gazed sadly on the jewels that sparkled on her fingers. She felt the touch, and the trembling hand became crimson in his clasp.

"And yet you wear these things!"

She shrunk away, and the glow of her shame spread and burned over every visible part of her person.

"Cast them from you, daughter—come to me in the pretty calico dress that became you so well—give up these wages of shame—become poor, honest, and humble, as we are; then will your mother receive you; then your child may know that she has a mother living; then your old father can die in peace, knowing that his life has not been sacrificed in vain."

The old man looked wistfully at her, as he spoke. He saw the struggle in her face—the reluctance with which she understood him, and tightened his grasp on her hand.

"What—what would you have me do?" she said.

"Cast aside all that you possess, save that which comes of honest labor, and earn the forgiveness you ask."

"Father, I cannot do this; the wealth that I possess is vast; it was devised to me by will upon his death-bed; it was an atonement upon his part."

"The wages of sin are death."

"Death, father, death! Surely you are right. Leicester is dead; they will murder you. Nothing but this money, this very wealth that I am ordered to cast aside, can save you."

"And that never shall save me!" answered the old man, with grave dignity; "the price of my daughter's sin, let it be millions, shall never buy an hour of life for me, were it possible thus to bribe the law."

"Oh, father, father, do not say this; it crushes my last hope."

"Daughter," and the old man stood up, while his face glowed as with the light of prophecy, "it is not this ill-gotten wealth that shall purchase my life; but it is the death I shall suffer, which will purchase the salvation of my child. The way of providence is made clear to me now; I see it plainly, as if written upon the wall that has seemed so blank to my eyes till now."

The hand fell from her face. She gazed upon him with awe, for the solemn faith that beamed in his eyes held her breathless. That moment the cell door opened, and Mrs. Warren came in, followed by her grand-daughter. The old woman paused, motionless, upon the threshold, hesitating and pallid. Ada stood up trembling and afraid in the presence of her mother. A moment the two stood face to face, gazing at each other; then the old woman stretched forth her arms, and tears rolled down her cheeks. Ada would have thrown herself forward, but the old prisoner interposed.

"No, wife, not yet; the time is at hand when our child shall come back to your bosom, like the lamb that was lost; but God has a work to accomplish first; have patience, and let her depart."

"Patience, patience! Oh, Wilcox, she is our child Ada, Ada!"

He was not strong enough to keep them apart. Their arms were interwoven; they clung together, filling the cell with soft murmurs and smothered sobs. Broken syllables of endearment—all the pathetic language with which heart speaks to heart in defiance of words, gave power to the scene. Remember, reader, it was a mother meeting her only child—her sinful, erring child—for the first time in years. They met in a prison, with death shadows all around. Was it wonderful that, forgiving, forgetting, they clung together? Or that the turnkey, as he looked in, felt the tears bathing his cheek?

It is a mercy that intense feeling has its limits, else a scene like this might have broken the two hearts that rushed together, as torrents meet in a storm. Their arms unlocked at length, and the two women only held by each other from weakness.

"And this is my child, my little Julia," said Ada, turning her eyes upon the young girl who stood by, troubled and amazed by all she saw.

She bent forward, and would have kissed the girl, but the old man interposed again solemnly, almost sternly.

"Not yet—the lip must be purified, the kiss made holy, which touches the forehead of this innocent one."

"I will go, father, I will go—this is bitter, but perhaps just. I will go while I have the strength."

Ada left the cell. We will not follow her to the scene of her solitary and splendid anguish. We will not remain in the prisoner's cell. The scene passing there was too holy and too pathetic for description; yet was there more happiness that day in the prison, than Ada Leicester found in her palace-home. Truly it is much better to suffer wrong, than to do wrong!

This extract embraces some exquisite painting—some curiously-wrought passages of heart-history and heart-grief. It were incomplete, however, without its sequent, which occurs soon after. Works of repentance had attested sincerity; and the woman had cast from her the emblems of shame. The scene is still in a prison-cell.

Then came another—and that prison cell was crowded full of grief. Ada Leicester, modestly clad, with all the jewels stripped from her hands, and her superb beauty veiled and toned down by suffering, such as wrings all bitterness from the heart, stood with her parents once more, a portion of the household her own errors had desolated. Then the old man arose in his bed, and his benign features lighted up with such joy as the angels know over a sinner that repenteth.

"My child," he said, opening his arms to receive her, "my child, who was lost and is found!" For a moment he held her to his bosom; then lifting his head, he reached forth one hand, and drew his grandchild forward.

"It is your mother, Julia, your own mother; she has been far away for many years; God has sent her back. Ada, kiss your daughter; Julia, my grandchild, love your mother, reverence her, for this day shall I be one of those that rejoice over her in heaven."

Ada turned to her daughter, and timidly held forth her arms. A thrill so exquisite that it swept all the tears from her heart, passed over the bereaved girl. She moved forward; she nestled close to the bosom of her mother; she murmured the name over and over again, "Mother—mother—mother!"

No unnatural effort mars the simple beauty of these scenes. They are truly conceived, and simply told. Others, of a similar nature, occur in various parts of the book; and tears, not from superficial reservoirs, but deeply welled, not infrequently suffuse the reader's eye. Whatever else may be said, the work which produces such effects, is worthy of a distinction such as has seldom been attained by an American novel. Precedence has been achieved in the most crowded path of fiction. It may not be preserved without toil—perhaps without embittered strife. Whatever her future, we trust that the warm susceptibilities and the genuine emotions which Mrs. Stephens has brought to the task of her first novel, will be invoked to the composition of her last; and whatever her future efforts for public favor, that she will not forget that no literary success could compensate the authoress for the personal loss of that kindness of heart, for which "Fashion and Famine" is her title-deed.



OUR DRAMATIC GALLERY.

William Rufus Blake.

[From a Daguerreotype, by Meade, Brothers.]

This gentleman, whose name has been so long and so honorably connected with the American stage, and whose reputation we emphatically claim as American, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is of Irish origin, descending on the father's side from the Blake's of Galway, and on the mother's, from the Higginsons of Kilkenny.

Like so many of our distinguished men, Mr. Blake was left fatherless when a mere boy, but the care of an intelligent and good mother saved him from those evils and hardships that so often fall upon the young. His education was rigidly attended to, and under the patronage of the Hon. Foster Hutchinson, he made unusual proficiency in those studies thought necessary to one of the learned professions to which his patron and mother destined him. Surgery and medicine was the profession decided on, and the young gentleman entered on his studies under Francis Carter Pike, an eminent English practitioner.

While a student, he became a great favorite in the office, performing minor operations in surgery, and prescribing for the sick with a degree of skill that brought forth many commendations from his superior. But genius always was erratic, and our medical student was at length driven from this sort of practice to a more severe study of books, by the violent rage of a female whom he had exasperated by extracting the wrong tooth, backed by a severe reprimand from the M. D.

While his aspirations were somewhat dampened by his mischance, a company of actors came into Halifax, and fascinated the young student. He would fling aside medicine, turn his back on science and become an actor.

In vain his mother and guardian pleaded against this fancy. In vain the venerable Bishop of the Diocese, Robert Stanger, reprimanded his perverse and obstinate determination. His native genius was aroused, young Blake determined to be an actor, and an actor he became.

The first season of the dramatic corps passed off brilliantly. Full of aspirations and yearnings to become one of the glittering votaries, young Blake haunted the theatre during the entire season, and the world became a blank to him after the company left for New Brunswick. But after a time they returned to Halifax, and then with a settled purpose young Blake began to negotiate with the manager for a first appearance. His ardor was checked again and again by the difficulties and delays that beset him, but his will remained firm, and at last, after divers petitions and stolen interviews with the Directors of the stage, young Blake was announced as a young gentleman who would perform the part of *Prince of Wales* in *Richard III.*

It was an unlucky coincidence that some members of the debutant's family occupied seats in the boxes

that evening. Their consternation may well be imagined, when the third act brought the "medical student, and the pride of the family" before them, robed in all the splendor of a Prince of the blood royal—and a vile stage player.

There must have been a struggle in that young heart, with fame on the one hand and kindred on the other, calling him opposite ways.

But the step which he had taken was final, and the struggle of life commenced. His articles with the Doctor were cancelled—kinsmen and kinswomen fell away from him—all but his mother. She would not abandon her son because the course of life he had chosen was distasteful to her—no!

Nothing but expatriation remained to the young man, voluntary it is true, but the stage had become a settled purpose of his soul, and he knew well that reproach, censure and discouragement, must always follow him in his native place.

A portion of the company were called to the Island of Jamaica, and our aspirant accompanied them.

Here he proved a most valuable accessory to the slender force left to the manager, after the terrible fever of '33 had swept through the company.

In Kingston, Mr. Blake played the whole range of genteel comedy for which he has since become so celebrated. There for the first time he acted "Singles," while Young Norval, Florin, Barnwel, Lothiao, Frank Heartall, and Gossamer, became among his most popular characters.

His then slender figure and natural grace were peculiarly adapted to this range of characters. These advantages joined to that rare genius which was never better appreciated than now, ensured him great success in this line of his profession. There was a hearty earnestness and dashing grace about his acting in those early years, which no one who has seen him at every age will fail to recognise. For though study has improved and elaborated his style, and the characters themselves have been changed for others, the same rich vein of genius runs through all.

But young ambition is never content. Like all tyros our successful comedian most affected deep tragedy, and thought himself never entirely appreciated unless clad in a ponderous cloak, and heavy black wig, surmounted with hat and plumes that would have astonished a hearse. Mr. Blake enjoys the memory of these inappropriate Othellos, Macbeths and Richiards, with a true zest, and laughs heartily that the identical individual who perpetrated these patent characters was called upon from scarcity of female artists to enact Miss Nevil in "She stoops to Conquer," Jenny, in "The Road to Ruin," the Fairy, in "The Forty Thieves," besides any number of walking ladies, and Soubrettes at the theatre Royal, Fairbank wharf in the town (now city) of Halifax. Mrs. Young (now Mrs. Hughes) of Burton's, and Henry Placide, Esq., were members of the theatrical corps in which Mr. Blake essayed in these feminine characters.

In 1825 Mr. Blake arrived in New York. But two theatres at that time existed in this city—the *Park* and *Old Chatham*. He was coldly received by the managers of both, but promised an appearance by Barrere the proprietor of the Chatham, which after repeated solicitations he attained, having filled up the irksome delay by a visit to Albany, where he made his first appearance in the United States in the "Stranger" and the "Singles" with gratifying success.

At length he appeared at the Chatham Theatre, as Frederic in "The Poor Gentleman." The beautiful Mrs. Barrett, then in the zenith of her popularity, performed the opposite parts. His success was triumphant, and his hopes rose higher and higher with every loud burst of applause that greeted his performance.

How keen must have been his disappointment when informed by the manager that until the next season he could not give him an engagement, as the characters he desired were already in possession.

The next season came and with it the engagement, in part. Barrere died soon after, and the establishment soon passed into other hands.

Mr. Blake and Mrs. Waring were the leading comedians of the company. This union of talent soon led to another engagement, no less important to Mr. Blake than the first, and one which has proved a life-long blessing.

During this season Mrs. Waring (one of the

talented Placide family) became the wife of Mr. Blake. Since then the usual vicissitudes and excitements of an actor's life, have marked the career of the subject of our present imperfect memoir.

With the American public he has always been a favorite, and every year has but served to brighten his professional fortunes. With the same graceful hilarity which marked his first advent, he has glided from one class of characters to another, almost imperceptibly.

While his "Cheverel," "Charles Surface," "Rolando," "Dosticourt," "Tangent," "Young Marlow," "Dornton," and "Gossamer," were brilliant and judicious as ever we find him, while in full possession of all the freshness and joyousness of manner that made them so attractive—assuming the fathers, grandfathers, uncles and guardians of his former youthful impersonation. His "Sir Peter Teasle," "Sir Anthony Obolete," "Old Hardcastle," and "Hardy," "Sir Abel Handy," "Cosey," "Squire Broadlands" and a host of others of the same style and manner are familiar as household words to all play-goers of the present generation. It is wonderful what freshness and originality his buoyant and joyous nature throws into characters of this class, and how completely he has identified himself with our remembrance of the play, whatever it may be, of which he performs a part.

But there are characters peculiarly his own, and in which he stands unrivalled on the American stage. His *Jessy Rural*, in "Old Heads and Young Hearts" has filled many a theatre for nights and nights together. His *Geoffrey Dale* in the "Last Man," is another character peculiarly his own, rendered so by an inspiration more original than that which influenced the author himself.

But his "Grandfather Whitehead" is perhaps among the most perfect of his personalities. The simple warm-hearted childishness with which he enters into his grand-children's play, the pathos of his distress, the working up of every nerve. While we live we shall not forget Mr. Blake in this character.

Few actors now upon the stage have made more ardent friends or received more tangible proofs of public favor than this gentleman; public demonstrations of respect and costly pieces of plate have been lavished upon him. The last, a magnificent parting banquet and the presentation of a superb gold snuff-box was given by his admirers in New Orleans when he bade our Southern brethren farewell before receiving a no less cordial welcome on the boards of Wallack's gem of a theatre in this city.

In giving our space to the professional career of Mr. Blake, we have deprived ourselves of the pleasure of those personal remarks to which a noble nature and untarnished moral character so fully entitles him. It is men like this who put the cavaliers against theatres to shame, not only by their genius, but by those sterling good qualities that render genius a blessing. Let the world say what it will, a good actor performs a great moral mission, for which the public should make a generous return.

ENGLISH GROWN SILK.—Many persons in England, as a matter of entertainment, have kept a few silkworms, which have produced cocoons. No further result by them has been contemplated; but we have heard of a gentleman (Mr. Hutton) in Cornwall, who has followed out the growing of silk so successfully as an amateur, that he has at length arrived at the conviction that silk-growing might be profitably carried on in this country. We have seen some hundreds of cocoons in an establishment near Manchester. The gentleman calculates that an acre of mulberry-trees would suffice to produce 60 lb. weight of silk, and that the ground would yield a profit to the farmer of about £30 an acre. Dr. (now Sir John) Bowring, when in Manchester, said that the mulberry-tree was indigenous to every climate, and that nature had so favored us as to give a species suited to every country.

SAFETY TRAVELLING CAP.—A Mr. Redgrave has patented an improvement in the making of caps, which possesses several advantages. In the ordinary cap, or head-gear, the inventor introduces a hollow tube or ring of prepared india-rubber, about an inch and a half in diameter; to this is affixed a mouth-piece, by which the tube may be inflated at pleasure. In this state the wearer may recline in a railway carriage or on an elastic cushion; or it would prevent a shock in case of collision or fall from a horse; or it would protect the head of a child when learning to walk. Sportsmen may convert it into a seat, in preference to the damp ground, or make it serve the purpose of a pillow.

Chemistry.

UNDER this title we mean to present to our young readers, from time to time, (as frequently, indeed, as an opportunity occurs,) a working abstract of many lectures, which, being delivered in the metropolis to a favored few, have hitherto been lost to the multitude. We intend to make this abstract plain as plain can be—never using learned words when common words will serve; never taking anything for granted that has not been told; never describing an experiment which a child cannot perform.

Now there is a good deal in the proper beginning of a subject, as everybody knows. The witty Lucian of old said "The beginning, indeed, is half of all!" The modern Spanish proverb says, "A thing well begun is in a manner finished;" a proverb, indeed, which, in our opinion, overshoots the mark. We do not want to think, and we should not like our young friends to think, that our outlines just begun—from which we hope to have so much pleasure—which we hope will give our young readers so much pleasure—was already in a manner finished. But to the point: What can be so fortunate a beginning for us as a sketch of Professor Faraday's Lecture on Chemistry, addressed especially to children? What can be so lucky a time for the beginning, as the new year? Let them picture to themselves a large amphitheatre of rising seats—tier after tier upwards extending—the whole looking down upon the lecturer's table. Let them picture to themselves all the front seats, usually occupied by the greatest philosophers, now exclusively reserved for little boys and girls, each of whom sat half hidden behind note books, almost bigger than the tiny individuals who held them. Let them fancy some minutes of anxious suspense, during which many an impatient eye was ever and anon directed towards the dial of the clock, the hand of which at last points to three, faintly strikes one, (as all unobtrusive clocks in lecture rooms do,) and the lecturer walks in. Well, the first thing Professor Faraday does is to assure his little friends that he is neither going to do or say anything which they may not all perfectly understand—nothing which they cannot do at home as well as here. He bids them to join him in a sort of Christmas game—he admonishes mamma and papa, that long before he has finished, they will probably say to themselves, "Dear me, the man is childish!" Childish? to be sure, said Professor Faraday. I mean to be childish—I try to be childish—I am bound to be childish; and why? because I talk to children.

Professor Faraday now commenced his lecture by selecting for discussion the theme or proposition—"WHY DO CERTAIN BODIES BURN?"

Aye, now—Why do certain bodies burn? How very simple does the answer to this question seem. What answer would most children be likely to give? Because of their touching fire, one would say. Stop then, let us see. Doesn't a lucifer-match burn when you rub it, and without touching fire? Doesn't the percussion-cap of a gun explode when you strike it, and without touching fire? It is quite clear, then, that although certain burnable substances will burn when they touch fire, others will burn without any such contact.

I can't tell why substances do burn, another child may say, but I can tell when they will not burn. They won't burn when water is thrown upon them, that's sure.



Fig. 1.

the shining body, which is potassium, and the water, both take fire. (Fig. 1.)

Well, now, is it not quite clear, that at least one body will even burn on coming into contact with water? At this point let us pause. Is it not evident, children, that you do not know why it is that certain substances, combustibles, burnables, as I will term them, in themselves, take fire? How are you to know? How does the philosopher know?—How do we all know?—Simply by trying experiments; and remember that whatever in chemistry has once occurred, will always, under the same circumstances, occur again; be sure of that. Potassium will always burn when you touch it with wa-

ter, as I touched it just now. Lucifer-matches, well made, will always inflame when rubbed under similar circumstances, with equal force. Percussion caps will always explode if, being equally good, they be struck with equal force.

This way of getting knowledge, by trying experiments, and seeing in what they end, is called the practice of inductive philosophy: what can be more natural than such a plan of proceeding! What more natural? do we not all follow it, almost unknown to ourselves; old and young, are we not all inductive philosophers? What boy purchases a top without liking to try beforehand, whether it will spin or not; or a kite, without liking to see whether it will fly? Or what girl buys a doll, warranted to speak, without trying whether she will speak? However little we know it, then, we are all inductive philosophers. Under what circumstances, again to put the question, will a combustible body burn? What is the reason of its burning? Let us all be inductive philosophers, and think.

"I will try one experiment upon that matter,"—let us fancy an interlocutor to say; "one thing I noticed was, that the potassium, although touching water, also, when it burned, touched the air." Suppose, then, I try the experiment. I will scoop out the end of a little stick, so; but much deeper, (Fig. 2,) and in the scooped-out depression, I will squeeze the bit of potassium; I will then take the stick and plunge its armed end down through a glass of water, so. (Fig. 3.)

Bravo! I have found out one reason at any rate, why bodies burn—they must be in contact with air—for the potassium now does not burn until it escapes from the hollow stick and floats on the water.



Fig. 4.

That is quite true, all exclaim; of course it is: how could we be so stupid! I'll prove it another way, says a young gentleman, as follows: I will take a short wax taper, light it, put it on a table, and cover it with a tumbler, so. (Fig. 4.)

Ah, there it goes! dim and more dim burns the flame; and see—now the flame goes out. Isn't it quite certain that combustible bodies won't burn without air?

"Be quite careful of what you consider proved," remarked Professor Faraday; "this is the essence of philosophy." Now it may be proved that a candle won't burn without air, but it is not proved from anything we have as yet seen, that all substances are thus limited; on the contrary, I shall now show an experiment which will prove that we may get bodies to burn without air. Into this glass I pour first some water, then some crystals of salt, called the chlorate of potash—a substance which, although soluble in water, is not soluble all at once. Upon this, I drop some fragments of phosphorus; then through a small glass tube, with funnel mouth, I pour a little oil of vitriol. (Fig. 5.) See what now takes place—there is fire under water.



Fig. 5.

Nor is it absolutely necessary to take trouble to arrive at our conclusion. If the firework, called a serpent, be ignited and plunged under water, it will still continue to burn. Indeed, this provision is necessary, not only as regards fireworks for amusement, but as applied to the more terrible applications of war. We are none of us warriors here—we are philosophers; yet I shall not hesitate, remarked Professor Faraday, to illustrate my subject by reference to what is termed a shell or carcass fuse—a contrivance which, being thrust into the aperture of a bomb-shell, or carcass, (which is a variety of bomb-shell,) filled with slow-burning materials, ignites with the blast of the mortar and burns. Now it is necessary that not only provision be made for the continuous burning of this carcass or this bomb-shell fuse in air, but also that it shall not be extinguished even if it come into contact with water. Hence, when ignited and held under water, it does not go out. (The experimenter may try this experiment with a serpent.)

"We have not only learned by our experiments," remarked Professor Faraday, "that certain bodies can burn without air, but we also begin to see certain gleamings of our general truth. We shall presently see what it is in air that makes things burn. Because, reflect on this. Even limiting our remarks to the candle, which, placed burning under an inverted glass, soon went out, it cannot be cor-

rect to say that the flame went out for want of air. At the period of extinction of flame there is air left, as can be seen. We must limit our remark, then, to the expression that it went out for want of fresh air. That would be correct. But let us go a little further. Does the candle, by burning, remove any of the air—and what sort of air remains? Let us see. (Fig. 6.)



Fig. 6.

"If I take the same wax-candle, and ignite it, put it to stand in the middle of a soup-plate, containing water, invert over it a glass, and allow the whole to stand at rest, the candle after a time goes out, and water runs in the glass,—thus proving that one portion of the air has been burned away. But the demonstration may be still better effected by employing some substance more combustible than a candle. Thus, if into a little tin dish I put a bit of phosphorus, place the dish to float upon the surface of water, ignite the phosphorus by touching it with a hot wire, and then invert over it the glass as before, combustion will proceed, the phosphorus will ultimately go out, and the water will rise to the extent of one-fifth, or, in other words, one-fifth of the atmospheric air will have been burned away, leaving four-fifths behind, totally incapable of supporting combustion. (Fig. 7.)



Fig. 7.

"It is evident, then, that for substances that burn in the air, not all the air is capable of supporting combustion, but only a portion of it; and now comes a curious question, what becomes of that part which is burned away? What becomes, for instance, of that part which the phosphorus burned away? Evidently it did not escape, because the glass very carefully kept it in. What, then, became of it? Why, in answer to that, you must take my word. I cannot demonstrate all things, I say, in the course of a rapid lecture, but must ask you to believe me. That portion of the air which the phosphorus burns away, unites with the phosphorus into the solid form, and constitutes the red-looking solid which remains.

"Here, then, we appear to have some clue to the mystery. We learn that one portion of the air at least can be solidified—can exist in a solid; therefore, now we may begin to ask ourselves whether some material existing in our compound which we got to burn under water does not contain a portion of air solidified? Whether some material of serpents and carcass fuses does not contain the same? Let us then proceed to examine this subject. You will remember that in my experiment of getting phosphorus to burn under water, I used chlorate of potash—perhaps you know, also, that nitre, or nitrate of potash, is one of the ingredients of gunpowder, and consequently of serpents, portfires, carcass fuses, and so forth. Let us examine these two substances:—First, as regards nitre, I am going to try an experiment, which I am sure every boy knows. I am going to make some touch-paper. Paper is combustible, we are all aware,—that is to say, if lighted, it flames and burns away. If the flame be blown out, the remaining coal soon becomes extinguished; but if I moisten the paper with a solution of nitre in water, and dry it, then ignite it, see what a remarkable effect takes place. If I cause it to burst into flame, it burns like any other paper, but if I blow out the flame, then combustion still proceeds; not a flaming combustion, but a combustion in sparks.

"If, instead of nitre, I make a solution of chlorate of potash, and moisten another piece of paper in a similar way, I also make touch-paper. Is it not evident, therefore, that nitre and chlorate of potash both of them increase the combustibility of paper?

"For aught we know from the evidence before us, they may both contain, in the solid form, that part of the air which has the power of supporting combustion."

Now in order to do what Professor Faraday did (or something like it—for we don't mean to pledge ourselves to be literal copyists), let our young readers proceed as follows. Into a



Fig. 8.

retort made of German glass without lead, or English green glass, but not common English white flint glass, which too easily melts,—put about a teaspoonful of chlorate of potash; then plunge the back of the retort under the mouth of a bottle previously filled with water, inverted in a wash-basin full of water,

and tilted up in such a manner, by means of two bits of brick, or any other heavy substance, that the back of the retort will easily be under the inverted mouth of the bottle. Now apply heat to the retort, by means of some lighted charcoal placed upon a fire-pan, or any other convenient support, we are not particular about that. Professor Faraday used a crucible of black lead, perforated with holes (Fig. 9), supplied with an iron grating, firmly bound together with wire; a common clay flower-pot, similarly fitted up, answers perfectly well; but, as we said before, the fire-pan will serve for the nonce; presently an air or gas will come over, and would fill the bottle if collected; it is better, however, to allow the first portions to escape.



Fig. 9.

As soon as the bottle becomes full of gas, slide under its mouth a flat piece of glass; reverse the bottle, and put it to stand on the table, thus. (Fig. 10.) "So it appears," continued the lecturer, "that we have actually succeeded in getting from this solid chlorate a gas or air—for gas is only another name for air. Let us see what sort of air it is, and what will it do. Remember we are hunting for a certain something that shall enable burnable substances to burn. Let us try it thus."



Fig. 10.

And let the reader try it, let him learn by experiment what sort of a gas he has got. Let him take a long slip of wood, and having set fire to one end, let him blow out the flame, so that only a little ignited charcoal point shall remain. Plunge this glowing end into the gas, and mark how the stick bursts into flame.

How beautiful is this! how simple is all becoming! how clearly do appearances unveil themselves! From a solid body we have got out an air, a gas, for the terms are the same, and this gas is the same, the very same, test it as you will, that forms that part of the atmosphere, and enables bodies to burn. It is the very virtue of the air, so to speak—we won't give it a name just yet—the very essence. Chlorate of potash contains much of it; nitre contains an almost equal quantity; therefore how easy is it to learn the reason why touch-paper burns so well. We may now put our knowledge together; burnable bodies burn, not universally because fire is applied to them, for some burn without, and some, as will be shown hereafter, don't burn even then; but they burn when they are heated to a certain extent in contact with a supporter of combustion in a convenient form. That is all our experiments warrant us in saying at present; by-and-by other points will be made out. Now don't imagine there is only one supporter of combustion—there are several, but the most important, the grandest in its effects, the most glorious in its action, is what we will at present call the virtue of atmospheric air. And now one word more. Did we not say that bodies before they can burn must be heated to a certain extent?—and was the potassium heated by coming into contact with cold water? Assuredly it was. That point can be demonstrated, and so on for the rest. Friction heats the lucifer-match; percussion heats the gun-cap; in every case heating in one way or another must be applied.

One thing more must here be remembered. Burnable bodies will not all burn under precisely similar circumstances. Potassium will burn if it touches water, but it won't burn under water. Phosphorus and chlorate mixed, will burn under water perfectly well; so will a firework serpent, or a carcase fuse. The wick of a candle and its contained oil will burn, but not the surrounding wax or grease; whereas a piece of camphor (try it) will burn all over. Thus burnable bodies have most of them different burning propensities; and many, which you think won't burn at all, will burn perfectly well when their caprices are favored, as we shall see hereafter. All combustible or burnable bodies have their caprices, or fancies, so to speak; not only must they be heated in contact with a supporter of combustion, but they must be heated under peculiar circumstances. As a special illustration of this fact, we cannot do better than conclude this sketch by describing an experiment performed by Professor Faraday. The experiment is pretty, interesting, and instructive; moreover, it shows the exact way of making lightning as adopted in plays and pantomimes. Lycopodium may be called a sort of seed of a sort of fern. Don't be too severe on the editor, young gentlemen and ladies who know botany; he is perfectly aware that lycopodium is not a fern; he is also aware that neither ferns nor lycopodiums have any seeds but spores. He knows all this just as well as the facts that wheat, barley, and oats are

not seeds but fruits; that strawberries, pine-apples, and figs, are no fruits; or that cactus plants have no leaves. Lycopodium is a sort of seed of a sort of fern, we repeat, and of this lycopodium mimic lightning may be made. It burns, therefore,—burns in air, yet, under just those circumstances alone which please itself, as we shall see.

Put a little lycopodium flat upon a plate, and touch it with a lighted match; the substance will not burn yet. Treat it thus: put it into a little sieve tied to the end of a stick, knock the end of the

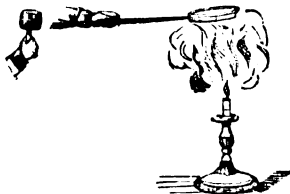


Fig. 11.

stick with a mallet or hammer, or anything of that kind, so that the lycopodium may fill the air as a cloud. Hold now a lighted candle in the cloud, and see what takes place—the whole cloud burns with a vivid flash. Thus do we learn that the lycopodium, though perfectly willing to burn, will only burn when the air is mixed with it in a particular way. Children, put together all these facts. In a future number we will proceed to learn something more about that distilled gas, which, for the present, shall still be called the virtue of atmospheric air.

To be continued.

[For the N. Y. Journal.]

Mary Belle.

By M. T. CARPENTER, of Jackson, Miss.

They call her bright and beautiful,
As beautiful may be,
But 'tis something more than beauty
That makes her dear to me;
'Tis her soft and gentle manner,
Her kindly beaming smile,
Which makes one in her presence
Forget himself the while.

Even the coldest may not listen
Unmoved unto her words,
For they breathe a sweeter music
Than songs of singing birds.
And 'tis gushing, free, and simple,
And void of every art,
And in this consists its magic,
'Tis music of the heart.

Were her form not half so graceful,
Her eye not half so bright,
And were lost those raven tresses,
Which darker seem than night:
She still to me were beautiful,
And in my heart would dwell,
The kindest thoughts and purest,
Of lovely Mary Belle.

THE RELIGION OF THE INSURGENT CHINESE.—An exceedingly curious document has been published, which offers a striking insight into the present religious persuasions of the insurgent Chinese. We make room for a brief summary of the facts contained in the document, which is of excessive length, and full of tautology and metaphorical language. It seems that among the princes of the Pretender's court, one, styled the Eastern Prince, professes, or is considered to receive, Divine inspiration; and indeed it is represented either figuratively or as literal truth, that the Divinity descends from heaven to announce His will, either directly or through some such medium, to the Chinese people. The narrative accordingly purports to detail the revelations so made, and sets forth a visit of the "Heavenly Father" in person, together with an elaborate communication which the Eastern Prince was commissioned to deliver in the Divine name to the Celestial King—i. e. the Pretender himself. The commands thus conveyed have reference not to any doctrinal proposition or any lofty precepts of morality, but to the general administration of the government, the management of the court and even the regulation of its ceremonial. The officers of the court, and especially the female officers, are to be treated with more indulgence and consideration; the king is to be less hasty and impetuous, to inflict punishment in moderation and upon reasonable grounds only, to be thoughtful in his actions, and to give his attendants less occasion to stand in awe of him. In particular he is enjoined to be cautious in visiting offences with death, and is recommended to adopt such a method of proceeding in capital cases as would leave room for investigation and pardon. Such are the precepts for which the immediate authority of the Divinity is claimed, and which are announced in all the awful phraseology of Revelation itself. As a climax, the Celestial King is represented as ascribing to the Eastern Prince, in con-

sideration of these communications, the mission and title of "The Comforter, even the Holy Ghost:" and this designation, we are told, has been assumed accordingly.

A STRANGE WILL.—We find the following extraordinary statement in a New York paper:—

"Mr. Railing, of New Hampshire, was among the victims of the last railroad accident between Brighton and London. His heirs, after having paid him the customary funeral honors, did what all heirs do in similar cases—opened the will of the deceased, to ascertain what share each was to have in his posthumous liberalities. As he had never given a penny to either of his relatives during his lifetime, they expected to be richer now that he was no more. One may imagine the surprise caused by the first line of his will: 'This is my testament. I give and bequeath all my goods, present and future, moveable or immovable, in England or on the Continent, to that railroad company on whose road I have had the happiness to meet with death, that blessed deliverance from my terrestrial prison.' Further on, the testator gives his reasons for his bequest. The idea had taken firm possession of his mind, that he was destined to die a violent death, and the most desirable one, in his view, was that caused by the explosion of a locomotive. He travelled, therefore, constantly on the railroads of England, Belgium, and France. There was not a station where he was not known. All the conductors were acquainted with his peculiar costume. He had narrowly escaped death several times. Once he was shut up in a carriage under water; another time he was in the next carriage to the one that was shattered; and he described, with the greatest enthusiasm, those terrible accidents, when he saw death so near without being able to obtain it. Disappointed in Europe, he went to the United States. He made frequent excursions on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Ontario, and the Niagara; but, notwithstanding their frequent explosions, he returned with a whole skin. He was destined to be crushed under a carriage of the mother country. It is said that the relatives will attempt to set aside the will on the ground of insanity; but it is probable that the railroad will win the suit in spite of the proverb, that 'the murderer never inherits from his victim.'"

COMBAT EXTRAORDINARY.—A somewhat ridiculous occurrence was lately witnessed in Westchester. A favorite cock finding one day its master's house quiet, and concluding from that circumstance that its domestics were absent, set about exploring the house. At length he entered the gentleman's bed-room; in which there was a large mirror. Upon looking at this, chanticleer was not a little astonished at perceiving another cock, in every respect like himself, standing opposite and staring at him. This attitude he construed as a challenge to come and fight, which he readily accepted. The din of the encounter attracted the attention of one of the inmates, who, on proceeding to the apartment, was not a little amused at the spectacle. The intruder, however, was compelled to leave the scene without bringing the matter to anything like a satisfactory end.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—While the announcement which appears in another part of this number settles the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party, reflection has discovered that it still leaves the larger number unaccounted for, and has given a new impulse to searches for the other members of the party, and for any records that they may have left behind. Two overland expeditions have therefore been decided upon—the one in boats, to go down the Mackenzie River in search of Captain Collinson, about the safety of whom there is now some anxiety; the other, in canoes, down Back's Fish River, to make further inquiry into the fate of Sir John Franklin's people, and to endeavor to obtain some more relics; and, should any of the remains of the dead be found, to place them decently under ground. The bodies which have already been discovered were at a spot which indicated the probable movement of the party towards the West. Captain Collinson is known to have been well, and about to prosecute his explorations, as late as August, 1852. The above-mentioned expeditions will be left wholly in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company.

BEAUTY.—It may not be lasting—but it is precious. It may not be worthy—but it is powerful. It may neither give nor take, yet we shall fear its frowns and value its smiles. It may be in possession of the ignorant, but the wise shall bow to it. It may exist in the weak, but the mighty shall succumb before it. There is but one antidote to its effects—absence.

Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGENT OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Oh, the dark policy and crooked wiles
That fence the uneasy crown.

OLD PLAY.

ALTHOUGH Elizabeth never for an instant seriously entertained the design of parting with her favorite, Lord Robert Dudley, she continued to treat with the ambassador of the Queen of Scots, upon the subject of his marriage with his mistress, with as much apparent earnestness as though it had been her fixed intention. With a woman's tact, she seized the occasion of the alliance being mooted to confer new honors upon his lordship, she resolved at once to create Earl of Leicester and Baron Denbigh—which ceremony took place with great splendor at Westminster, in presence of the queen, foreign ministers, and all the court.

For a sovereign who affected great prudery and decorum, Elizabeth was strangely indiscreet—and never more so than on the above occasion. After the patent of creation had been read by the lord chancellor, the new-made peer advanced directly opposite the throne, and knelt, to have his robes put on him. The queen not only took them from the officer with her own hands, but invested him with them herself—at the same time she so far forgot her royal dignity as to thrust her hand into his neck, and tickle him: a fact which Sir James Melville, the Scottish ambassador, has recorded in his memoirs.

"Turning to the French ambassador," continues the grave statesman, "she demanded, with a laugh, how he liked him—meaning the earl."

The intention of Elizabeth, at this period of her life, in all probability, was to marry Leicester herself—and the negotiation for the hand of the beautiful Mary merely a pretext to give color to her design, by proving to the world that he was worthy of aspiring to the hand of a crowned head. Fortunately it failed. Catherine de Medici, the queen-mother of France, who governed that kingdom in the name of her son, Charles IX—then about sixteen—proposed, in his name, to unite the long rival crowns by marriage—an offer which flattered the vanity of Elizabeth, without dazzling her understanding.

Her answer to Castelnau, the French ambassador, who was charged with this delicate negotiation, has been preserved. It was, "That she was greatly obliged by the honor done her by so mighty and powerful a king—to whom, as well as the queen-mother, she felt infinitely beholden—but that she felt this difficulty; the most christian king—her brother—was at once too great and too small. Too great, as the sovereign of such a realm as France, to quit his own dominions, and cross the seas to reside in England, where the people expected their kings and queens to live;" too small, she explained, by observing, "that his majesty was too young: she herself being already thirty—which she considered old for a woman."

A proposal was next made for her marriage with the Duc d'Anjou—the younger brother of Charles IX—an offer which Elizabeth declined, at the same time remarking, "that she had not refused a king to take up with a subject. That if she felt disposed to bestow her hand upon any one but a crowned head, she had subjects sufficiently noble in her own kingdom, without looking to foreign countries to find them!"

This was a direct allusion to the Earl of Leicester, whom she still evinced a desire to marry.

When Elizabeth found that the widowed Queen of Scotland was serious in her intention of espousing the young Lord Darnley, who had obtained permission to visit Edinburgh, her mortification and anger did not confine themselves to words. She not only imprisoned his mother, the Countess Lennox, in the Tower, but gave orders to her agents to foment a rebellion in Scotland against the queen. The Earl of Murray and others fell into the snare; but when their treasonable enterprise had failed, and they were compelled by the victorious troops of Mary to seek refuge in England, she did not only disavow all participation in their proceedings, but actually had the effrontery to forbid them her presence. Had they proved successful, how differently would she have treated them!

It seems to have been the object of her life to destroy the happiness of her more beautiful but less fortunate rival.

Never was the proverb that prosperity hardens the

heart, more strongly exemplified than by her conduct to the venerable Archbishop of York, whose prudent conduct as Chancellor, on the death of her sister, had secured her undisputed succession to the crown. His crime was refusing to acknowledge the supremacy of Elizabeth.

She first sent him to the Tower, and then caused him to be confined as a prisoner in one of the mansions belonging to the archiepiscopal see. A letter is still extant, written by order of the queen in council, addressed to Lord Scrope, in which that nobleman is recommended to proceed sharply in his enquiries, and, if necessary, use some moderate kind of torture, so as not to do him any great bodily hurt.

At the time Elizabeth sanctioned this cruel order, the venerable prisoner was eighty-three years of age!

Things were in this position when the defeated rebels from Scotland arrived in London, to crave an audience with her majesty—who, seeing that the marriage of Mary could not be set aside, and that her attempt to overthrow her authority in her own realm had signally failed, refused them all access to her presence, unless they consented to avow that she had not in any way participated in their proceedings.

"The condition is a hard one!" observed the Earl of Murray, when Cecil made it known to him. "Your mistress has deceived me!"

"Say rather outwitted you!" replied the astute politician, with a smile. "You must not judge the actions of crowned heads as you would those of ordinary persons! Reasons of state will frequently not only compel but justify actions which, as individuals, they would abhor!"

"A convenient doctrine!" observed the exile, with a sneer.

"And not the first time the Earl of Murray has both heard and practiced it!" retorted Cecil. "In a word, my lord, if you look for favor and countenance from my sovereign, it can only be on the terms proposed. But you are at liberty to retire to France."

The offer was an insulting mockery: the speaker well knowing that if one of the enemies of Mary Stewart ventured to set foot in that country, her kinsmen of the house of Guise, who were all powerful there, would take effectual means to prevent their ever returning to disturb her reign in Scotland again.

"You insult me in my misfortune!" exclaimed the noble, bitterly. "You know that I might as well—nay, better—return to Scotland, and stand a trial for treason, than trust to the mercy of the house of Guise!"

"Men of the world, my lord," gravely responded the messenger of Elizabeth, "never wantonly insult even an enemy—much less one who has served their interests, and may do so again! My proposal may be distasteful to you, but it is not insulting."

Pride and shame, anger and irresolution, by turns predominated in the breast of the exiled noble, whose abilities none can question, however opinion may be divided as to his conduct to the unfortunate Mary—who certainly, on her return to Scotland, after the death of her French husband, treated him with great kindness. Prudence, however, at last prevailed; and he consented to the only terms on which Elizabeth would consent to see or to assist him and his companions.

Cecil heard his decision with secret joy, but was too hackneyed in the subtle politics of the court to permit the least manifestation of his feelings to appear, either by look or word.

"You have decided wisely," he said; "and I think I may venture to promise that her majesty will receive you to-morrow, after the council; but remember, the denial must be unequivocal!"

"Fear not!" answered the exile, bitterly; "I have learned the lesson of falsehood and humiliation you have taught me, and will not fail to repeat it!"

So saying the two men who were each destined to act such important parts in the government of their respective countries parted, each secretly hating and despising the other.

On the following morning, Elizabeth, immediately after the council, fulfilled the promise of her messenger, by admitting the Scottish exiles into her presence. She had taken care to have the ambassadors of France and Spain both with her on the occasion, that she might have fitting witnesses of their confession.

No sooner did Murray and his companions enter the presence-chamber, than the queen, who was conversing with Leicester, turned suddenly round, and sharply demanded what sort of a reception they could possibly expect at her hands, after having so basely slandered her, by coupling her name with

their odious intrigues against her dear sister, their sovereign mistress.

"Alack, madame," exclaimed Murray, falling upon his knees, "we have been deceived!"

"But not by me!"

"Far from our lips," replied the exile, "be such unmerited slander! No, gracious queen! we take these honorable ambassadors to witness that your majesty is innocent of all knowledge and share in the conspiracy we so foolishly entered into against our sovereign lady and queen."

"God's wot! my lords, you have but declared the truth; though some eager to sow dissensions between the queen our sister and ourself, will affect to disbelieve you. You have done me grievous injury in her opinion."

"Please your majesty, we will atone."

"How?" sharply demanded Elizabeth.

"By affirming upon your honors as noblemen and gentlemen," replied Lord Murray, "that your majesty had neither part nor hand in our proceedings."

This was all that the unscrupulous queen required; they had failed, and she no longer had the least inducement to keep faith with them. Assuming a severe look, she commanded them from her presence.

"Get from my sight!" she exclaimed, "false traitors as ye are! who have nearly embroiled two kingdoms by your infamous plottings; and thank our clemency that, instead of sending you prisoners to our sister in Scotland, we permit you to find refuge in our kingdom; but beware," she added, "how you again presume to venture before us! We may not always feel disposed to act thus weakly."

Turning her back upon the astonished and still kneeling exiles, her majesty resumed her conversation with Leicester and the French ambassador, who complimented the royal hypocrite on the complete vindication she had received from the lips of the Scottish traitors; who, abashed and overwhelmed with shame and ridicule, withdrew from the presence-chamber, degraded in their own estimation, and that of all who heard them; for the scene, despite the excellent acting of all concerned in it, deceived none but the ignorant. In justice to the maiden monarch we must add, that she did not carry her injustice so far as to leave her dupes to starve, but secretly allowed Murray a pension—who, in the language of scripture, might be truly said to eat the bread of bitterness.

Elizabeth so far forgot the debt of gratitude she owed to Throgmorton—whose services during the reign of her sister entitled him to more consideration—as to disavow his whole proceedings in Scotland; a treachery which so inflamed that gentleman, that he exposed the secret instructions, under her own hand and seal, upon which he had acted—a retaliation which, however merited, his vindictive mistress never forgave. Forgiveness of injuries and offences was not one of the weak points of Queen Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Strong in hand, but weak in heart,
Each in turn doth act a part.

OLD POEM, ENTITLED "THE VIRGIN QUEEN."

FROM the scene of dissimulation and treachery which we have described in the preceding chapter, it is a relief to turn to the more pleasing side of the character of Elizabeth—namely, her great powers of administration. Had Ireland been administered according to her directions, much of the unhappy dissension which has divided that distracted country might have been avoided. We extract the following letter, written with her own hand to Sir Henry Sydney, from the papers of his family, most of which have been made public:

"HARRY,

"If our partial, slender managing of the contentious quarrel between the two Irish rebels, did not make the way to cause these lines to pass my hand, this gibberish should hardly have cumbered your eyes; but warned by my former fault, and dreading worse hap to come, I *rede* (advise) you take good heed * * * * Make some difference between tried, just and false friends. Let the good service of well deservers be never rewarded with loss. Let their thanks be such as may encourage more strivers for the like. Suffer not the Desmond's daring deeds, far wide from promised works make you trust to other pledge than himself, or John, for gage. He hath so well performed his English vows, that I warn you, trust him no farther than you see one of them. Prometheus let me be; and Prometheus hath been mine too long. I pray God your old straying sheep, late as you say, returned into fold, wore not her woolly garment upon her woolly back. You know a kingdom knows no kindred. *Si violandum jus regnan di causa*. A strength to harm

is perilous in hand of an ambitious head. Where might is mixed with wit there is too good an accord in a government. Essays be oft dangerous, especially where the cup-bearer hath received such a preservative as, whatsoever betide the drinker's draught, the carrier takes no pain thereby. Believe not, though they swear that they can be full sound, whose parents sought the rule that they full fain would have. I warrant you they will never be accused of bastardy; they will trace the steps that others have trod before. If I had not espied, though very late, *legerdemain* used in these cases, I had never played my part. No, if I did not see the balances held awry, I had never myself come into the weigh-house. I hope I shall have so good customer of you, that all under officers shall do their duty among you. If aught have been amiss at home, I will patch, though I cannot whole it. Let us not nor do you consult so long, that advice come too late. Where, then, shall we wish the deeds, while all was spent in words. A fool too late bewares when all the peril is past. If we still advise, we shall never do, yea, and if our web be framed with rotten handles, when our loom is well nigh done, our work is new to begin. God send the weaver true prentices again, and let them be denizens. I pray you, if they be not citizens, and such too as your ancients, aldermen, that have, or now dwell in your official place, have had best cause to commend their good behavior. Let this memorial be only committed to Vulcan's base keeping, without any longer abode than the leisure of the reading thereof; yea, and no mention made thereof to any other wight I charge you, as I may command you, seem not to have had but secretaries' letters from me.

"Your loving maistres,

"ELIZABETH R."

Shortly after the affair with the Scottish exiles, an ambassador extraordinary arrived from France, bearing the ensigns of the noble order of St Michael, together with a letter written by Charles IX. himself, in which that monarch requested her majesty to bestow them upon any two of her subjects, whom she might deem worthy so great an honor.

Elizabeth selected her kinsman, the noble-minded Duke of Norfolk, and her favorite, the ignoble Leicester, whose favor, at this period of his life was at its height.

Cecil and his colleagues trembled lest she should marry him. With all his astuteness, the great statesman little knew the heart of the royal coquette, who sported with the passion of her favorite, without ever becoming herself the slave of its weakness, although there is little doubt that she shared it.

The alarm of the minister must have been great, when he took upon himself to submit the following six objections to her marriage to his royal mistress.

First: That Leicester could bring neither riches, power, nor estimation.

Secondly: That he was deeply involved in debt, notwithstanding all that the bounty of her majesty had lavished upon her.

Thirdly: He was surrounded by needy and rapacious dependents, who would engross all the favor and patronage of the crown.

Fourthly: That he was so violent and mutable in his passions—one day so jealous, another day so indifferent—that the queen could not expect to live happily with him.

Fifthly: He was so infamous from the death of his wife.

Sixthly: That his marriage with Elizabeth would confirm the slanderous reports propagated to the disadvantage of her majesty.

These considerations, firmly if not disinterestedly presented, had great weight with the queen, who, evidently from that time resigned all thoughts of marriage with her favorite; although she still continued to mark her undiminished affection for him by lavishing places and honors—fortunately they were honors merely. With all his influence, the Earl of Leicester never could obtain the direction of her government, which he so much coveted and intrigued for. It was a point with Elizabeth in which the inclination and weakness of the woman were vanquished by her prudence as a queen.

Leicester never forgave Cecil the evil turn he had played him.

Whilst the court of England was one continued scene of contention, rivalry, and intrigue, Mary Stuart, on the 19th of June, gave birth to her despicable and unworthy son—who, whilst yet an infant, was placed upon the throne. It would be unjust to blame him for an act in which he was, from his tender years, merely a passive instrument; but his cowardly abandonment of his mother to the cruel vengeance of Elizabeth—his infamous murder of the

gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, to propitiate the court of Spain—the share which it is suspected he had in the poisoning of his own son, whose virtues and character rendered his own vices the more glaring—have stamped him as one of the most contemptible kings who ever sat upon either the English or the Scottish throne.

Immediately on the birth of her infant, the Queen of Scots dispatched an ambassador, in the person of Sir James Melville, to announce the joyful intelligence to Elizabeth.

The moment he reached London, Cecil, who knew probably, how unwelcome the news would be to his jealous sovereign, departed at once for the palace at Greenwich, where the court was then residing, leaving the envoy to follow him at his leisure.

"Where is her majesty?" he demanded of one of the gentlemen ushers, who hastened to receive the secretary upon his landing.

"Dancing," replied the officer, "in the great hall, with Sir Thomas Smith, her ambassador at the court of France. The queen, to show her contentment at the spirited manner in which he resented the light way in which his sovereign was spoken of in the presence of Catharine de Medicis, has treated him with unusual honor. Never have I seen her grace in more contentment."

Cecil shrugged his shoulders; he knew that the envoy whose presence he came to announce, would quickly drive the smile from her cheek and the contentment from her heart. He would willingly have chosen another messenger—for Elizabeth, like other women, seldom regarded with a favorable eye, the bearer of ill news.

"It must be done," he thought; "and the sooner the storm breaks the better—sunshine must follow it!"

Without waiting to change his costume for one more suited to the festive scene, he at once entered the great hall of the palace—where, as the usher had described, he found her majesty dancing in great apparent glee, with her favorite partner. Perhaps her majesty fell pleased with his handsome person and elegant manner, or wished to mortify the Earl of Leicester, who, pale with jealousy and anger, stood watching them at a distance.

No sooner did Elizabeth catch the eye of her minister, than she beckoned him to approach; she knew that something important must have occurred to justify his appearing in such a costume in her presence—for Cecil was equally great, both as a courtier and a statesman.

Every eye was fixed upon the sovereign and her secretary, as they retired into one of the deep recesses formed by the way-windows of the hall.

"What can have occurred?" whispered one.

"A rupture with France?"

"A war with Spain?"

Such, and yet more various were the conjectures bandied in the hall, whilst Cecil was whispering his communication into the ear of Elizabeth.

Suddenly there was a cry that her majesty was taken ill.

The principal ladies of the court crowded round her, and some ventured to inquire the cause of her grief; for tears of mortification, which she vainly strove to hide, streamed down the painted cheeks of the Lion Queen of England.

"Matter enough!" exclaimed her grace. "The Queen of Scots is lighter of a fair son, whilst I am but a barren stock!"

Rather an extraordinary declaration for the maiden majesty of England, who instantly left the hall, unable to bear up against the chagrin which the news of her rival's happiness had caused her.

On the following morning, when Melville presented his credentials, Elizabeth received him with a countenance radiant with smiles. In his memoirs the ambassador distinctly states, that she welcomed him with a *volt*—a sort of light, skipping step then in vogue, but very undignified for a queen; thanked him for the dispatch he had used, and had the barefaced hypocrisy to add, that the intelligence had recovered her from a severe sickness which she had endured for upwards of fifteen days.

At the christening of the infant who was destined to succeed her, and unite the British islands under one sceptre, Elizabeth stood godmother, and bestowed upon the child a font of pure gold, worth a thousand pounds. At the same time she acted thus munificently by her godson, she mortified its parents by directing her ambassador to refuse to its father the title of King of Scotland—in consequence of which he absented himself from the ceremony.

To dissipate her discontent, Elizabeth made a progress to Oxford, attended by the great nobility of the kingdom, and her seven beautiful maids of honor, whose charms were thus celebrated by the poet,

Edwards, the author of a tragedy much esteemed in its time, named *Damon and Pythias*:

Howard is not haughty,
But of such smiling cheer,
That would allure each gentle heart
Her love to hold full dear.

Dacres is not dangerous,
Her talk is nothing coy;
Her noble stature may compare
With Hector's wife of Troy.

Baynam is as beautiful
As nature can devise;
Steadfastness possess her heart,
And chastity her eyes.

Arundel is ancient,
In these her tender years,
In heart, in voice, in talk, in deeds—
A matron wise appears.

Dorner is a darling,
Of such a lively hue,
That whose feeds his eyes on her,
May soon her beauty rue.

Coko is comely, and thereto
In looks sets all her care,
In learning, with the Roman dames
Of right she may compare.

Bridges is a blessed wight,
And prayeth with heart and voice,
Which from her cradle hath been taught,
In virtue to rejoice.

These seven now serve one noble queen,
But if power were in me,
For beauty's praise, and virtue's sake,
Each one a queen should be.

HARRINGTON'S NUDE ANTIQUE.

CHAPTER XL.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Why so can I, and so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
SHAKESPEARE.

THE birth of a son to the young Queen of Scotland was a source of great political as well as personal annoyance to Elizabeth: there was a strong party in the country who supported the claim of Mary to the succession—which party was still further strengthened by the fears of those who looked forward to a civil war, in the event of the death of the reigning sovereign. Leicester, urged by the ambitious hope of a crown, was foremost amongst the malcontents: his aim was, by stirring up the two Houses of Parliament, to force Elizabeth to one of two alternatives—marriage, or the choice of a successor: not doubting that it would be the former, and the bridegroom himself.

Almost immediately after the progress to Oxford, the maiden monarch returned to London to prepare for the opening of Parliament, which she was compelled to summon in order to obtain the subsidies necessary for the carrying on of her government. Dreading their importunity upon the subject of her marriage or the succession, she had delayed their meeting as long as possible. Many and various were the consultations with Cecil and her council.

At that period the belief in alchemy, astrology, and other exploded superstitions, was general throughout the realm; all classes were more or less addicted to them; and even the masculine mind of Elizabeth was not exempt from the weakness, which was equally shared by her favorite Leicester.

The most successful of the imposters, as well, perhaps, as the most learned, who flourished on the credulity of the age, was the celebrated Dr. Dee, who resided at a convenient house at Mortlake. We have seen that the Queen would not fix the day for her coronation till she had first consulted him. The quaint old charlatan exercised a greater influence in state affairs than the world has given him credit for.

The house which he inhabited stood almost in a direct line with the church—it has only lately been pulled down. Many are still living who have wandered through its chambers and garden.

On the evening preceeding the opening of Parliament, Dr. Dee was seated in his study, peering with curious eyes into the celebrated mirror in which he pretended to read future events, see spirits, and converse with them: perhaps the old man was as much the dupe of his own excited imagination as those who consulted him.

He was a tall, thin, venerable-looking personage, dressed in a long, dark gown, girded round his waist with a silken cord; his white hair and beard were long—the former fell from under the high black cap he wore on their waving locks, and added to his picturesque appearance.

A paper lay upon the table beside him, covered all over with geometrical figures and abstruse calculations. A smaller one which he held in his hand, and to which he occasionally referred, was the horoscope of Elizabeth. He had calculated it on her accession to the crown, at her express command.

To be continued.



DERVISHES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Among the varied population of Constantinople, not the least picturesque are the Dervishes, whose dancing and howling performances are stock subjects in most books of travels to the capital of the Ottoman empire. The artistic group engraved in the Journal, are taken from a drawing by Mr. James Robertson, of Constantinople. Their full trousers and huge mantles, and Eastern head-dress, make up a very effective costume, backed by a cemetery crowded with tombs and grave-stones of marble. Theophile Gautier, in his very life-like "Constantinople of To-Day," recently published, thus characterises these singular people:

The word "Dervish," signifies "poor," but this does not prevent their communities from possessing

great wealth, derived from the legacies and gifts of the faithful. This designation, once true, is still retained, although it has long ceased to be applicable.

The muftis and ulemahs—the regular authorities and priests of Mahometan law and religion—look with no favorable eye upon the dervishes; whether from some secret difference of doctrine, or from the influence which the latter have with the multitude, or only from the dislike which the regular clergy always feel towards the itinerant or mendicant orders, I am not sufficiently profound in Mahometan doctrine to declare.

Contrary to the custom of all other Moslemah, who refuse to let *Giours* be present at any of their

religious ceremonials, and drive them with violence from the mosques, if they intrude during the hours of prayer, the dervishes permit Europeans to penetrate to the very heart of their tekkes, on the sole condition of leaving their boots or shoes at the entrance, and entering in bare feet or with slippers. They chant their litanies, and perform their evolutions without seeming in the least disturbed by the presence of Christians, whose attendance as spectators is said, on the contrary, to be regarded by them as rather flattering than otherwise.

The Tekke of Pera appears to be anything but a pious prison of voluntary recluses:

On the contrary, cheerful apartments, painted in

gay colors, gladdened by sunlight, and having a superb view of the Bosphorus—a magnificent panorama, bathed in air and light. Scutari and Kadi-Keni, lying outspread upon the Asiatic shore; the Olympus of Bithnia, wrapped in snow; the Isles of P. incies—spots of blue upon the rippled surface of the sea; Serai-Bournow, with its palaces, its kiosks, and its gardens; Sultan Achmet, flanked by its six minarets; the forest created by the masts of ships of all nations—all combine to form a spectacle ever changing, ever new, on which one could gaze forever, without weariness or sense of monotony.

The Sea Gipsies.

THE Gipsy life may be looked upon as almost the last remnant of practical romance. The nomade tribe, passing a part of the year in one place, then striking its tents, and wandering northward, southward, to the east, or to the west, as chance or inclination may direct, and fixing its brief residence in some spot where the green earth, sparkling water, shade, or the abundant and easy means of subsistence offer themselves, presents a picture at once curious and agreeable. Bound by no ties of home, no predilections for place or situation, these wandering children of the world, in whatever country we may find them, afford a rich field of speculation.

But there is one class of the Gipsy race whose manner of life is far more romantic, more original, and more interesting, than that of all the tribes who make the forest or the highway their temporary home. We mean the Sea Gipsies of the Indian Archipelago. In considerable numbers, and during many ages, they have inhabited the placid waters of that wild and beautiful region. They are truly the unfettered children of nature. With no object but the sustenance of life, and the enjoyment of its pleasures, they flock together in large communities, and dwelling in prahus, or boats, pass the day on the ocean, floating from island to island, from shore to shore, from sea to sea, in the almost uninterrupted enjoyment of peace. They are united, because they have no object of quarrels—secure, because their temptations are too little to tempt the freebooter—content, because their desires go no farther than the procuring of sufficiency and comfort.

The Biajus, or Sea Gipsies, inhabit small prahus of light and elegant construction, and uniform size and shape, with cabins erected on the raised stern deck, and open towards the prow. Triangular sails, of moderate dimensions, and brilliantly white, form the means of motion, and on the planking is constructed a little earthen or iron platform, where fires are kindled for culinary purposes.

The appearance of a little fleet of these vessels by day, sailing in regular order, either in a close column, or an extended line, is peculiarly interesting. The bright skies perpetually hanging above; the glassy deep-blue water below; the elegant barques, with their snowy sails, appearing as a flock of gigantic swans upon the waves; the green shore, nearly always visible in those narrow seas; with the happy, contented families of the Sea Gipsies clustering on deck—form a picture of rare and varied interest. But at night, when the sky is spangled with stars of a size and lustre observed nowhere but in the East; when the sea sparkles with innumerable scintillations, and along the island coasts shines the light of countless fires, a fleet of the Gipsy barques, with blazing flames on deck, with torch-lit cabins, and swarthy groups revealed, with the white sails glancing in the mingled rays of fire and stars, while songs and music make a merry melody as they go, appears like a visitation from fairy-land. The traveller among those islands who, by a happy chance, encounters such a fleet under such circumstances, may well, if he be of imaginative mind, fancy himself transported to the regions of Peristan:—

"Like white sea-birds the fairy barques,
Their joyous flight as free;
And sweetly sound their silver songs,
Upon the silent sea."

It must not be imagined that in describing these scenes we encroach on fiction, and call on fancy to supply what the reality of the picture does not present;—far from it. The Sea Gipsies have existed for ages, and still exist, though in diminished numbers, but in the same primitive state of life, inhabiting the same boats, following the same occupations, and passing their time in the same happy and careless manner. It is to be regretted, however, that so little of their mode of life is known. The descriptions of them which have been published are few, scattered, incomplete, and inaccessible to the ordinary reader.

Were a traveller, inspired with the desire of making known the habits and customs of this extraordi-

nary race, to enter one of their communities, to accompany them for a few months, to assist them, to share their subsistence, and thus to glean a thorough knowledge of their domestic economy, his relation would, doubtless, be one of wonderful interest. The idea is one which impresses itself on the mind. The present writer may, at no distant period, turn Sea Gipsy for a while, and "cast his bread upon the waters" of the Indian Ocean. Tripping up the Rhine, or even the Nile and Mississippi, is now a stale thing. Why not be original in travelling? A voyage in company with the Biajus would be as novel as interesting. The idea, we repeat, is a striking one, and our readers may hope for its practical fulfilment.

But as no race of people can subsist without labor, the Biajus find themselves compelled to skim along the coasts where fish is abundant, to draw subsistence from the shallow sea near the shore. They sometimes sail westward as far as the ancient island of Serendib (Ceylon), and return to the Archipelago laden with the produce of the fishing-net and spear. Living, as it were, in two hemispheres alternately, they secure the balm of an eternal summer. They never put to sea except in fine weather, and when from unerring indications, they can predict its continuance; for their frail and feathery barques would be unequal to the contest with the rough and boisterous tempests which, at intervals, plough up the waves of the Archipelago, beating with an irresistible force on the face of the ocean, driving up the billows, lashing the coasts, and cresting the rocks with foam; while the unfortunate vessel which is surprised by them, is tossed to and fro, and often wrecked by their fury. At such times, in the quiet of a sheltered bay, or still more sheltered creek, the Gipsy fleet lies moored, its inhabitants enjoying a stroll on shore, or engaged in fishing or pearl-diving. The gathering of wild fruits, which abound in the forest—the collection of medicinal and culinary herbs—the search for edible roots and vegetables—with the repairing and cleansing of their prahus—and the cooking of food also afford occupation.

When a marriage takes place among the Sea Gipsies, rites of singular character are observed. The ceremonies of savage races are usually so intricate and monotonous, that a description of them in detail is tedious. But there is one which deserves especial mention. A small boat, beautifully constructed, and of curious shape, is launched upon the sea. It is laden with costly gums, rare shells, the most fragrant flowers, precious perfumes, and odoriferous wood, and is supposed to be a welcome offering to the Great Spirit of the winds and the sea. This little barque, it is believed, is guided by an invisible helmsman to the distant caverns where, throned amid the blaze of a million gems, the sovereign of the deep holds his court; and thither, at all seasons of the year, their tiny vessels are supposed to take their way, steering through the dismal entrance to this gorgeous cavern, never to re-appear in the sight of man.

The collection of gums, spices, shells, and precious wood, for such offerings, with the fabrication of the sacred boats, also constitutes a part of Biaju industry. These articles are occasionally, too, bartered for apparel and provisions, with a few implements required in their simple domestic economy.

Another singular custom prevails. Conscious, in a great measure, of their own superior state of happiness, the Sea Gipsies endeavor by curious rites to obtain a prolongation of what seems to them an extraordinary blessing vouchsafed by Providence, but which is in reality, only the fruit of humility and content. A boat of the same size as that used at the marriage ceremony, but of different construction, is committed to the sea, after the utterance of certain incantations and vows. A few deadly roots and drugs are placed in it; and it is then supposed to be laden with all the sins and evils of the whole community, and is launched as an offering to the God of evil. The deity, however, does not absorb the evil, but allows it for ever to wander over the sea, unless picked up by some luckless mariner, who, by the act, is believed to bring on his fellow-sailors all the iniquities and misfortunes with which the bark is freighted. The Biajus of other tribes, knew these boats, and never so much as pause to observe them, so that the evil invariably falls among a strange race.

The whole wealth of one of these Biaju communities is generally insufficient to tempt the pirate from his course. But the men themselves excited the cupidity of the slave-dealing freebooters for which the Archipelago is so famous. They acquire wealth and power through plunder, elect kings among themselves, build towns and cities, erect strong fortresses, and live in opulence and splendor

on the fruits of robbery and rapine. Putting to sea in formidable fleets, they assail native craft and even square-rigged vessels; and under European colors seize their cargoes, carry their crew into captivity, and thus destroy half the commerce of those seas. Making sudden descents upon towns, villages and coasts of provinces, they often lay whole districts desolate. The property and captured persons of their victims are the booty; the heads of the slain their trophies; and the records of their visit are stains of blood, marks of destruction, heaps of ashes, unburied corpses, and smoking ruins.

Of them the Sea Gipsies stand in great fear; the buccaneers often endeavor to seize these people, who trust, and very frequently with entire success, to their own vigilance and the skill and rapidity with which, in their light prahus, they can fly from danger.

On one occasion, when a whole fleet of Gipsy boats lay moored in a broad creek, it was suddenly surprised by a vast number of blacks, some in canoes, which were extended in a line along the mouth of the inlet, and some from the shore, who swam off armed with sumpitans, or blow-pipes, with poisoned arrows, spears and clubs. The Gipsies were assailed on all sides, and knowing little of the art of war, were easily beaten. Some were killed, but numerous prisoners were taken. Of these the weak, infirm, or wounded, were slain; the men carried away as slaves, and the women to people the pirate harems, if they may be so called. Marching into the interior, their savage captors brought them to a village composed of one large hut, built on a high platform, and roofed with an atap thatch, with an open wooden terrace running along the whole front, where the operations of industry, cooking and amusement, were carried on. At one end was the head house of the tribe. Here the Gipsies were imprisoned. Their usual unwarlike habits being well known, they were not watched; and conceiving the idea of escape, they meditated the means.

To break prison and steal off unperceived was impossible, for a broad river ran at the end of the village, and on the banks were several low huts, so that they were shut in between two sections of the tribe. To cut their way out seemed also an impossibility, as arms they had none. But a circumstance overlooked by the barbarians afforded them assistance. In the head house were, besides the grinning skulls, the trophies of war—spears, sumpitans, arrows, krissees, or swords, with wooden and woollen breast-plates, evidently the triumphant records of a victory over the formidable tribe of Kayans.

The keen-witted Biajus, whilst their captors were indulging in a feast of triumph, arrayed themselves in all the garnishments of war, assumed the outward characteristics of the predatory Kayans, slung heads about their waists, took arms in their hands, and awaited the moment when, overcome with weariness, sleep, and the effects of intoxicating drink, the savages should be lulled into a false security.

Midnight brought the opportunity; although some few of the tribe still sat on the open platforms, blowing up the embers of the fires, whilst from their wooden cots hung along the walls two or three sleepless fellows occasionally stole to warm themselves. Then, like a cloud, burst from the entrance of the head-house a wild and strangely arrayed band of men, some forming a circle round others, who bore in their arms women and children—some rushing along in small separate groups. A few of the pirates still, as we have said, remained round the fires, and straightway towards them the gipsies went. Not thinking of their peaceful captives, nor immediately fearing the assault of a Kayan tribe, the savages were struck at once with surprise and fear.

The Gipsies allowed them little time for thought. Those who stood in their way were hewn to pieces, many who thronged to the doors were cut down, and many, as they started from their couches, woke only for a moment, and then slept their last sleep. The first light that greeted their opening eyes was the flashing of the twisted krissees, and they were dead. The slaughter was bloody, but lasted not more than a few moments; and the Sea Gipsies were on their road through the wood to the sea, their native element, and their accustomed home.

By dawn they had travelled a great distance, but pursuit was hot upon them. The rage of the pirate tribe was unbounded. To be alarmed and cut to pieces by these men of peace, was irritating to their pride, and they vowed a sanguinary vengeance. From the peak of a hill the fugitives saw a fleet of their fellow gipsies' boats moored in a half circle in a bay, not many miles distant. Hither they directed their progress, and were swimming out to sea, when in huge black swarms the savages thronged upon the beach.

But another fleet was at hand. This was a number of prahus, belonging to the Biajus of Celeba, a powerful trading community, who possess a large portion of the commerce of the Archipelago. Their continual suffering from pirate depredation gave them a fellow-feeling with the hunted Biajus, and being now in force, their round and grape-shot soon rattled into the forest on the shore, to the destruction and terror of the marauders. The Biajus, thinned by slaughter and oppressed with sorrow, escaped, and swelled the numbers of another tribe.

With this little sketch, related by a Biajus boatman, we leave the Sea Gipsies. To have given a complete and accurate account of their manners and customs would have been interesting, but this is impossible. Meanwhile, from what we have said, the reader may perceive how romantic and curious is the life of these wandering children of the sea. We trust that the efforts now making by Sir James Brooke, will be serviceable also to this harmless and happy race, who stand to the beautiful regions of the Indian Islands in the same relation as the gipsies of Spain to the rest of Europe.

How to make Home Intolerable.

There are various methods of making home intolerable, which are usually found out without a recipe. But if any one wishes to know the secret, we venture to give a few hints, which may be useful—not by way of helping our readers to reduce them to practice, but rather with a view to their avoidance.

A common proverb makes a smoky chimney and a scolding wife the worst of domestic plagues. But there are worse than these. A smoky chimney shows there is a fireside at all events, and if the chimney smokes, it is the builder's and not the housewife's fault; and as for a scolding wife, why she may possibly teach her husband philosophy, as Xantippe did Socrates.

A dirty wife is far worse. A wife may scold, and yet be clean and thrifty. But a scolding slattern is a terrible nuisance at home, and very soon will succeed in making a home thoroughly intolerable for even the most pacific and contented dispositions.

If with dirt there be waste, the acme of discomfort will be reached. Money spent recklessly, and without any useful product of comfort—what is the end of this but poverty and vice?

And drink, the great cause of waste in poor men's houses—expenditure on that which not only wastes a man's substance, but ruins his moral and physical capacities, and we have reached a point of discomfort beyond which we cannot go. Drink is the demon and the curse of tens of thousands of homes, which but for it might be happy.

But there are many minor sources of discomfort, which worry and fret impatient minds, and render homes thoroughly uncomfortable.

Ill-trained children, unaccustomed because untaught by early discipline to curb their little tempers, are a source of discomfort in many homes. The neglect, perhaps the ignorance, of mothers, themselves ill-disciplined in youth, is mainly to be blamed for this.

Ill-cooked meals—here is another source of discomfort—perhaps a small one. But not so small either. Bad cooking is waste; waste of money and loss of comfort. Whom God has joined in matrimony, ill-cooked joints of meat and ill-boiled potatoes have very often put asunder. There is, indeed, a sound economy which may be exercised by women in the culinary department, very much to the saving of their husband's purses as well as tempers. Among the "common things" which educators would teach the working people, certainly this ought not to be overlooked. It is the commonest and yet most neglected of the branches of female education. Perhaps it is even thought beneath the dignity of being called "a branch" of education at all. But cooking, which really is the art, when properly cultivated, of making a little go a great way, is infinitely more valuable and important to the comfort of homes than tambour work, crocheting, netting, or backstitch—not to speak of music and drawing. The art of cooking eclipses them all in point of value.

An unwholesome house is always uncomfortable. The atmosphere is depressing to the spirits, and it debilitates the frame. Its influences may not be felt or perceptible—excepting by our sense—that of smell—and yet it is most powerful. Even the temper becomes peevish and irritable; and the depression leads to a craving for stimulants, which in its turn leads to an aggravation of the evil. Children become querulous, sickly, and complaining; how can they be cheerful, breathing poisoned air, as they

often do? The children cry, poor things, finding vent in tears and sobs; they are beaten, when they should be sent out in the open air, or, later in the evening, put to bed. And thus the home is made very uncomfortable.

Nor is it necessary either that people should live in unwholesome dwellings. Many, no doubt, are by the necessities of their state, forced to live in the poorer districts of large towns; but even then they need not select unhealthy houses to live in. A shilling a week saved from the gin-shop, would enable even them to live in comfort, where now they are plunged in the reverse. But many of them are too unthinking—too thoughtless of anything but the mere indulgence of sense—to deny themselves a glass for the sake of the comfort of their homes, and the health of their children.

These unfortunate children—how our heart pities them! Brought into the world helpless, they are left amidst the gloomy associations of depravity, dirt, and disease; and they hang about the sordid dwelling an infant brood, imparting no joy to the home—only so many gaping mouths to be fed—increasing its equal and discomfort. Often they are cuffed and scolded for no fault of their own: the ill-temper engendered by dirt and drink is visited severely upon them. Tolerable tempers are made bad, and bad tempers are rendered cruel; and thus they grow up to mature years with the stamp of savage life upon them, without any idea of the comforts of home; familiar with the spectacle of habitual brutality and daily recurring vice.

In better circles, homes may be made intolerable in other ways. Peevish and querulous tempers spoil the repose of many households. "Better is a dinner of herbs where peace is than a stalled ox with contention." There are people who are always making a fuss, and will not let you be quiet: these have the knack of making even dining and drawing rooms intolerable. They are as unwholesome as even a roomful of bad air could be. Moping and whining—discovering all manner of frets, and aches, and imaginary woes—grumbling at the maids—finding cause of alarm in everything—such people rarely fail in making homes intolerable, and driving forth those who had hoped for, and who were entitled to find, peace and repose therein.

The Chaudiere Falls.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OTTAWA.

MUCH has been written and spoken of the grandeur and sublimity of the Niagara Falls, and the beauties of Montmorenci, Trenton, St. Anthony, Passaic, Kauterskills, and Seneca, have been extolled in prose and verse; but the imposing magnificence of the Ottawa has not called forth the admiration of the traveller or of the poet, with the exception of one whose late death will be long mourned by all the lovers of sweet song, who on its bosom composed:—

* * * * *

"Ottawa's tide! the trembling moon,
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers!
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past."

The falls of the Chaudiere (so called by the first Canadian voyagers, from their circular form, resembling an immense cauldron) present those imposing views, which awe the mind with the greatness of the Creator. The river, dividing a few miles above, among a beautiful group of small islands, converges here with fierce impetuosity, crashing and foaming, and with a roar nearly equal to Niagara's, plunges in boiling torrents into the Chaudiere. In the spring of the year, when the daring and fearless raftsmen are bringing down their ribs of timber, they are particularly cautious to hug the shore as close as possible, to enable them to get within the slides on either side of the river. To those unacquainted with the difficulty of conveying timber in safety over falls, I will mention, that slides are inclined planes, over which a certain number of logs, tied together, and called a crib, are conveyed through a dam. Before the construction of these slides, which were the invention of an American (Philemon Wright) timber was allowed to run over, or was almost entirely destroyed in the falls of the Chaudiere. I have seen large rafts, broken loose from their moorings in a storm, drawn within the vortex of the current, dashed amidst the rocks of the falls, and come up in splinters, like a bundle of laths under the pressure of a cart-wheel.

Overhanging the cauldron is a bare rock, whose foundation, worn out by the rushing waters, seem as if every moment to give way, and thereby be plunged into the gulf beneath, and on the other

side an impassable torrent. A few rods below the falls swings securely a beautiful suspension-bridge, the first one, if I mistake not, that ever was built on architectural principles on the continent of America, and from its centre can be had a perfect view of the terrible and sublime scene.

I was residing in the spring of the year 1847, at the village of Hull, opposite the Chaudiere Falls, practising law; a poor practice I found in that beautiful but desolate region. One morning I was whiling away my *ennui* by looking at the majestic spectacle before me, when my attention was called at seeing two men on a crib of timber, working with might and main at their oars. I at once perceived that they had got without the channel of the dam leading to the slides, and were endeavoring to prevent themselves from being drawn into the current of the falls. But vain were their efforts. Swiftly and impetuously were they dragged towards apparently an inevitable doom. I gasped for breath! my eyes grew dim! Safe! safe! cried I, as I saw one of the men making a desperate leap towards a projecting piece of land. But the treacherous distance of the waters had deceived him, and his body, dashed in an instant on the rocks below, had given up its soul to its Creator. I looked at the other. With a coolness and presence of mind unparralleled, he still grasped his oar, and I could see him, with almost supernatural strength, endeavoring to direct the crib towards the rock I have mentioned. Another instant, and with a crash his frail conveyance struck the rocks. A momentary swell of the waters carried him away, and Jean Baptiste Fallardeau's good, still a living man, on the bare rock. Yet who could imagine the feelings, who could fathom the thoughts of this man in his present position! on the one side was an abyss, wherein to plunge was certain death, and on the other a raging impassable torrent of waters.

The whole population of Bytown and vicinity had been aroused; men, women, and children came in crowds to the scene. Various were the projects proposed to rescue the unfortunate man from his perilous position; when, at last, a Scotchman present suggested, as the only feasible mode, the construction of a Peruvian bridge. To this end the object was to have a hawser passed over to the rock. To effect this, a gun was loaded with a ball, to which was attached a small string, but after many ineffectual discharges it was found that the ball, in passing out of the barrel, cut the string. The Scotchman seeing this took up a pebble, and, tying the string to it, threw it with a precision within a few feet of Fallardeau. He perceived the object, and drawing the line, soon grasped a larger rope, after which came a strong hawser. In the clefts of the rocks the broken crib had been plunged, and some of the pieces standing nearly upright, he with cool intrepidity, proceeded to secure the hawser thereto.

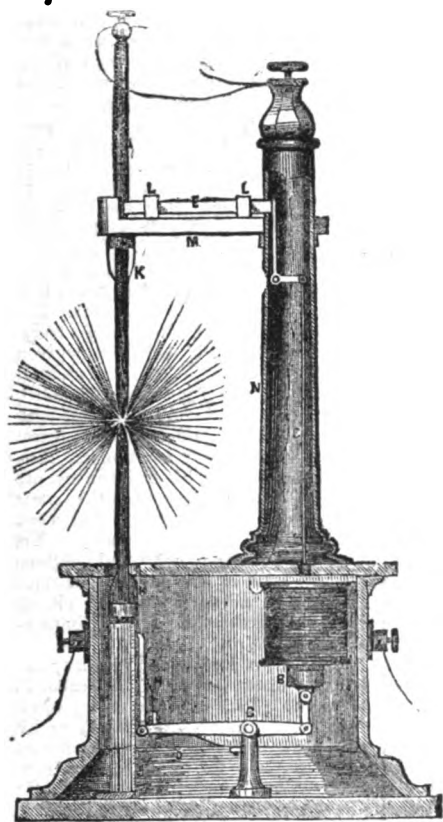
A triangle was then raised on the land to elevate the hawser above the torrent, and a large strong iron ring passed through the hawser, was conveyed over to him by the above mentioned means of a small line. To this ring was attached a strong cord, having a couple of yards pending therefrom, and the other end was held in the stout arms of some two hundred men. Fallardeau, who could not hear anything that was said, from the roar to the waters, seemed perfectly to understand all that was done in his behalf. Fearlessly advancing amid the rushing waves, he deliberately proceeded to tie himself under the arms and around the waist, with the end of the rope hanging from the ring; then catching hold of the latter with his hand, and doubling his body, so that his feet touched his arms, he swung himself from the timber over the torrent. Two hundred brave fellows at this moment pulled with a will at the rope. I shall scarcely forget the scene. Women and children in the highest state of excitement were on their knees, but their cries were drowned in the cheerful "Ho! ho! pull away, boys," of the men. The venerable priest of Aylmer, who happened to be crossing the bridge at the time, stopped, and rising in his carriage, with uncovered head, his grey locks floating in the wind, repeated the prayers for the dying.

A loud and agonising cry suddenly arose. The triangle on the shore had given way, and Fallardeau was precipitated into the torrent, but with quickness and vigor it was again raised, and he stood on the main land, rescued from what had seemed an inevitable doom. To this day, for aught I know, the rock still bears the name of Fallardeau's rock.

MOUNTAIN OF PAINT.—A mountain of mineral paint of Spanish brown is said to have been discovered near Elytown, Alabama. It is described as almost inexhaustible.

Electric Lamp.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited in scientific circles, in London, by the invention of a lamp, the light of which is produced by means of electricity. An electro magnet is placed within the base of the lamp, connected outside with a battery. The



DR. WATSON'S ELECTRIC LAMP.

electric fluid being made to pass between two points of charcoal, called electrodes, a light of wonderful brilliancy is produced. Until lately, no means have been known to regulate the distance between the electrodes, since, after a short time, the points would be consumed and the light extinguished.

Dr. Watson, an electrician of great ability, has finally overcome all difficulties hitherto encountered, in regulating the electrodes and the battery currents. He has produced a lamp which regulates itself in all these respects, and a company has been formed to manufacture them for public use. They claim economy in their use, but we are very doubtful on that score.

Our engraving shows the general appearance and principle of Dr. Watson's lamp, though the mode here used to regulate the electrodes is an improvement on Dr. Watson's plan, by H. Turton. Our engraving is a partial sectional elevation.

The electro-magnet is at A; and its armature, B, which is beneath, is shown in contact, so that the brass rod, C, passing through the centre of the magnet, is in its elevated position. The rod thus—by means of the bell-crank lever, D, bearing against the loose sliding-bar, E—holds the main vertical sliding-rod, F, in a fixed position. The armature, B, is screwed

on to the lower end of its link-rod, G, so as to admit of easy adjustment; and it is connected by a link on its lower side, with the shorter arm of the double lever, H, the opposite longer arm of which has a spring-catch, I, joined to J, and arranged to work in the finely-toothed sliding ratchet-piece, K.

This ratchet terminates, as also does the upper sliding-rod, L, in a steel or platinum spring clip, X. The loose overhead bar, Y, works in small guide eyes, Z, on the bracket M, and this bracket slides down with stiff friction upon the main pillar, N. When, from the consumption of the electrodes, the distance between their points is increased so much as to stop the current, the spring, O, draws down the armature, B, and lifts the ratchet at the same time that the upper sliding-rod, L, is released. The electrodes thus simultaneously approach each other, and the requisite distance being attained, the consequent instantaneous renewal of the current fixes them both by the upward jerk of the armature.

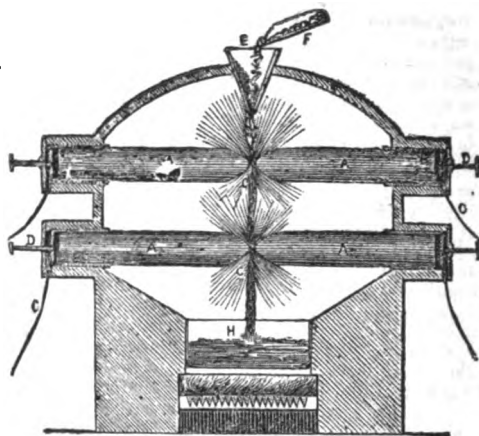
Electric Smelting.

THE electric light has found a novel application at the hands of Mr. G. A. Pichon, in smelting ores. In carrying out this peculiar idea, the ores of iron, or whatever metal is under treatment, are prepared in the usual manner, with the addition of 1-100 of charcoal or coke, and the mass is then fed down between the poles of two large electrodes, arranged in two or more tiers, in a furnace or even, and connected with a battery, according to the usual plan of producing the electric light. As the ore drops through the light fusion takes place, and the metal, with its contaminating slag, falls down into a heated receiver beneath.

Our engraving is a vertical section of the apparatus, containing a duplex electric system. The electrodes, A, which are prisms of about two feet square and nine feet long, are tapered off at one end for about two feet, while their opposite ends enclosed in metallic caps, B, each of which has a small ring for connection to the conductive wires, C, of the battery. A screw spindle, D, is also fitted into each cap, for the purpose of advancing the electrodes as the combustion goes on.

In the crown of the containing oven is fixed a hopper, E, supplied with ore from the inclined trough, F, and the metallic mass is thus dropped through the lights at G, into a receiver, H, kept hot by a furnace beneath, when the slag separates from the molten metal, on account of the difference in the specific gravities of the two masses.

M. Pichon also proposes a modification of this plan, wherein one of the electrodes is tubular, and the ore is supplied through it. The electric power



PICHON'S ELECTRIC SMELTING APPARATUS.

is produced by an electro-magnetic apparatus, like that used in this country for electro-gilding.

Gardner's Patent Steam Rock Driller.

THE annexed engraving represents a rock-drilling machine, used for thorough-cuts on railroads and other purposes.

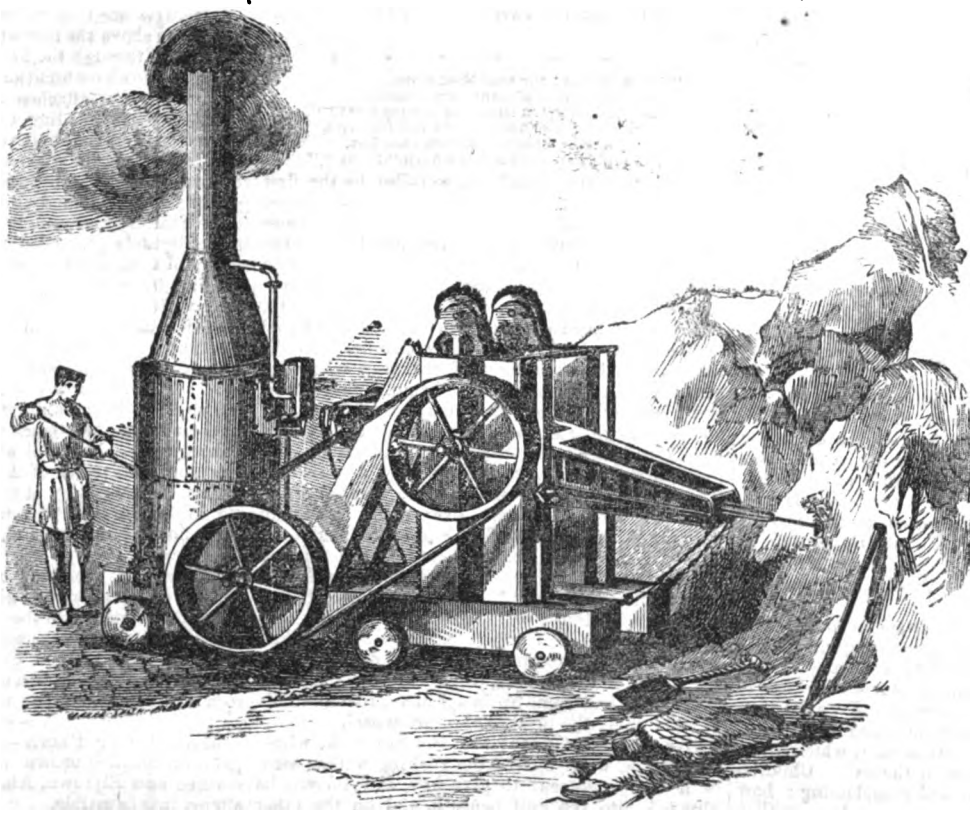
It drills horizontally, vertically, or at any angle with the horizon. A great desideratum has been a machine which would bore rocks at any angle with the horizon, as well as vertically. This desideratum is accomplished in this machine. The patentee has also a mode of applying this arrangement to drilling edge holes for splitting rocks; the saving of time, and the lessening of the cost of dressing the stone, when split, full fifty per cent, in consequence of the holes being uniformly straight, must recommend this to all quarry owners. It is applied also in sinking shafts in mines, and must here affect a great saving. A most important application is also made of it to tunnelling for railroads, &c. A small portable arrangement, worked by hand, is used for quarries and mine galleries. In any extensive rock work, the saving by using some of the combinations of this machine is immense.

THE LIFE-PRESERVING RAILWAY CAR.—Messrs. Spurt and Whitman have recently introduced a railway carriage of peculiar construction, for the preservation of life in cases of collision. These cars are constructed with sets of bands of steel, or other metal, running at right angles with each other, overlapped alternately, and rivetted at every

junction, forming the outside framing of the car. This mode of construction is to secure strength and lightness, while, to nullify the force of the blow compound spring buffers, of peculiar construction, are introduced.

ANTHRACITE COAL.—Arrangements are in progress for the exportation to England of this peculiar fuel, immense deposits of which are so extensively spread over a large portion of Pennsylvania. Although the home market in the United States is by no means overstocked, no reasonable doubt exists but that the future production of this description of coal will not only supply their own wants, but open a wide field for an increasing export trade.

A New Asteroid, the 31st of the system of small planets between Mars and Jupiter, was discovered on the 1st day of September by Mr. Ferguson, of the Washington Observatory.



GARDNER'S PATENT STEAM ROCK DRILLER

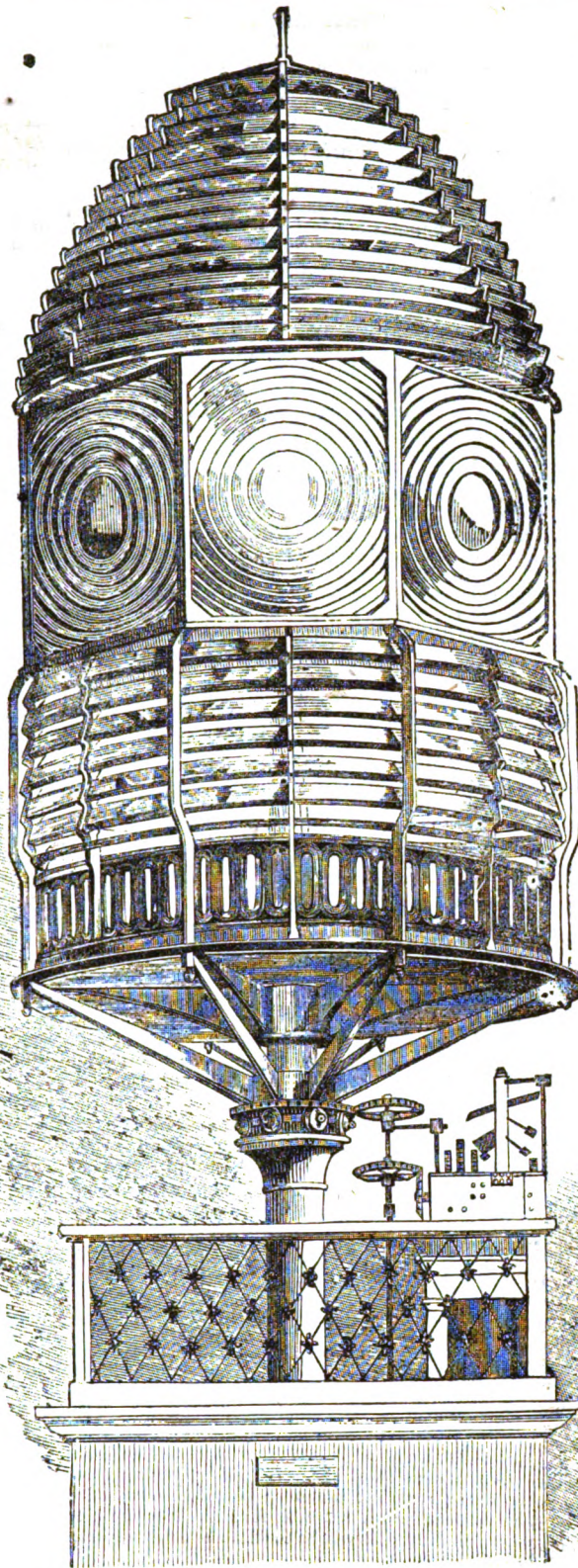
The Fresnel Light.

ONE of the most imposing and remarkable objects that arrested the attention of the visitor on entering the southern nave of the late exhibition at the Crystal Palace, in the evening, was a large and costly light-house lantern, known as the Fresnel Light. Its exterior, composed of clear and polished crystal, supported on a small base, and rising to a height of about twenty feet, presents the singular appearance of a tall monument, revolving continually upon its base, and flashing out at intervals rays of the brightest and purest light. It is designated a revolving Fresnel light, of the first order, and was manufactured by Lepaute, of Paris, for the United States government. It is designed to be placed on a light-house at Cape Hatteras, which is now erecting. The fidelity of our engraving will be at once recognised by all who have visited the exhibition.

The principal part consists of a cylindric belt of glass, which surrounds the flame in the centre, and by its action refracts the light in a vertical direction upwards and downwards, so as to be parallel with the focal plane of the system. To near observers, this action presents a narrow vertical band of light, depending for its breadth on the extent of the horizontal angle embraced by the eye. This arrangement, therefore, fulfils all the conditions of a fixed light, and surpasses in effect any arrangement of parabolic reflectors. In order to save the light which would be lost by passing above and below the cylindric belt, catadioptric zones are employed. These zones are triangular, and act by total reflection; the inner face refracting, the second totally reflecting, and third, or outer face, a second time refracting, so as to cause the light to emerge horizontally. The apparatus has received many smaller changes by the introduction of a new mode of grouping the various parts of the framework, by which the passage of the light is less obscured in every azimuth. These improvements have lately been introduced into the light-houses in Scotland.

The dioptric system of lights was invented by M. Fresnel, in 1819.

PROGRESS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—Mr. R. Walker, jun., of Glasgow, has obtained a patent for what he terms "train signalling." It consists in an apparatus carried by the guard, which he can hook on to the line of wire, and, in case of accident, communicate with the stations before and behind. This portable machine is merely a disc needle of the usual construction, mounted with a handle and two metal hooks, by hanging which on the wires, and pressing down a lever, which completes the connection, the needle is immediately deflected, and certain signals may be sent and received. The principal peculiarity in this mode of telegraphing consists in employing two wires for transmission of one current of electricity, by a peculiar arrangement of the wires with the zinc and copper plates



REVOLVING AND FLASHING FRESNEL LIGHT.

of the battery, and the advantages to be derived from making known the occurrence of any accident is expected to be of considerable importance.

STARTING GEAR.—Mr. Thomas Baker, inspector of machinery afloat, and at present borne on the books of the Britannia, 120, flag-ship, for the purpose of inspecting the war steamers serving in the Black Sea, has received a letter of thanks from Vice-Admiral Dundas for the excellent manner in which he, with the assistance of the engineers of the fleet, had altered the position of the starting-gear of all the war steamers in the Black Sea fleet, to render that gear, so important to be protected from shot or shell, less liable to be injured in actual warfare. Mr. Baker has effected his object by placing the starting-gear under or near the base of the engines, instead of being near the top level or above the engines.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH COMMUNICATION WITHOUT WIRES.—We have recently learned that tele-

graphic experiments have been made in England, and with perfect success, by which, with an operating battery on one side of a mill-dam, 500 feet across, and he corresponding dial on the other side, telegraphic messages were conveyed through the water without the aid of connecting wires; and it is contended that in the same manner a telegraphic message may be sent across the British Channel without continuous cables of wire. The first impression of everybody, after reading this statement, would be that the experiment is new. It is proper to correct the mistake. One hundred years ago, Dr. Franklin, the American philosopher, made the same experiment on a larger scale, and with the same success. And nine years ago Professor Morse made successful experiments across the Susquehanna River, and expended a good deal of time and money, with the hope of being able ultimately to transmit intelligence in the same way across the Atlantic.

FATTY DEGENERATION.—Before the Sheffield Medical Institution, some remarks were made by Mr. Overend, on what is called "fatty degeneration." By means of a certain appearance of the eye, it is known that an individual suffers from a certain disease of the brain, the heart, the lungs, or large blood-vessels, rendering him at any moment liable to apoplexy, softening of the brain, sudden death from heart affection, or injury of consequence to large blood-vessels. By attention and care all these are detected sooner, and may be arrested, and life lengthened comfortably, and without alarm passed for years. Five years ago, medical men were ignorant of this. The use of the microscope has given this boon to humanity.

SPIRIT FROM THE DAF-FODEL.—A French colonist in Algeria has established a distillery for extracting from a bulbous plant, called asphodel or daffodel, a spirit which, according to the opinion given by competent persons, is not at all inferior to the best spirit made from the grape.

A TOOTH.—*Galignani's Messenger* states that the tooth of an antediluvian animal has been found at Cazaabon (Gers.), and measures 2 metres 20 centimetres—nearly 7 feet 3 inches in length—by 60 centimetres—nearly 2 feet—in circumference.

CARROTS FOR HORSES.—The stable-keepers are beginning to find that these vegetables form a cheap and nutritious food to mix with grain for their horses. It is better to give a working horse a peck of carrots and four quarts of oats or corn-meal a day, than to give him six quarts of meal.

The new water-weed, *Anacharis Alismastrum*, is supposed to have first appeared in the loch of Dunse Castle, in Berwickshire, in 1842; it is now eradicated. Some swans which were kept in the loch lived upon nothing but the weed, on which they greatly thrived and multiplied; since they have consumed this weed they have rapidly died off, refusing other provender.

Family Matters.

THAT man who knows the world will never be bashful, and that man who knows himself will never be impudent.

It is mentioned in *Roberts's Life of Hannah More*, that in 1783 that lady sat next to Dr. Johnson at a dinner party at the Bishop of Chester's house. She says—"I urged him to take a little wine." He replied—"I can't drink a little, child; therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult."

POISONOUS ANCHOVIES.—A young woman has died from the effects of eating some putrid preparation called "anchovies." Dr. Letheby, in his evidence at the inquest, thus describes the delicacy:—"He had made an analysis of the contents of the bottle, supposed to be preserved anchovies, but which he found to consist of a very different sort of fish, that, he thought, had been preserved when in a putrid state, in a liquid with which common bay salt and common reddal, or oxide, had been mixed. This would cause a very great irritation of the stomach. 160 grains of salt and 60 grains of the oxide were mixed with an ounce of water. The fish (one of which he produced) was like anchovy in size, but had not its red color; it was caught extensively on the coast of Holland, and "anchovy" sauce was sold cheap on that account. A juror said the bottles were sold all over the kingdom.

COLDS.—On the first symptoms of a cold, the best practice is to go immediately to a warm bed, in a dry, warm room, to observe strict abstinence, and drink warm diluting liquors, such as may promote and keep up a moderate degree of perspiration, till the symptoms disappear; then dress in warm clothing, and keep to the house for twenty-four hours. By this method, colds, and the fevers they produce, so fatal when fixed by delay, will seldom fail of being removed.

TO KEEP LEMONS FRESH.—I have been a house-keeper for some years, and never till lately have I been able to keep lemons fresh and juicy to any length of time. But, with all my care—now in this closet, now in that—now wrapped in paper, now packed in bran—now in a cool place, now in a dry one—they would dry up and become hard as wood. Of late, however, I have preserved them perfectly fresh three months in summer, by placing them in a closely-covered jar or pot kept in the ice-house. Each lemon is wrapped in paper (perhaps they would do as well without), but opened and wiped once in ten or twelve days, then covered again with dry paper, and put back into the jar, or earthen vessel, on the ice.

NOURISHMENT OF MEATS.—To preserve, in dressing, the full nourishment of meats, and their properties of digestiveness, forms a most important part of the art of cooking; for these ends, the object to be kept in mind is to retain, as much as possible, the juices of the meat, whether roast or boiled. This, in the case of boiling meat is best done by placing it at once in briskly boiling water. The albumen on the surface, and to some depth, is immediately coagulated, and thus forms a kind of covering, which neither allows the water to get into the meat, nor the meat juice into the water. The water should then be kept just under boiling until the meat be thoroughly done, which it will be when every part has been heated to about 166 degrees, the temperature at which the coloring matter of the blood coagulates or fixes. At 133 degrees, the albumen sets, but the blood does not, and therefore the meat is red and raw. The same rules apply to roasting; the meat should first be brought near enough a bright fire to brown the outside, and then should be allowed to roast slowly.

PROPAGATION OF FINE ROSES.—It may not be known to many of our readers, that the fine roses of the China varieties may be readily propagated by means of slips. Cut from the well-ripened wood, slips, three or four inches in length, strip off a part of the foliage, and insert them in clean white sand, placed in pots or boxes. Keep them regularly watered, so that they may not get dry, and at a regular temperature. They strike root very freely. Some practice covering them with a bell glass, but those of most experience do not consider the practice necessary. Ladies may also propagate any of the choice roses desired, by budding, in the same manner as fruit trees are budded. It adds much to the beauty of the hardy climbers, to have the main trunk variegated with branches of roses, of different shades of coloring. We strongly commend the practice to those who would thus adorn the shrubbery of the homestead.

A *carrie* is a sign-post in the paths of literature, pointing out the way for others to go, but never following it himself.

Useful Receipts.

To make a fac-simile of a Leaf in Copper.—This beautiful experiment can be performed by any person in possession of a common galvanic battery. The process is as follows:—Softens a piece of gutta percha over a candle, or before a fire; knead it with the moist fingers upon a table, until the surface is perfectly smooth, and large enough to cover the leaf to be copied; lay the leaf flat upon the surface, and press every part well into the gutta percha. In about five minutes the leaf may be removed, when, if the operation has been carefully performed, a perfect impression of the leaf will be made on the gutta percha. This must now be attached to the wire in connection with the zinc end of the battery, (which can easily be done by heating the end of the wire, and pressing it into the gutta percha) dusted well over with the best black lead, with a camel's hair brush—the object of which is to render it a conductor of electricity—and then completely immersed in a saturated solution of sulphate of copper. A piece of copper attached to the wire in connection with the copper end of the battery, must also be inserted into the copper solution, facing the gutta percha, but not touching it; this not only acts as a conductor to the electricity, but also maintains the solution of copper of a permanent strength. In a short time, the copper will be found to creep over the whole surface of the gutta percha, and in about twenty-four hours, a thick deposit of copper will be obtained, which may then be detached from the mould. The accuracy with which a leaf may thus be cast is truly surprising.

Liquid Glue.—Pour naphtha upon shell-lac until of a creamy consistency, and keep in a bottle, never allowing it to remain uncorked for any length of time. This glue will unite iron, wood, glass, &c.; is quite water-proof and dries in a few minutes.

A cheap but good Tooth-Powder.—Cut a slice of bread as thick as may be, into squares, and burn in the fire until it becomes charcoal, after which pound in a mortar and sift through a fine muslin; it is then ready for use. We can answer for its efficacy, having used it continually, for upwards of eight years.

To Remove Ink Stains from Wood, &c.—As much oxalic acid as will lay on a shilling, dissolve in a tablespoonful of hot water; lay some on the wood, and rub hard with a cork until the stain disappears; then wash and re-polish. The above will remove the stain, without injury to the color of the wood, mahogany, or any other kind. It also cleans the brass work. Cost, one cent or less.

For Sprains and Bruises.—Take one pint of train oil, half a pound of stone pitch, half a pound of resin, half a pound of bees-wax, and half a pound of stale tallow, or in like proportion. Boil them together for about half an hour, skim off the scum, and pour the liquid into cups, and when cold, it will be ready for use. When needed, it must be spread as thick, but not thicker, than blister salve, upon a piece of coarse flannel cloth. Apply it to the part sprained or bruised, and let it remain for a day or more; it will give almost immediate relief, and one or two plasters will be sufficient for a perfect cure.

Honey Soap.—Make it in the following manner: Cut thin two pounds of yellow soap into a double saucepan, occasionally stirring it until it is melted, which will be in a few minutes, if the water is kept boiling around it; then add quarter of a pound of palm oil, quarter of a pound of honey, three cents worth of true oil of cinnamon; let all boil together another six or eight minutes; pour out and stand it by till next day, it is then fit for immediate use. If made as directed it will be found to be a very superior soap.

Gingerbread.—One and a quarter pound of flour, quarter of a pound of Scotch oatmeal, one and a half pound of treacle, one pound brown sugar, half a pound of butter, three ounces of ginger, seven eggs, some orange-peel and caraways if liked. Put the treacle, sugar and butter on the fire together till hot; then beat them well and add a teaspoonful of pearl-ash; then beat the eggs well and add them. Add the other ingredients, mixing all well together with a spoon, in a large bowl; let the mixture stand two hours before the fire; pour it into a shape, and bake in a slow oven.

To Remove Corns.—Get four ounces of white diachylon plaster, four ounces of shoemaker's wax, and sixty drops of muriatic acid or spirit of salt. Boil them for a few minutes in an earthen pipkin, and when cold, roll the mass between the hands and apply a little on a piece of white leather.

Valuable Aperient Pills.—Four drachms Castile soap, four drachms soccotrine aloes; make into pills with a sufficient quantity of syrup. Two or three may be taken when costive.

On the method of making Muffs and Tippets, from the plumage and skins of birds.—We are indebted to a Frenchman for having brought to perfection this useful and ornamental art. Domestic animals of all the feathered kinds afford the materials of which these articles may be made; but those with rich variegated colors, for gay wear, as they are less liable to decay than the sable coverings of birds of prey, would no doubt be preferred. Above all, those animals should be selected whose plumage lies close and smooth upon their backs—for obvious reasons. Diseased birds, or those killed in moulting time, are to be rejected, as the feathers would drop off at no distant period; the birds must, therefore, be killed in good health, and the skin carefully stripped off soon after their death, especially when the weather is hot; otherwise the same effects would be produced from corruption as from disease. When the skin has been freed from its impurities, it is spread upon a small table, the plumage downwards, the feathers having been previously arranged over each other, according to the natural order. To keep it well stretched, tacks or pins may be driven in, or threads passed down underneath the table. Next clean away the grease or fleshy parts that remain, and close up the rents, if any; the skin is then covered with a size made of glue, in which a small quantity of common salt and a glass of white wine have been mixed up to bring it to a proper consistency. The skin, thus covered, being exposed to the direct action of the wind, the glue will begin to scale off, and the whole must be scraped away. Should any dampness still remain on the skin, apply the glue once more, dry and scrape it as before. When well dried, the skin is to be placed away in a box, in which dried wormwood, (absynthe), aloes, or some other bitter vegetable is placed. The skins of large or rank feeding birds, require vinegar and salt to be dissolved in the glue: and the whole to be passed over with a solution of alum. The women of Hudson's Bay prepare cloaks for their husbands in this way, which naturally resist all kinds of weather, and are an admirable defence against sleet in particular. They constantly boast, that "the animals have all been killed by their own hands," and this is indeed necessary to the preservation of the dress, as the feathers which come away in moulting, or through disease, would decay. A coarse linen shape is stretched out, and the feathers having the quill part thrust through its meshes, are attached on the wrong side by needle and thread, and then lined by baize. Some sort of pattern, or patch-work, is generally attempted by arranging the feathers, which may be improved upon by our fair countrywomen, especially with the deeply colored and variegated tinted plumage of South American or Brazilian birds.

Simple Remedy for a Pain in the Side.—At bedtime take a fresh cabbage-leaf, hold it near the fire till quite warm, and then apply it to the part affected, binding it tight with a cloth round the body; let it remain for twelve hours, or more, when it will be found to have removed the pain. If not entirely removed it will be well to repeat the application of a fresh leaf, allowing it to remain on the same time as the first. This will very seldom fail.

To Clean Leather Cases.—The following is a cheap and excellent plan to clean hat-cases, writing-desks, and any other leather materials. Simply: Oxalic acid dissolved in warm water, and the articles cleansed with a piece of sponge; when dry they are nearly equal to new.

An excellent Paste for Gloves.—Liquor of ammonia half an ounce, chloride of potash ten ounces, curd soap one pound, water half a pint; dissolve the soap in the water, with a gentle heat, then as the mixture cools, stir in the other ingredients. Use it, by rubbing it over the gloves until the dirt is removed.

A Certain Cure for Soft Corns.—Dip a piece of soft linen rag in turpentine, and wrap it round the toe on which the soft corn is, night and morning; in a few days the corn will disappear; but the relief is instantaneous.

Effervescent Saline Draughts.—White sugar powdered, eight ounces, tartaric acid two ounces, sesquicarbonate of soda two ounces, essence of lemon a few drops. Mix well and keep in a corked bottle.

To Restore Tainted Meat.—Pour a few drops of hydrochloric acid in water till of a slight sour taste, and immerse the tainted meat in it for an hour or so, and it will become quite sweet again.

Simple means of removing Tartar from the teeth.—In the summer months, tartar may be effectually removed from the teeth, by partaking daily of strawberries.

Varieties.

"The iron has entered my sole," said the shoe to the shoemaker.—"I give thee *awl*, I can no more," was the reply.

The lady who went up stairs to change her mind, has not yet come down again!

A gentleman we know is such a determined teetotaler that he shuts himself up and feels miserable whenever the weather is not temperate.

"MOTHER, this book tells about the 'angry waves of the ocean.' Now what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

A PARTY of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urge a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes now will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

SOME idea of the hardness of a genuine Sambo's head may be gathered from the annexed paragraph, which we find in the *Daily Eagle*, printed at Memphis:—"A 'colored pusson,' well known about town as 'Old Kit,' while passing under a three-storey building, in process of erection, a brick fell from the hand of a bricklayer on the wall above, and in descending came in contact with the negro's head. The resistance was great, and the brick was broken in two. After recovering from the temporary stun, he addressed the bricklayer with, 'I say, you w'ite man up dar, if you don't want your bricks broke, just keep 'em off my head!'"

A WOMAN thinks with her heart—a man loves with his head.

PROMISING actors, who promise the most, generally perform the least.

THE links of affection require two flames before they will burn properly—and their burning depends entirely upon the way in which you pitch them.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—Farmers' daughters.

DINNER IN THE CRIMEA.—"Anything we can get."—Officer of the 20th.

A PRETTY DEFINITION OF A GOOD WIFE.—One who always takes care to have herself and her dinners nicely dressed.

INTOLERABLE INTOLERANCE.—Miss Fanny Hyemaid unequivocally cut her poor little acquaintance Sallie Humblebie the other day in the open street, for no other reason than because the bonnet of the latter came the sixteenth of an inch beyond the ears.

WHY are railway companies like laundresses?—Because they have ironed all America, and sometimes do a little mangling.

No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.

SPEAKING OF babies—did you ever think when you saw a very little one, dressed up in its very long Sunday clothes, that it was like a sixpence tied up in the corner of a pocket-handkerchief?

AN officer, writing home from the Crimea, says, "My kit is a shirt, a pair of socks, and a pair of easy boots to sleep in!" A descendant, no doubt, of "the old woman who lived in a shoe."

"DOCTOR," said a miss of the high-heeled modesty school, "ma sent me to tell you that sister Marie Euphemia Dulcy Louisa Minerva Rhody Jane has got a sore above the wrist of her left foot."

A YOUNG beginner, whom we are rather anxious to encourage, sends us the following, as his first attempt: "The difference between the two potentates who rule over the destinies of Turkey and Russia is simply this—the one is a Sultan, and the other insulin."

A PERSON in masculine habiliments, suspected of belonging to the other sex, was discovered recently, in a very ingenious and Solomonian way. While others engaged the person in conversation, a gentleman, in holding a child, pretended to let it fall, when a scream, instead of an oath, told the story.

WHEN Gen. Lafayette was in the United States, two young men were introduced to him. He said to one, "Are you married?"—"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Happy man," quoth the general. He then put the same question to the other, who replied, "I am a bachelor."—"Lucky dog," said the general. This is the best essay on matrimony extant.

EDWARDS relates, in the History of the West Indies, that a negro, who had been sent as a courier to a considerable distance, threw himself down as soon as he had delivered his packet, and immediately fell into a profound sleep. When the answer he was to take back was ready, a domestic shook him and said, "Massa say you must not sleep, you must get up." Raising his head, the negro muttered, "Sleep hab no massa," and relapsed instantaneous-ly into a nap.

VERITAS is like a rich stone, best plain set.

CURRAN, when Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was going one day to a levee at the Castle. There was a great press of carriages, when, all at once, he was startled by the pole of a carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out of the window, crying to the coachman, "Stop, stop! the pole of the carriage behind is driven into us!"—"Arrah, then, it's all right again, your honor," replied Pat, exultingly, "for I have just drove my pole into the carriage before!" This is a sample of the Irish bull Curran used to cite as perfect.

A LADY of Cohoes village, desirous of obtaining the services of a dyer, was referred to Niel Cook, who, by the way, is not only an excellent workman, but something of a wag in his line. The lady called, and seeing a "braw Scotch lad" officiating, asked, "Are you the dyeing man?" "No, ma'am—I am a living man, but I will dye for you," promptly replied Niel, putting the emphasis where it was needed. If Niel was not a married man, this frank avowal might appear in a different color; but as such is the case, we presume that although he may dye for all the young ladies in town, yet he lives for the "gudewife at home."

THE WINE DUTIES.—Help yourself, and pass the bottle.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A DISCONTENTED OLD BACHELOR, AGED. 61.

I never knew a baby cry consecutively for two hours, but it was "generally the quietest little thing in the world."

I never wanted any gruel, or something hot, for my supper, but that the kitchen fire had always "just gone out."

I never inquired at a circulating library for a particular book, but that "they expected it in directly."

I never knew a joint at an eating-house that was not "in exceedingly good cut."

I never went in a violent hurry to the City, but some of the streets were sure to be blocked up.

I never knew, or saw, anything more of any umbrella I had accidentally left behind me.

I never knew a horse that was said to be "playful," that didn't kick; and it is the same with a child.

I never knew a married couple who "my-loved," and "my-deared," and "my-ducked" one another to a fulsome extent in public, who didn't quarrel in private.

I never knew a man to receive "private information" for a race, but he was sure to lose in betting upon it.

I never knew a lady, who said she would only take "five minutes" to put on her bonnet, who really took them.

I never knew a tradesman bother me for money, but he had a "little bill to make up."

I never knew a young man to keep the dinner waiting, but he was sure to be some conceited jack-anapes, who thought considerably more about himself than the dinner.

LONG WORDS, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

THOSE who blow the coals of others' strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their faces.

TOO OFTEN TRUE.—It more generally happens that a difference splits neighbors, instead of being split by them.

WARNING TO DEFAULTERS.—When a bank suspends in Australia, they take the President to a neighboring tree and serve him in the same manner—a simple remedy, but very efficacious.

WARNING TO MANKIND.—An editor in Iowa has been fined 250 dollars for hugging a young woman in church. Cheap enough. We once did the same, ten years since, and the scrape has cost us 1000 dollars a year ever since.

GUARDED IN CONDUCT.—A country youth, who had returned from the city, was asked by his anxious father if he had been guarded in his conduct while there? "Oh, yes!" was his reply; "I was guarded by two policemen part of the time!"

NOAH'S DIFFICULTY.—A young preacher out west, who had just started on his travels as an itinerant, was one evening holding forth on the deluge. After describing the manner in which Noah built the ark, and filled it with animals of every kind by pairs, he closed thus: "You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons to get a pair of whales into the ark!"

ON THE FLY LEAF OF A VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Shakespeare, 'tis said by some, stole deer;
Oh, shame!—I don't believe the story;
Yet *hark* are deer, and *hearts* he stole,
Which makes the theft his *dearest* glory.

The Riddler.

RIDDLE.—I am so gigantic that no one can measure me, and I am so small that I may be held in the hand. I am used and highly prized by savages and children. When holding a lofty position, I am looked up to and admired; but when lowly, I am submissive. I am of various colors, and promote harmony; and no ship or musical assembly can be considered perfect without me.

ENIGMA.

Odd and even, black and red,
Now and then a crowned head!
Lifeless, senseless, yet we play
Many an idle hour away.
Those who love us often deal
Harshly, as if our hearts were steel.
What! our reader cries, and starts,
Though you live not, you have hearts!
Some of us the robbers wield;
Some are used in the field;
Some to courts still find their way;
Tell us what we are now, pray?

CHARADES.

1. My first is wood, my second is glass, and my whole is cotton.

2. My first is the fifth of a party of twelve,
And it comes in the Spring of the year,
When the frosts of the Winter have glided away,
And the buds and the blossoms appear.
My second is small, yet 'tis useful withal,
As it serves for the part of a door,
Which encloses my whole, in the mansion or hall,
For whom there's a feast now in store.

REBUS.

Entire I your form enfold
And shield you from the winter cold;
Curtailed, another part of dress,
Much used by ladies, I confess;
Behold me, and behold I change!
An animal of manners strange.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—What is the lowest number that can be divided by any integral number from thirty-five down to unit, and leave no remainder?

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF RIVERS.

1. There's a river that flows very gently,
2. There's a river that mounteth on high,
3. There's a river where money will tempt ye,
4. There's a river confined in a sty,
5. There's a river the church will acknowledge,
6. There's a river the busy disown,
7. There's a river that Spain can't abolish,
8. There's a river from Paradise flown,
9. There's a river that runs through the desert,
10. There is one neither savage nor wild,
11. There's a river whose odor is unpleasant,
12. There's a river that may tempt a child,
13. There's a river that dwells in a forest,
14. There's a river that bringeth it down,
15. There's a river that Greece may diminish,
16. There's a river to silence unknown.

ENIGMA.

Cut off my head, a quadruped I'm then,
And one most useful to the sons of men;
Cut off my tail, and deem it not an error
To say I then become a word of terror:
Cut off both head and tail, my transformations
Might puzzle the wisest heads of many nations.
I'm east—I'm west—I'm old—I'm a cry
Of sorrow, or surprise, or agony;
Live in one place, your grandchild I become,
More to another, lo! I am your son:
And when glad Christmas time is nearly come,
To herald its approach, in hymns I'm sung.
What is my head cut off? a fancier of flowers,
An amateur of heaths and woodbine bowers:
What is my tail? the emblem of salvation,
And mark of ignorance throughout the nation:
What is my whole? sometimes I am a seat
Where the gay belle and beau delight to meet:
From the Creator's hands a tree I came,
But into various forms man does me frame.
Sometimes most anxiously you watch the motion
Within my bosom as you cross the ocean;
Sometimes with sighs you place me in your treasure,
It may be all that in this life gave pleasure;
Sometimes you open my mouth to look inside
Count its contents with something like the pride
And joy a mother feels, when counting o'er
Her babies pearly teeth, she finds the store
Has fast increased from one to five, or six, or more!
But to conclude, lest I intrude:
Sometimes to get me very much would grieve ye
While sometimes it would please you to receive me.

RIDDLES.

1. By nine letters show a bloody deed done:
Take away one and you change it to fun.
2. A word of two syllables will express
A condition of cold and hot distress,
Two letters more make a syllable less,
And a vast addition of distress.
3. My whole he saddled a mighty steed,
For he scorn'd my First's pacific breed,
His shield was brass—(the device it bore
A padded tree in a field of ore.)
Linen his corselet—his lance was steel,
And he rode to war with fearful peal;
And charged at the head of his lagged band
Against the chieftans of the land,
Woe for the chieftans of the land,
In vain they made a desperate stand,
In vain they bled, in vain they prayed
Their national champions oft tried aid—
From their side the royal master crept,
And in my second tamely slept.
My whole believes his fight is done;
His spurs are doff'd, his victory won;
Many there are that victory rue,
But many prefer it to Waterloo.



A Mat for a Flower-Vase.

Material.—Roworth's Crochet Thread, No. 40.

CENTER FLOWER.—12 cs, unite, work into this ring 5 cs, 1 ls, * 2 cs, 1 ls; repeat from * eleven times, finish with 2 cs, sc into third stitch of first, 5 cs.

2nd round.—Dc into 1st space, * 5 cs, dc into next space; repeat from * into every space, finish with 5 cs, sc into 1st dc of the round.

3d.—5 dc round every loop of 5 cs in last round.

The eight Leaves round this Flower.—Commence on one of the stitches at the edge of this flower, 25 cs, sc back (this is for the stripe in the centre of leaf,) * 5 cs, miss 3, dc into 4th.; repeat from * 5 times, which brings it to top stitch of leaf, 6 cs, dc into same stitch, 5 cs, miss 8, dc into 4th 6 times down the other side of the stripe, draw out the loop on the needle a little, pass the thread under the leaf, 1 dc, round the 1st loop, 5 cs, dc round the next loop, * 6 cs, dc round the next; repeat from * four times, which brings it to top loop, 7 cs, into same top loop, 6 cs, into 5 more loops down the other side, 5 cs, dc into last loop, pass the thread under the leaf, dc 3 times round the loop next to stripe, 5 times round next loop, 6 times round every loop up to the top, 2 dc, 5 ls, 2 dc round the top loop, 6 dc round every chain of 6 down the other side, 5 dc round chain of 5, 3 dc round the last loop at bottom of leaf next to the stripe; fasten off. Make another leaf in the same manner at the opposite side of the centre flower, and one at an equal distance between these two; another on the other side to correspond, which

will make four leaves, then work four more leaves between these 4, and the eight leaves will be finished.

For the rounds of open work proceed thus:—Commence on the point of one of the leaves, work 29 cs, dc into point of next leaf; repeat this all around, not making the cs too tight.

2d.—Dc into every stitch of this round.

3d.—1 ls, * 3 cs, miss 2, 1 ls into 3d stitch; repeat from *.

4th.—Dc into every stitch of last round.

5th.—1 ls, * 3 cs, miss 2, 1 ls, into third stitch; repeat from *.

6th.—Dc into every stitch of last round.

7th.—1 ls, 2 cs, miss 2, 1 ls, into 3d; repeat from * all around.

8th.—Dc into every stitch of last round. Work on the inside of the 1st round of 29 cs, a ring, thus: commence on centre, cs between the leaves, 16 cs, unite on foundation-stitch, dc 24 times round this ring; repeat these rings between every two leaves, making eight in all.

The Leaves on the Outside of the Open Rounds.—Commence on stitch opposite to the point of one of the large leaves. 18 cs, 1 ls into 6th stitch, * 2 cs, miss 2, 1 ls, into 3d; repeat 3 times more from *. 1 sc into foundation-stitch, then 4 dc round 1st loop; 1 dc, 2 ls, 1 dc round next 3 loops, 1 dc, 4 ls, 1 dc round top loop; 1 dc, 2 ls, 1 dc round 3 loops on the other side of leaf; 4 dc round last loop. Make another leaf in the same manner, beginning at the same foundation-stitch. Fasten off. Then two more leaves exactly the same, opposite the points

o all the large centre leaves. Then two more leaves opposite each of the dc rings inside the open rounds (which will be at an equal distance on each side from the others.) There will now be 32 small leaves, 2 and 2, the upper point of each leaf to be turned outwards, and to be tacked with needle and thread to the point of the next leaf, which it will meet easily. (Care must be taken to refer to the engraving for the manner in which the mat is to be finished, as it will greatly assist the explanations.) For the small roses between the leaves, which are made separately: 9 cs, unite, 5 cs, 1 long stitch into ring, * 2 cs, 1 ls; repeat from * 7 times. 2 cs, sc into 3d stitch of 1st 5 cs.

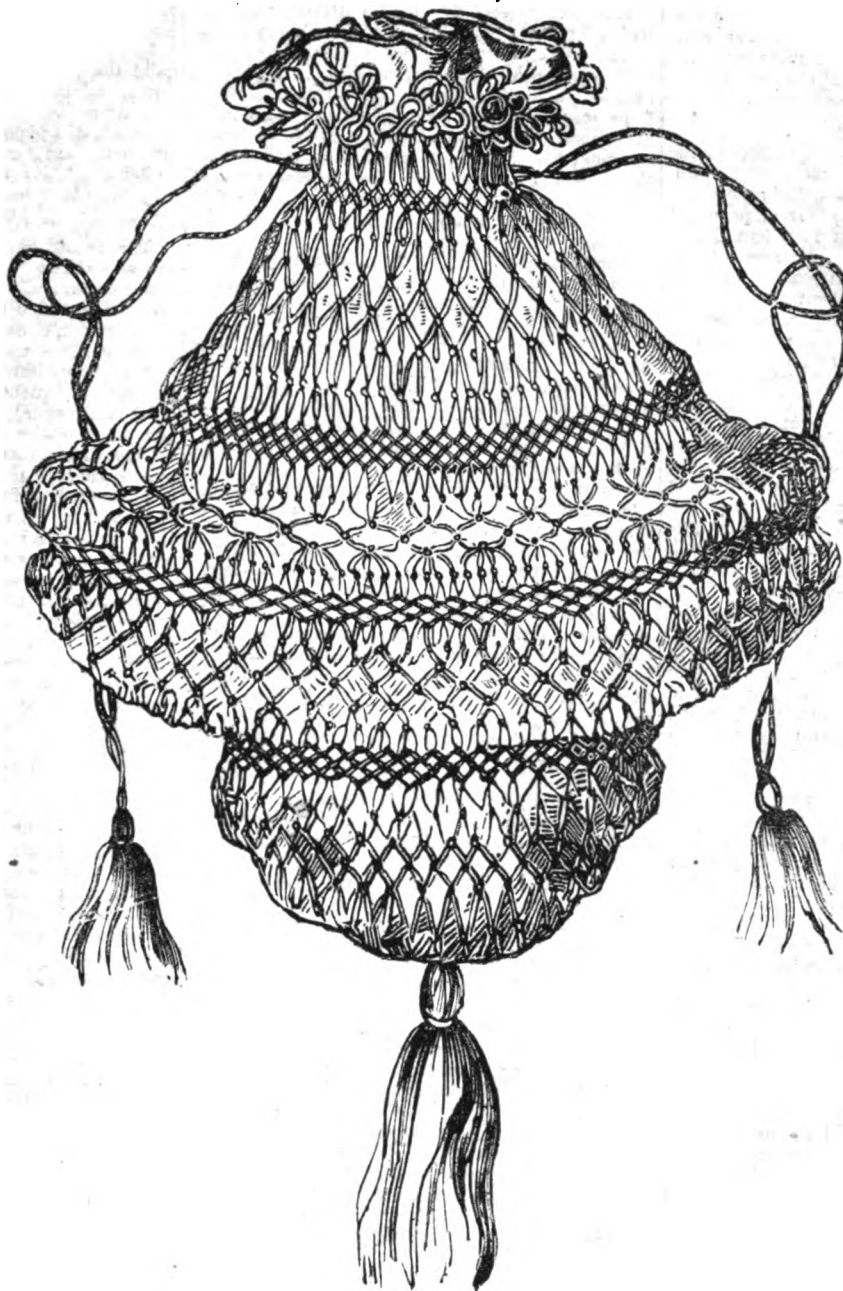
2d.—1 sc round 1st space, 3 cs, 3 ls, into same space, * 5 cs, miss 1 space, 4 ls into next space; repeat from * all round. Finish with 5 cs, sc into 3d stitch of 3 cs. Fasten off 16 roses for the round. Place one of these roses between every pair of the leaves which proceed from the same foundation, and sew it at the edge of the 3d scallop of the leaves; then commence between the points of the leaves which were sewn together, * 24 cs, dc into centre of edge of small rose, 24 cs, dc between the points of the leaves; repeat from * all round, then 26 dc stitches round every 24 chain.

Sprigs between the 24 CS.—18 cs, unite on 12th. Dc round this loop 22 times. Sc up remaining cs for stalk. Fasten off, leaving an end to sew the sprig on the mat. Turn wrong side up. Commence on 5th stitch from stalk on the right hand side of the flower * 10 cs, unite in same stitch. Turn again. Into this circle work 18 dc stitches *. Turn wrong side up. Sc up to top of

ring formed by 18 cs; repeat from * to * for another ring. Turn wrong side. Sc down to 5th stitch from stalk. Repeat another ring, when the work will be on the right side. Bring the cotton to the side of this last ring nearest to stalk. 13 cs, sc into top of last ring. 6 cs, sc into same stitch. 13 cs, sc into foundation close to the lower part of ring. 5 cs, sc into foundation-ring, close to centre ring, at the top. 13 cs, sc into top of ring; 6 c, cs, sc into same stitch; 13 cs, sc into foundation at bottom of ring; 5 cs, sc into foundation at lower part of next ring; 13 cs, sc into top of ring; 6 cs, sc into same stitch; 13 cs, sc into foundation at the other side of ring. Fasten off. 16 of these sprigs are required, and 16 more small roses. Place one sprig between each of the chains of 24 dc, where they meet at the points of the leaves, and sew them by the thread which was left at the end of the stalk. Confine them to the 24 dc by the lower 13 cs. Place a small rose between each of these sprigs, fastening them together where they meet. The best way is, to cut out a circle in colored paper, and (after the crochet work is completed) place the mat wrong side up upon it, and fasten the flowers to it and to each other, as it will then be quite flat and smooth.

A Knitting Bag.

Materials—Roworth's crochet thread No. 40; a reel of pink cotton of the same size, or two pieces of white and two of pink netting-silk; three silk pink and white tassels; two yards and a half of silk bag-cord; half a yard of pink sarsnet; three meshes cornucopia gauge of No. 1, No. 6, and one No. 11; two netting-needles; and a piece of cane used for drawn bonnets.

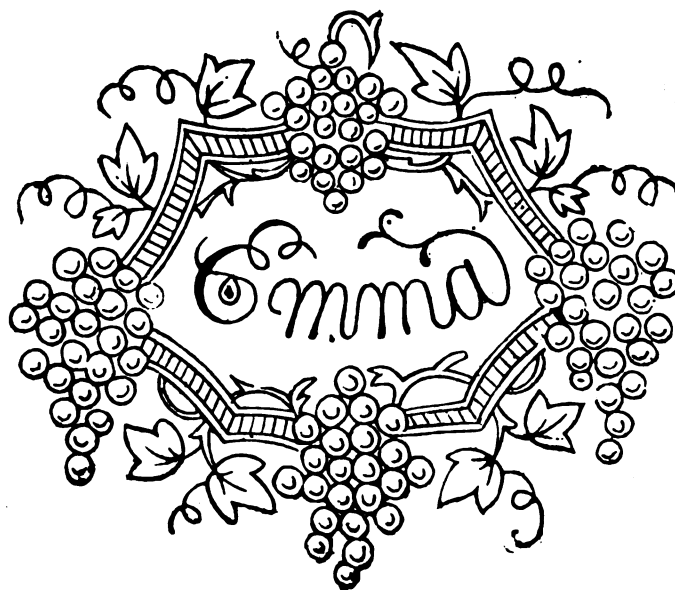


A KNITTING-BAG.

Set on 71 stitches with No. 1 mesh, join the round in pink cotton.—No. 11 mesh. Net 4 rounds of alternate white and pink.—* No. 1 mesh (white cotton.) 2 plain rounds.—No. 6 mesh. Take two of the preceding row together in pink cotton; 1 plain round, same cotton and mesh.—No. 1 mesh (white cotton.) Make two stitches in each stitch of the preceding row; 1 round plain, same cotton and mesh.—No. 11 mesh (pink cotton) Net 5 plain rounds; recommence from * twice; finish top of bag by 3 plain rows in white of No. 6 mesh, for the cord to pass through; 2 plain rows in pink of No. 11 mesh; last row, double pink cotton, with No. 1 mesh.

Take the half yard of sarsnet, join it up neatly, make 3 runners the width of the cane, the 1st at three inches from the bottom, the 2d at two inches from the 1st, and the 3d two inches from the 2d: run a piece of cane 10 inches long in the 1st runner, another of 16 1-2 inches long in the second runner, and one of 11 1-2 inches long in the third runner; tack each of these bands of cane to the 5 rows of fine netting to form the shape, close up the bottom, and place the tassel; run the cord round the top of bag, and fasten a tassel to each end.

STAIN MIXTURE.—Take an ounce of sal-ammoniac (or hartshorn) and an ounce of salt of tartar—mix them well, put them into a pint of soft water, and bottle it for use, keeping it very tightly corked. Pour a little of this liquid into a saucer, and wash in it those parts of a white article that have been stained with ink, mildew, fruit, or red wine. When the stains have by this process been removed, wash the article in the usual manner.



Monthly Summary.

DECEMBER.

*THE last month of the very eventful year of grace, 1854, has furnished its full quota of important events for the political, social, and literary records of the world. We shall glance at the most noticeable, under their several heads, and firstly:

THE POLITICAL.

The second session of the 33d Congress of the United States of our Republic opened on the 4th. There were present 37 senators and 197 representatives. Gen. Cass was elected, *pro tem.*; president of the Senate. The speech of President Pierce reviewed the principal leading questions of the country with clearness and precision. It afforded very general satisfaction throughout the country, and elicited very favorable commendation from influential portions of the press, even in quarters generally hostile to the administration.

The temporarily exciting question of the exclusion of Pierre Soule, U.S. minister to Madrid, from passing through France, was happily terminated in a satisfactory manner; and from the explanations afforded by the French government, it would seem that the whole affair arose from a misunderstanding of the imperial orders by the local prefect of police. Be this as it may, M. Soule was notified that there was no objection to his taking his route through France; and entering it again, he passed through Paris to Bordeaux, where he re-embarked for Spain on board the United States frigate San Jacinto. The unexpected appearance of a United States vessel of war in French waters, thundering out in stern independence her deep-mouthed salutation to *La Belle France*, awoke up great excitement, and even caused considerable alarm in the old harbor of Bordeaux. The circumstances thus attending the reception of the rejected ambassador (whom an exiled son of France) on board an armed vessel of his adopted country were peculiarly opportune and favorable to the dignity of our government.

The legislature of the British province of Nova Scotia ratified the Elgin-Marcy reciprocity treaty on the 11th of the month. It still remains optional with the President to call for a confirmatory act of the British Parliament before giving effect to the treaty; but it is not expected he will delay the operation of so beneficial a measure from any technical consideration.

The principal point of interest in our domestic politics has been centered this month in the movements of the native American political order of "Know Nothings," and from the progress made by the party at several elections in various parts of the country, it seems reasonable to expect that one result at least of their efforts will be an alteration in the naturalization laws of the union. Indeed, on the 11th of the month, Mr. Adams introduced a bill in the House of Representatives to extend the period of residence for foreigners to qualify for citizenship to twenty-one years. It is probable that this course of legislation will be regarded with satisfaction by most of the European powers. The political necessity of maintaining large standing armies on the continent of Europe, and the difficulty which is now experienced in England in obtaining recruits for the army of the East, must have the effect of impressing the rulers of the old world with a just sense of the questionable value of encouraging such wholesale emigration to the new world as has prevailed for the last ten years. Yet it would seem, from the almost daily arrival, even during the present severe season, of emigrant vessels, heavily freighted with cargoes of voluntary exiles, that the desire of the masses of the people of Europe to abandon their own homes has been increased in the face of the probabilities of a general war. If, however, the contemplated alteration in the naturalization laws of this country be followed by European measures restricting emigration, we may reasonably expect that the experience of a few years will prove that Europe will gain more by retaining her people than America could lose by receiving them. The world is not overpeopled anywhere; nay, the most prosperous portions of European countries are those which are most densely populated. Cities are overcrowded everywhere—countries nowhere.

Two very important measures have passed the Canadian legislature this month; one, the settlement of the long-vexed question of the clergy reserves—the other, the abolition of the seigniorial titles which were a relic of the old feudal tenures of France. The latter measure affects Eastern Canada only. The term of office of Brigham Young, as governor of the territory of Utah, having long

since expired, the President has at length appointed a successor to "the apostle" in the person of Colonel Steptoe, of the U.S. army.

It is not expected that the "Latter-Day Saints" will offer any opposition to the authority of the central government on this question: meantime, however, the Mormons are making extraordinary exertions throughout Europe, and all over the States to procure converts or perverts to their system, in order to increase their numerical force to the dimensions of a State. This Mormonism is adding another fearful chapter to the fatal hallucinations of mankind; and it will not be surprising if the concluding pages be finally traced in the blood of its deluded victims.

The proposition for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States, is assuming the appearance of reality; and it is asserted that the treaty would be now complete but for the opposition of the brother of King Kamehameha. The question of the annexation of Cuba is rather receding than otherwise. It would seem that no internal changes in the Spanish Government can alter the determination of the old Castilians to preserve the "Queen of the Antilles" as a perpetual appanage of the Spanish crown.

It was reported during this month that another adopted citizen of this country had been arrested in Hungary, and imprisoned by the Austrian authorities, who had refused all information on the subject, when applied to by the American minister. Unless this question of protection to adopted citizens be at once placed on an intelligible basis, it cannot fail to speedily involve this country in hostilities with some of the European powers. It could fairly be insisted upon by the Government of the United States, that no foreign power should deprive any man claiming the protection of the United States of his liberty, without immediately apprizing the resident authority of this country of the occurrence, and the reasons alleged for it. If this rule were adopted, and rigidly enforced, our government could always be enabled to judge whether the circumstances of any particular case demanded its interference; and when necessary the Executive could act with the promptitude and dignity becoming the position of this country. However, until some such international principle be established, it would be no more than grateful and becoming in our adopted citizens to avoid all occasions for involving this country in unnecessary controversies with European powers. When a man travels in Europe under a passport from the Republic of the United States, he should remember he owed it as his allegiance to that country to abstain from all interference in the political affairs of the people among whom he may sojourn.

The angry contest for our state officers has resulted in the election of Myron H. Clark as Governor, and Henry J. Raymond as Lieut. Governor. These gentlemen being elected on the Temperance ticket, "To drink or not to drink, will be the *Maine* question," when the period of their administration arrives.

From Mexico we have learned, late in the month, that SANTA ANNA has reduced his rival, ALVAREZ, to great straits; and that, with the ostensible object of confirming his dictatorship, he has imitated the precedent of Louis Napoleon, by soliciting a vote by universal suffrage for the continuance of his powers. It is probable that whilst he holds the command of the army in his hands he cannot fail to obtain just such a vote as he may please to dictate. It is generally supposed that Santa Anna aims at extending his power over one of the Central American Republics. The principle of "annexation" is progressing.

The Brazilian Government have taken efficient measures for establishing steam navigation on the Amazon. From the most authentic reports of the indefatigable explorers of the vast country drained by that mother of rivers, it may be safely concluded that the Caucasian family of man cannot turn that vast watershed to much account.

So far as accounts have yet reached us, the political condition of Europe has suffered no change during this month.

The interest of the principal European powers have been centered on the events in the Crimea. It would seem that the rival armies were both so utterly exhausted by the bloody action of the 5th of November at Inkermann, that they made no effort at either side to renew hostilities. Both were no doubt waiting the aid of reinforcements, and the Western allies of the Turks had made extraordinary exertions to forward fresh troops to the scene of action. It may be reasonably supposed that the Czar was no less active on his side to replenish his

forces. This bloody drama in the East of Europe has upset all the preconceived notions of the durability of "peace and good will among men" in this enlightened nineteenth century of our Christian Era.

In Spain, Espartero has made great exertions to quiet the throne of Isabella by constitutional reforms, and thus appease the progressive party in that country. Although the age of chivalry has gone out, it is plain that its spirit still lingers over old Castile and Arragon, when the people continue so indulgent to a monarch whose sex is now her only claim to their respect.

SOCIAL, COMMERCIAL, & C.

The condition of our social affairs this month has afforded no cause for gratification. The motive power of our social life—the circulating medium—the indispensable agent of civilization—money—is—is—we don't know where it is, or whether it is at all or not. We simply know that it has not been "around" this last month of December in this city; and the consequence of the absence of the "distinguished stranger" has been truly disastrous. A general stagnation has settled down over every description of business, slightly relieved by a little temporary animation during Christmas week. Immense numbers of workmen in every department of business have been thrown out of employment, and all operations are restricted to the plain and indispensable necessities of life.

Why such a state of things should exist in this country, at this particular time, when the national prosperity is unquestionable, seems difficult to comprehend. True, intermittent periods of monetary panic and crisis are common to all commercial communities; but we cannot conceive that they are necessarily incident to them no more than we could believe that many of the diseases which affect individual specimens of the human family are necessarily physiological consequences of existence. The enormous failures and defalcations of prominent commercial men, followed by the embarrassment and failure of unstable banking institutions, have done much towards producing the present financial crisis. It is the opinion of many reflecting persons that there has been for a series of years an excessive importation of foreign goods, far exceeding the demands of the public, and producing a serious balance of trade against this country. Whatever may be the causes, the effects are deplorable. The operative classes of society—and they are the bulk of the people—must endure many privations before a favorable re-action can set in. The corporation of New York has very properly come forward with a contribution of \$10,000 towards the relief of the distressed, and that much abused class which furnishes all the villains for the local moral dramas of the day—the Wall Street brokers—have made up \$2,000 for the same purpose during the last week. Many active measures are also in progress by various public spirited persons for the relief of the unemployed, and we will confidently hope that by an active spirit of Christian charity and brotherly feeling, much of the distress apprehended at this season will be prevented.

The weather during the month has been as various as is usual in this climate, but the cold phases have been aggravated. A severe storm prevailed on the third of the month, from which much injury was sustained in the coasting and lake navigation. A dense fog settled down on the city and bay on Sunday the 16th, and prevailed for two days. The week preceding Christmas was unusually severe—the thermometer going down one night to eleven degrees below zero in New York, and at Albany to eighteen. The deaths in New York, for the three first weeks in the month, amounted to 1,217 persons of all ages and sexes.

LITERARY, DRAMATIC, AND GENERAL.

Notwithstanding the prevailing cry of "Hard Times—Hard Times," our publishers have contrived to get out a goodly number of new works during this month. The Christmas holidays always produce a flood of juvenile literature, and the expected requirements of "New Year's Gifts" gilds many a gaudy volume for the market. We think a fair business has been done in these branches of the book trade this season, and we are glad of it. The greatest event, however, in our native literature, has been the publication of the lives of Phineas T. Barnum, Horace Greeley, and Fanny Fern, the latter, however, under the modestly anonymous title of "Ruth Hall." The first is an autobiography—the second is from the pen of an ardent admirer of Mr. Greeley.

These three books will be extensively read; but to our mind the publication of the biography of

living individuals is, in a literary sense, no less than a falsehood. It was a legal maxim that no man could have an heir whilst he was living; neither, we think, is any man's life complete until his death, nor should his statue be set up in the highway for himself to gaze on. The announcement of those living lives, seems to us just as preposterous as would the idea of exhibiting the skeleton of a man in an anatomical museum, whilst the subject was living and walking in the flesh among his fellows.

We quarrel only with the principle, and without any reference to the merits or demerits of the works in question. In a wholly different department, we have from that persevering traveller, and happy writer, Bayard Taylor, "The Lands of the Saracens." The work comes opportunely, and will doubtless attain a large circulation.

We regret at this festive season, that we see nothing new from the really high priests of literature in America. Where! oh, where! is Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Bancroft, Prescott, and their fellows? When are we to hear from them again?

In the dramatic world there have been many novelties of late. "No dearth of bards can be complained of now." The Metropolitan Theatre seems to have superseded the old Broadway house in the patronage of the legitimate drama. Several new pieces have been produced, with various success, since the advent of Mr. Eddy's management. Following shortly after Mr. Young's adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Lucrèce*, came a new drama, entitled, "The Finished Picture." It had a very moderate success. Later again, the melo-dramatic spectacles of "Schamyl," another adaptation from the French, has followed, and held the stage with tolerably fair success for several nights. Mr. Anderson has played at this house his general role of first class pieces, and took the part of *Schamyl*, in the spectacle of that name. He closed with *Claude Melnotte*, and could easily have made a happier selection.

At the Broadway Miss Davenport has drawn fair houses. "Masks and Faces," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a variety of smart Farces, eked out the earlier part of the month, until the return of the "Pyrie and Harrison" English Opera Company. This Company has afforded sincere gratification. They have re-produced several of the most popular English Operas, and added Gay's, ever gay work, the "Beggar's Opera." For Christmas week they have brought out the "Enchantress" with great éclat. M'dlle Zoe, an accomplished danseuse, has formed another very popular attraction here.

At Niblo's, the English Opera Company, composed of M'dlle Nau, Messrs. St. Albyn, Herncastle, and Irving, has played the best English Operas with moderate success. M'dlle Nau's, *Amina*, in "The Sonambulist," has been much admired.

The Grisi and Mario Italian Opera Company have been struggling against bad weather, "Hard Times," thin houses, and hoarse voices, at the Grand Temple of "upper tendom," yclept the "Academy of Music," in Fourteenth street. The splendid house itself has proved a great attraction to many of the opera goers; the grand dresses of the prima dona and prima tenore have feasted the eyes of many more; and the unquestionably splendid music, with the "Sweet Voices" of the accomplished performers, have afforded exquisite delight to the initiated few who were capable of appreciating the true beauties of "Grand Opera." It cannot be questioned that the scenery alone at the "Academy" would well repay the visit to such persons as could afford the expenditure.

At Wallack's elegant little theatre two new comedies have been produced with success this month. Both adaptations from French stories—the first by Mr. Lester, with the numerical title, "2 to 1." With such odds in its favor, in the figures alone, it is no wonder it should succeed. The dialogue is smart, and Mr. Lester being so good a performer, can afford to be considered something of a dramatic writer. We consider it a great condescension when a popular actor deigns to woo the dramatic muse in America. The other piece was "jimmersed" in the euphonious and ambiguous title of "A Gentleman from Ireland." It required considerable courage in the face of the "Know Nothing" sense of the country, for the author to presume upon the existence of such a *rara avis* as a gentleman from the "Gim of the Say." We do not doubt that curiosity alone led many persons to see the piece. However, notwithstanding its dangerous name, the play has proved a considerable success. The author is Mr. Fitzjames O'Brien, a very popular writer on

the Daily Times, and in magazine literature—and we believe he is, a gentleman from Ireland himself. Burton has achieved great success in the "Upper 10 and Lower 20," and in the burlesque of "Apollo in New York," both novelties being written for his theatre. An interesting occurrence has taken place here this month, in the re-appearance of Mr. Morris Barnett, the author of the "Serious Family," after a twenty years' absence from America. Mr. Burton very justly gave Mr. Barnett "a benefit" at his house, and the old dramatic author has played with success in his own piece of "Monsr. Jacques."

The "Minor" Theatres of the Bowery, National, German Theatre, and American Museum, have worked hard in their various departments to entertain the great public during the month, but we regret to hear that some of those houses have reduced the salaries to *three-fourths*. It would puzzle the poor performers to make a "merry Christmas" out of that state of finance.

Our "*Pacific*" fellow citizens in San Francisco have been enjoying a very varied bill of fare in the theatrical line: Italian Opera, Irish Comedy, and some of "Mr. Shakespeare." Anna Bishop, Barney Williams and Lady, Mrs. Vorhees, sister to Mrs. Sinclair, Caroline Chapman, and Julia Gould, have been "*the lions*" out there.

Christy's Minstrels are doing a good trade in Sacramento.

We have not space this month to particularize the movements of the various Dramatic Stars and Comments throughout the country engagements, but we shall make a careful note of them during the first month of 1855, and keep our numerous readers well "posted" of all new discoveries in that branch of astronomy.

LOVE STRATAGEMS.—The Tribunal of Correctional Police lately tried a man named Morand for robbery. He had, it appeared, fallen in love with Mademoiselle Celine; but she would not consent to look favorably on his passion, unless he would furnish a room for her. As he was without a cent in the world, and had not even a place to lodge in himself, her requirement was not easy to fulfil. However, he set his wits to work, and hit upon a plan for getting a supply of furniture. He went to a respectable hotel, and demanded a room on the first floor, because, he said, he had received an injury in the foot which prevented him from going up higher. His appearance did not seem particularly promising to the concierge, and she called on him to pay in advance, or at least, to leave something as a pledge.

"It often happens," said she, "that people without a sou in the world take a chamber, and go off early next morning without paying; so leave your boots, which appear to be good, and then I am sure you cannot go away!"

He consented to leave his boots. In the dead of the night, he, by means of cords secreted beneath his blouse, let down into the street the mattress, bed and bedding, chairs, table, clock, and every thing else the room contained; and they were all carried off by an accomplice. The man then let himself down in the street. But as it struck him that it would be inconvenient to walk without his boots, he resolved to get them. Knocking loudly at the door, he cried:

"Open—open! some man is letting down the furniture from a window!"

"What window?" cried the concierge, opening the door.

"On the first floor!"

"Oh, that is the fellow who came in last night—I suspected him!" cried the woman—and she rushed up stairs.

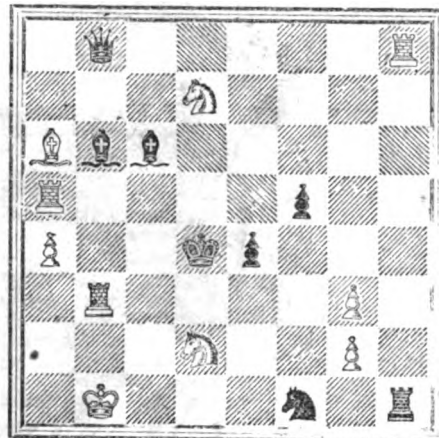
The man then quietly took his boots, which were in the lodge, and walked off. The next morning he wrote a flaming epistle to Mademoiselle Celine, offering her the furniture and his heart. But the police got a clue to his whereabouts and arrested him. The tribunal condemned him to a year's imprisonment.

ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—The electric telegraph between Bombay and Calcutta, via the north-west provinces, is now nearly completed; the Lahore line is so altogether. Intelligence is now transmitted in one day over the former of these lines, the transit of the mail occupying ten days, and despatches to London, including that intelligence, via Trieste, will reach that in twenty-six days; and, the wire laid down from the European to the African shore, and so on to Alexandria and Suez, and a fast boat placed on the Bombay line, telegraphic intelligence will always be transmitted betwixt India and England in twelve days, or in half the time taken up by the mail at its fastest.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 1.—By HERR HARRWITZ.—White playing first, mates in three moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. 1.—Played at the London Chess Club, 30th Nov. 1849; Mr. HARRWITZ giving P. and Move to Mr. G. W. MEDLEY.

White—Mr. G. W. Medley.

Black—Mr. Harrwitz.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. K. P. 2. | 1. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 2. K. P. 2. | 2. K. P. 2. |
| 3. P. takes P. | 3. Kt. takes P. |
| 4. K. B. P. 2. | 4. Q. Kt. to K. B. 2. |
| 5. K. B. to Q. B. 4. | 5. K. Kt. to R. 3. |
| 6. Q. B. to K. 3. | 6. Q. B. P. 1. |
| 7. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 7. K. B. to K. 2. |
| 8. Castles. | 8. Q. Kt. P. 2. |
| 9. K. B. to Q. Kt. 3. | 9. Q. P. 1. |
| 10. K. R. P. 1. (a.) | 10. Q. R. P. 2. |
| 11. Q. R. P. 2 | 11. Q. Kt. P. 1. |
| 12. Q. Kt. to Q. 2 | 12. Castles. |
| 13. K. Kt. P. 2. | 13. K. to R. sq. |
| 14. K. Kt. P. 1. | 14. Kt. to K. Kt. sq. |
| 15. K. to Kt. 2. | 15. Q. to Q. 2. |
| 16. K. R. to R. sq. | 16. Q. P. 1. |
| 17. K. P. 1. | 17. Q. B. P. 1. |
| 18. Q. B. P. 1. | 18. Kt. to Q. sq. |
| 19. Q. to K. Kt. sq. | 19. Kt. to K. 3. |
| 20. Q. Kt. to K. B. 2. | 20. Q. B. to R. 3. (b.) |
| 21. Q. Kt. to K. B. sq. | 21. B. to K. 7. (c.) |
| 22. K. R. P. 1. | 22. Kt. takes P. (ch.) |
| 23. Q. B. takes Kt. | 23. Q. to K Kt 5 (ch.) |
| 24. K. to B. 2. | 24. Q. takes Kt (ch.) |
| 25. K. to K. sq. | 25. R. takes B. |
| 26. Kt. to Q. 2 (d.) | 26. Q. to K 6. |
| 27. Q. takes B. | 27. Q. to Kt 6 (ch.) |
| 28. K. to Q. sq. | 28. P. takes P. (e.) |
| 29. P. takes P. | 29. Q. takes P. |
| 30. Q. R. to Q. B. sq. | 30. Q. to Q. 5. |
| 31. Q. to K Kt 2 (f.) | 31. R. to K B 7 (g.) |
| 32. Q. takes R. | 32. Q. takes Q. |
| 33. R. to K B sq. (h.) | 33. Q. takes R's P. |
| 34. Kt. to K. B. 3. | 34. Q. to Kt 5. |
| 35. B. to Q. B. 2. | 35. B. takes Kt. (ch.) |
| 36. Kt. takes R. | 36. Q. to Q. 5. (ch.) |
| 37. K. to K 2. | 37. Q. takes P. (ch.) |
| 38. Kt. to K 4. | 38. Kt. to K B 3. |

And WHITE surrenders.

NOTES TO GAME 1.

(a) White's position is now very strong, whereas Black has not a single piece in play.

(b) To prevent White's placing his Q. R. at Q. sq.

(c) Threatening to win the adverse K. Kt. P.

(d) Good move by which he wins back the piece.

(e) Giving his opponent no breathing time.

(f) To prevent Black from pushing his Q. B. P. on the B., in which case he would take it.

(g) The winning move, since it compels White to take it with his Q.

(h) He would obviously have lost a piece had he taken the Q. P. with his B., by Black playing his R. to Q. sq.

THE ENGLISH AND THE GEORGIANS.—A Georgian village and its inhabitants are pictured in a letter by an Englishman, who says: "The houses are composed of wattle-work or wood, and consist of three or four rooms on the ground floor, the principal room being lined with sofas, upon which—when seen by us unawares—the residents were reclining. I never saw so many women to a household as in this place—about a half dozen to each—and generally exceedingly pleasing and pretty in appearance, and graceful in their walk. At first sight of us they generally adhered to the Turkish custom, and covering up their faces, ran away to an inner room, or closed their doors while we passed by; but soon curiosity prevailed, the doors opened a little, and then whole figures came gradually to view, until at length they came out in a body and unveiled, and boldly criticised the appearance of the 'Ingleez'; they were attired in colored or pure white drapery, drawn into the waist, and setting off their figures and fair complexions to advantage. The men wear a calpa and robe supplied with cartridges, like the Circassians, and are generally fine, intelligent looking fellows."



Time introducing the First of January to the Thirty-first of December.

TIME.—(log.) Will you allow me, Thirty-first of December! First of January.

Varieties.

RECKONING BY NIGHTS.—The old German nations reckoned by nights, of which we have the remains in the words *se'nicht* for week—fortnight for two weeks. The Indians are in the habit of measuring the days in a journey by sleeps. Perhaps, among migratory nations, unacquainted with writing, journeys are almost the only things which habitually require reference to periods of time shorter than a moon. If so, we may well understand how natural it would be to measure the length of the journey by the number of rests or stoppages; that is, by nights instead of days.

THE MAGIC PICTURE.—This picture must have a frame and glass, about two inches off the border of the print to cut off all around. The upper and under part of the middle of the glass is covered with tinfoil, that communicates with the bottom of the frame: over this tinfoil the print is pasted. Now if the tinfoil on both sides of the glass be moderately electrified, and a person take hold of the bottom of the frame with one hand, so that his fingers touch the tinfoil, and with the other hand endeavor to take off the crown, he will receive a very smart blow, and fail in the attempt. A gold dollar a quarter will do as well. When a ring of persons take a shock among them, the experiment is called "The Conspirators."

A RICH DESIGN.—A pattern formed in *cheques*.

THE ONLY SUIT NO TAILOR CAN CABBAGE.—A lawsuit.

Is there any impropriety in calling the dress worn by a hospital nurse a ward-robe?

In our neighborhood there is a house where everything is carried on on such go-a-head principles, that even the very candles run.

A CLEAN TOWEL.—One of the most amusing incidents of the late excursion to Rock Island is thus related by a western paper: A gentleman in the wash-room said to the captain of the boat, "Can't you give me a clean towel, captain?" "No!" said the captain; "more than fifty passengers have used that towel there, and you are the first one that has said a word against it!"

A CONSIDERATE FATHER.—"My dear," said an Irish gentleman to his wife, "I would rather the children were kept in the nursery when I am at home; although I should not object to their noise if they'd only be quiet."

CALIFORNIAN ADVERTISING.—The following is a specimen of the latest style of advertising produced in San Francisco:

NOTICE.—Having read a rumor that Daniel Tucker, Esq. had let this town without paying me for washing and ironing his shirt, I have to inform the public that the rumor is false, as, when Mr. Tucker left town, he did not owe me one cent. The report probably arose from the fact that I had washed and ironed for six months—upwards of thirty dozen in all—for a young lady who left town about the same time as Mr. Tucker, but who paid me in full before leaving. Washing, thirty dollars per dozen.

SUSAN TUCKER,

Clear-Starcher & Laundress, 607 Montgomery Block.

THE PRINTING PRESS IN TURKEY.—In 1726, Achmet III., a zealous friend of literature, issued a decree, by which he ordered the establishment of a printing-office in the Turkish capital. The Jews and Armenians had possessed presses since the end of the sixteenth century, in the houses of their chief priests, but they were only used for printing religious works. In order to gain over the Ulema, printing the Koran, the oral traditions, the canonical and juridical works, as well as the commentaries on them, was forbidden. As the reason for this, it was stated that an apprehension was felt lest these works—and especially the sacred books—might be falsified. By this edict, also, two directors of the new institution were appointed, for which the government advanced the funds. Both received a regular salary, and the Minister and Grand Vizier supported them in every way. Four of the most respected judges were appointed censors, and Sultan Achmet, who only survived his institution three years, frequently visited the printing-office, and encouraged the directors and their German assistants. Mohammed I. followed his example. Still, in spite of the zealotry of the two directors, and the support of the government, the printing proceeded very slowly. The difficulty of finding competent compositors, and the want of type, which was all founded in Venice, were so great, that in 1743—or after seventeen years—only seventeen works had been printed. In 1747, after the death of the inspector, Kadi Ibrahim, the printing-office was closed, and not opened again till 1756. Then, however, nothing was printed for a considerable time, until the year 1784, when the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid ordered the printing-offices to be restored. From 1784 to 1828, eighty new works were brought out, forming a total of ninety-one volumes. From 1830 to 1842, M. Bianchi drew up a new list, which furnished a total of about 108 works. Since 1842 the number of printed books has progressively increased, and new presses have been established at Constantinople and in some of the larger cities of the empire.

THE SOLITUDE OF THE DESERT.—I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the wide ring of the horizon, there was no other living creature to be seen. He came up like a god, in awful glory, and it would have been a natural act had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the coloring of the landscape on his appearance, the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the tints of purple and violet on the distant, porphyry hills, was a morning miracle which I never beheld without awe. The richness of this coloring made the desert beautiful: it was too brilliant for desolation. The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning to night, from the overflow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life—as sweet and pure and refreshing as that which the first man breathed on the morning of creation.

You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere—for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smokes and steams which arise from the abodes of men, to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where all the pleasant aspects of nature are wanting—where there is no green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness his sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame, and the most joyous exhilaration to the spirits.

Gems of Thought.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience; the most ignorant, by necessity; and beasts, by nature.

WE SEE BUT IN PART.—"We see but in part," in the language of the Bible, is well and forcibly illustrated in the following: A traveller, as he passed through a large and thick wood, saw a part of a huge oak, which appeared misshapen, and almost seemed to spoil the scenery. "If," said he, "I was the owner of this forest, I would cut down that tree." But when he had ascended the hill, and taken a full view of the forest, this same tree appeared the most beautiful part of the landscape. "How erroneously," said he, "I have judged, while I saw only a part!" "This plain tale," says Dr. Olin, "illustrates the plans of God! We now see but in part. The full view, the harmony and proportion of things, are all necessary to clear up our judgment."

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US.—"Very idle," says Emerson, "is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgement of the fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment-days; and into every assembly that a man enters—into every action he attempts—he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a newcomer is as well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with the right number, as if he had undergone a former trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets, with air and pretensions. An older boy says to himself: "It's no use; we shall find him out to-morrow!"

MIXTURE FOR REMOVING INK STAINS AND IRON MOULDS.—Cream of tartar and salts of sorrel one oz. each; mix well, and keep in a stoppered bottle.

WARNING TO DEFAULTERS.—When a bank suspends in Australia, they take the president to a neighboring tree and serve him in the same manner—a simple remedy, but very efficacious.

A Story, with a Moral.

"Light the candle, draw the curtains closer, Betsy, if you please!"
Slipped feet upon the fender, I sat roasting both my knees,
And, puffing a cigar, felt undeniably "the cheese,"
Rapt in musings on the girl that wore the garland of sweet peas.

She was a pretty girl, she was, and no mistake at all;
I had met her but two days before, at Mrs. Snooks's ball;
I danced with her, I squeezed her hand, I helped her to her shawl,
And fancied she looked fondly when we whispered in the hall.

I handed her into a coach, her mother didn't frown;
I took another, tracked 'em home, and found their name was Brown;
They lived in a small terrace at the west end of the town—
I tore the lining from my hat, and took the number down.

Next morning, just at one o'clock, I walked about hard by,
I caught the pot-boy on his round, and winked my weather eye;
And asked him confidentially, but didn't mention why,
To tell me of the Browns as much as fifty cents would buy.

"Vy, Mr. Brown's a gov'ment clerk, and werry proud and prim,
And Mrs. Brown she's stout, and Miss Brown's werry tall and slim;
And they lets a floor in lodgings to a forring count so grim;
And Mrs. Brown likes nobs, and vants the young 'un to have him.

"But Mary Ann don't like, sir—at least so I have heard,
Becos he vears green spectikles and cultivates a beard,"
How I loved that lowly pot-boy, by his meaning words endeared!
I could have clasped him to me, but the passers-by I feared.

Enough! I sought a stationer's—I bought some cream-laid note;
It boots not now to say how very tenderly I wrote,
The nice things out of Byron which I contrived to quote—
How many pens I tried, and how my heart was in my throat.

Letter done, my breast grew lighter, and I felt myself a god,
Till the tailor's note there, threatening me with county court and quod,
Caught my eye. I seized a pen again, and told the wretched clod,
He needn't fuss about a bill for thirty dollars odd.

Returning from the post now, whom the—dickens—should I meet,
But that pitiless, stern tailor at the corner of the street!
His tap upon my wristband knocked me nearly off my feet—

"Mr. Jones, your little bill, sir!" What I said I won't repeat.

I flung him off—I hurried home—dashed wildly up the stair—
I knew he wouldn't wait—I clasped my brow, and tore my hair!
Then a thought of Mary Ann breathed o'er the depths of my despair,
I sent the tailor to the—deuce, but don't think he got there.

At eventide, before the fire, a meditative man I sat,
As told you in the verse with which my tale began;
The postman thundered at the door—a note from Mary Ann!
I kissed the seal and broke it, and 'twas thus the billet ran:

"Miss Brown begs comps. to Mr. Jones, who sent her by mistake
This letter to his tailor." Heart, I'll trouble you to break!
(Assume a page of asterisks)—but did I dream or wake?
Real—real! I sat a blighted flower—my trousers on the bake.

And Snip had got the love-letter—that man with heart of flint!
To "heal my wounds" Time brought at length the bandages and lint;
But when you're writing letters, if you're nervous, take a hint—
Before you close an envelope, be sure what you've put in't!

Random Readings.

TOLERATION means allowing you to think as I do, but directly you want me to think as you do, then it's gross intolerance.

GIVE a man brains and riches, and he is a king. Give a man brains without riches, and he is a slave. Give a man riches without brains, and he is a fool.

WE hope the commissariat supplies provision enough to fully sustain the energy of our forces before Sebastopol. Plenty to eat must be necessary for such capital trenchermen.

OLD GENTLEMAN TO PRECOCIOUS CHILD: "Well, my little darling, I have brought you some sugar plums, and you shall have them when I go away."
—PRECOCIOUS CHILD: "Oh, then, give them to me, and go away now."

A LITTLE boy, while coming down stairs, a few days ago, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would I go to."

"WHAT is the meaning of a backbiter?" said a reverend gentleman during an examination at a parochial school. This was a puzzle. It went down the class until it came to a simple little urchin, who said, "Pr'aps it be a flea."

THERE has been a Town-and-Gown row at Cambridge, owing to objections being urged against the letting off of fireworks. There appears to be a very arbitrary distinction between the two universities—for it cannot be doubted but a Cambridge squib is not near so dangerous as an Oxford Roman Candle.

A PARTY had climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the side of Skiddaw, when a gentleman (a stranger to the company) who had given frequent broad hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide, "Pray what is the highest part of the mountain?" "The top, sir," replied the guide.

TETTERISM has its extravagances like every thing else, and the head may be turned by water as effectually, if not so rapidly, as by whisky. We have lately heard of a sad instance of aberration in a total intellect; the result of which was, that the unfortunate victim threw away a Macintosh wrapper because it was water-proof.

COMING out of the Bedford one night, Foote dropped a guinea from his purse; impatient at not finding it, he exclaimed, "Where on earth can it have gone to?"—"Gone to the devil, I think," rejoined Garrick, who had also sought for it everywhere—"Well said, David," cried Foote; "let you alone for making a guinea go farther than any one else."

OLD Chanticleer awakes in the morning, flaps his wings, vociferates at the top of his voice, "Woman rules h-e-r-e!" Immediately, a neighboring rooster answers, "So they do h-e-r-e!" This is no sooner uttered, than a third responds, at a considerable distance, "So they do everyw-h-e-r-e!" In this woman's rights era it is significant; for the old chanticleer is a keen observer, and knows.

THE two great movements of the present day are the tremendous exertions of the Roman Catholics to extend their religion, and the strenuous endeavors of all good men to elevate the condition of the working classes. These two movements so dissimilar, and somewhat contradictory in their tendency, nevertheless do agree in one important respect, for the object with each is decidedly a solemn desire to celebrate the mass.

WIDOWS.—Young widows are always blithe. They ever meet one with a smile and flattering word. Can any one tell why? Young widows pay very scrupulous attention to dress. None know so well what colors, black or otherwise, are best suited to their complexion, nor what freaks of millinery serve best to heighten the beauty of their form. Their knowledge of this subject they will put in practice. Does any one know why? Young widows, if at first pleasant, gay, and agreeable, through affectedness, become really so through habit. It is said that she who is married a second time, is a better wife to her second than to her first husband. Who can give a reason if we have not given it? Young widows are the most charming part of creation; the envy of one sex, and the beloved of the other; and why?

AN ANTI-CHOLERA PANACEA.—The first physician of the late King of Saxony, has published a preventive of the cholera, which may be useful. It lacks Latin, and so may be unintelligible to our Hippocrates, but its plain English cannot harm the "people." Here it is: 20 parts of warmth, 6 parts of cleanliness, 22 parts of morality, 1 part of activity, 2 parts of good sleep, 10 parts of pure air, 60 parts of tranquility of mind. These 100 parts united form the great anti-cholera panacea.

LEARNED ELEPHANT.—"That's a wery knowing hanimal of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant—"Very," was the cool rejoinder—"He performs strange tricks and hantics."—"Does he?" said the cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass. "Surprising," retorted the keeper; "we've learnt him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with half a crown." The cockney handed one to the elephant, and sure enough he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach. "Well that's wery hextraordinary—hashtonishin' truly! Now let us see him take it out and hand it back." "We never learnt him that," returned the keeper, with a roguish leer, and then turned to stir up the monkeys and poke the hyenas.

DEXTERITY OF LOVE.—A young lady of Namur, of good family, having a gallant, was at a loss in conducting the correspondence which was to fix their repeated assignations. A hair-dresser, not an unusual messenger in love, was chosen as the agent; but how escape the vigilance of her father, a widower, who had a perpetual eye on her conduct? Singular as it may appear, the old gentleman's wig was chosen as the letter-box. He wore a bag, which his daughter used to take off every evening when he called for his night-cap, and was sure to find a billet from her lover, which the hair-dresser had placed there in the morning, when he affixed the bag, and which the old gentleman had unsuspectingly carried about all the day. She had sufficient time to peruse it and replace her answer, which the hair-dresser withdrew in the morning, to deliver to her lover.

HIGHTS A ALMA.—Where t'battle wor fottan, a spot abaght three times as heigh an as rocky as t'cassal cliffe at Scarbro', it macks wun shudder, an fit to sink in tut earth hommast, an weel it may, when thear warrant a yard a graand to be seen for miles ardy but wot there wor a sowger awther a wun side or t'tuther, ta be seen laid dead or waandad, an ameng em accordin to my caant, wor three hundard and sixty Inglish kill'd, and won thousand six hundard an thirty-six waanded, an missin. T'French hed won thousand five hundard kill'd an waanded. Turks must a been a fire-proof, as we doant hear at onny a them wor hurt. T'Rushans it's sed hed eight thousand kill'd, an noabdy naws hah menny waanded, for thay tade lots away e weggins, an up at carridges at cannon, an left behind em ten thousand nabsecks, which we nab'd, and five thousand guns. But niver mind, let's cheer up; though it's true at menny a fathar an muther al hev lost a son, an menny a sister a bruther, but it wor in a glorias cause, an agean a iron-hearted tyrant, an niver sin t'wuld wor put into a shell, wur sich an a victory won. It's homast incredible when wun cums ta look at it, haivver owt it shap a men cud faice sich raws a great wide maasth cannons at kept streamin aight grape-shot it way thay did, and hevin hills an steep rocky plaices ta climb, it ad puzzald a badger to a gettan up; beside this, thade a deep river ta wade at fust startin, an ther es blinkt up, an suffocated neerly we smook throo a burnin villidge at Rushans hed fired, all thease difficulties put together, made t'battle dubbley, nay, fowably more vicktorias. Ah think ah see t'poor Inglish lads tayin ther nabsecks off, an liggin em at footit at hill e raws, (sum a which niver cum daan agean ta put em on,) it wor a tutchin bit that wor, but it wor grand ta find hah thay wor stuck too, an cheard on be ther officers, but vary last shot an skuffis. So cock sure wor Prince Menscoff, t'head commander at Rushans, a winnin t'battle, at he'd a grand spot made at top at hill for sum lads to be in, ta watch him drive t'French an Inglish intut sea, an if he diddant do that, he sed he'd keep his posishan for three weeks; but the wor just aight e boath calkelashans, for boath him an his heartless lads wor driven aight a ther peep shope summat like three haars time, an e sich an hurry too, at he left his carriage an all his papers, an noabdy naws wot beside, which made a rare scamal for t'brave lads at wor't fust at it.—Pogmoor Olmenack.

The man who was a "picture of despair," has been set in a "serious frame of mind," and hung—in the back parlor.

Russia and Turkey.

A FACT FOR THE GREEKS.—"I beheld," says Mr. Elton, in his "Survey of the Turkish Empire," the expulsion of 75,000 Greek Christians from the Crimea by the Russians, nearly the whole of whom, exhausted by fatigue, worn out by hunger and privation, perished on the barren steppe formerly inhabited by the Nogay Tartars."

THE PINCH OF WAR IN RUSSIA.—The Russians not in their own country, and travellers arriving from the dominions of the Emperor Nicholas, give but a sorry picture of the situation in which the Muscovite nation now is. The nobles, from inability to sell their corn, are sadly distressed, and are mortgaging their property to a great hypothecary establishment, and the government is a customer at the same time. The cereals now stored up in the southern ports of Russia are estimated at not less than sixteen millions of hectolitres. Not being able to export them, the owners are selling them at the very lowest prices. The Russian government is obliged to take from the proprietors what is required for the keep of the troops, informing those from whom they take that the value of what is taken shall be deducted from their contributions. Nevertheless this indemnification is not conceded at present.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.—Since 1846 a law of the Turkish empire requires every citizen, as soon as his children have reached their sixth year, to inscribe their names in the books of one of the public schools, unless he can prove his ability to educate them at home. At Constantinople it is reported that there are now 396 free schools, frequented by 22,700 children of both sexes. There are also six secondary schools, with about 1,000 pupils. In order to gain an entrance into these, five years must have been spent in the free schools. There is also a high school for young men who are intended for public employments, a college for the same object, a normal school for the education of professors, an imperial college of medicine, a military, a naval, and agricultural school. Of these schools the Sultan is the superintendent, and he attends their examinations. The public libraries of Constantinople contain 80,000 volumes.

DISASTROUS SYSTEM OF RECRUITING IN RUSSIA.—The following letter, dated St. Petersburg, September 9, given by the *Berlin National*, describes the effect produced by the recent imperial ukase, ordering another levy of recruits, upon the extended scale of ten men per thousand souls, throughout the western half of the empire: "The long-dreaded ukase to the above effect has at length appeared. It is motivated on the extension of the reserve army—whereas it is notorious that the so-called reserves are not formed of recruits, but of soldiers who have served either ten or fifteen years, and have been sent home on long or short furlough. Neither the calling out of the first and second classes of reserves, nor of men dismissed after serving their full time, nor the four levies within two years of ten men in lieu of the ordinary five or seven per 1,000 souls, have sufficed to fill up the enormous wear and tear of lives caused to Russia by the exercise of her protectorate rights. The owners of serfs are the greatest sufferers—three-fourths of the recruits being of this class. They lose an immense capital, and so does the state. Supposing that each levy produces 200,000 recruits—that is, for both circles—and valuing each serf at an average of 500 silver roubles, this gives the immense sum of 100 millions of roubles in silver; and if this be multiplied four times—for the four levies within two years—the gross amount will be 400 millions; to which must be added upwards of ten silver roubles, paid by those furnishing recruits, for the equipment of each man. This vast sum is but a fraction of the losses to the country occasioned by the attempt to place the Porte's subjects of the Greek faith under the exclusive protection of Russia."

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The largest open space in Constantinople is the Hippodrome. It is at present 300 yards long by 150 wide. In it formerly stood the celebrated group of four horses, originally brought from Rome, and afterwards removed to the Cathedral of St. Mark, at Venice. It still contains the grand obelisk from Thebes, the broken pyramid of Constantine, shorn of its bronzed plates, and between the two the hollow spiral brass column which once supported the golden tripod in the temple at Delphi. The Hippodrome continues to be used by the Turks for feats of activity, both on horseback and on foot. There are numerous libraries at Constantinople; the number of volumes which they contain may be estimated at 80,000, reckoning both MSS. and printed books. The literature of Arabia, Persia, and Turkey is represented in them; and the

collection includes philosophical and theological works, poetry, history, books of science, and an immense number of those treatises on conduct and manners to which the Turks attach almost as much importance as the Chinese themselves. The printing press does its work in Constantinople, but as yet only slowly. The periodical press has produced a sufficiently large number of journals, printed sometimes in French, sometimes in Turkish or Greek.

THE CRIMEA.—It is a great mistake to proclaim that the occupation of the Crimea is an invasion of the Russian empire, or any part of that empire. It is true that by treachery, by fraud and violence, the Russians, in comparatively modern times, installed themselves in that peninsula; but the claims upon it have never been admitted by the Ottoman Porte. It is an historical fact, that the Tartars of that district were for many ages in alliance with the Grand Seigneur, by whose permission the ancient Chams had the title of Emperor. So sturdily did one of these Chams maintain his independence, that, in concluding certain articles of peace with Russia, he imposed the following disgraceful terms on the Muscovite: "That the Czar should hold the stirrup of the Cham, and feed his horse with oats out of his cap, if they should chance at any time to meet." These degrading conditions were afterwards commuted into an annual payment by Russia of 80,000 roubles; and at the peace of Perecop, when Peter's immense forces under Gallitzin and the Hetman Mazepa were repulsed by the Crimeans in 1687, the Cham insisted upon payment of the yearly tribute, and of 240,000 roubles that were in arrear for the previous three years. The driving of the Russians out of the Crimea is only part of that righteous policy which has been pursued in driving them out of Bulgaria and Wallachia; for the Sublime Porte is as much the legitimate ruler of the one as of the others; and the assumption of power in that district by Russia has ever been considered in the East as an usurpation and robbery.

THE CRIM TARTARS.

The Crim Tartars are divided into two classes—those of the plain and those of the mountains. Not only do these differ in habits and occupation, but in race: the former are scattered over the steppe of the northern part of the peninsula, cultivating the land, and breeding cattle and horses, and building rude houses of unburnt bricks of clay. They bear on their visages the characteristics of the Mongols.

The latter follow many industrial arts, are fond of gardening, cultivate tobacco, flax, and the vine; and display in their physiognomies the type of the Caucasian race. They have more beard than the others, and are above the middle height. They are supposed to be a mixture of various races who have inhabited the Crimea, and resemble the Turks, or other Europeans, many of them having brown hair and fair complexions. They are refined in manner and dignified in bearing, naturally polite and hospitable, honest in dealing, and frugal in eating.

They were, in the time of their power, fierce in war, but gentle in their homes; strict in their own religious duties, they are still extremely tolerant towards their neighbors.

Indeed this branch of the Tartar family is endowed with many noble qualities; and did not their religion and the policy of their present masters retard the full development of their great capacities, they might rise, under the fostering influence of education, to the highest state of civilisation—the true elements of which they already possess in an unusual degree.

They are said to be lazy; but it is not to be expected that they should work with slavery for masters they despise. And it must always be remembered that the Tartars, like the Turks, have generally had their enemies as their historians. These have, with persistent malignity and deep policy, promulgated falsehood or distorted facts, to alienate the sympathy of the civilised world from them. The few friends who have taken up their cause have of course been overwhelmed; besides which, enmity is ever more active than friendship; it is unscrupulous in the use of its weapons. The dagger of the moral assassin, the poisoned venom of the snake, or the deadly bludgeon of the murderer, are in turn made use of. Fraud and cunning, vile insinuations or base misrepresentations following in quick succession, had almost persuaded the European public that these abused people were really what they were represented to be. But the veil is gradually being drawn aside, and undying truth, though for a time concealed, must at last prevail.

It is not pretended that the Turks or Tartars are perfect; yet we maintain that upon many points

they are morally superior to the Russians, who have been their systematic revilers. Nor should we as Christians shut our eyes to the fact, that if these people have not been cheered by the pure light of another and a holier creed, neither have they been plunged into that whirlpool of mental and moral degradation, that deep abyss of infamy, which unhappily but too surely exists at the very base of the pedestal on which exalted civilisation has been raised.

FORTUNE KNOCKS ONCE AT EVERY ONE'S DOOR.

—Fortune, it is said, knocks once at every man's door. It is from the very reason, perhaps, of her knocking only once that so very few people allow her to come in. The fact is, they mistake her for a tradesman, or a dun, or a begging letter writer, or the tax gatherer. I. Fortune is a real lady (and she is rich enough to be one), then plague take her, why doesn't she come with a double knock!

For the first time for 400 years the image of the Cross has been erected at Constantinople. It has been set up in the French military churchyard.

THE late Sir Neil Douglas led the 79th Regiment at Waterloo, and the same regiment was led by his son in storming the heights of Alma, their next fight.

A Cornish fisherman, it is said, pointed out the position for the allied fleets at Balaklava, which Menchikoff believed to be altogether undreamt of. The man had been taken to the Crimea by Prince Woronzow to teach the natives to fish.

MISS NIGHTINGALE, who has been appointed to superintend a corps of female nurses for the military hospitals at Constantinople, is the daughter of Mr. Nightingale, of Emily Park, near Southampton, a gentleman of great accomplishments and high connections. She has devoted herself to the education of the more humble of her sex, and is described as a lady of the most remarkable accomplishments, and of a loftiness of purpose little understood in general circles of society. She left London for Constantinople, accompanied by forty nurses, selected with the greatest care—some of them highly educated and accomplished—some experienced in their calling—but all devoted to their holy work of charity.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.—An old lady who was crossing the Furness railway, near Ulveston, a short time ago, on seeing the wires of the electric telegraph, her curiosity arose to the highest pitch, and she desired her husband to rein up, that she might see the next message sent; adding, "We shall see it as it passes by!" A friend who was present, and could scarcely restrain his risibility, took the trouble to convey to the lady some idea of its working, which seemed to disappoint rather than astonish her—for she had evidently conceived the idea of a letter flying along the wires from one end to the other.

A CONCEITED MAN of the name of D'Oyley, having said that he wished to be called De Oyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus: "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some De-umpling?"

A MILITARY NAME.—Among the Russian prisoners recently taken was a Colonel *Shoot-off*. "What a horrid name for a fellow to have!" said Alderman Fuzzy, the other day at dinner; "could anything be worse?" "Yes," exclaimed one of the party, amidst a roar of laughter; "it would have been much worse for him had he been *Shot-off*!"

NO HOBBS FOR THAT.—"Can you tell me, my dear fellow," said a henpecked gentleman of our acquaintance to a bachelor friend the other day, "what lock that is which even Hobbs himself cannot pick and take to pieces?" "Not I!" was the short reply. "Happy dog!" was the rejoinder, "to be without my experience! It is *wed-lock*!" If ever that gentleman offends us, we will tell his wife—that's all.

REDUCED COFFEE.—The Portsmouth Journal tells the story of a man who directed his wife to reduce his coffee with burnt peas from day to day, until he should decide at what point the mixture was unpalatable. The first day, when he expected pure coffee, she gave him all peas. This was very good. Next half; then one-fourth. All very palatable and good. Then came a pot of the "pure and ground coffee," such as may be purchased at a cheap rate. He tasted it, and exclaimed, "There, wife, now you've spoiled it! You needn't reduce it any more!"

CANDID, AT LEAST.—I'm sure, George, it's quite impossible you can have the least idea of what you are talking about; I'm sure I haven't, although I'm listening to you."

Facetia.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Straitlance to his master, a rich Quaker, of the city of Brotherly Love, "thou canst not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noon-tide table to-day!"

"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calleth Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it; yea, and he hath eaten it up!"

"Beware, Friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor! Art thou sure it was Friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog, even Pinch'em!"

"Upon what evil times have we fallen?" sighed the harmless secretary, as he wended his way to his neighbor's office.

"Friend Gripus," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion!"

"I am all attention!" replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, Friend Foxcraft, that my dog had gone into thy neighbor's pantry and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton—nothing can be clearer!"

"Know thou, Friend Foxcraft, thy dog—even the best men denominate Pinch'em—hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and six pence, which I paid for in the market this morning!"

"If it be so, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it!" And having done so, the worthy Friend turned to depart.

"Tarry yet a little, Friend Broadbrim!" cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet further to say unto thee: thou owest me six and eight pence for advice!"

"Then, verily, I must pay thee; and it is my opinion I have touched pitch and been defiled!"

"What age would you take me for?" said the beautiful —; no, we won't mention names. Well, we couldn't exactly say what age we might take her for; but we declared that whatever it might be, if she happened to be ours, we wouldn't part with her for twice as much.

IMPORTANT.—An intelligent experimentalist, remarking on the dullness of the trade, proposes to introduce a small quantity of gun cotton into their parcels to make them go off. Something of this kind must have been done by the people in the silk trade, judging from the number of shot silks we see about.

A WIFE'S RIGHT.—"Wife," said a married man, looking for his boot-jack, after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it by this time." "Yes," replied she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

If the owner of a wherry should happen to run his boat aground, could he be called a landed proprietor?

PRITY 'TIS 'TIS TRUE.—It is a lamentable trait in human character, that when a person has been soundly thrashed, he inevitably does his best to beat a retreat.

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said: "Sir, you are no gentleman! here is my card—consider yourself challenged! Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction!" To which the other replied: "Sir, you are a fool! Here is my card—consider your nose pulled! And should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to show you into the street for your impudence!"

A GEOLOGIST NONPLUSSED.—An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam!" cried Celebs in a rage. "It is rock the cradle sir!" replied the lady. Celebs evaporated.

CAN any body be drowned so long as his head swims?

A CONVERSATIONAL KEY.—Men never talk amongst each other about their babies; women always do. With the former it is the padlock of conversation, with the latter the staple.

OPTIC WANTED, RARELY FOUND.—Next to a policeman, there is nothing so absent as presence of mind.

IN becoming the lion of a party does a man necessarily make a beast of himself?

KNOWLEDGE is not always power—because we are frequently deprived of the power of eating that which is placed before us, simply from the fact of our becoming possessed of the knowledge of what it is composed, particularly if it happens to be a meat pie.

A NEW OPENING.—Oyster-knives are much cheaper this year. This cheapness, we understand, is principally owing to the large number of razors that have been thrown out of employ by the beard and moustache movement, and that have been driven, poor blades, into the oyster line to find an opening for their talents.

WHAT portion of plebeian costume resembles a mean-minded man of rank? A high low.

Mrs. BROWN says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

ALCOHOL was invented, and used to stain the cheeks of the ladies of Arabia, 950 years ago. It still reddens portions of the human face.

ADVERTISING.—A man can get along without advertising, so can a wagon without grease—but it goes hard.

AN INVETERATE BACHELOR being asked by a sentimental young miss, why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied: "I would, if I were sure such an ocean would be pacific."

GIVING THE LIE POLITELY.—"I do not wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a polite and accomplished gentleman upon a certain occasion, "but I would merely remark, in the language of a poet, that to him 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

BUSINESS.—Patrick, hereafter I want you to commence work at five o'clock, and quit at seven.—Patrick: Sure, and wouldn't it be as well if I'd commence in the morning at seven, and leave off at five in the evening?

A NEW SECT.—"Sir," said a blustering little man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you think I belong?" "Well, from your size and appearance, as well as from your boring propensities, I should think you might belong to the class called insect!"

FAIR REASONING.—One evening when the House of Representatives were going to adjourn, John —, the friend of the people, begged permission to make a speech, "for," said he, "I have sent a copy to the *Public Advertiser*, and how ridiculous should I appear if it were published without having been delivered!"

AWKWARD MODE OF EJECTMENT.—A Philadelphia Court has decided that a landlady has a right to get rid of a boarder, who does not pay, by covering the sheets of his bed with thistles!

A MEMBER of the Peace Society is said to have objected to live on the earth, because it is a revolver.

THE officer by whom the Russian army is at present most generally influenced, is General Disgust. ACCIDENTS THAT DO OCCASIONALLY OCCUR IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES.

Your wife having provokingly a "sick headache" when you take a friend home with you to dinner.

A young lady spraining her ankle when a disagreeable humdrum partner goes up to ask her to dance.

That "stupid servant" leaving her things behind her, whenever a vulgar-rich woman is surprised with a stocking on her hand in the act of mending it.

The key of the piano being mislaid, if a professional or first-rate singer happens to be in a house where the young ladies are musical.

There being no cheese in the house, when a gentleman expresses a wish for a Welsh rabbit about two o'clock in the morning.

There never being anything but cold meat, as often as a poor relative is pressed to "stay and take pot-luck."

Your wife having "no dress fit to go in," when over there comes an invitation she doesn't care much about, but which you are most anxious, for particular reasons, she should accept.

The young ladies being "very poorly—in their bed-rooms"—in the event of a vulgar acquaintance ("that horrid Mrs. Elmore!") happening to call.

There being a smell of tobacco-smoke in the dining-room, if the gentleman have been stopping up rather late over-night.

The doctor being sent for to see what is the matter with the children, the morning after Christmas Day.

The cat being more than usually hungry and mischievous in the kitchen, where "followers" are allowed

LONG SERMONS.—What a splendid sermon Brimstone Blazer preached on Sunday!" said Mr. Snuffle to Lawyer Bang, lately. "Yes!" said the lawyer, "but he only got a shilling out of me with all his talk." Snuffle looked Pharisees and whited sepulchres at this confession, upon which the lawyer thus continued: "Why, you see I have a rule of my own in these matters. When there is a charity sermon announced, I go to church with a *prima facie* intention of putting a dollar into the box, but under certain restrictions. The dollar is for a sermon of thirty minutes; for every minute beyond that point I knock off a shilling. Blazer preached thirty-seven minutes; I, therefore, only gave one shilling, and saved seven by him!"

MILITARY RIDDLE.—Why is the army in the Crimea like an Ostrich? Because it has wings which are not formed for flying.

Was the man who fell into an error much injured in his descent?

HOW TO LIVE UPON AIR.—Become an aeronaut. A TRUNCATED MISCHIEF.—Money may be the root of all evil, but we should have no objection to a trunk of it.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.—If your wife complains that young ladies "now-a-day" are very forward—don't accuse her of jealousy. A little concern on her part only proves her love for you, and you may enjoy your triumph without saying a word. Don't evince your weakness either, by complaining of every trifling neglect. What though her chair is not set so close to yours as it used to be—or though her knitting and crochet seem to absorb too large a share of her attention, depend upon it that, as her eyes watch the intertwinings of the threads, and the manœuvres of the needles as they dance in compliance to her delicate fingers, she is thinking of courting days, love letters, smiles, tears, suspicions and reconciliations, by which your two hearts became entwined together in the network of love, whose meshes you can neither of you unravel or escape.

A YOUNG dandy, who sported an enormous moustachio, asked a lady what she thought of his looks. "Why," said she, "you look as if you had swallowed a squirrel, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth."

WHY IS A DISHONORED DRAFT LIKE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE?—Because it's a noted Bill.

A SEEMING CONTRADICTION.—That the game of single-stick cannot be played without a pair.

The man who does everything out of hand can scarcely be said to have a hold on anything.

SUFFERING FOR WHICH WE OBTAIN NO SYMPATHY.—When we are suffering impertinence.

BATTLES FOR THE BALTIC.—The fleet of steam floating batteries building in England and France, as an auxiliary force to the allied fleets in the Baltic, amount to no fewer than forty; and the whole of them are ordered to be launched and equipped by March next. The French Government, it appears, first suggested to the admiralty the construction of the batteries, which are to be armed with twelve of the largest Lancaster guns. They are nearly 2,000 tons burthen, flat bottomed, with round stem and stern, 180 feet extreme length, 56 feet in width, and 20 in depth, each being propelled by horizontal engines of 200-horse power. They have two decks—the upper being bomb-roof, eight inches thick—and the lower the fighting deck. The batteries are perfectly encased with nearly 700 tons of wrought iron slabs—each slab four inches thick, 19 inches broad, and 14 feet in length. The tests these wrought iron slabs have undergone show that they are capable of resisting the heaviest shot in use. The new flat-bottom gun-boats which are to accompany the expedition are in a very forward condition; and will, no doubt, be completed by the time ordered by the government.

A GEOLOGICAL QUESTION.—What soart ov grit iz t'rock of a cradle?

THE INSCRIPTION INSIDE THE LORD CHIEF BARON'S HAT.—"Castor and Pollock's."

HOW TO WORRY THE RUSSIAN BEAR.—Get Prince Czartoryski to stir him up well with Poles.

PROBLEM FOR MAJOR POWYS.—If you punish the soldier's widow for having been deserted by her husband, then, if a soldier deserts his colors, ought you not to flog the regiment?

A LUCKY HIT.—Patrick Murphy was handing a pint-pot of porter to Terence O'Grady, a cannon ball grazed the rim of the measure, and carried away the froth, without doing any injury to either of them. "Here's luck to ye, my jewel," says Terence, "ye took the head of that well."

It wor sed at Sir J. Burgoin wor Lord Ranglan's right hand man at battle a Alma, but that cuddant be, for he heddant wun.



The Ostend Treaty Policy.

P—S— (character similar to Richard III., loq.) Madam! take your choice! Little Cuba I must have.

Facetia.

A POLICEMAN'S REFLECTION.—It is very extraordinary thing that a watch should be so frequently stolen, seeing that it is always on guard.

JOHN RANDOLPH met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the side-walk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside, and politely raising his hat—"pass on, sir—pass on!"

AMONG the bits of gossip now floating in Paris, is one relating to a rich American, who wrote Mdlle. de S—, of the opera, a tender epistle upon the back of a bank note. Mdlle. smiled, and sent a verbal reply, with the apology that she was entirely out of note paper, and would be thankful to M. l'American to send her a quire or two of his.

AN IRISHMAN, about to enter the army, was asked by one of the recruiting officers, "Well, sir, when you get into the battle will you fight or run?"

"By my faith," replied the Hibernian, with a comical twist of his countenance, "I'll be after doing, yer honor, as the majority of yez does!"

THE REVENUE.—"Now, my son!" said Mr. Puzzleton, "can you tell me what the revenue is?" "Yes, pa; it's something that runs away very fast?" "What makes you think that, my boy?" "Because the other day when some commissioners were galloping down the street very fast, I heard a gentleman say: 'Ah! that's the way the revenue goes!'"

A STRICT VEGETARIAN.—He won't take a pill unless he is firmly convinced it is a vegetable one.

A SPECTACLE FOR CIVILISED EUROPE.—How little the Russian War has made itself felt in the Money Market! We do not see the Czar in the Stocks. No: but we should like to see him in the Pillory.

QUERY.—What do we mean by speaking of a "fast man" as a "loose character?"

A MODERN SON.—"My son," said a doting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up into the heavens to find an answer, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Samplin & Father." The old gentleman was struck at the originality of the idea, but wouldn't adopt it.

TEMPTATION.—An aged Quakeress, the other afternoon, was seen intently gazing upon a piece of richly embroidered satin, displayed in a dry goods store, in Grand street. An Irishman passing, smiled as he saw the fascination upon the dame. "Ah," said he, "that's Satin tempting Eve."

A young lady being recommended to exercise for her health, said she would jump at an offer, and run her own risk.

OPERATIC PROVERB.—You may engage a tenor, but you cannot make him sing.

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TEMPTATION.

Continued from page 12.

Now this was the very thing the gentleman did not choose to give.

"It is a mooted point," he replied, "whether the spirits of the dead ever are permitted to return to earth. Antiquity and history are both in favor of the supposition that they do. I need not remind you of the Witch of Endor."

"No, no! I have read of her in the Bible."

"Or the spirit which it is said appeared to Brutus just before the battle of Philippi, in fact," added the speaker, "it is one of those questions so evenly balanced in the human mind, that in nine cases out of ten we are guided by our impressions rather than our reason."

The sexton seized his spade and began to dig. The doctor saw that he was dissatisfied with his answer.

"Do you comprehend what I have said?" he added.

"No," replied the old man. "Do you? I wanted to know what you thought about the matter, and you talk to me about the Witch of Endor—though

that be all right enough, seeing it is written in the Bible—and *Philip Brutus*—what has he to do with it?"

"Not much, I confess, Mike," replied the physician, good humoredly. "I must reflect upon the point; in the meantime remember my caution, lest your tongue should bring yourself and friends into a scrape."

So saying, he rose from his seat upon the tombstone, and resumed his walk towards the village.

"A pleasant gentleman," muttered Mike, looking after him; "but he won't speak all he thinks."

With this conclusion he resumed his labor.



MIKE AND PETER QUIN IN THE CHURCHYARD.

CHAPTER VII.

Saw you the sun, obscured at noon,
Burst thro' the mist and fiercer blaze;
Saw ye at eve the clouded moon
Shine out and shed its placid rays?
Oh! thus shall truth's eternal beam
O'ercome foul falsehood's venom'd shroud,
And thus shall lovely virtue gleam
Thro' calumny's malignant cloud.

ANON.

The indignant denial of a man so universally respected as Dr. Bennet, that Therese was the mother of the child whose appearance at the cottage of the adjutant had set in motion the tongues of the gossips of Farnsfield, not only shook the doubts of Lady Trevanian, but went far to repress the rumors so generally credited.

Stephen Franklin was the first to be convinced of their falsehood—not so his mother; she had set her mind against his marrying the daughter of the blind beggar, as she contemptuously styled the poor old soldier; and, right or wrong, she was determined to credit them.

Stephen knew by experience that it was of little use to argue with her; for, although possessed of some good qualities, Mrs. Franklin never adhered so tenaciously to an opinion as when any one had taken the trouble to demonstrate its utter absurdity; so he resolved to break his mind to his father, a very quiet personage, who seldom interferred in the affairs of the family; but when he did, his decisions were conclusive; even his wife submitted to them,—no mean proof of his tact and judgment.

The old gentleman was seated on a bank in one of his corn-fields, watching the rising crops with that dreamy, complacent air which bespeaks a mind at ease with the world, when the young man first broached the subject, commencing, as is usual in such cases, with duty, affection, and the necessity of his one day establishing himself in the world, as his father had done before him.

It is astonishing how seldom lovers are intelligible—their conversation is generally a compound of moonshine and hieroglyphics. Had Stephen's request been for a horse, a new gun, or even permission to visit London, he would have spoken his meaning plainly at once.

"Establish theeself, Steve!" repeated the farmer, after having gone through the laborious process of unravelling his speech; "what does 'ee mean, lad—thee bee'st well enough here! Hast got into another scrape wi' Sir Richard's keepers?"

"No, father—no!" replied his son, hastily; "I have not been out since the first of last September—and don't care," he added, with a shudder at the recollection of the fright he had received on the occasion, "if I never handle a gun again! I have given up shooting!"

"Glad to hear it, boy!" replied the old man, who on more than one occasion had had to open his purse-strings pretty widely in order to screen his son from the consequences of his passionate love for field sports; "not but there be worse things than shooting a hare or a pheasant. I can't see why, if they come and eat my corn, they ain't as much mine as Sir Richard's! But Parliament knows best. What wor 'ee speaking about?" he added; "thee wor so confused, loike, that it be clean gone out of my head."

This time Stephen contrived to express his wishes and feelings so intelligibly that the farmer could not possibly mistake them. His father listened attentively, and pursed his brows—a constant habit with him when debating any point or driving a bargain: hitherto he had looked upon his son as a mere boy, and was about to tell him so, till he suddenly recollected that he was turned four-and-twenty.

"Marriage, Steeve," he observed, at last, "it's a very serious thing. We don't know half its trials," he added, with a sigh, "till we are over head and ears in them."

"You married my mother, sir," urged the young man, "when you were only three-and-twenty."

"Perhaps it was not the wisest thing I ever did," observed his parent, drily; "not that I have any cause to complain of her—she has been a good wife and mother."

"Both, sir," dutifully added his son.

"What does she say to it—eh?"

This was a poser. Stephen knew that although his father had a will of his own, yet he seldom chose to exert it; his wife's influence over him was, generally speaking, paramount; perhaps it was from habit, or from a naturally apathetic temperament, which the old man shook off only on very important occasions.

"She does not approve of it, I am sorry to say, sir!"

The farmer gave an inarticulate "Humph," and appeared to be weighing what could be the cause of her objection in his own mind. He raised his eyes at last, and, fixing them with an earnest gaze upon those of his son, pronounced the monosyllable "Why?"

"Because evil tongues have traduced her, father!" exclaimed Stephen Franklin, eagerly; "and my mother, I regret to say, has lent too willing an ear to them!"

"Likely—likely!" replied the farmer; "she wor always fond o' a bit o' gossip! Who be the lass?"

"Therese Graham!"

"She be a good girl!" observed the old man, emphatically; "she ha' worked for her poor blind father, who, bating that he is a little shy and proud, is as pleasant a man to smoke a pipe with as any in Farnsfield! Now I know," he added, with a sudden gleam of recollection, "what Dr. Bennett wor a' talking to dame about, three days since! I came in from the long croft unexpectedly, and heard him say that she wor wrong to speak an ill word of the best girl in all Farnsfield. Had I known it had been Therese, I would ha' put a spoke in the wheel, too!"

"Then you consent?" said his son, eagerly.

"That be a very different matter!" answered his parent, deliberately, although he had secretly made up his mind to give his consent—for his pride was tickled at the idea of his son marrying into the family of a gentleman—even though a poor one—and so pretty a girl, too.

Stephen pleaded very earnestly, assured his father that his happiness depended upon Therese becoming his wife—promised to attend more than he had ever done to the farm—to give up racing, shooting, and every kind of sport; in short, drew such a picture of domestic felicity—the two families being under one roof, grand-children to love him, a daughter-in-law to watch over his comforts—that the old man could hold out no longer.

"Bring her home when thee will, lad!" he exclaimed; "and God bless 'ee both!"

"You consent, father?"

"There is my hand upon it!" said the farmer; "no man can say old Franklin ever flew from his word—and he ain't a goin' to begin the practice with his own son!"

Stephen wrung it over and over again. Never had his heart beat so lightly as at that moment. Had not the sense of the ridiculous restrained him, he would have danced for joy: the recollection of his mother also assisted to sober him.

"Perhaps," he said, in a hesitating manner; "it would be better, dad, if you were to break it to her!"

"Thank'ee, Stephen!" answered his father, drily; "but don't 'ee think it would come more dutiful, loike, from thee? *I'll come in when the first shock be over*, and—thee knowest what I mean—for, after all, she be a good mother, and loves thee dearly!"

"I were indeed ungrateful to deny it!" replied Stephen Franklin, warmly; "never had man kinder or better parents! Therese, I am certain, will love them like her own! By-the-by, dad," he continued, in a coaxing tone—for he only called him father upon very serious occasions—"don't you think it would be as well if you were to call upon the adjutant?"

"Maybe it would!"

"And don't say anything about his daughter not having any fortune!" added the young man; "poor people, you know, are sometimes very proud and sensitive!"

"Not a word!" said the old man; "they be likely to hear enough o' that from thee mother—women will talk! I suppose it be a part of their nature, and they can't help it, if they would! At least," he added, philosophically, "I know of one that can't!"

His son was too dutiful to inquire the name of the one he alluded to—the probability is, he guessed. Great was the indignation of Mrs. Franklin, when Stephen informed her that he obtained the consent of his father to his marriage with Therese. To be compelled, after all, to receive for a daughter-in-law the girl whose good name she had labored so hard to destroy, was wormwood to her; the possibility of her refusing such a match as her son never once entered her imagination.

"And thee father has promised thee?" she said, after a long and not very successful struggle to appear calm.

"Gave me his hand upon it, mother!"

"Then he be a fool, Stephen, and you —"

"Add but your blessing," continued the young man, not heeding her observation—which, had the angry woman been permitted to conclude it, might have turned out even less complimentary to him.

"Gave me his hand upon it, mother!"

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"Gave me his hand upon it, mother!"

"Then he be a fool, Stephen, and you —"

self—"and I shall be the happiest fellow in Farnsfield!"

"Thee doesn't want my blessing, Stephen!" muttered the dame, sullenly; "thee hast wheedled thee father out of his, and that is enough—mine, of course, is of no consequence!"

Then, with a feeling that she was an exceedingly ill-used personage, and vague hints about a certain corner in Farnsfield churchyard, where the Franklins for many generations had been buried, the old lady threw herself into a chair, burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly. Unfortunately, it was not the bitterness of grief, but of passion.

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man, deeply moved—for he loved her, despite her inconsistencies and waywardness—"prove to me that Therese is unworthy of being the wife of an honest man, and I will forego this marriage! You are silent—you know that it is not in your power to do so! Dr. Bennet told you, in my father's presence, only a few days since, that you had slandered one of the best girls in the village—and he knows more than any one else respecting her! Be just, at least!" he said, throwing his arms round her neck; "the happiness of your son—your only one—depends upon you; for you know me too well to suppose that I can be happy if you are not so!"

At this moment old Mr. Franklin, who shrewdly suspected that his assistance might be desirable, entered the little parlor in the farm-house, where the above conversation had taken place.

Seeing his wife in her easy chair, and her son with his arms round her neck, he concluded that it was all a settled affair.

"So it be over!" he said.

Mrs. Franklin looked up at the sound of her husband's voice: there was something very warlike in her eyes, but the imploring looks of Stephen, restrained her.

"Dame," continued the farmer, "I shall want my red waistcoat and the suit wi' the silver buttons! Thee knows the one I mean—for I wor married in it! I be going to call on an old neighbor to-morrow!"

"Very well!" answered his wife, drily.

"Thee hadst better come with me!" continued her husband, "dang it, but I should like to see thee again in the dove-colored silk that mother bought thee! People said it wor too fine—for we were not so well off then as we are now!"

Mrs. Franklin, like many ladies when invited by their husbands to go where they have not a mind to, had a hundred things to do. The dairy had to be scoured out, and, as a matter of course, she had not a bonnet fit to be seen in—though the fashion was far less variable in those ever-changing articles of female attire than at the present day.

"Pooh!" exclaimed her husband, good humoredly; "the dairy can wait—every one knows that it be the best kept in all the parish: and as for bonnet—it wor good enough to go to church in last Sunday!"

Stephen added his intreaties to his father's persuasions, and Mrs. Franklin at last reluctantly promised that she would go. Since it had come to the push, it was not, after all, so much her objection to the match, as the ridiculous figure it would cause her to make in the eyes of her neighbors, to whom she had all along declared such an event impossible.

Stephen, however, was determined not to wait till the following day before he made his visit. He resolved to see the object of his choice that very evening, and learn his fate from her at once—for up to the present hour he had never declared to Therese his love. True, his attentions had been constant, but she had permitted rather than received them; and the poor girl, even if she suspected his feelings towards her, could scarcely have explained herself otherwise than she did—by coldness.

To have acted otherwise might have appeared like vanity or coquetry—two of the qualities most foreign to her heart.

"Kiss me, mother," said Stephen Franklin, as he was about to start for the village; "wish me success."

"There be little doubt of that," answered the old farmer's wife, proudly; "such chances don't knock at her door every day. But since it must be, bless thee, Stephen, and may she make thee a good wife."

"She is sure to make a good one, mother," replied the young man, "let who will have her."

So saying, full of hope and confidence, he started on his way.

It was a lovely evening when the wooer reached the cottage. The old adjutant was walking in the garden, with the infant Fanny in his arms, unconscious of the nearness of the tie which united them.

Therese, most opportunely, was seated in the little parlor, at her work.

"Good evening, Stephen," she said, raising her eyes as he entered the room; "you appear very cheerful."

"Can you not guess the cause?" he replied.

The animated tone and ardent gaze of her admirer covered the cheeks of the maiden with blushes. She guessed the purport of his visit.

"I see that you do understand me," he continued, "and yet I scarcely know how to proceed. It is the first time I ever spoke in the accents of love to any woman—that is, seriously; but I do love you! My father is willing—nay, anxious—to receive you as his child. Say that you will be mine. I do not speak of the comfort, the advantages of a home like mine, for they would never weigh with you; but my heart, Therese, is devoted to you—truly, passionately, and sincerely. Say but the word—one little word—and I will go hence the happiest of earth's beings."

"I am grateful to you, Stephen," replied the maiden, without the least hesitation or want of firmness in her voice, such as had marked her rejection of Charles Graham; "it is an offer of which any girl might well be proud, for it is the highest compliment a man can pay to her character and principles; but I can never be your wife!"

The young farmer appeared thunderstruck; but, to do him justice, it was his feelings more than his vanity that were wounded.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you love another?"

"It needs not that," answered Therese, evasively, "to justify my resolution, for it is one. I will never enter any man's family to cause discord between him and the authors of his being."

"But my father consents—nay, desires the match."

"And your mother!" said the poor girl. "Oh! Stephen, you know, as well as I do, how perseveringly she has slandered me! I am aware of your generous defence, on more than one occasion, of my name and character, for which I respect you, esteem you as a brother; but while a doubt remains on the mind of any one, I will never be a wife. The suspicions of the world I can bear," she added, "although they pain me deeply; but the doubt of my husband would kill me!"

"I do not doubt you," interrupted the young man, imploringly. "My mother is convinced, and repents of her fatal error. She is coming in the morning, with my father, to visit you. Therese, Therese, recall this cruel determination, which almost deprives me of reason. Reflect, not on the advantages, but on the devotion of the heart I offer. Will you break it?"

He attempted to clasp her hand; she gently, but firmly, disengaged it.

"Let us not prolong an interview," she said, "which must be distressing to us both. Heaven knows that I would not willingly inflict pain; but, Stephen, I can never be your wife! Think you I have not marked your hesitations and suspicions—marked them with pain—for I felt towards you as to a brother? No!" she added proudly, "the man to whom I give my hand must never have entertained a doubt of the purity and value of the gift."

"I never did, by heavens! or if I did, it was but for an instant!" exclaimed her admirer, passionately. "Oh, Therese! did you know the agony it cost me—how continually the lie, the odious lie, was dinned into my ears that you had fallen, you would pardon and pity me."

"Pardon you—willingly!" observed the daughter of the adjutant, "and esteem you as a brother still."

"Only as a brother?" said Stephen Franklin.

"What has not my folly lost?"

"But little," answered Therese, mournfully, "and you will soon forget the disappointment. Heaven forbid that it should long dwell either upon your heart or mind! Let us continue friends," she added; "friendship has one advantage over love: if it fades, it fades as the flower of the field, leaving only a sweet memory behind."

She extended her hand to him as she rose to quit the room.

"Therese, is—this irrevocable? Can no entreaty—no time or proof—change your decision?"

"None. It is irrevocable—it would be unkindness to deceive you."

With these words, she stepped from the little parlor, and joined her father in the garden. The blind soldier could not see the tears which were still trembling upon the long silken fringes of her eyelids as she drew near, but her voice struck him.

"Something has happened!" he observed.

"Nothing, dear father! at least, nothing of any consequence."

"Where is Stephen?" he inquired.

"Gone. That is I believe so."

"Therese, my child!" exclaimed the old man, "you have rejected him—do not attempt to conceal it from me—rejected him on my account. You would not separate from your afflicted father. God bless you, my dear child!" he added; "and reward you for the generous sacrifice."

"It was no sacrifice."

The adjutant, however, thought otherwise, and from that day evinced a greater tenderness than ever for his remaining daughter.

Poor Stephen hurried from the cottage more like a madman than a reasonable being, and directed his steps towards the farm. Therese's rejection of him, he felt assured, arose from the sense of his mother's injustice towards her; and he felt it doubly hard that his own parent should be the cause of his misery.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin were sitting at the tea-table, quietly talking over the proposed change, when their son entered the room and flung himself into a chair.

"What be the matter, Steve?" demanded his astonished father.

The heart of Mrs. Franklin began to reproach her—she almost divined the cause.

"She has refused me!" exclaimed the young man.

"Refused thee?" repeated his mother.

"Yes—and your calumny has caused it. She declares she will never be the wife of a man whose parent has done everything in her power to blast her reputation. Good-bye, father!" he added, wildly; "I cannot remain here—my heart is breaking. God bless you. It's not your fault—not yours."

"Stephen!" almost shrieked the terrified woman, alarmed at the despair of her darling son, "remain with us. I will see Therese, beg her forgiveness, kneel to her," she added; "but do not—do not desert the mother who bore you, in her age, or the father who loves you, for one hasty word."

"My father!" faltered the young man, grasping the farmer's hand; "no—no! I must not break his heart!"

He sank back into the chair, and hid his face in his hands. The aged couple remained silently watching him; he was weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this moth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to it? SHAKESPEARE.

No motives less powerful than the strong affection which Mrs. Franklin bore her son, and the alarm she felt at his despair, could have induced that gossiping, scandal-loving personage to subdue the struggles of pride, and humble herself, as she considered it, by a visit to the cottage of the blind old adjutant, where she doubted not her presence and condescension would speedily set everything to rights between Stephen and Therese. The idea of the girl's refusal of him arising from any other cause than the one assigned never for an instant entered her imagination.

When a reluctant consent to the marriage was first wrung from the weak-minded woman, she consoled herself by anticipating the freezing reception she would give her future daughter-in-law—the petty tyranny, the numerous mortifications, she would inflict. Her rage at having to make the first advances to the penniless girl, as she contemptuously styled her, and at being reduced to solicit her to forget the past and become the wife of her son—for whom she considered the richest match in Farnfield scarcely good enough—may be more easily imagined than described: gall and wormwood were nothing in comparison to it—it blistered her very heart.

"What will Miss Standish, the rector's sister, say? What will Mrs. Shark and her daughters think?" muttered the dame to herself, as, in no very amiable humor, she walked briskly along the foot path through the corn-fields leading from the farm to the village. "After all my boasting, too, they will never believe that I could be so weak."

More than once, as these and similar reflections pressed upon her, she wavered in her resolution, and felt disposed to turn back; but the recollection of her husband's anger and Stephen's despair urged her to proceed. The former, it is possible, she might have gained courage to brave—in fact, she had done so more than once during her wedded life; but not the latter. She pictured to herself her desolate hearth, the cheerless winter nights, the

tediousness of the long summer days, should her son abandon his home, as he had threatened.

This was a misfortune to be averted at any sacrifice, so she resolutely continued her way to the cottage.

Therese was busily occupied in her little chamber, placing fresh flowers in the window, when Mary Page entered the room to announce the arrival of a visitor. Her mistress saw in an instant, from the triumphant smile of the old nurse and knowing shake of her head, that it was some one whose presence she thought would afford her pleasure.

"And who do you suppose it is, miss?" she demanded, with an air of intense satisfaction.

"Really I cannot tell, Page," was the reply; "perhaps."

The speaker was about to pronounce the name of the young organist, but checked herself with an involuntary sigh. Charles Graham had not called once at the cottage since the evening she had rejected him.

"No—it is not him," replied the faithful creature, who read what was passing in the heart of Therese; "it is Mrs. Franklin."

"Mrs. Franklin!" repeated her young mistress, with surprise.

"Yes, miss. The fine lady who fancies herself too good for any company except the rector's sister, and Lawyer Shark's family. I thought her pride would get a tumble. I told her you were dressing, but I dare say would receive her in a few minutes. Let me get your black silk frock with the lace trimmings, and—"

"I must not keep Mrs. Franklin waiting," interrupted the daughter of the adjutant, with a faint smile at the anxiety of her nurse that her appearance should be suitable to what she doubtless considered a very important occasion; "this dress will do very well."

"She is dressed out in her silks," observed Page, in a tone of mortification.

"She is rich, and I am poor. Besides you forget I am at home."

"True, Miss," said the nurse, trying to look satisfied, for she never contradicted her young mistress; "after all, it don't much signify; though I should have liked—. But you, of course, knows best—anything is good enough to receive the likes of her in."

Therese descended at once to the little parlor, where she found her visitor seated in her father's easy chair by the window which opened into the garden in front of the cottage. As the old servant had observed, Mrs. Franklin was in her best. Over her dove-colored silk, which had been her wedding-dress, she wore one of those cloaks known to the grandmothers of the present generation by the name of cardinals: it was edged with a row of very deep black lace, and had a small hood at the back, intended more for show than use, since it never could have been drawn over the large, round bonnet, trimmed with flaming cherry-colored ribbons, which two gold pins fastened on her head; not but the aforesaid bonnet had strings, only it was not the fashion to tie them—they were intended to stream behind.

A pair of black silk mittens, drawn half way up her plump, ruddy arms, completed the dress of the farmer's wife.

Therese, on the contrary, wore only her usual morning dress of black camlet, which fitted tightly to her figure, and displayed its graceful proportions to advantage.

Prejudiced as she was against her, Mrs. Franklin could not help mentally acknowledging, as she entered the room, that she had never seen a more beautiful creature, and regretted, probably for the first time in her life, that she had indulged in her innate propensity for scandal, and sided with her detractors.

"Well, child!" she exclaimed, in that artificial tone of voice, which indicates a mind ill at ease, at the same time accompanying her words with an important toss of the head; "you did not expect to see me, I suppose?"

"Your visit, madam, certainly was unexpected," quietly answered Therese.

"I thought so," continued her visitor, annoyed, without knowing exactly why, at the well-bred ease of Therese, which rendered her own embarrassment the more painful; "but I have always been a good-natured creature, and could never find the heart to refuse Steve anything he desired. So I just called to say that I don't believe a word of the ill-natured things people report about you; that I never have believed them, and never will; and—and—that's all!"



PETER QUIN AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER.

"And yet you repeated them!" observed the poor girl, calmly.

Mrs. Franklin colored to the very temples, partly from anger and partly from shame. She had expected to find Therese overwhelmed at her condescension: her self-possession mortified her. She was vexed that she could not imitate her.

"Repeated them," continued the speaker, "to the injury of a poor, motherless girl, who had never offended you: whose only inheritance was her good name! Repeated them, although you knew they were false—for Dr. Bennet, on more than one occasion, vindicated my innocence in your presence. Had they reached my blind old father's ears," she added, "I tremble to think of the misery and desolation they might have caused; for, though poor, he has the pride of a gentleman and a soldier."

"Well—well!" muttered the dame, for her patience at being thus schooled, as she considered it, was nearly at an end—"perhaps it was a little thoughtless!"

"Thoughtless!" exclaimed Therese, indignantly. "Had you taken my life, the world would have considered it murder, and the laws have punished you. You rob me of that which is the ornament of life—my good name—and call it thoughtless!"

"And if I did," said Mrs. Franklin, angrily, "I came to make it up with you; to tell you that I had given my consent to Stephen's marriage; that I was not only willing, but anxious to receive you as my daughter-in-law!"

The word "anxious" nearly choked the irascible old woman, as the recollection of her son's threat of abandoning the farm extorted it from her.

"I thank you for your good opinion," replied Therese, calmly; "it is perhaps the only reparation you could make me; but I never can be the wife of Stephen Franklin!"

Never in the course of her life had the proud woman been so overwhelmed with surprise and mortification. The idea of her son being refused by a penniless girl, after her condescension, too, was incomprehensible to her.

"Not have him!" she exclaimed. "Is the girl mad? Why there is not such another match in Farnsfield! The Misses Shark have been pulling caps for him these three years! They have two thousand pounds a-piece, and yet he prefers you, who have not as many pence! Not have him! Why the lease of the home farm has thirty years to run! Farmer and I have no other child! Everything will be his when we die!"

"I respect Stephen much," answered the adjutant's daughter; for, despite his levity of manner, I

believe that his heart is uncorrupted; but I can never be his wife!"

"And why not?" demanded her visitor, pale with rage and mortified vanity.

"Simply because I do not love him. But that is no reason," she added, alarmed at the malignant expression of Mrs. Franklin's countenance, "why we should not continue friends."

"Stephen is not fine gentleman enough for you, I suppose!" exclaimed the disappointed messenger. "Nothing less than the young squire or his officer friend would suit you! As if either of them ever meant honestly by you—a likely story, indeed!"

Therese sighed. Her thoughts were with her sister.

"Ay, you may well sigh," continued the malicious woman. "I was a fool for my condescension, and Stephen a yet greater fool for ever demeaning himself to think of you!"

"I never sought his attentions!" observed the poor girl, alarmed lest her father should return from his walk and overhear the conversation.

"Sought!" repeated the dame. "Marry come up! I should think not!"

"As this interview can only be painful to us both, Mrs. Franklin," said Therese, "permit me to put an end to it. That you regret the injustice you have done me is a source of satisfaction to me, for I would not wish to stand ill in the opinion of the meanest of my fellow-creatures. I forgive you—forgive you freely!"

"Vastly condescending!" interrupted the farmer's wife, in a sarcastic tone.

"As for Stephen," she continued, "much as I respect him for his kindness of heart, my resolution is irrevocable! I can never be his wife!"

"That I'll take care you never shall!" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin, now thoroughly exasperated at what she considered the pride and insolence of the speaker. "If Steve has a particle of his mother's spirit, he will never think of you after this! As to the reports," she added, "I believe them all, every one of them, and shall take care to repeat them wherever I go: And what is more, miss, I'll prove them—prove them!" she repeated, striking the floor with her walking-stick, "if money and perseverance can ferret the truth out!"

So saying, she flounced out of the parlor without a word of adieu, and hurried through the little garden with an air of determination which boded ill for the future peace of her victim, who observed with terror that, instead of taking the footpath over the corn-fields which led to the farm, the angry woman directed her steps towards the common, at the ex-

tremity of which stood the cottage of Nell Bryce, the nurse, from whose care the orphan Fanny had so lately been removed.

"The storm is gathering round me," murmured Therese, as she sank despairingly back upon her seat; "I have roused the persevering enmity of one who henceforth will show no mercy. Should the rumor reach my father's ears, he will curse me. Sister—sister!" she added mentally, "little did you dream how fatally the promise you extorted would recoil on my own helpless, unprotected head!"

It was in vain that the poor girl endeavored, by plying her needle or attending to the household duties, to dissipate the forebodings that oppressed her: they clung to her like her shadow, and for the first time she regretted the imprudent promise she had given the dying Fanny. The more she reflected on its probable consequences, the greater was her agitation, till she gradually fell into such a nervous, excitable state, that she trembled at the sound of every footstep.

"Would Dr. Bennet were here!" she said, clasping her hands in terror; "he at least might advise or console me!"

Unfortunately the sudden death of a very near relative had called the benevolent physician to London, and his return was not expected for several days.

The first person who made his appearance at the cottage was Stephen Franklin: the young farmer came full of hope, not doubting that the reconciliation between his mother and Therese had removed the only bar to his happiness. Little did he suspect that the interview had rendered the barrier between them more complete.

His smile of confidence speedily vanished when his eyes fell upon the pale, agitated countenance of Therese.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" he demanded, taking her unresisting hand.

"Nothing!" replied the adjutant's daughter, repressing her tears.

"My mother has been with you?"

"Yes."

"And yet you weep, Therese?" observed the young man, mournfully; "these are not tears of joy. Can it be possible that—but no—no! My mother never could have added insult to injury, and broken her promise to me!"

"I believe she came with far different intentions," replied the agitated girl; but I spoke to her truthfully, Stephen, not reproachfully. I told her that I felt grateful for the preference you had shown me, but that I never could become your wife."

"So resentful still, Therese?"

"Not resentful, Stephen—for how can I feel resentful towards you, who have ever been kind, almost like a brother to me. I do not think I shall ever marry," she added, "but if I do, my heart must accompany my hand."

"And that is another's?"

"I never said so!"

"I know it is!" exclaimed the young farmer passionately; "it is that beggarly organism who has robbed me of your affections—you cannot deny it! I have seen you blush when his name has been pronounced, start when you heard his footsteps approaching the cottage, or the sound of his voice in the garden. Love has sharp eyes, Therese, and mine are not easily blinded. Why you blush and tremble even now," he added

"It is at your injustice, then," observed Therese.

"Still you cannot deny that you love him?"

"You have no right to ask me such a question," observed the maiden; "and yet it could be easily answered. Had I wished it, long ere this I might have been his wife."

"And you refused him?" eagerly demanded the young man, at the same time endeavoring to take her hand. "Bless you, Therese—bless you for those words! They have relieved my heart of its worst pang—jealousy! Did you know the torment I endured every time I met him here—how my heart beat as I watched you both—he gazing upon you with eyes full of impassionate tenderness, you all consciousness, timidity, and blushes. The very sound of his voice betrayed the nature of his feelings towards you, for it trembled whenever he addressed you."

Had Stephen Franklin possessed a more profound knowledge of the human heart, he would have felt how unwisely he was acting in recalling to the mind of Therese the devoted tenderness of his rival; but jealousy, with all its cunning, is sometimes blind; the only point, perhaps, in which it resembles justice.

"Consider your cruel rejection of me," he continued, "or tell me, at least, how I have offended—why you reject me?"

"Because she is unworthy of you!" replied a sharp voice near them.

He turned at the unexpected sound, and beheld Mrs. Franklin, who had entered the parlor unperceived, and overheard the last part of her son's speech. The countenance of the scandal-loving dame expressed the most triumphant satisfaction, as she eyed the object of her hate with a half-mocking, ironical smile.

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man, in a deprecating tone, "is this your promise?"

"It was given," said the old woman, "when I was weak enough to believe that, despite appearances, she might still be worthy of you. But now I have the proofs!"

"Proofs!" repeated Stephen; no—no! I will not believe it! You have been deceived by some well-forged tale—for you are both simple and credulous, mother! From her own lips only can I credit that Therese is no longer worthy of me! Speak!" he continued, addressing the tearful girl, who, pale as death, sat immovable on her chair; "refute this slander!"

"Slander!" repeated Mrs. Franklin, "was not the child, which every one says is the very image of her, born in this house? Let her deny it, if she can!"

Therese made no reply.

"Look at her!" continued the angry woman; "she is conscience-stricken! I tell you it was born here! Nell Bryce told me that every day, almost as soon as it was light, my fine madam found the way to her cottage, and would pass hours in weeping and praying over it! I tell you, Stephen," added his mother, "that she is a guilty thing, and with my consent shall never darken my doors."

A deep groan was heard in the passage, and the next instant the blind old soldier, who had been in the adjoining room, and heard the cruel denunciations of the speaker, made his appearance in the midst of them. His countenance was not merely agitated, it was convulsed by passion—by the sense of wounded pride and outraged honor. His sightless eyeballs rolled fearfully, as he turned them towards the spot where half-suppressed sobs and sighs denoted his daughter was sitting.

"Answer me," he said, sternly; "am I a childless man! Therese, is the accusation of this babbling woman true? Was the infant whose presence has given rise to these reports really born beneath this roof?"

"Father!"

"Yes or no?" demanded the old man in a voice of thunder. "She does not answer me," he re-

peated wildly; "thank heaven her angel sister has at last been spared this shame! Who is the villain!" he added, "who has abused the confidence of a sightless man, polluted his roof, stained his name? Let me know, that I may curse him!"

Every trace of color fled from the cheeks of Therese—her lips were white as marble; she crept rather than walked to the spot where her father was standing, and falling on her knees, endeavored to take his hand: he snatched it from her as if a serpent had stung it.

Convinced by the humiliating position of the poor girl that his mother had for once spoken the truth, Stephen Franklin rushed from the house—he could not bear to witness the degradation of the being whom he still passionately loved.

"Cruel woman!" murmured Therese, turning her eyes reproachfully on the farmer's wife; "you know not what you have done!"

"My duty!" exclaimed the malicious woman, in a tone of satisfaction. "I am really very sorry for you, Mr. Graham—but"—

"Begone!" exclaimed the adjutant, in a tone of contempt; "the abode of a sorrow like mine is not fitting for the prying eyes of vulgar curiosity, the sneers of affected pity! Respect my gray hairs, my misery and shame! Leave us together!"

There was something so commanding in the gestures of the incensed father, as he pointed to the door, that for once even Mrs. Franklin felt awed. She left the cottage, casting a look of intense satisfaction upon the victim of her passion as she disappeared.

"My child!" murmured the adjutant, "whom I was so proud of—whose hand I thought would close my eyes when death summoned me to rejoin her mother and sister in a better world—whose love was my last stay on earth—and now"—

"Who loves you still!" whispered Therese, "O father! indeed, I have not merited this shame!"

"Not merited it?" repeated her parent; "was the story of that woman false? Was the infant born beneath this roof? Were your morning visits really paid to the cottage of the hag she named, to weep and pray?"

What could the unhappy creature reply? Every word was truth. She answered him only with her tears.

"Speak," he added, wildly, as a terrible suspicion flashed athwart his brain; "which am I to curse for this dishonor—the living or the dead?"

The trial was indeed a fearful one. Therese, who dearly loved her father, could, as our readers are well aware, have cleared herself by a single word; but her lips were unfortunately sealed by her promise to her sister—a promise upon which death had set his seal, rendering it doubly sacred.

"Answer me! Am I to rejoice that I have still a daughter? Am I to curse the memory of"—

"Bless her, father!" shrieked the distracted girl, clinging to his feet; "profane not the grave of the child who loved you!" Never shall my lips pronounce one word to cast a shame upon the memory of my sister.

"Wretch!" replied her father, after a pause; "it is to you, then, I owe this infamy? Begone! Leave the roof you have dishonored—the father you have betrayed—who loved and trusted you—whose grave you have dug! Hence from my presence, and bear with you my malediction!"

It was in vain that his daughter clung to him, and, in the most heart-rending accents, implored him not to curse her. The wrath of the old man was not to be appeased—in his despair, he tore the thin locks of silvery hair from his brow and scattered them over her, breathing the most terrible maledictions.

"Be cursed here and hereafter!" he exclaimed; "may the child you have borne sting you like the serpent's brood; may she smile over your untimely grave! Leave me," he added; "to my sightless misery—to my shame and solitude—to die alone. Quit my roof, and for ever!"

With these fearful words he rushed from the room, leaving his daughter crushed and overwhelmed by the weight of his bitter maledictions.

When she recovered from the temporary state of insensibility into which the terrible scene she had passed through had thrown her, Therese found herself supported in the arms of the faithful old domestic, Mary Page: the affectionate creature had been her nurse from infancy, and loved her with the tenderness of a second mother.

"Do not weep!" she sobbed, her own tears falling fast the while; "I will see my poor, deceived, cruel master! I am not bound by any promise—he shall hear the truth from me!"

"No, no!" faltered her foster-child; "the truth

would kill him: he lives but in the memory of my sister! Promise me," she added, faintly, "whether I live or die, you will not betray the fatal secret?"

It was some time before her entreaties could prevail upon her nurse—who felt indignant at the cruelty she had been treated with—to forego her determination of revealing everything to her deceived, unhappy parent.

"Well," said the old woman, reluctantly yielding the point; "on one condition I will hold my tongue! It will be a difficult task—but I promise!"

"Name it?" replied Therese, eagerly.

"That, go where you will, I go with you! I cannot consent that you should quit your father's roof alone! I will not be a burthen to you!" she added, anticipating the objections of her young mistress; "I am strong, and able to work for us both, and am not without money: it was gained in the service of your dear mother and her children—so I only give you back your own!"

It was in vain that Therese entreated of her not to quit her father. "Who else would attend to his wants?" she asked, "if you desert him?" Mary Page was inflexible.

"He should have thought of that," she said, "before he drove you from his roof! Little does he know the heart he has destroyed! He never loved you as he ought!" she added, her indignation increasing every moment; "your sister was always his favourite!"

The poor girl kissed her affectionately.

"She deserved his love!" she whispered.

"And have not you deserved it?" replied the aged domestic; "have you not worked for him day and night, like a good, dutiful child, as you are—toiled till my heart has ached to see you? He will live to repent his injustice and cruelty; his remorse will exceed his anger when he learns—"

"He must never learn it!" interrupted Therese; "the discovery would kill him—he loved Fanny so dearly! It is hard, very hard," she added, "to be driven in disgrace from the home of my childhood; my name given to the sport of malicious tongues; sent forth, like Cain, with a curse upon my brow!"

The convulsive shudder which shook her frame proved how deeply the unmerited malediction had affected her.

"But I will keep my promise," continued Therese, "although it break my heart! Poor Fanny! it was a bitter legacy you left me!"

It was arranged that during the rest of the day her young mistress should remain in the room of the nurse, who, meanwhile, was to seek a lodging in the village to which they might remove that very night, with the innocent cause of so much sorrow. As for the adjutant, directly on quitting the parlor where the distressing scene we have described had taken place, he had locked himself in his chamber, which he continued to pace, a prey to the most violent emotions of anger and outraged honor.

Mary Page was one of those energetic characters who only require to know their duty, resolutely to perform it. She arranged with the widow at whose cottage Charles Graham had lodged previous to his quitting Farnsfield, for a couple of rooms, paid her a month's rent in advance, and returned to Therese, to prepare for their departure.

"We will not go till dusk!" said the faithful creature; "day would blush to see you driven like a criminal from your father's house! The news has been spread all over the village by that malicious woman! Heaven perhaps will one day requite her for her wickedness to you!"

There was both calculation and wisdom in thus making known to Therese the full measure of her misfortune. The malediction of her father had so completely overwhelmed her that she scarcely felt anything else: had she had time to recover from the shock of the first blow, the second must have crushed her.

It was late before the adjutant quitted his chamber and entered the parlor, where his evening meal had been prepared for him. There was a wearying sense of loneliness in the old man's heart as he sat listlessly by the table, leaving the food untouched; even Mary Page began to pity him.

"You had better eat something, sir!" she said, in her usual quiet tone.

He uttered a deep sigh, and a tear trickled down his withered cheek.

"This is a sad change!" continued the domestic; "the place will be very lonely when poor Miss Therese—"

"Do not name her!" interrupted her master, with a shudder; "the ingrate has broken my heart!"

"Her own is broken, poor, innocent lamb!"

"Innocent!" repeated the adjutant, contemptuously.

"Ay, innocent, sir!" replied the old woman. "I

know the meaning of the word, and the truth of what I am saying; but of course you will not listen to me! You never would when I used to tell you how unjust you were in preferring one child to another! You can listen only to your anger now!"

"Leave me!" exclaimed her master, impatiently.

"It is what I intend to do, sir!" replied Mary Page.

Of course the adjutant intended merely that she should quit the room: he had not the least idea of parting with a person whose services were so necessary to him. His first impulse was to ask the cause of such an unexpected resolution; but the suspicion that Therese had urged her to take it, in the hope of changing his resolution, restrained him.

"Very well!" he said; "when you please! She will not move me!"

"I never expected she would!" answered the woman, drily; "*for your heart, master, is darker than your sight!* She failed to move me when she cried and prayed to me—her nurse, her servant—not to abandon you in your solitude and sorrow; but I had made up my mind to it: I don't forget my promise!"

"Promise?"

"Yes, promise, sir! I told my poor, dear mistress, when she was dying, that I would be a mother to her child; that I would watch over her! I have done so; and will, please God!" she added, fervently. "She shall have some one to comfort her in her misery! But I'll look in now and then, just to see how you are getting on, and lend a hand, for I pity quite as much as I blame you!"

"You are right!" said the adjutant, after a pause. "It is only just that you should not abandon the wretched girl your weakness has screened!"

At the words "wretched girl" and "weakness," Mary Page bit her lips in silence. Oh, how she longed to tell the deceived and obstinate man the bitter, mortifying truth, that it was his idol Fanny, and not Therese, who had disgraced him; but her promise to the latter restrained her.

"I shall leave everything tidy before I quit you," she observed, "and will drop in in the morning, to see how you are getting on! I have sent for Nancy Shalders, the charwoman: she knows the house and your ways better than a stranger, and——"

"I shall not need her!" interrupted the old man, hastily; then suddenly recollecting himself, he added: "Yes, yes, that will do for the present!"

He rose from his seat and returned once more to his chamber, leaving the repast upon the table untouched.

It was almost midnight when poor Therese left the cottage where she had spent the happy hours of her childhood. Her heart was almost broken. Long and fervently did she pray at the door of her stern parent's room: she heard his restless step as he paced the floor—for he had not retired to rest—his sighs and groans of anguish. Poor girl! she would have given worlds to have said, "Father, God bless you!" but the terror of his curse was on her. She trembled lest the sound of her voice should renew his fury and draw repeated maledictions on her devoted head.

"Bless him, Father of all!" she gently murmured; "bless him, and sustain the poor blind man under the load of his afflictions, for they are heavy! Pour the balm of thy consolation into his wounded heart; soften it towards his child! Should she be taken from him, be Thou the prop of his age, his stay and hope!"

Leaning on the arm of her nurse, she tottered rather than walked from the house, and that same hour took up her abode in the cottage so long inhabited by the young organist.

Faithful to her promise, Mary Page visited the cottage of her late master, to see everything arranged as usual: to her surprise, he was absent. When she returned the following day, it was locked up. The adjutant had hissed of the furniture to the landlord, in payment of his arrears of rent, and left Farnsfield by the coach for London.

It was a sad blow for Therese when she heard the news.

CHAPTER IX.

It is a compact signed and sealed in ill—
Ill will come of it; heaven doth avenge
The broken trust which robs the orphan's bread,
And in its own good time pays back the deed
With most usurious interest. OLD PLAY.

THE sudden disappearance of her father from his cottage was a sad blow to the broken spirits of Therese, who pined under his malediction, although reason and conscience both assured her it was unmerited. Poor girl! it was a sad legacy she had inherited from her sister: a helpless orphan to toil

and struggle for, and a fatal promise which had blighted her existence in its freshest bloom.

The discovery could not have taken place at a more unfortunate moment, owing to the absence of the benevolent physician. Had Dr. Bennet been in Farnsfield, she would at least have had some one to advise and console her; or as she fondly imagined, to have contrived some way to have satisfied the doubts of the adjutant, without compromising either his living child or the memory of the dead.

Therese was sitting one evening, after she had been about a week an inhabitant of her new abode, pondering in melancholy mood over the past and future. The infant cause of all her sorrow was quietly sleeping in its cradle by her side, when Mary Page came bustling into the room.

"Have you heard the news?" inquired the faithful creature.

Her young mistress looked up inquiringly.

"The rector is dead!" continued the speaker; "and, they say in the village, without having made the least provision for his sister, who is now as poor as we are!"

"Heaven help her then!" replied Therese, in accents of pity; "it will be a sad change for her, for she is no longer young and able to work!"

"Heaven has punished her," exclaimed the nurse, "for her pride and wickedness to you! She had never a kind word for the poor, and now poverty has fallen upon her!"

"I can forgive her!"

"It is more than I can!" observed her humble friend; "but for hers and Mrs. Franklin's evil tongues, things would have gone on smoothly enough! As for the lawyer's girls, no one pays attention to what they say—their evil report is no slander! I trust," she added, bitterly, "I shall yet live to see her in a woollen gown of her own spinning, instead of her silks and satins!"

The intelligence proved but too true. Dr. Standish had expired in an attack of apoplexy, leaving his affairs in the greatest confusion. He was one of those churchmen who live up to their incomes—keeping open house—not for the needy, but the rich; greedy and exacting of his dues from the poor—ostentatiously extravagant to his equals. He was little loved whilst living; and even less regretted when dead.

"I have better news even than that!" continued the speaker.

"Better! Oh, Mary—Mary!" interrupted Therese, reprovingly, "you are too good to rejoice at the death of a fellow-creature!"

"Rejoice! well, no, not exactly that!" muttered the domestic. "I am not so glad that Dr. Standish is dead, as that his sister is reduced to poverty: and that I do rejoice at, and will rejoice at!" she added, warmly. "She deserves it, for her evil, slanderous reports of you! She has broken my poor deceived old master's heart, and yours, and mine, and all our hearts, although not one of us ever injured her!"

As it was one of those points on which it was impossible to reason with her—for Mary Page was governed in her opinions far more by her heart than her head—her young mistress changed the subject, and inquired what the good news was which she had brought from the village.

"Dr. Bennet is expected back every hour!" replied the nurse; "he will soon find out what has become of my poor master, I warrant me! I have something else!" she added, with a smile; "Charles Graham is in Farnsfield!"

"Have you seen him?" demanded Therese.

"No: but I heard him, as I crossed the green, playing on the organ in the church. I could not help stopping to listen. Poor fellow! the music sounded so mournfully that it hrought the tears into my eyes! There is no one can play like him: and so all the people say! I do wonder, miss, that you could refuse him! There, don't be angry with me: I know I ought not to speak so familiarly to you, who are a lady, and I only a poor ignorant servant! But it is your own fault as much as mine," she added, "if I sometimes forget myself; for you were always so kind and affectionate to your poor nurse!"

"You did not tell him that I was living here?"

"No, miss!" answered Mary Page; "I trust I know my duty to you better than that! It was not for you to appear to make up to the likes of him!"

In the love and pride she felt in her foster-child, the speaker forgot the interest she really felt for the young organist.

"Right, Mary!" said Therese; "you were quite right: it is better that we should never meet again!"

Mary Page thought otherwise. Although love had long ceased to trouble the peaceful current of her existence, she had not forgotten the time when

she was young; and the mournful tone in which her young mistress declared that it was better she and Charles should never meet again, betrayed that it was not without a pang she had arrived at such a conclusion.

To avoid receiving any directions from Therese to prevent an interview, the faithful creature left the room. As she entered the kitchen, she heard the voice of the organist conversing with his former landlady, the mistress of the cottage.

"Here is Mrs. Page," said the woman, "she can inform you."

The young man eagerly advanced towards his old acquaintance, and inquired after Therese.

"I have only just heard of the affliction and sorrow," he said, "which have overwhelmed her!"

"And the disgrace!" added the nurse, in an anxious tone—for she felt curious to ascertain the opinion which the speaker entertained of her dear mistress.

"There can be no disgrace without guilt!" he replied, warmly; "and if an angel were to accuse her of that, I should disbelieve it! Do you think she will see me?"

"Why not? Are you not one of her oldest friends?"

Mary Page pointed to the door of the little parlor, adding, that he knew the way well enough.

Still it was not without considerable hesitation that the anxious lover ventured into the presence of the girl who had rejected him.

"Don't be angry, Therese!" he said, as he gently closed the door after him; "do not drive me from your presence! I heard that you were unhappy—unfortunate—and I come to offer you the consolation of a friend—a brother—to ask you once more to share the humble home of the man who adores you—whose life it is in your power to make a blank or sunshine!"

Therese looked up with surprise; her heart was deeply moved by so much confidence and faith.

"And you have heard——"

"Everything!" he exclaimed; "your father's cruelty and injustice!"

The poor girl silently pointed to the cradle, in which the innocent cause of her affliction was still calmly sleeping. Charles Graham turned ghastly pale.

"It is not yours, Therese!" he said; "or, if yours, you are a wife! I know the purity of your heart and mind, for I have watched you from infancy: no thought of vice are sullied them! There is some mystery: but mystery does not always imply guilt! What it is, I seek not to fathom: and yet I would give worlds to know! If there be indeed a barrier between us, Therese, if you are another's—a word—a look—a sign—and, though my heart breaks, I will offend your ears no more!"

"I am not a wife!" replied the daughter of the adjutant, deeply moved.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the young man, fervently; "then I may still love you without sin! You may still be mine!"

"My name, my fair name, Charles!" interrupted the poor girl, in a tone of the deepest affliction, "is blighted! My father has thrust me from his door! The world cries shame upon me! Those who once loved me, shun me! Think you I would bring disgrace upon one so true and good as you are!"

"Disgrace!" he repeated, falling at her feet; "bliss unutterable! Why should we heed the world's opinion? Our hearts shall be our world, and we will listen to no other voice! Therese, I renew my offer! I implore you to accept it! Let me be the husband of your sorrows! They will grow lighter by being shared—a father to that innocent child in whom you take so deep an interest! And never, never," he added, emphatically, "shall a suspicion wrong your purity and truth! If I die before the mystery is solved, Therese, it will be as I have lived—with unbounded confidence in both!"

During the latter portion of the interview between the lovers, Dr. Bennet—who had heard, on his arrival in Farnsfield, of the misfortunes of his protégée—entered the room, and stood a silent spectator of the conflict between love and what Therese considered her duty.

"No, Charles, no!" she sobbed; "dearly as I love you—and it is the first time my lips have confessed as much—I cannot bring my heart to accept so vast a sacrifice! The world would blame—you in time regret—and it must not be! No, no! the loss of your esteem would kill me!"

"You will never lose it!" observed the physician, advancing, and taking her by the hand; "these scruples betray the sensitive delicacy of a soul to which guilt is a stranger!"

"Plead for me, sir!" exclaimed Charles Graham, "she will not resist your counsel!"

It was some time before the slandered girl could bring herself to yield to the entreaties of her lover and the advice of her only friend. She did, however, at last cede to them, and silently placed her hand in that of the young organist.

"Bless you!" he exclaimed, clasping her to his heart. "My own true, noble-hearted Therese! Never shall you regret the choice you have made! My life shall prove my gratitude for such a gift!"

"Prize it, young man!" said Dr. Bennet, solemnly. "Had I a son, I should have been proud to have seen him the husband of Therese!"

It was a happy hour for all at the cottage. Mary Page blessed her foresight in admitting Charles to see her mistress, and calculated that with her marriage the evil reports which had been so industriously circulated would cease.

It is true that they did cease from that very day, but not because Therese was married. We must not, however, anticipate the incidents of our story.

Two days after the death of Doctor Standish, the Reverend Jabez Knowles waited on Sir Richard Trevanian, to remind him of a promise which had been held out to him, when he first undertook the charge of Edward, of succeeding the late rector in the living of Farnsfield. The baronet received him coolly, and, when his visitor alluded to the presentation, was seized with one of those convenient fits of absence of memory which often serve great men to evade the fulfilment of their promises.

"Is it possible, my dear sir!" he exclaimed, in a tone of well-affected surprise; "did you say that I positively promised?"

"At least, Sir Richard, the promise was implied!"

"I am very glad it was not expressed," observed the baronet, carelessly; "since it leads me to hope you misunderstood me. I should have been sorry to have broken my word and disappointed you."

"Disappointed me!" repeated the Reverend Jabez Knowles, with a bitter scowl; "you surely cannot mean to act so unhandsonably, after—"

He paused: his conscience probably checked him in the plea he was about to urge.

"After what?" demanded Sir Richard, fixing his eye upon him.

"Nothing—that is, after the care I took of your late son: I fulfilled my promise to the very letter."

"Strange that I should not recollect it!" said the patron of the living, musingly. "Have you any memorandum in my handwriting—we frequently corresponded whilst I was in Italy—to recall it to my mind?"

The speaker well knew that he had not, for few men were more careful than he was how they committed themselves upon paper.

"Between gentlemen," replied his visitor, tartly, for he saw that all hope of the preferment he had so long counted upon was gone, "I did not think it necessary!"

"Between whom?" said the baronet, in a freezing tone.

The Reverend Jabez Knowles repeated his observation.

"Ah, between gentlemen! Thank you! I did not catch a word! Good morning, my dear sir! I have three more livings in my gift—the two Collinghams and Pocklington—and one day, perhaps—but mind, I make no promise—for really my memory is very treacherous!"

The enraged schoolmaster saw that he was taunting him, and, for the first time perhaps in his life, bitterly regretted the inhuman manner in which he had treated the unfortunate boy committed to his care, for there was little doubt that the aneurism which terminated the life of Edward Trevanian had been occasioned by the fearful excitement he had been subjected to in childhood.

Sir Richard rose from his easy chair and rang the bell for the footman to open the door for his visitor, who bit his thumb as he left the room.

It was a bad sign when the Rev. Jabez Knowles bit his thumb: to his pupils it threatened a thrashing; to those whom he could not thrash, something even more menacing.

"Farnsfield for him!" said the baronet, as soon as he was alone. "A pretty idea! why, the presentation is worth five thousand pounds, at least! I should like to see the man who would wheedle me out of it for a shilling less!"

The servant entered, with a card upon a salver, which he handed to his master.

"Whose is it?" inquired Sir Richard, carelessly, for he felt in no humour to be disturbed by a second visitor.

"Mr. Amberwell," said the footman, reading the card.

"Not at home!" replied his master; "I know no Amberwell! What can the fellow want?"

The man left the room, but presently returned with a slip of paper, upon which was written, in a very neat hand, the following words:

"One of the three gentlemen who drew from the Bank of England the large sum accumulated during the minority of your late son, requests the honour of a few minutes' conversation. He gives you five minutes to decide!"

"Certainly! admit him instantly! How could you be so stupid as not to know that I was at home?" exclaimed Sir Richard Trevanian to the astonished domestic, who hastened to the library to usher in the extraordinary visitor.

"So," continued the baronet, "I shall obtain a clue to the mystery at last! I never could understand how Edward contrived to execute a power of attorney on the day he became of age! I never left him till he retired to sleep; that sleep from which he never awoke! I must act with vigor," he added; "for the fellow must feel pretty confident to venture into my presence!"

The speaker had made up his mind to receive his visitor with the dignity of a judge; to awe him by the display of his rank; to threaten and be dictatorial, in the hope of bending him to his views; though what those views were, beyond the recovery, if possible, of the money, he could scarcely define himself.

The calculations of the baronet were completely upset the instant he beheld the stranger who had announced himself in so singular a manner: he was evidently a thorough-bred man of the world; smooth as oil, polished as steel, and quite as highly tempered.

Involuntarily Sir Richard rose to receive him, and pointed to a chair.

Mr. Amberwell took it quietly, without waiting for the master of the house to re-seat himself.

"Cool!" thought the baronet.

"Puzzled!" mentally observed the visitor.

"May I observe, Sir Richard," said he, speaking aloud, "that my request was to see you alone?"

The footman, on a sign from his master, quitted the room.

"Are we secure from interruption?" continued Mr. Amberwell.

"Perfectly, unless I ring!"

"Perhaps you had better fasten the door!"

The baronet hesitated.

"The communication I have to make," added his singular visitor, "is important."

Sir Richard hesitated no longer, but, rising from his seat, he turned the key in the library door.

"Now, sir," he said, "that we are alone, as you desired, and secure from all interruption, may I request to know the purport of your visit? I do not generally receive strangers, but—"

"You felt too anxious to ascertain the nature of my business to stand upon ceremony!" observed the gentleman; "and you were quite right, for the fortunes of the house of Trevanian hang on your decision!"

"How?"

Mr. Amberwell drew off his glove, and took from his pocket a cambric handkerchief, which must have cost at least five dollars a yard, wiped his lips, displaying, as he did so, a magnificent diamond upon a very delicate, lady-like, white hand, and, pointing to the baronet to resume his seat, commenced explaining the purport of his visit.

CHAPTER X

Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinsically unloose—smooth every passion,
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire—snow to their colder moods.

SHAKESPEARE.

"WHAT have I to learn?" demanded Sir Richard Trevanian, evidently much annoyed at the cool, provoking self-possession of his visitor.

"Much, both of the past and future, which it concerns the interest of yourself and family to know; but first permit me to introduce myself more formally than I have hitherto done: I am the Rev. Onias Amberwell!"

At the announcement that the speaker was a clergyman, somehow or other the thought of the baronet immediately reverted to the living at Farnsfield, which he had not yet disposed of. It is astonishing how fine a hair will serve a man of the world as a clue.

"I am the brother-in-law of General Maitland, and consequently the uncle of George, your late son's most intimate friend! Friend, did I say?" continued the speaker; "they were more like

brothers! Never did I behold so perfect an union of heart and feeling as existed between them!"

"You know my son, then?" observed Sir Richard.

The gentleman explained that he had been a visitor for two days at the hall, during the tenancy of General Maitland, whose family, he added, were plunged in the greatest distress by the unaccountable disappearance of his nephew, whom they had traced as far as London, after his departure from Farnsfield. "Whatever the cause," continued the Rev. Onias Amberwell, "it has been the poor boy's ruin—his absence from his regiment having been reported to the Horse Guards, and his commission cancelled."

It was some consolation to Sir Richard Trevanian to hear that the prospects of the man whom he most hated and feared in the world had been so completely blighted.

"I presume," he said, in the tone of a man unjustly suspected, "that neither your brother-in-law nor his family imagine that I am in any way accountable for the conduct of a young man who certainly was anything but an agreeable visitor at my house—who—"

"Certainly not!" interrupted the reverend gentleman, hastily; "such a suspicion, I can answer for it, never crossed their minds!"

"Or yours?"

His visitor gave a slight cough, and observed that with the baronet's permission, he would explain the purport of his visit in his own way.

Sir Richard bowed stiffly, and begged him to proceed.

"About a week before the death of the late Edward Trevanian," resumed the uncle of George Maitland, "I received a singular letter from him, entreating me to come privately, on the 1st of September—the day he became of age—and meet him at midnight, at the little inn or beer-house kept by his nurse, directly opposite the park gate. As a matter of course I complied with his request, and found, to my surprise, that two other persons had been summoned, in the same mysterious manner, to meet him at the same hour!"

"May I ask their names?"

"Certainly: one was a distant connection of the Maitland family—a Captain Harrington; the other Mr. Foster, the lawyer, of the Middle Temple."

At the name of the lawyer the countenance of the baronet changed—for he knew him not only as a man of the highest integrity and honor, but as the legal adviser of the first Lady Trevanian's father—in fact, he had been employed to draw the marriage settlements.

"The circumstances you relate," he observed, after a pause, "are certainly very singular; and had not my poor boy's death prevented his keeping the appointment—"

"It did not prevent it!" said the Reverend Onias Amberwell, in the same bland tone of voice he had spoken in throughout their interview. "He was there!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Sir Richard, starting from his chair; "I cannot believe it—I will not believe it! During the day I scarcely quitted him for an instant: I had a suspicion that—no matter. Late in the evening he complained of a violent pain at his heart, and retired to his room—he was in bed by eleven!"

"And by twelve at the Trevanian Arms," added his visitor; "my rank, character, and position in the world will guarantee in any court of justice in England the truth of my assertion, should you do me the injustice to suspect it! Besides, Foster and Harrington were present, as well as myself."

The unnatural parent gnashed his teeth with rage and disappointment, for he felt convinced that his secret wishes and calculations were frustrated.

"He was mad!" he muttered; "the fool was mad!"

"I fear you would find it difficult to prove that he was so!" replied the gentleman; "my evidence, as well as that of those who saw him, would decidedly oppose such a supposition. He was as calm and collected as"—

"The serpent when it unfolds its coils," exclaimed the baronet, "and prepares to sting!"

"He certainly did sting you" quietly observed his visitor, "when he executed the power of attorney which authorised us to withdraw the accumulations of his minority from the bank, and invest them in our own names in trust!"

"For whom, in the fiend's name!" exclaimed the baronet.

"George Maitland and his heirs! I assure you," added the speaker, "that I really felt for your disappointment—for, if I mistake not, you have another son?"

"And a daughter," added Sir Richard, "a beautiful, amiable girl, whom he has deprived of fortune!"

"By the present Lady Trevanian?"

"Of course."

The Rev. Onias Amberwell received the information with ill-concealed satisfaction, which the father of the young lady was puzzled to account for—not supposing that his having a daughter could in any interest him; but he did not know the sleek, plausible gentleman he had to deal with yet.

"Sad as the disappointment at losing so large a sum," continued the narrator, "must naturally be, I fear it is not the last blow which the hatred of Edward Trevanian for his family is destined to inflict!"

"What mean you?"

"He executed a second deed!"

"A will?" gasped the avaricious parent.

"I presume so!" answered the gentleman, coolly; "but cannot assert it positively, since I merely witnessed his signature; the lawyer who prepared it is the only person aware of its contents. By a singular stipulation, the seals are not to be broken till your death!"

"And this will, for such, I doubt not, it is?"

"Is in my possession!" replied the clergyman.

"Why he should have selected me as the depository of such a trust I cannot conceive, unless from my near relationship to George Maitland. Foster and Harrington are both joined with me in the trust, as far as the money is concerned; but the will, deed, or settlement—whichever it may turn out to be—was confided to me alone!"

This was not exactly true, but it answered the speaker's purpose; as our readers doubtless begin to suspect, he had not travelled from a distant part of England merely for the pleasure of informing Sir R. Trevanian of the existence of such a document.

For some minutes the baronet and his visitor sat silently regarding each other, like two gladiators about to commence the combat, each measuring the other's strength. Twice the former essayed to speak, but the words seemed arrested by some secret motive or feeling—shame, perhaps—upon his tongue. The parson saw his embarrassment, and encouraged him to proceed by a bland smile.

"I should very much like to know the contents of that paper!" said Sir Richard, who was the first to break the silence.

"I feel rather curious myself!" was the reply.

"Not to be opened till after my death!" repeated the father of Edward, musingly.

"There is the singular part of the affair!" observed the Reverend Onias Amberwell, by way of commentary; "the desire is a very natural one—the conditions prevent its ever being gratified—for it must leave you in a state of the greatest uncertainty respecting the position of your successor and his sister!"

"Wretched!" muttered Sir Richard; "wretched!"

He took several turns up and down the apartment, paused once or twice opposite his visitor, and again resumed his walk.

"May I ask," he inquired, "if you are rich?"

"A poor college living," replied the clergyman, "of three hundred a-year. The fact is, I married young, and was disappointed in the fortune of my wife."

"Three hundred a year!" repeated the tempter—for he had already conceived a plan by which he hoped to induce the speaker to betray his trust. "Ridiculous! Beneath the acceptance of a man of your talents!"

The parson crossed his hands and smiled meekly. "Why Farnsfield, which at this very time is vacant, exceeds a thousand a year!"

"Without the great tithes?"

"Certainly," said the baronet; "the great tithes have invariably been held by the lord of the manor."

"A sinful custom!" observed the Rev. Onias, "one that I have both written and preached against—Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's!"—I cannot understand how any man who has a proper sense of his sacred calling could accept the living, tempting as it is, under such an arrangement! Poor as I am, no persuasions would induce me to accept it *without the great tithes!*"

"Why, they amount to another thousand," exclaimed Sir Richard, angrily, "at the very least!"

"Were they only as many farthings," said his visitor, "they would not alter my opinion. It is a question of principle. We must never tamper with principle," he added, firmly, "or sin against our convictions."

Again the two gentlemen regarded each other. The patron of Farnsfield knew at last the man and his price: imminent as was the danger, he could

not make up his mind at an instant's notice to part with so large a portion of his income. The presentation alone he valued at five or six thousand pounds; the great tithes more than doubled its value. He required time for reflection, and invited the gentleman to remain to dinner.

"I really feel a great desire," he whispered, as they left the library, "that you should be the new rector; but this crocheted about the tithes is most unreasonable. However, we will talk it over in the evening; meanwhile, allow me to present to you Lady Trevanian and my family."

The Reverend Onias Amberwell bowed meekly, and followed him to the drawing-room.

He slept that same night and passed a portion of the following day at the hall. A week afterwards his name appeared in the *Gazette* as rector of Farnsfield: none but the baronet and himself knew the price at which he had obtained it. Perhaps the lawyer, Mr. Foster, suspected it, he held his tongue.

As for the third witness of the will—Captain Harrington—shortly after the death of Edward Trevanian, he had received orders to join his regiment in India.

Great was the astonishment of Mike Tippin, the old sexton, when he recognised in the new incumbent one of the three mysterious persons who had stopped to inquire their way to the Trevanian Arms, on the night of the young squire's death. It was still further increased when he heard that he was to hold the great as well as the small tithes of the parish; the old man could not comprehend it, and resolved to consult his usual confidant, Dr. Bennett, upon the subject.

The physician heard the account he gave with surprise.

"Are you quite certain it is the same person?" he said.

"Certain!" repeated Mike. "Doctor, you know that I never mistake either the living or the dead! Don't I even recognise the skulls as I turn them up in the churchyard? How, then, could I mistake one that had living eyes in its sockets, and a tongue to wag between its jaws? Besides he gave me a crown! I said he wor a parson! It's my belief," he added, "that I shall see them all three again—soldier, parson, and lawyer!"

"Did you ever make any inquiries of Bet Guyton as to her visitors?" demanded Dr. Bennet.

"I did," replied the sexton, "but it wor all of no use—she only called me a fool for my pains; denied that she had seen them, and swore I wor drunk! But she didn't deceive me!" added the old man; "I could see she wor a lying all the time! Perhaps if your honor wor to try, you might get the truth out of her—she has a great respect for you."

"I! Oh dear, no! Why should I take so much trouble about a matter which, after all, does not concern me?" exclaimed the physician.

His visitor looked terribly annoyed: it was the second occasion on which he had been disappointed in eliciting the real opinion of the speaker when he consulted him.

Mike shook his head, and muttered something about want of confidence and closeness.

"Really," said the gentleman, "I have no confidence to give! The affair is certainly strange—so are the hieroglyphics; but it does not follow that I can read them! My advice you are perfectly welcome to: it is, to keep a still tongue upon the subject! Think of it as much as you please; but be careful how you speak of it: should it reach the ears of the new rector, he might remove you from your office!"

"He can't!" replied the sexton, triumphantly; "I was elected by the parishioners!"

"At least," observed Dr. Bennet, "he could annoy you—interfere with your fees and privileges! It would be a sad thing," he added with a smile, "to see two such important personages at variance."

The last were cogent reasons, and the old man promised faithfully to be guided by the advice of the speaker; but at the same time he mentally vowed that he would keep an eye upon the proceedings of the Reverend Onias Amberwell.

This important point being settled, he took his leave, and that same day, the physician having a leisure hour upon his hands—rather an unusual circumstance with him—walked as far as the Trevanian Arms: he had attended the husband of Bet Guyton in his last illness, and he flattered himself that if any one could obtain her confidence he could.

Bet, however, proved closer than he imagined.

He found the old woman in a state of great excitement. The steward of Sir Richard had just called to serve her with notice to quit the cottage—no reason was assigned. The probability was, that she guessed it.

"I won't go!" she kept repeating to herself; "and let them turn me out, if they dare! Service is no inheritance, it appears! I have lived here twenty years! My late lady promised me the place for life—so did her husband—and I'll not budge, come what will!"

"Have you anything to show for it?" inquired her visitor.

The hostess muttered something about her word being better than some people's oaths.

"Let them seize my things," she added; "I'll shame him before the whole parish. A villain—a mean-spirited wretch! baronet though he calls himself."

"Hush, Bet—hush. Such words are punishable."

"Not when you can prove them," replied the old woman, tartly, "as he shall find, if he drives me beyond my patience. Would you believe it, doctor, that—"

She paused and reflected for an instant, then closed her lips, and began rocking herself to and fro in her chair.

"Believe what, Bet?" demanded the gentleman.

"Nothing—nothing. No—the time has not come yet. When it does, I'll speak out plainly enough. I am glad you are come," she continued; "for you were always kind to the poor, and stand up for them when the rich try to ride over them rough shod. Well, s'r, old, poor, and helpless as I appear, I tell you that Sir Richard Trevanian would as soon thrust his hand in the fire as threaten to turn me out of my house, if he only knew what I could tell him."

"Something connected with his late son, perhaps?" observed her visitor.

"No, sir," answered the woman, drily.

"If it is," resumed her adviser, "I fear it would have but little weight with him. Whatever the mystery connected with his visit to your cottage on the night of his death, I feel assured that the baronet knows all."

Bet smiled incredulously.

"I can convince you," continued the speaker.

"The Reverend Onias Amberwell, one of the three gentlemen who met Edward Trevanian here, is the new rector of Farnsfield."

"I know that, too, and can guess the means which made him so. A mercenary, mean-spirited hound! I'd rather join the Methodists, or even the Papists," added the hostess, "than sit under him! He is not a fit person to preach the Word of God who has broken his own."

"Very true."

The aged female fixed her eyes earnestly upon Dr. Bennet for several instants, and at last asked him if he would do her a service: he promised her readily. "It must be," she observed, "without asking more than I choose to tell—for I must keep my word, though he has forgotten his."

The gentleman pledged himself to rest satisfied with such confidence as she thought necessary for her purpose to give.

"And you will see Sir Richard?"

"Yes."

Bet Guyton rose from her seat, and entered the little room at the back of the bar, carefully closing the door after her. Dr. Bennet, whose curiosity was roused, heard the rattling of keys and the opening and shutting of drawers. When the mistress of the Trevanian Arms re-appeared, she held a sapphire ring of singular beauty in her hand. The stone was in the shape of a heart, and surmounted by a coronet in very small brilliants. He had frequently noticed the same gem, as he imagined, upon the finger of the baronet, who had told him, on one occasion, that it was the most ancient heir-loom of his family.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed; "has Sir Richard lost his ring?"

"No!"

"Where did you get it, then?"

"The woman raised her finger to her lips, to remind him of his promise.

"He never saw it!" she said, sinking her voice; "For more than thirty years no human eye has rested on it except mine! Hold out your hand!"

The gentleman did as she had directed him.

"And now promise me that no persuasion shall induce you to remove it from your finger till you return it to me! See Sir Richard—remind him of my dear lady's promise, and his own! Tell him that I dare him—mark the word—*dare him*—to turn me from my home! And take care as you do so, that he notices the ring!"

"What more?"

"Nothing!" replied Bet; "I leave the rest to his own conscience—if he has such a thing!"

"Should it be silent?" observed the physician. "To his fears then," added the woman, lowering her voice; "They will speak loud enough!"

Never had the curiosity of her visitor been so roused, but his promise held him tongue-tied. He rapidly revolved in his mind every circumstance he had ever heard connected with the Trevanian family. He remembered the baronet from his boyhood—had attended his first wife in her dying illness; but could not give the remotest guess to the meaning of the clue so singularly entrusted to him.

"Confess doctor," said the hostess, with a knowing smile, "that for once, with all your learning, you are at fault!"

The gentleman meekly owned it.

"It is a strange errand for you to undertake," she continued, "and not a very pleasant one; but there is no one else whom I can intrust with it—and you will perform it," she added—"perform it faithfully—although your word has been given to a poor ignorant creature like myself!"

Her visitor renewed his promise.

"I would go myself," said Bet, passionately, but I dare not trust either my temper or my tongue! He would swear I stole the ring—anything to get it in his possession; but he will not dare attempt such a trick upon a gentleman like you!"

"It would indeed be useless!" observed Dr. Bennet; "that is, provided you have spoken the truth concerning it—for Sir Richard told me himself, when I admired a similar gem upon his finger, that it was unique!"

"It was what?" demanded Bet Guyton, not comprehending the word.

"That there was not another like it in the world!"

"I know—I know!" muttered the aged woman; "he thought so when he said it—and not without reason! Notice," she added, clutching her messenger by the arm and sinking her voice to a tone of deep earnestness, "if he has his upon his finger, before he sees the one on yours: it will leave him without even the excuse of a lie!"

As the physician walked slowly up the avenue, in his way to the hall, he pondered deeply on the singular mission he was charged with. Bet Guyton, he knew, had lived in the family of the Trevanians from her childhood—so, in fact, had her parents before her: she might be said to have been born in their service. She had known Sir Richard's father, and the ring was evidently the clue to some secret which affected the honor of the late or present possessor of the title—he was at a loss to guess which.

Before sending in his card to the baronet, he drew his glove carefully over the hand on which he wore the gem—for he remembered Bet's caution, and determined to adhere to her instructions to the very letter.

Sir Richard received him rather coolly. His lady had given him a not very truthful account of the interview which had taken place between herself and his visitor, when she sent for him to question him respecting the parentage of poor Fanny's child.

Although he had no reason to doubt the word of the mistress of the Trevanian Arms, he almost started when he recognised the highly-prized heirloom upon the finger of Sir Richard, and involuntarily felt to assure himself that the one intrusted to him was secure.

"There are two!" he mentally said; "the old woman spoke the truth!"

This conviction gave him countenance to proceed in the task he had undertaken.

"I called," said he, "to solicit a favor—or rather to enable you, Sir Richard, to correct what I conceive must be an error on the part of your steward."

"Bertram does not often make mistakes!" observed the baronet.

"I trust that he has in the present instance!" replied the doctor; "for the party I came to intercede for has been a faithful servant of your family, and states that the first Lady Trevanian made her a promise—which you confirmed—that she should hold her cottage for life!"

"She lies, then!" exclaimed Sir Richard, impatiently; "she is a busy, meddling, ungrateful woman, and encouraged my son, who was half a madman, in I know not what strange vagaries! She shall not remain an hour longer than the law allows her upon my estate!"

"She is very old!" observed the kind-hearted messenger.

"It was her place to think of that!"

"And cannot have many years to live!"

"She has lived too long already!" angrily replied the baronet; "plotting against the family who were kind to her, and her parents before her! It is not

so much the mischief she has done," he added, "as the ingratitude, which annoys me!"

"Have you really made up your mind, Sir Richard?" inquired Dr. Bennet. "I am aware that personally I have little influence—and regret, for the poor old woman's sake, it is not more; but if—"

"My decision," interrupted the former master of Bet Guyton, "is irrevocable! After that word," he added, haughtily, "I presume that no one who knows me, or values even in the slightest degree my good opinion, will attempt to shake it!"

"I, for one, certainly shall not make the trial!" quietly observed his visitor; "my appeal to your humanity having failed, I have only to fulfil my promise, and deliver my message."

"Promise! Message!" repeated the baronet, disdainfully; "it is not very usual, I believe, Dr. Bennet, for one gentleman unnecessarily to interfere in the private affairs of another!"

"I do so most reluctantly!" replied the messenger of Bet Guyton; "but really I was placed in such a singular position—as you yourself will confess, when you hear all—that I could scarcely avoid it!"

Sir Richard Trevanian shrugged his shoulders impatiently, observed that his time was very much occupied, and requested him to proceed.

"In the first place, she refuses to quit the cottage!"

"Indeed!"

"In the next, she dares you to put your threat into execution, and remove her!"

"Insolent!" exclaimed the baronet, rising from his seat; "this exceeds the limits of my patience, and your meddling, troublesome impertinence! Am I Sir Richard Trevanian—who has twice had the honor to represent his sovereign? Am I the owner of this estate? Or have I been dreaming all these years that I was such a person?"

"Undoubtedly," replied his visitor, unmoved by the burst of passion and the not very courteous terms by which his conduct had been designated, "you are Sir Richard Trevanian!"

"Then, as surely as I am, will I keep my word!" said the angry man; "and you must permit me to add, that, unless professionally, I shall cease to feel a pleasure in your visits to the hall!"

Dr. Bennet felt that the moment had arrived to put the truth of Bet Guyton's boast to the proof. He quietly withdrew the glove.

"Believe me," he said, "that I shall regret it deeply, if I have offended you! We have known each other long, and on more than one occasion you have expressed yourself grateful for my services. Come, Sir Richard," he added, extending his hand, "I am an old man, and have presumed, perhaps, somewhat too much upon my years! I knew you when a boy—was the friend of your late father—let us not part in anger! Give me your hand!"

With all his defects, the baronet, in manners, at least, was a gentleman. Besides, the speaker was a person whom it was not politic to offend—for few men were better known or respected in the county. Added to which, the *amende honorable* was complete.

With a condescending smile, he grasped the hand extended to him, and caught sight of the two rings—which, like the eyes of a basilisk, appeared to fascinate him. Never was metamorphose more complete—the self-possession which he had guarded throughout the interview completely deserted him. He staggered back into his seat, pale and gasping for breath.

"Are you ill?" demanded the physician, without withdrawing his hand, which Sir Richard still held in his.

"No! Yes! By heavens it is!" muttered the astonished man; "the grave must have given it up!"

"What up?"

"That ring! How did you obtain it? Let me look at nearer. There can be no deception—the very flaw in the gem is there!"

Dr. Bennet remembered his promise, and declined to remove it from his finger.

"Gaze on it—examine it," he said, "as closely as you please—but it does not quit my hand!"

"Still you have not answered my first question. Where did you obtain it?"

"From Bet Guyton—the woman whose cause I came to plead!" replied her messenger. "As a man of honor, I feel compelled to add, that I have not the remotest idea of the nature of the mystery connected with it."

The baronet eyed the speaker for some moments. At last he said, in a tone which betrayed considerable relief:

"I believe you!"

He then paced the room several times in silence. His visitor began to feel that his patience was exhausted, and once more would have taken his departure.

"Stay, sir!" said Sir Richard, mastering his emotion; "were I to attend only to the dictates of my anger, I should persist in my resolution of removing Bet Guyton from her cottage; but she is an old servant of my family—the late Lady Trevanian was much attached to her—and—in short, I have reconsidered the affair, and permit her to remain!"

The doctor smiled: he guessed how little the considerations alleged had influenced the sudden change in the mind of the speaker. Besides, he had seen sufficient of the world to know that in nine cases out of ten it is the pretext, and not the motive, which is paraded to the world.

We need not say that it was so in the present instance.

The physician took his leave, but not before the baronet had made a second attempt—equally fruitless as the first—to induce the doctor to intrust him for an instant with the ring. But the messenger of the hostess of the Trevanian Arms was inflexible; he had given his word—and it was a bond to him.

When Bet heard the result of his visit she merely smiled, and received back the pledge she had intrusted to him. The gentleman longed very much to question her—never had his curiosity been so aroused.

"Did he try to obtain it from you?" demanded the woman.

"Twice!" was the reply.

"I knew he would!" said Bet; "but I knew the man I placed my faith in! I dare not keep it by me—Sir Richard will move heaven and earth to obtain it!"

"Is it so important, then?" asked the gentleman, trying to appear as little interested as possible.

"He would give the best farm on his estate to hold it for an instant in his hand! Perhaps, sir, you—but no—it is too much for a poor friendless creature like myself to ask at your hands!"

Her messenger assured her that he would most willingly undertake anything to serve her—but at the same time carefully avoided pressing his services, for—like most aged persons, she was exceedingly suspicious.

"Come to me," she said, "to-night: I will take care to have the house clear by ten o'clock! I can confide in you!"

He kept his word. The result of his visit, however, must be related at a future time and place.

CHAPTER XI.

Oh, married love! each heart shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chains insid' with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.
LANGUORNE.

In one of the numerous narrow streets running in a line with the Almonry, Westminster—the rendezvous of the most depraved and dangerous characters—stood a small, old-fashioned house, with an iron railing in front, of rather more respectable appearance than the rest of the locality. Years had elapsed since the brush of the painter had revived the faded green upon the doors and shutters, which were plated with iron—although there was little in the look of the place to induce the belief that it contained anything worthy the attention of the robber. The blinds in the narrow windows were dusty with age, and had any curious eye peered through the dim panes, it would have discovered nothing but a table, two or three rickety chairs, and an almanac pasted against the whitewashed wall. Upon the door was a small brass plate, on which, half obscured by dirt and verdigris, was the name of Peter Quin, general and commission agent, its occupant and owner. Peter was reported rich—but, although a very aged man, he kept no servant: his granddaughter, Martha, attended to the household duties—which were not very onerous, especially in the kitchen department.

The neighbors held the old man in mingled respect and aversion. Respect from his reputed wealth—though how he had obtained it none could divine. It was evident that he had not many clients, since few persons were ever seen to visit him—and even those few appeared of the poorer class.

The cause of their aversion arose from the grasping, avaricious character of the man, and the mystery which surrounded him. He was a tall gaunt figure, lean as Poverty, with a sharp, grey eye, which, when excited, was bright as an angry vulture's—in repose, like a sleeping snake's.

One source of his income arose from the adjoining house, which was also his property. It was let out in lodgings: not to the poor—for those who frequented it paid well for the accommodation; but to such reckless, desperate characters as feared to meet the eye and hand of justice—men who were at war with their fellow-men, and had need of temporary concealment.

The building was reported to be well suited to the purpose for which it was employed. It had as many exits as windows: one into the Almonry, which lay at the back—another into Tothill Street, a third over the roof, to which a cord was secured, ready to be dropped at a moment's notice, into a dark, narrow alley. Down this cord an active man could easily descend, if closely pursued.

Never were any two human beings more unlike than Martha Quin and her grandfather: the latter we have described. The former still retained traces of great beauty, although the early bloom of youth had long since faded. Her hair and eyes were dark; her figure well-formed and graceful. There was a report that her mother had been of the gipsy race—perhaps it was merely the gossip of the neighbors.

Martha was as much beloved and pitied as her grandfather was hated and feared. Her appearance conveyed the impression of a person prematurely old, who had never known a childhood. Those who had known her longest had never seen her dressed in anything but a coarse stuff gown, of a sombre hue, something between the color of a rusty pall and a very dark brown.

It was little that the meek, quiet-looking creature could give to the poor around her—but that little she gave freely, and the gift was invariably accompanied by kind words which enhanced its value. She seldom left the house, unless in the absence of the old man, to see some neighbor who was ill; and even then her visits were made in fear and trembling, lest he should return before she got back again. Pleasure was a word of which she scarcely knew the meaning—she had never had a day's pleasure in her life.

Although so submissive in her appearance that the expression amounted almost to apathy, a physiognomist might have discovered a latent energy in the occasional flashes of her dark eye—a passion which, like the volcano, slept, but was not extinct. Many persons wondered why Peter Quin—who certainly appeared fond of his grand-daughter—did not employ a servant, and permit her to dress and visit like other people. The cause was plain enough to those who knew him intimately. He never parted with a shilling, even for the necessities of life, but it was like a drop of blood wrung from his heart; and, for many reasons, it would not have suited the old man to have had the eyes of a stranger to spy on his proceedings.

It was about eight in the evening, on the first of September—exactly a year after the death of Edward Trevanian. The shutters of the little parlor and office—for it served the purposes of both—were closed, and the old man was seated at his desk, busily occupied, by the light of a single candle, in examining the pages of a huge ledger lying open before him. The writing was a singular mixture of hieroglyphics and what the French call *argal*—a language peculiar to the knights of the road, burglars, and other desperate characters.

His attention was aroused by a single knock at the street door. He raised his head and listened; then drew from his fob an old-fashioned gold repeater, and regarded the hour.

"A quarter-past eight!" he muttered; "it can't be the man I expect!"

The knock was repeated with considerable vigor—the visitor evidently began to feel impatient—and the light step of his grand-daughter was heard in the passage.

"Do not undo the chain, Martha!" exclaimed Peter, in a loud tone; let me know who it is first!"

In a few minutes she entered the room, and informed him that a stranger wished to see him.

"Did he give his name?" demanded her grandfather.

She silently placed a piece of paper upon the table before him. On it was written, in a disguised hand, the words, "Southwell, 1793—five hundred pounds."

The agent reflected for a few minutes, then tapped his wrinkled forehead, as if he had suddenly recollected the circumstance to which the date and money referred, and told his grand-daughter that he would see the gentleman.

"Gentleman!" repeated Martha, in a tone of surprise. "He has not much the appearance of one, although his language denoted a person of superior

education. He addressed me as if I had been a servant: not that I wonder at that!" she added, with a sigh, at the same time glancing at her faded dress. The old man only smiled.

"In this world," he said, "we must not judge by appearances. Admit him! Yet, stay—I will go myself, to prevent mistakes!"

He took the solitary candle from the table and shuffled from the room, followed by the woman, who was too much accustomed to the singular character of his visitors to express much surprise. Still, somehow or other, she did feel an universal curiosity respecting the business which brought the stranger to the house.

(On reaching the door, Peter Quin saw a tall man, wrapped in an old camelot cloak, his hat drawn closely over his brow, standing as near to the half-opened entrance as possible, evidently with the wish to avoid observation.

"You desired to speak with me?" said the old man.

"Yes—that is if you are the same Peter Quin who at the date referred to in my paper served me in a certain affair."

"I am that same Peter Quin!" replied the agent, dropping the chain to admit his visitor, whom he conducted into the little parlor as soon as he had again secured the door.

"You may leave us, Martha," he observed; "I will let the gentleman out myself."

"Should he whom you expect arrive, what am I to say?"

"He will not be here this hour!" exclaimed the old man, looking at his watch; "and by that time we shall doubtless have finished our conversation. Should it prove otherwise, tell him I will see him in the morning."

"The stranger must be a client of importance!" mentally observed the woman, as she withdrew; "it is not often that he breaks an appointment with the captain!"

"You recollect me?" said the stranger, as soon as he and the agent were by themselves.

"Perfectly!" answered Peter Quin; "and the business you employed me upon! It was a bad affair, although you paid me liberally! The man I employed, not content with obtaining the leaf from the register, took the communion plate from the church. So large a reward was offered, that I was compelled to supply him with the means of quitting the country. It ought to have been more!" he added, fretfully; "double the sum, at least!"

"Should you prove willing to assist me now," observed his mysterious visitor, "the sum I am willing to pay may make up for your loss. I am ready to come down liberally!"

The eyes of the agent sparkled. Gold was his god, and he was at all times ready to worship those who were able to minister to his avarice. Yet, with his usual cunning, he affected to appear indifferent, and muttered something about his having withdrawn from business—of course merely with the intention of enhancing the value of his services.

"In that case," said the gentleman, rising, "I must seek some other agent!"

"No—no!" exclaimed Peter, hastily. "I will do anything rather than disoblige an old client! Besides, you know that you can trust me! This old head of mine," he added, touching his wrinkled brow, "is the depository of strange and curious secrets! I could set half London by the ears—but I am close! What is it you require?"

"The abduction of an infant!" replied his visitor, lowering his tone. "It will prove no very difficult affair, since it belongs to exceedingly poor people, who reside in a lone cottage in a distant part of the country."

"The abduction only?" demanded Peter, with a furtive glance at his visitor. "Nothing more?"

"Nothing—except that you find some person who for a certain sum will take charge of the child, bring it up as their own, and ask no questions."

"And where is this infant?"

"That you shall know," answered the stranger, "when we have arranged the conditions and the sum. Are you willing to undertake what I require?"

"I am!" replied the agent. "Had you required more than the abduction of the infant, I would have had nothing to do with it; the eyes of justice are sharper than they were, and I am getting old—very old—and must begin to think of settling my affairs with heaven! It is very merciful," he added, in an anxious tone; "and I have not been more wicked than the rest of the world! We must all live!"

A haughty smile flitted over the lips of the stranger, as he heard the old rascal attempt palliating to his conscience the career of crime and villany he had run.

"Your price, man?" he muttered, impatiently; "your price?"

If Peter Quin was a slow hand at striking a bargain, he was a very sure one. It was not his usual practice to name at once the precise sum for which he would undertake the lawless deeds so frequently required of him; he liked to dwell upon the difficulties, the chances, the risks—and so gradually prepare those who employed him for his exorbitant demand before he made it; but, having once made, it was a principle with him never to swerve from it.

"It is a difficult thing to find agents now," he began, "whom you can trust—and I am too old to go myself! Is there likely to be any great stir made in the matter?"

"No—the parents are poor."

"Then something will depend upon the distance and the time—you have no idea, sir, how unreasonable men have grown: in my young days, they thought less of risking their necks than they do now of simple transportation—and yet I am told it is a very healthy country that they send them to!"

"I have no time to waste in such discussions!" observed his visitor angrily, at the same time rising from his chair; "these are matters for your consideration—not mine! I did not come to huxter with you! For the last time, your price?"

"One thousand pounds!" slowly pronounced the agent; "the sum is a large one, but you can afford to pay it!"

"How do you know?" demanded the gentleman, in a tone of alarm.

The old man smiled, but remained silent. There were few who employed him to whose name and station he did not contrive to obtain some clue.

"It matters but little whether I can afford it or not," continued the speaker, convinced by a moment's reflection that the means he had taken to prevent the discovery of his position in life had been impenetrable, "since I must pay it!"

Peter breathed a sigh of satisfaction—for he began to fear that he had overshot his mark by the exorbitancy of his demand.

"The sum you name must include everything!" observed the stranger.

"Everything!"

"And you engage to provide—respectably, of course—for the child?"

"Yes."

"How is it to be paid?"

"Five hundred down, and five hundred a week after the abduction," answered the agent, after a pause. "I say a week, because it may not be quite convenient for you to visit me sooner; but it must not exceed that term!"

"What if it should?"

"The child would be restored to its friends, and the first five hundred, consequently, might as well have been thrown into the Thames."

The bargain of infamy and crime was struck. Before leaving the house, the man, whose manners and language so ill accorded with his appearance, counted down upon the desk of Peter Quin five hundred pounds, in small notes and gold.

The agent secretly smiled at the precaution. Had he written him a cheque for the amount upon his banker, it would not have made him better acquainted with his name than he was already.

"And now," he said, after counting the money and securing it in his desk, "the name of the place?"

The stranger whispered it in his ear.

"Good," said Peter, writing it down; "and the child's?"

It was imparted in the same cautious manner.

The wrinkles on the brow of the man of many secrets became suddenly deeper when he heard it, and he looked at his visitor reproachfully, as if he had over-reached him in the bargain he had made.

"He thinks he has deceived me," he muttered, as he carefully fastened the street door, after the departure of the stranger; "so rich, and yet so mean! But there is no honesty left in the world!"

On returning to the parlor, he carefully drew the bolts; then, stooping under the table, with some difficulty raised one of the boards of the floor, and drew from a recess beneath a heavy iron casket, which he opened with a key suspended by a ribbon attached to his watch-chain.

"It is the same name!" he exclaimed; "my recollection did not deceive me. Peter Quin has a head as long as his own! They must play well who shuffle the cards with me. A good day's work," he added, with a chuckle—an excellent day's work! A thousand down, and the infant in my hands!"

A knock was again heard at the street door. The casket was quickly replaced, and the old man prepared to receive his new visitor, whom Martha had

spoken of as the captain. He was a tall, handsome, reckless-looking man, apparently about thirty years of age. As he swaggered into the room, he attempted to chuck the agent's grand-daughter under the chin. The woman drew back with unmistakable signs of aversion.

"Go to your room, Martha!" exclaimed the old man, angrily; "I will let the captain out myself." She instantly disappeared, as if happy at the release.

"Peter, my old friend," exclaimed the ruffian, in a swaggering tone, "you are too sharp with that poor girl. It is time you thought of procuring her a husband."

"Yourself, captain," replied the agent, sarcastically.

"And why not? My family—"

"Bah!" interrupted Peter, "what do I care for family? The worst men I have ever known have boasted of the best blood in England in their veins. Martha must never marry whilst I live," he added. "I'll have no son-in-law to pry into my affairs, worm out my secrets, and—"

"Hang his father-in-law!" exclaimed the ruffian, with a laugh, "in order to get his wife's fortune. You are right, old Plintus—quite right."

The grandfather of Martha bit his lips and scowled fearfully.

"I should be beforehand with him," he said, deliberately; "for there are few men who visit here whom I could not consign to the gallows! If my limbs are feeble, my head is not. My brain is as active as ever. I should like to see the man," he added, with a peculiar expression, "who would attempt it!"

Perhaps the captain thought that the threat was levelled at himself, for he instantly changed the subject, and they at once proceeded to the business which had brought them together.

As it merely concerned the disposal of some plate and jewels, which the visitor of Peter Quin said he had unexpectedly inherited, we shall not trouble our readers with the detail of their interview. The old man had them at his own price. It was astonishing the vast amount of property he had purchased of the same party on the same terms. But then, as the gentleman stated, he was a man of excellent and extensive family connections. One relative or another was always dying, leaving him similar legacies.

This last transaction closed Peter Quin's accounts for the night. After carefully making his rounds, to assure himself that every window and door was secure, he read a chapter in the Bible, and retired to rest; for, as he observed to the stranger, he was getting an old man, and it was time he began to think of making up his accounts with heaven. Somehow or another, he never contrived to balance them; the summing up was fearfully against him.

Great was the astonishment in Farnsfield when it became generally known that Therese and Charles Graham were about to be united in marriage. Mrs. Franklin and the Misses Shark pronounced the young organist to be mad. The part Dr. Bennet took in the affair excited great animadversion, for he was not only to act as father of the bride, but the wedding breakfast was to be prepared at his house.

The kind-hearted man openly declared that his only regret was, he had not a daughter to officiate as bride's-maid on the occasion, and thereby give a yet more convincing proof of the esteem in which he held the long-slandered, patiently-enduring girl, whose character he so zealously vindicated, that many persons began to ask themselves if they had not been misled by appearances, and judged her too harshly.

Bitter were the regrets and self-reproaches of Stephen Franklin at having listened to the evil counsels of his mother—who, as a matter of course, refused to be convinced. Dr. Bennet, she declared, ought to be ashamed of himself for standing up as he did for the reputation of such a worthless hussy, who had disgraced not only herself but the whole parish.

On the morning appointed for the ceremony, the kind-hearted physician called at the cottage in his carriage, to convey Therese and Mary Page to the church: both were simply but handsomely dressed. The poor, sensitive girl would willingly have declined such a compliment—she knew the envious remarks it would excite; her faithful nurse, on the contrary, gloried in it, thinking it would give the lie to the evil reports against her dear young mistress.

"Courage, my own sweet Therese!" fondly whispered the young organist in her ear, as he left the cottage to walk to the church; "a few hours will see you in your own quiet home in Mansfield! Would it were a palace, for your sake!"

"I have one already," observed the bride, blushing deeply; "your true heart, Charles! I once told you that it was gold—pure gold—and it has not deceived me."

"Nor ever will!" exclaimed the physician; "but away with you, you happy rascal!" he added, with a good-humored smile. "I saw the rector last night, and he promised to be punctual. It is nearly the hour! You must make haste, or your bride will be at the church before you!"

Charles needed no second hint; but, snatching a kiss—which his future wife did not appear deeply offended at—hastened from the cottage, with a heart overflowing with happiness; for the dream of his boyhood, the hope of his manhood, was all but accomplished: a few minutes would make him the husband of the woman he adored.

Everything was prepared for their departure: Mary Page had seen to that. Little Fanny was left in the charge of the landlady, during her temporary absence to officiate as bridesmaid to her young mistress.

The church was crowded by the female portion of the parishioners. Many a comment was made as Dr. Bennet led the trembling Therese from his carriage to the altar. Some blamed him; those who judged more charitably of his conduct, praised him.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, several of her former companions advanced to the railings of the altar, and congratulated her: the tardy reparation of their former coldness was received kindly, but sadly.

As Charles Graham led his wife triumphantly down the centre aisle of the church, they passed the pew in which Mrs. Franklin and the Misses Shark were sitting: the lawyer's daughters tossed their heads and tittered diabolically—yet they had not been above pressing in with the rest, to witness the marriage; but curiosity got the better of their gentility.

The eyes of Dr. Bennet sparkled angrily as he noticed how deeply their insulting manner had pained the bride.

"She is a lucky girl, to have got a husband at last!" observed Mrs. Franklin, quite loud enough to be heard by those around her.

"Your son would have been only too glad to have had her!" retorted Mary Page; "but, she refused him—knowing the life she would lead with such a mother-in-law!"

Poor Therese trembled violently. The physician advanced to her side, and took her by the hand.

"I am glad," he said, looking at the same time at Mrs. Franklin, "that this evil-minded, malicious woman has given me the occasion of stating publicly—what I have more than once declared in private—my knowledge of your innocence! I am an old man," he added, "known to you all—and here, in the temple of Him whose attribute is truth, I aver that the child whose parentage caused the unjust suspicions of her father, and has excited the scandal of the neighborhood, is not the child of Therese Moore, now the wife of Charles Graham! I attended its mother at its birth, was the first who heard its helpless cry, and am ready at any time to make oath of my assertion! Persevere, Therese," he added, "in the path of duty and virtue, as you have hitherto done; and if, after this solemn declaration, any are found still evil-minded enough to slander you, console yourself with the conviction that they do so from malice and envy of everything which is pure and noble—that God in His own good time will confound their wickedness, and manifest your innocence triumphantly to the world!"

Poor Therese! she had only sufficient strength left to raise the hand of the noble champion of truth to her lips, when she fainted in the arms of her husband.

Mrs. Franklin and the Misses Shark left the church covered with confusion at being thus publicly reproved and pointed out. The lawyer afterwards threatened an action, but eventually thought better of it.

As they quitted the sacred edifice, several hisses accompanied their exit.

CHAPTER XII.

THE old widow, at whose cottage Therese and her faithful servant, Mary Page, had taken up their temporary abode, could not resist the natural desire which she felt of being present at the marriage of her lodger. In fact, we might say both her lodgers, since Charles Graham, for many years previous to his removal from Farnsfield, had known no other home than the one her humble roof afforded.

At first she thought of taking little Fanny with her, but fearing lest its appearance might cause some unpleasant feeling to the bride and bridegroom, or

give rise to additional scandal amongst the gossips of the village, she considerably abandoned that part of her design; and, calling in a neighbour's child—a girl about twelve years old, named Kate Barnes—she confided the infant to her care, with strict injunctions not to leave the house till her return.

Kate promised, and the dame started without the slightest anticipation of evil, to witness the ceremony at the church.

In something less than half an hour after her departure, a horseman rode up to the door of the cottage, dismounted, and, fastening his rein to the little rustic porch, strode into the kitchen, where Kate was sitting with her charge upon her knee.

Without knowing why, the child began to feel alarmed at the intrusion of the stranger, whom she afterwards described as a tall, dark man, dressed in a riding suit of grey cloth, with boots drawn over his knees, and armed with a heavy hunting-whip.

"Is that the child of Theresa Graham?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir!" faltered the youthful nurse.

Without a second word he snatched the infant from her arms, and began to envelope it in a large shawl, which he took from the cradle, keeping his eyes all the while fixed with a menacing expression upon Kate, who sat regarding him without daring to utter a word.

When the ruffian had thus far accomplished his design, he drew a pistol from his belt and deliberately levelled it at the head of the little nurse.

"If you quit your seat, or attempt to give an alarm," he exclaimed, with a fearful oath, "I will return and shoot you! Do you mark me?"

"Yes—yes, sir?" shrieked the terrified girl.

Still further to impress his threat upon the child, he seized her rudely by the arm, and was about to repeat his menace, when Kate closed her eyes and fell, senseless, from her seat.

"All right!" he muttered, catching up the infant in his arms, and retreating to the door.

The next instant the clatter of his horse's hoofs was heard, as he galloped at a furious pace over the green and dashed up the road to Mansfield.

When the dame returned to the cottage, after witnessing the marriage, she found Kate, who had recovered her senses, sobbing and crying piteously. It was some time before the astonished woman could draw from her an account of what had taken place: when she at last comprehended the loss of her charge, her consternation and grief, to say the least of it, equalled the poor girl's.

"What would Therese say? Such an outrage had never before been heard of in Farnsfield!"

With a heavy heart she directed her steps towards the house of Dr. Bennet, where, as we before stated, the wedding-breakfast was to be held. The worthy physician was a magistrate, and, like most of the inhabitants of Farnsfield, the good dame placed unbounded confidence in his sagacity and penetration. He would ferret the ruffian out, she felt assured, if any man could.

With prudent forethought she took the still trembling Kate with her—for, so strange was the story she had to tell, that without the presence of her witness she doubted whether it would be believed.

The bridal party had been some time seated at the table of the hospitable and benevolent man, when his old housekeeper entered the room and informed him that his presence was required in the surgery. Her master saw from her manner that something serious had occurred, and, ever prompt at the call of humanity and suffering, rose to follow her.

"God bless him!" exclaimed Charles, as he left the room; "he is the poor man's friend! Dear Therese, how nobly he vindicated your conduct in the church! How his words must have confounded your enemies! They will never dare to breathe a word against the purity they have outraged again! It would be a blasphemy, alike against truth and heaven."

His bride smiled faintly. She shared his gratitude to her defender, but not his confidence in the result. Bitter experience had taught her that slander, if it has not the heads of the hydra, possesses at least as many tongues—for every one that was silenced a dozen would wag against her. When Dr. Bennet returned, his countenance was exceedingly pale and agitated; he was evidently laboring under some unusual excitement.

"My dear children," he said, taking a hand of each; "It is perhaps wisely ordained that happiness in this world never should be perfect! It would link our hearts too closely to earth for us to direct our thoughts to heaven! I have received intelligence which I fear will throw a damp upon our joy—intelligence which you must learn!"

Charles fixed his eyes anxiously upon the speaker,



MARTHA'S APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE CHILD.

and involuntarily threw his arm around his bride, as if to shield her from some vague danger or approaching sorrow.

"My father!" faltered Therese; whose thoughts had reverted frequently during the day to her deceived and cruel parent.

"The news does not affect him!"

"Thank heaven," murmured the poor girl, "I can endure all else! You do not know," she added, with a melancholy smile, "how the heart becomes strengthened by being made familiar with sorrow!"

Her husband pressed her passionately to his breast, and mentally vowed that it should be the study of his life to guard her future days from its corroding cares.

In sunshine and in gloom the poor musician nobly kept his promise. The abduction of her niece was a cruel blow to Therese—it fell with two-fold force arriving on her wedding-day. She knew not to whom to attribute an act for which she was at a loss to divine a motive. She loved the motherless infant as tenderly as if it had been her own. It was the image of her dead sister, and gave promise of inheriting her fatal beauty as well as her misfortunes!

It was in vain that Dr. Bennet used every exertion to discover the ruffian who had carried off the child. The scheme had been too artfully planned and too skillfully executed. The fellow was traced as far as Nottingham, where he had hired the powerful roan horse on which he had travelled to Farnsfield. There the clue was broken: not even the large reward of a hundred pounds—which the physician benevolently offered—induced those who must have been in his confidence to betray the trust reposed in them.

Although neither Therese nor her husband entertained the least suspicion of the authors of the outrage, their constant friend was not without his ideas upon the subject, but he prudently kept them to himself. Without the slightest proof or probability to offer, he felt that it would have been folly on his part to have made them known.

"God will discover them," he said, as he handed the weeping Therese to the chaise which was to convey her to her future home at Mansfield, "in his own good time!"

"Could it have been my father?" exclaimed the disconsolate bride, struck by a sudden hope. "He loved the infant, and in his desolation might—"

The physician shook his head. Whoever the perpetrator of the act might ultimately prove to be, he felt assured that it was not the blind old adjutant. Had the angry soldier known that Fanny was the daughter of his favorite child, perhaps the convictions of the doctor might have been different.

"Poor girl!" he muttered, as the chaise drove off; "sorrow seems to have marked her for its own—seldom has a life so young and pure been clouded with such misfortunes. She has sacrificed her happiness nobly, and without a murmur—heaven will one day reward her!"

The words of the speaker proved prophetic; but years were destined to elapse before the sunshine he predicted dawned upon her declining years—but we must not anticipate.

CHAPTER XIII.

Do to the office of a neighbor
And be a gossip at his labor. BUTLER.

For many years Mike Tippin, the sexton and beadle of Farnsfield, had prided himself on being the chronicler of the few events of any note which occurred in the parish. In addition to his own personal observation and knowledge, he had inherited many traditions and facts from his father, who filled both offices before him. The scenes which had taken place in the church on the marriage of Therese had set him thinking, and, instead of adjourning—as was his usual custom—to the village ale house, he amused himself by making a tour in the churchyard—a sure sign with those who knew him that he had either something upon his mind, or was occupied with some project. On such occasions the churchyard was his study, and the grave-stones the books which he consulted; after which observation we need scarcely add, that the range of his feelings and plans were strictly local—Mike knew nothing of the world beyond his parish.

The old man had taken several turns under the stately row of elms which bordered the pathway to the church, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a stranger sitting on the steps of the Trevanian monument.

It was a man apparently much older than himself—for his head was bowed with age—and the thin locks of long hair which were visible from beneath his broad beaver, fell like a snow wreath upon the collar of his black riding coat.

Notwithstanding his being most respectably dressed, the stranger produced anything but a favorable impression upon Mike, who—although he had never so much as heard of the name of Lavater, was a disciple of the great physiognomist in his own peculiar way—he did not like either his bushy, overhanging eyebrows, or the cold grey eyes which peered beneath. The wrinkles upon the forehead above were too close and interlaced—the sexton mentally compared them to a net-work whose meshes had been woven by the hand of sin; but it

was the mouth which particularly displeased him—it expressed cunning, avarice and cruelty. The first question the sexton asked himself was, Who can he be? The next, What can he want? for he felt convinced that it was not without a motive that the stranger had visited the churchyard, and sat peering at him from under his hat so earnestly.

Mike prided himself upon tact: he was too skillful to betray his game by showing his cards, or in other words, to let the remarkable looking personage know that he had excited his curiosity, by being the first to address him. He therefore continued his walk, stopping occasionally to replace the osier band which had escaped from some humble turf-bound grave.

The object of curiosity at last arose from his seat, and, leaning upon a very handsome gold-headed cane, advanced slowly towards him.

"I have him!" mentally ejaculated Mike.

"A fine old church!" observed the stranger.

"Very, sir!" replied the sexton, in a tone of affected indifference—as if he did not care to be interrupted in his meditations; "many persons come to Farnsfield to see it, but I have known it man, and boy, for more than sixty years."

"You are a native of this place then?"

The old man explained to him the offices which he held in the parish.

"You can inform me," continued the querist, "whose monument it is that I have been examining?"

"Wants to know something about the Trevanians!" said Mike, mentally—at the same time resolving to be exceedingly cautious.

"Yes, sir!" he replied, "it belongs to one of our old families—indeed, I may say, the very oldest in the country: there is scarcely a nook in the church which has not some stone or tablet with the name of Trevanian!"

"Trevanian!" repeated the stranger; "I have heard of the family before. I remember, when a boy, to have heard of Sir John Trevanian—but he must have been dead many years since. Do you recollect him?"

"I ought!" exclaimed Mike; "I assisted to bury him. He was the father of the present baronet—a gay, reckless man, who kept open house; but he was not the worst of his name," he added; "he has been dead nearly forty years. They are a singular race, and seldom live to be very old!"

The monument, I perceive, has been lately opened?"

To be continued.

By the character of those whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed.

Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGENT OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 48.)

"The spirits are vexed!" muttered the aged dreamer, still looking steadfastly in the glass; "they will not answer me! Perhaps the earthly toils and cares which oppress me have dimmed my intellectual vision. Patience—patience! I must commence again!"

The doctor, after performing sundry genuflections before the mirror, which was set in an ebony frame, and stood upon the table before him, began to chant a species of invocation in the Latin tongue. He had not got beyond the second, or at most the third line, when he was interrupted by a gentle knocking at the door—on hearing which he suddenly broke off; and, after veiling his mirror, as the catholics sometimes veil their shrines, he called to the intruder to come in.

A lean and withered old woman, whom poverty had induced to accept the office of domestic with the much dreaded conjurer, entered the room.

"Well, Maude!" said the master, "is he come?"

"Not the one you expect," replied the servant; "but there is another at the gate, demanding to see you."

"Not to-night!" interrupted Dr. Dee, hastily; "not to-night!"

"I told him so, but he would not be persuaded. 'Tell your master,' he said, 'that were the spirits of evil in council with him, he must see me! I am not one of those who descend to visit twice!'"

The astrologer paused and reflected for a few moments, then asked, "what sort of person the stranger was?"

"Tall," was the reply.

"Would you judge him noble?"

"Doubtless!" replied the woman, bitterly; "for he is proud and scornful! He called me beldame—hag—and spoke of you as little better than the fiend himself! Be careful, master," added the speaker, in a kinder tone, "how you admit that man! He has armed lackeys in waiting—I saw them, with their horses drawn in a line, under the church wall!"

"What should I fear?" demanded the doctor, calmly.

The woman made no reply; probably she did not like to hint at the possibility of the visitor being no other than the arch-fiend himself.

"Admit him!" said her master. "I will see this man."

In a few minutes, a tall and rather robust personage, enveloped in a riding cloak, which completely covered his dress, made his appearance. His hat was drawn closely over his brow, and, still further to conceal himself, he wore a mask of black velvet.

"Be seated, my Lord of Leicester!" said Dr. Dee, without raising his eyes from the glass, the contemplation of which he had recommenced; "you visit me at an untimely hour, but come not unexpected!"

"How may that be?" demanded the earl, at once laying aside his *incognito*; "since three hours ago I myself dreamed not of such a step!"

The astrologer smiled, and pointed to his glass.

"Perhaps," said the favorite, "you can tell the object of my visit?"

"I could guess it," was the reply, "without the aid of science. Deal plainly with me, my lord," he added, "and briefly; for the hour I have long and anxiously waited for is fleeting fast. The conjunction of the planets will soon be favorable."

"I would have an answer to three questions, for which I am ready to pay your price," observed the earl; "though it should exceed the ransom of a knight."

"Propose your questions, my lord."

"Will the queen ever marry? That is the first."

"Good!" said the astrologer, writing it down.

"And if she does, who will be her husband?"

The second question was written like the first.

"My last question is," continued Leicester, "perhaps the most important of the three; for it touches a forbidden question."

"The succession?" whispered Dr. Dee.

His visitor nodded in the affirmative.

"Speak boldly, my lord, and clearly, said the aged charlatan; "there are no eavesdroppers in my house; neither, if my answers are to be explicit, must there be any ambiguity between us."

"Well, then!" exclaimed the earl, "I will deal plainly. I wish to know the sex and birth of her

majesty's successor. To your craft, Dr. Dee; and here is your recompense."

With these words he cast a heavily-filled purse upon the table. The eyes of the astrologer sparkled at the chink of the yellow metal, although he did not otherwise appear to notice the action of his visitor.

"Will you regard the mirror, yourself?" he demanded. "The question, if favorable, will be answered by the one once dearest to you."

"No!" hastily answered the earl, with a shudder. Perhaps his thoughts were of his murdered wife. "I can trust to you."

Dr. Dee seated himself, and began to consult his mirror.

"Speak not!" he said, addressing Leicester in a warning tone; "for those are gathering near who must hear no voice save mine! Be silent as your hopes—as the grave!"

The charm which the arrival of this visitor had interrupted was resumed. After its termination, the old man remained for at least ten minutes with his eyes intently fixed upon the magic glass. Gradually his features became convulsed, and drops of perspiration trickled down his wrinkled forehead. Leicester began to feel alarmed—still the injunction of the magician was too powerfully impressed upon him to permit him to speak.

With a deep sigh Dr. Dee at last fell back in his chair, as if exhausted with the efforts he had made.

The earl, unable any longer to conceal his anxiety, rose from his seat and would have approached the mirror, when the voice of the astrologer restrained him.

"Beware, my lord!" he faltered; "the sight will kill you!"

"Was it so terrible?"

Dee shuddered, as with horror at the recollection of it.

"Speak, man!" exclaimed the favorite, violently excited; "I am no girl to start at shadows, or shrink from evil fortune! What say the spirits?"

"Propose your questions, my lord," said the old man, "and I will answer them, even as the spirits answered me."

"'Tis well," replied the ambitious seeker of futurity. "Will her majesty, Queen Elizabeth, ever become a wife?"

"Within three months—or never," said the old man. "During that time Venus will shine propitious in the house of life—but Virgo is coy."

"Should she marry, who will be her husband?"

"A subject!" answered the astrologer, boldly. "For it is revealed to me that the daughter of the Tudors shall never mix her lineage with one of royal birth. Hence her struggles and vacillations between pride and love!"

"But love will prevail—will it not?" demanded the favorite, his features flushed with triumph.

"The spirit said not that," observed the old astrologer. "I dare not force a wrong construction of its works!"

The answers, like most answers given under similar circumstances, left a loop-hole for the prophet to save his reputation, should the result not correspond with his prediction. But Leicester was too much excited to observe it; already in imagination he felt himself a king. He was no less credulous than ambitious.

"To my last, and not least important question," resumed the earl. "Will the successor of Elizabeth be a male or female sovereign?"

"A male one, my lord!"

"So much for the fortunes of Mary Stuart!" thought the peer.

"More," continued Dr. Dee: "he will be the son of a queen and a subject, born in wedlock; but great difficulties will attend the union of his parents."

Leicester was more than satisfied. Although the prediction applied exactly to the infant just born to the Queen of Scots, in his vanity he chose to interpret it his own way. His would be the son, and its mother Elizabeth. How frequently do mankind deceive themselves into the belief of what they wish.

The Earl of Leicester drew from his finger a rich jewel, and, throwing it upon the table near to the bag of gold, thanked the learned doctor for the service he had rendered him. The astrologer bowed humbly, and himself conducted his visitor to the gate of his little garden, where a page was holding his horse. The high-spirited animal was pawing the ground, impatient for the arrival of his master. As the servant had described, half a dozen valets, well armed, were drawn up under the wall of the old church.

"Go to, for an ambitious knave!" muttered the old man, as the party rode off. "Ill befall the day,

should the crown of England dishonor itself by an alliance with the blood of Dudley, the extortioner! They say Henry hanged his grandfather unjustly; but that is no reason," he added, "why Elizabeth should bestow her hand and sceptre upon his descendant!"

"None in the least!" whispered a deep voice near him.

The astrologer started, and partially drew from his girdle a weapon, which he invariably carried.

"Tush, man! Be not so ready with your dagger!" said the speaker, carelessly. "It is only an old acquaintance!"

Dr. Dee raised the torch he carried in his hand, and recognised the calm, austere countenance of Cecil.

CHAPTER XLI.

Vex not my soul with unquiet words, my lords!
My mind's resolved—fixed as the word of fate!
No eloquence can shake it.

ISLAND QUEEN.

As may be supposed, the subtle Cecil was not long before he obtained from Dr. Dee the full particulars of his interview with the Earl of Leicester.

"You have acted wisely!" he said. "The hope wherewith you have filled the coxcomb's brain will urge him to join the opposition in the House of Peers, who press for the queen's marriage. Her majesty will scarce forgive him for it!"

"Truly," observed the astrologer, "she is as tenacious of her royal prerogative as ever her royal father was!"

"True, doctor!" said the statesman. "Woe to him that wakes her wrath by touching it!"

"My lord," said the old man, after a pause, "you are one of those round whom the policy of kingdoms turn; and yet you have not, with all your cunning, considered one little obstacle to the downfall of the Earl of Leicester—that he alone, of all who brave her anger, in urging Elizabeth to declare her successor, or marry, has a fair claim for her indulgence! He can plead love as his excuse; others, ambition only, or the interests of their party!"

"You do not know her!" observed Cecil. "She will never give her hand to Leicester! The death of his wife has rendered him infamous!"

"Then," answered Dr. Dee, with conviction, "her majesty will never marry!"

On the following day, when parliament assembled, both houses addressed her majesty, and solicited her to appoint a successor to her crown, or yield to the wishes of her nation, and marry.

Elizabeth received the joint deputation seated on her throne in the Palace of St. James. Never before had those around her seen her so determined in manner—so thoroughly roused—so like her despotic father.

"Attend to your own duties, my lords and citizens!" she exclaimed; "and I will look to mine! A successor! Am I so old or so unwise, that I should dig my own grave, and give treason a rallying point? Never! You have treated me," she added, as you durst not have treated my father!"

Deputation upon deputation succeeded, but still the answer was the same. The protestant party, stirred up by Leicester, who vainly hoped to force the queen into a marriage, were resolute. The commons, with an unusual spirit of independence, passed a vote that the subsidies should be incorporated with a bill naming a successor to the crown, in the event of Elizabeth's dying without children. The measure did not shake her. She wrote the following memorandum at the foot of the bill, when presented to her:

"I know no reason why any of my private answers to the realm should serve for prologue to a subsidy vote; neither yet do I understand why such audacity should be used to make without my licence an act of my words. Are my words like lawyer's books, which now-a-days go to the wire-drawers, to make subtle doings more plain? Is there no hold of my speech without an act to compel me to confirm? Shall my princely consent be turned to strengthen my words, that be not of themselves substantives? Say no more at this time; but if these fellows—we fear she meant the members of the House of Commons by this irrelevant word *fellows*—were well answered, and paid with lawful coin, there would be no fewer counterfeits among them!"

But Elizabeth was too wise to remain at variance with the representation of the nation; she sent for a considerable number of the members of either House, and remonstrated privately with them.

Her argument was, that it was not for her own honor, or the dignity of the crown, that she should be forced into a measure which she disliked, or a

hasty, ill-considered marriage. That she had made no vow of celibacy; and, doubtless, in due time, would satisfy the prayer of her people.

"Parliament, my lords and gentlemen," she said, "have declared their willingness to grant me an extra subsidy, provided I name a successor to my throne; now half the sum they propose will content me. The money is as well in the pockets of my subjects as in my exchequer; as for the rest, leave me to my own time. Doubtless I shall content ye speedily one way or the other."

This condescension of the sovereign, who was so popular, was not without its effect; for the Houses immediately granted her majesty the usual grant of one-fiftieth and one-tenth from the people, and four shillings in the pound from the clergy, without any conditions being annexed to it.

When informed by Cecil of the result of her diplomacy, Elizabeth smiled. She had outwitted both houses; the subsidy was all she required.

When the deputation waited upon her, the royal virgin received them somewhat disgraciously.

"We thank you for the supplies," she said, "and shall be careful of their use; and now, my lords and gentlemen, return to your several counties—we have no further occasion for such faithful services: we do prorogue you! You may have," she added, "a wiser or better sovereign to reign over you, but one more careful of the general weal you cannot have; but whether I ever live to meet you again, or you are summoned by my successor, beware how you try the patience of your sovereign as you have tried mine!"

With these words she separated from her parliament.

None were more mortified or surprised at the result of the attempt to coerce Elizabeth than her favorite, the Earl of Leicester: his dream of ambition was dissipated, or, if not dissipated, he regarded the aim for which he had intrigued as more remote than ever. For several days the royal virago forbid him her presence.

Cecil triumphed in the disgrace of the haughty, scheming favorite, whose influence frequently counteracted his at the council-board and in the cabinet of their sovereign. At first he deemed his downfall assured; but in one respect, at least, Dr. Dee proved that he knew the character of Elizabeth better than her minister. Her fit of anger did not last long. After a few weeks' anger and humiliation, the earl was restored to favor—nay, more, the rumor again became general, that the queen intended to marry him: they were deceived—she was merely coquetting with his vanity and passion. By this time she had outlived the ardent feelings which, as in the case of the Lord Admiral, led her to risk a crown to gratify her love.

What a strange mixture of vanity, prudence, weakness, and strength, does the character of Elizabeth present! About this time a proclamation was issued, forbidding any one, without the royal licence of her majesty, to paint her portrait, which she insisted should be done without the employment of shade: hence her extraordinary likeness at Hampton Court.

As for the costume of the greatest of England's queens, it was an affair of state. The following extract is from the Royal Wardrobe Book:

"Lost from her majesty's back the 17th of January, anno 10 R. Eliz. at Westminster, one aglet of gold enamelled blue, set upon a gown of purple velvet, the ground satin; the gown set all over with aglets of two sorts, the aglet which is lost being of the bigger sort. Mem., That the 18th of April anno 8 R. Eliz. her majesty wore a hat having a band of gold enamelled with knots, and set with twelve small rubies or garnets, at which time one of the said rubies was lost. Item, Lost from her majesty's back at Willington, the 16th of July, one aglet of gold enamelled white. Item, One pearl and a tassel of gold being lost from her majesty's back, off the French gown of black satin, the 16th of July, at Greenwich."

The same book is filled with similar memoranda; in fact, the losses in jewelry from the person of her majesty were so frequent, that one is almost inclined to suspect the honesty of the courtiers—more especially as not a single entry occurs of one of the pieces of jewel-work ever being found.

CHAPTER XLII.

Alas! that such a stain should fall
From woman's love, more sad than all.
MOORE'S *LOVES OF THE ANGEL'S*.

EARLY in the month of February, 1567, occurred one of those horrible and mysterious events which sully the page of history. Henry Darnley, the Boy-King of Scotland, as he has been contemptuously

called, was foully murdered in the house in which he resided, a short distance from Holyrood, being blown up by gunpowder, a few hours after Mary had paid him an amicable visit. Suspicion not unnaturally pointed to the queen, whom he had fearfully outraged by assisting at the assassination of her favorite secretary, which atrocity was perpetrated in her presence.

Public rumor openly designated the Earl of Bothwell as the actual murderer of the weak-minded husband of his sovereign. His name had long been coupled in a scandalous manner, by the people, with the queen's.

To do Elizabeth justice, in the first impulse of the moment, on hearing of the deed, she wrote, in a manner worthy of her sex and rank, to her unfortunate cousin. Had she always acted towards her with the same noble, generous frankness which pervades this remarkable letter, how different might have been the fate of the unhappy Mary!

"For the love of God, madam," she says, "use such sincerity and prudence in this case, which touches you so nearly, that all the world may have reason to judge you innocent of so enormous a crime—a thing which, unless you do, you will be worthily blotted out from the rank of princesses, and rendered, not undeservedly, the opprobrium of the vulgar; rather than which fate should befall you, I should wish you an honorable sepulchre instead of a stained life."

It is painful to contrast sentiments which honored the heiress of the royal line of Plantagenet with her previous crooked policy touching the marriage of her cousin, or the inveterate malice with which she afterwards persecuted, and ultimately brought her to the block.

Elizabeth for more than two years had detained her own cousin, the Countess of Lennox, mother of the murdered prince, a close prisoner in the Tower, as well as her youngest son, the Lord Charles—the sole ground of their detention being the marriage of her subject, Henry Darnley, without her permission, with the Queen of Scots.

Deeply as she undoubtedly felt the degradation of her cousin Mary, Elizabeth was of too crafty a spirit not to perceive the advantage it gave her over her long-hated rival, and too ungenerous not to use it.

"We must release our prisoners, Cecil!" she said, in a private council with her secretary. The Lennox brood will clamor loudly, and make their griefs known in every court of Europe, for the boy Henry's death. His offence against our crown and dignity be buried with him!"

"You are right your majesty!" replied the wily statesman, bowing low; "a deep sympathy is excited throughout the kingdom for the unfortunate countess and her family. Were parliament assembled, nothing, I feel assured, would restrain the commons from addressing the throne for their release."

A frown, almost amounting to a scowl, rested for an instant on the brow of Elizabeth, who, throughout her long reign, fiercely resented the interference of the legislature in any matter touching either her marriage, the succession, or the policy which she thought proper to adopt towards those who stood in a direct line to the crown.

"If I thought that, she should lie and rot where she is!" exclaimed the royal virago; "we are not to be schooled either by the peers or citizens! God's death! have I forgotten that I am the daughter of Henry the VIII., who once threatened to strike off the head of the speaker of the Commons, when that insolent body refused to pass his bill? I have been too patient with these knaves!"

"Madam," observed the prudent Cecil, "your royal father's title to the throne was not a doubtful one!"

"Doubtful!" repeated Elizabeth, her eyes flashing fire.

"Disputed, I should have said!" added the secretary, correcting himself; "since he united in his own person the inheritance of York and Lancaster. The sovereign authority had not been weakened, as in the reign of your brother Edward, by unwise concession. Parliament, after all," he added, "has proved your majesty's most constant friend. Its prompt recognition ended all dispute upon your sister's death."

His royal mistress was too deeply sensible of this important truth to feel offended at the boldness with which it was uttered.

"Enough for the praters and meddlers at present!" she said, resuming her former good humor, "doubtless, in due time, we shall find the means to bring both Houses to reason! But of our cousin, the Lady Lennox: we persist in our good intentions towards her, and this very day will send one of our ladies of honor—one of our own blood—the Lady

Howard—to break the said intelligence, and console her!"

"To be followed, I trust, madam, by her release and restoration to your royal favor!" said the minister. "In the hands of your majesty she may be made useful! The imprudence of the Queen of Scotland will not end with the death of her husband!"

"What mean you?" demanded Elizabeth, fixing her eyes searchingly upon him.

"She will marry his assassin."

The countenance of the queen became radiant with smiles at the mere possibility of such an imprudent step, which she was astute enough to perceive would place the conduct of Mary in a still more odious light. At this period her desire was to humble and crush her imprudent cousin—render her dependent upon herself for countenance and support against the indignation of her subjects. The block and axe had not yet risen to her view, in the hideous horizon of the future.

"Has the pension of the Lord Murray," she demanded, "been regularly paid?"

Elizabeth knew that it had not, but she was hypocritical even with her confidant, Cecil—who answered that it was in arrears.

"Then let them be paid up, and instantly: the gold may stand him in good service now. We must not act the niggard to our friends. I am grieved, Cecil—much grieved—lest he should deem I have broken faith in him!"

The secretary could scarcely restrain a smile at the transparent duplicity of the speaker—who, to his certain knowledge, had received letter upon letter from the Lord Murray, and others of the Scottish confederates, soliciting the arrears of their pensions, which Elizabeth—not having any immediate necessity for their services—with her customary parsimony, refused to pay. It is doubtful, in fact, if she had ever condescended to notice one of them.

That very night, trusty agents were dispatched to Scotland, charged with the means, as well as secret instructions, to assist the malcontents in every way which the craft or gold of the English sovereign could serve them in.

"Married to Bothwell!" repeated Elizabeth; "married to Darnley's murderer! Should she take that step, she is lost—crown and fame! Thank heaven, with all my weakness, I am still less a woman than a queen! Married to Bothwell! she again murmured with a sinister smile. "Her throne will crumble into ashes! I shall see her a fugitive—perhaps a suppliant at my feet! I should like to see that day!" she added, proudly. "The proverb is not an idle one—'Gare those who touch the crown of the Plantagenets and Tudors!'"

It was late in the evening of the same day before Lady Howard, who had waited for the tide to take water from Westminster, arrived at the Tower, bearing an order from Elizabeth to admit her to the captive Countess of Lennox. She found the illustrious prisoner—who was still in the prime of life—seated near the window of a lofty and not uncomfortably-furnished apartment in the White Tower. Her younger son, Charles—a mere youth—was kneeling by her side, and consoling her.

"From her majesty, the queen!" exclaimed the lieutenant of the Tower, who, out of deference to the birth of the countess and her visitor, had ushered Lady Howard to the presence of his charge.

The two ladies, who had not met for more than a year, embraced, and the officer left the room.

"Ah, Howard!" exclaimed the Countess of Lennox, "this is kind indeed! How few like you inquire the wretched out, to comfort them in misery! But how is this?" she added, glancing at the same time at the costume of her visitor, who wore a kirtle and gown of black taffeta, with black and white *passemmentures*. "In weeds! Has fortune been unkind to you, and robbed you of your life's stay?"

"Not to me!" answered the messenger of Elizabeth, "Although I share the grief of those whose pangs will speak their love when they shall learn their loss!"

"When they shall learn their loss!" repeated the prisoner, her countenance turning pale with the instinctive apprehension of a mother's fears; "Howard, tell me, I implore you, what has happened! My tyrant cousin has not assailed the life or liberty of my husband or my son?"

"No," replied the visitor; "My Lord of Lennox is well—quite well—and likely to be restored to favor. I heard her majesty speak of him this very day with great pity and commendation."

"Pity!" exclaimed Lord Charles, indignantly; "tell your haughty mistress, madam, it is justice, and not pity, that we require at her hands!"

"Peace, Charles!" said his mother, in an affectionate and subdued tone; "we are captives now, and must submit!" Turning to Lady Howard, she added: Let me know the worst! From girlhood I could ever endure misfortune better than suspense. The news you bring touches the welfare of my son, the King of Scotland?"

"Of Lord Henry Darnley," said Lady Howard, who was far too prudent, and too much of a courtier, to give, even in private, a title to the late husband of the Queen of Scots which her royal mistress had not only refused to acknowledge, but commanded never to be pronounced in her presence.

"I say of the King of Scots!" exclaimed Charles Lennox, passionately. "King he is, and king he will remain, despite the red-haired daughter of Anne Boleyn!"

"My boy—my boy!" exclaimed the countess, passionately, her mother's heart at that moment taking but little heed of earthly titles and distinctions; "Henry is ill? For God's sake, Howard, say that he is only ill, and I will bless you!"

Instead of trying to disengage herself from the grasp of the speaker, the messenger of sorrow pressed her yet closer in her arms, and whispered in her ear:

"Alas! there is a son in heaven who prays for his mother in captivity! Mary of Scotland is a widow!"

"Dead! my brother dead!" said the youthful prisoner; "then he has been murdered!"

Lady Howard remained silent.

"Right, boy!" exclaimed the mother, sternly, at the same time dashing aside her tears; "he has been murdered! We will weep for him when we have avenged him: till then it would be mockery! Tell me," she added, turning toward the lady Howard, "who is a mother's lips to curse for this? Who has robbed her of her elder born—the pride of her fond heart? But why do I ask? The daughter of Anne Boleyn reigns in England! May every —"

"Hold!" gravely pronounced the confidant of Elizabeth, interrupting her; "charge not your soul with such injustice! Her majesty has not only expressed the utmost indignation at the atrocious deed, but instructed her ambassador to demand the punishment of the perpetrators. The courtesan," she continued with a hesitating glance, "is, I fear, too highly placed for human justice yet to reach her!"

Name her—name her?" exclaimed both the prisoners.

"Mary Stuart, Queen Regent of Scotland!" was the reply—which from that moment became indelibly impressed upon the heart of the Countess of Lennox, who never could be induced to believe her innocent, but demanded vengeance on her at the hands of Elizabeth to the last.

The impression which the messenger of the queen was intended to convey was clearly made. The same evening Elizabeth sent her own physician, and a divine from her own chapel, to visit her captive cousin, whom a few days afterward she restored to liberty, and apparently to favor.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Gone to be married—false blood to false blood
Join'd. SHAKESPEARE.

THE crowning act of weakness and folly—but we still believe not of guilt—of the unfortunate Mary Stuart's life was her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, who in the eyes of her own subjects, as well as those of Europe, was the murderer of Henry Darnley.

This ill-assorted union was followed by violent commotions in Scotland. Murray and the rebel lords, taking advantage of the queen's unpopularity, at once appealed to arms. The partisans of Mary were few and dispirited; consequently, the contest was neither long nor doubtful. The royal forces were defeated; and, after being exposed to the insults of her rebellious people, Mary Stuart was sent a prisoner to the Castle of Lochleven, where an act of abdication was forced from her by the unmanly violence of Lord Ruthven, who absolutely seized her by the wrist to compel her to write her name.

The resentment of Elizabeth towards her hapless cousin was amply gratified. Her throne was shattered—the crown rent from her brow, and transferred to an infant's, and the government of the country in the hands of Murray and his confederates, who had long been in the pay of England.

But if the hatred of the woman was satisfied, the prudence of the sovereign was alarmed. The example of deposing an independent sovereign, whose title to the possession of her crown had never been disputed, was too near her own doors to be pleasant; and she directed her ambassadors not only to con-

sole the captive queen, but offer, in her name, stern remonstrances to her rebellious subjects.

Throgmorton, who then represented the maiden queen in Scotland, appears to have fulfilled his instructions with zeal and ability.

At the same time, Elizabeth wrote the following letter to the Queen Mother and Regent of France Catharine de Medicis. It was copied from the archives of St. Petersburg, by permission of the present Emperor of Russia, and first published by Miss Agnes Strickland, whose researches and writings reflect an honor both upon her sex and country, especially when the tact and delicacy with which she has treated certain portions of history are considered.

We are proud to offer this tribute of admiration to her labors.

"Oct. 16, 1567.

"Having learned by your letter, madame, of which Monsieur Pasquier is the bearer, your honorable intention, and that of the king, my brother, on the part of my desolate cousin, the Queen of Scots, I rejoice me very much to see that one prince takes to heart the wrongs done to another, having a hatred to that metamorphosis, where the head is removed to the foot, and the heels hold the highest place. I promise you, madame, that even if my consanguinity did not constrain me to wish her all honor, her example would seem too terrible for neighbors to behold, and for all princes to hear. These evils often resemble the noxious influence of some baleful planet, which, commencing in one place, without the good power, might well fall in another, not that (God be thanked!) I have any doubts on my part, wishing that neither the king, my brother, nor any other prince had more cause to chastise their bad subjects, than I have to avenge myself on mine, which are always as faithful to me as I could desire; notwithstanding which I never fail to condole with those princes who have cause to be angry. Even those troubles that formerly began with the king have vexed me before now.

"Monsieur Pasquier (as I believe) thinks I have no French, by the passions of laughter into which he throws me, by the formal precision with which he speaks and expresses himself.

"Beseeching you, madame, if I can at this time do you any pleasure, you will let me know, that I may acquit myself as a good friend on your part. In the mean time, I cannot cease to pray the Creator to guard the king and yourself from your bad subjects, and to have you always in his holy care.

"In haste, at Hampton Court, this 16th of October, (1567.)

"Your good sister and cousin,

"ELIZABETH."

How the infamous Catharine, whose crimes have rendered her notorious, must have sneered as she read the epistle—knowing, as she did, the hatred which the writer entertained towards the unhappy Queen of Scots!

The subject of Elizabeth's marriage with the archduke was again renewed. Sussex, who was ambassador to the imperial court, wrote his mistress several amusing letters touching the prince's person and character. The match, however, was ultimately broken off on account of the difference of religion: his imperial highness refusing to abandon the religion of his ancestors, even for the crown matrimonial of England; and Elizabeth was far too politic to weaken the hold she possessed upon the affections of her subjects.

It would be digressing from our present labors were we to enter more into the details of the life of Mary. We must content ourselves, therefore, with touching upon such points as bring her into immediate contact with Elizabeth.

The Queen of Scots, assisted by George Douglas and others of her friends, contrived to escape from the Castle of Lochleven, where she was a prisoner, and rally round her standard the devoted adherents which remained to her.

Unhappily the forces of the rebels vanquished her troops at the Battle of Langside. She would have retired to Dumbarton, but her retreat was cut off.

In this dilemma she wrote to Elizabeth, entreating her hospitality and protection. The resolution was a fatal one—fatal alike to the honor of the princess to whom she appealed, and to her own happiness.

As a further means of touching the heart of her royal kinswoman, Mary sent back to her a token, in the shape of a diamond heart, which her cousin had formerly sent to her.

Mary crossed the Frith of Solway, attended only by Lord Herries and a few domestics; and on the 15th of May landed on the coast of Cumberland. Being honorably welcomed by the gentry of the north, she proceeded at once to Carlisle, from which

place she despatched letters to Elizabeth, whose joy at hearing of the step her imprudent rival had taken, could only be equalled by the mortification she endured by the honorable reception she had met with from the gentry of Cumberland, and the sympathy which her misfortunes appeared to excite amongst the high nobility of the kingdom.

At a council held immediately upon the receipt of the important intelligence of Mary being in England, it was resolved to send Lord Scroop and Sir Francis Knollys to congratulate her in the name of Elizabeth. The messengers were to be accompanied by a strong body of troops. Knollys, who was related to Elizabeth, and entirely trusted by her, attended, at her command, previous to starting, to receive her last instructions.

He found her in the cabinet of Westminster, in the most feverish excitement; triumph, anger, cunning, and pride, by turns reigned paramount in her heart. The voice of pity or honor was not heard—the ears of the royal virgin were deaf to their supplications.

"So Knollys!" she exclaimed, as soon as her kinsman entered the room, "you are prepared to start?"

"At your highness's gracious pleasure!" replied the courtly knight.

"Can you rely upon your men?"

"On all, may it please your majesty."

"Have you received the instructions of the council?"

"I have, gracious madam!" was the reply.

"Now, then, hear mine!" said Elizabeth, sinking her voice, as if she feared to trust even the echo of the old palace of Westminster with her secret thoughts. "I need not tell you to be faithful, for I have tried and proved you!"

Sir Francis bowed low at the commendation of his sovereign, who, during her long reign was as chary of her praise as of the honors which she so rarely bestowed.

"You will congratulate"—and the royal speaker laid a marked emphasis upon the word—"our dear cousin in our name, and tend her with all honors at Carlisle."

"All honor, madam!" observed Sir Francis. "If it may please you, that is no precise instruction. Am I to treat the fugitive Mary as a Queen or private personage?"

"As a queen!" answered Elizabeth; then added, with a sarcastic smile, "at least for the present."

"In that case, madam," resumed the knight, who shrewdly guessed why he had been selected for the office, "I am to consider her majesty as a FREE AGENT?"

"In appearance, Knollys—in appearance!"

"The charge you have honored me with, gracious sovereign," said her kinsman, "is no easy one. Pardon me if I add, that, to execute it to your royal satisfaction, I must have explicit orders from your own lips."

"Speak!" said the queen.

"Should Mary attempt to return to Scotland, or retire to France?"

"Arrest her!" exclaimed Elizabeth, without a moment's hesitation "and conduct her at once to the Tower!"

"To the Tower, madam!" repeated the astonished knight; "your own kinswoman—an anointed sovereign! I dare not, even on your word, be guilty of so bold an act!"

"How! sirrah!"

"Unless, added Sir Francis, "by an order under your royal hand. In that case, I would arrest the pope or emperor himself!"

The speaker, who well knew the character of his august but politic mistress, was aware that, should it become necessary for her plans, she would not hesitate an instant to disavow and punish him for an act she had herself commanded, unless he were furnished with written proof that he had acted in strict obedience to her orders.

"Thou art a precise fellow!" resumed the queen; "but I understand thee! Shame, Francis, to doubt the faith of thy sovereign and cousin!"

Having written and sealed the order with her signet, Elizabeth placed the order in his hands—accompanied with a caution that it was not to be used or produced except upon emergency.

That same night, accompanied by Lord Scroop, and attended by a troop of horse, Sir Francis started for Carlisle.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Sincerity, thou first of virtues, let
No mortal leave thy onward path,
Though from the gulph beneath destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

TRULY have our great moralists observed, that crime is ever the parent of crime. No sooner do

we take one false step in the path of virtue, than it entails on us a perilous descent: the second and succeeding ones are all but the inevitable consequences of the first.

Elizabeth appears, through her long life and reign, to have been haunted by a fixed terror—the claims of those who stood in succession to her crown. She was conscious, perhaps, of the defect in her own title: and hated those who, in the eyes of legists and many grave authorities, possessed a better. Her cruelty to lady Catherine Grey, whose children she had branded with illegitimacy—her persecution of the royal line of Lennox, and ignoble conduct toward the captive Queen of Scots, are indelible stains upon her memory. Posterity has judged her for cruelty and treachery, and condemned her.

Every engine which her unscrupulous policy could devise was set in motion to obtain possession of the infant King of Scots, who, after his mother, was the direct heir of her throne. Overtures were first made to Murray and the rebel lords who had deposed their sovereign—but the wily traitors knew Elizabeth too well to trust her with so precious a hostage. In vain did she promise to leave them in undisturbed possession of the regency of their distracted country—to assist them with men and supplies to maintain their authority against the partisans of the queen: they were neither to be bribed nor cajoled. Attempts were made to carry off the infant James, but they failed. The northern foxes on this occasion were too much for the English lioness, with all her address and power.

Had she succeeded, Elizabeth would have held within her grasp every being in the line of succession. Happily for her fame, her project failed. History, in recording the events of her reign, has one dark page the less to be inscribed with its pen of iron.

Elizabeth was far too shrewd not to perceive the great political advantages which the downfall of Mary gave her. Her unhappy kinswoman, accused of the double crimes of adultery and murder, agreed, as well as the triumphant leaders of the faction which had driven her from the throne, to submit the entire question to the judgment of the English queen, who might have made her own terms as the price of restoring Mary to her crown; but no—the woman triumphed over the politician. The unworthy pleasure she felt in keeping her rival a captive, prevailed over the advice of her councillors and the dictates of prudence and honor.

The crime, however, like most crimes, carried its punishment along with it. The interest excited amongst her nobility and the people of the north, by the misfortunes and beauty of Mary, tore her heart with jealous forebodings. She was like some foolish person who had wantonly grasped a serpent by the neck and feared to relinquish her hold, lest it should turn and sting her.

The commissioners appointed to decide between the parties assembled at York, where her enemies produced a number of letters and sonnets said to have been written by her to Bothwell. In vain the captive Mary demanded to be confronted with her accusers—the boon was denied her; but so convinced was the Duke of Norfolk of her innocence, that he made her an offer of his hand—a project which was at once revealed to Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, to whom he had foolishly confided it.

Mary was soon afterwards taken from the custody

of Lord Scroop, and sent to the safe keeping of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, from that day, never knew a peaceful hour. Although considerably advanced in years, and already a grandfather, his termagant wife either was, or pretended to be, jealous of her royal captive, whom she treated with the greatest indignity and harshness.

Elizabeth was not even a generous gaoler; for although she thought fit to keep an independent sovereign, who had sought refuge in her dominions, captive, her parsimony was such that she could not bring herself to provide for her necessities.

Curious letters are still extant, in which the earl makes dreadful complainings to Cecil of the great charge he is at for the keep of his illustrious captive, and begging for remittances.

The delusion under which the Countess of Lennox labored, that Mary was the murderer of her son, was speedily dissipated. She saw through the artifices of her persecutors, and not only absolved her in her own mind from all participation in the crime, but manifested as much sympathy as she dared to show towards her.

From this dark shade in the character of the great protestant queen, it is cheering to turn to a brighter

lutely necessary for the prosecution of his infamous designs—wrote a most insolent letter, demanding its restitution. Elizabeth treated it with the contempt it merited.

It was one of those cool circumstances in which the maxim that "the end justifies the means," may be admitted—since the loss of the gold crippled the power of one of the most infamous persecutors that ever disgraced the church of Rome.

Don Guerran d'Espes, the Spanish ambassador, was one of the most finished courtiers and adroit flatterers of his time. By his delicately turned compliments he had gradually worked himself into favor with Elizabeth—which favor however did not prevent her causing his letters to be intercepted, and every movement well watched: despite her vigilance, a portion of his correspondence reached its destination, and Alva, acting on the advice of the writer, laid an embargo upon all English property and subjects in Antwerp, then one of the first commercial cities in the world.

Elizabeth was in her closet, previous to holding her usual morning reception, when Cecil brought her the news.

The mincing, affected, girlish air of Elizabeth vanished in an instant as the secretary read the communication, as well as the additional proofs of Don Guerran's advice to Alva. The blood flushed over her temples and neck—which, according to the custom of unmarried English ladies, was exposed—and even showed through the thick coating of rouge upon her cheek.

"God's death!" she exclaimed, striking her hand sharply upon the table; "are we to be braved with impunity by this persecuting duke—our subjects imprisoned—their property, which we are equally bound to protect, taken from them? If I cannot handle my father's sword, I at least sway his sceptre! we must take measures with this fire-brand!"

"May it please your majesty," replied the minister, "orders have been issued to urge on the works at Plymouth and ports as speedily as possible."

"Right, Cecil, right!" observed his mistress. "Should the King of Spain sanction the conduct of Alva, or the insolent letters of his ambassador, we must prepare for war!"

"The King of Spain has sanctioned it, madam!" answered Cecil; "here," he added, "is

a letter, written by Don Guerran to the duke, in which he alludes to the instructions he has received from his catholic majesty, and even ventures to—"

"To what?" impatiently interrupted Elizabeth; "do not mince your words—I am no child; speak out!"

"To characterise your majesty by an expression which loyalty and respect forbid my lips to repeat!" So saying, he bent the knee, and handed the queen the last dispatch which he had intercepted.

The letter, amongst other matters, contained an infamous libel on the character and life of Elizabeth, under the title of "Amadis Oriana;"

Cecil, who, in the course of his correspondence with the English ministers of the different courts of Europe, had to encounter their representations of the scandalous reports spread concerning the queen in foreign countries, secretly was not displeased, perhaps, at the lesson which the discovery of the ambassador's treacherous libels conveyed to his co-quettish sovereign, who stamped and swore with rage.

To be continued.



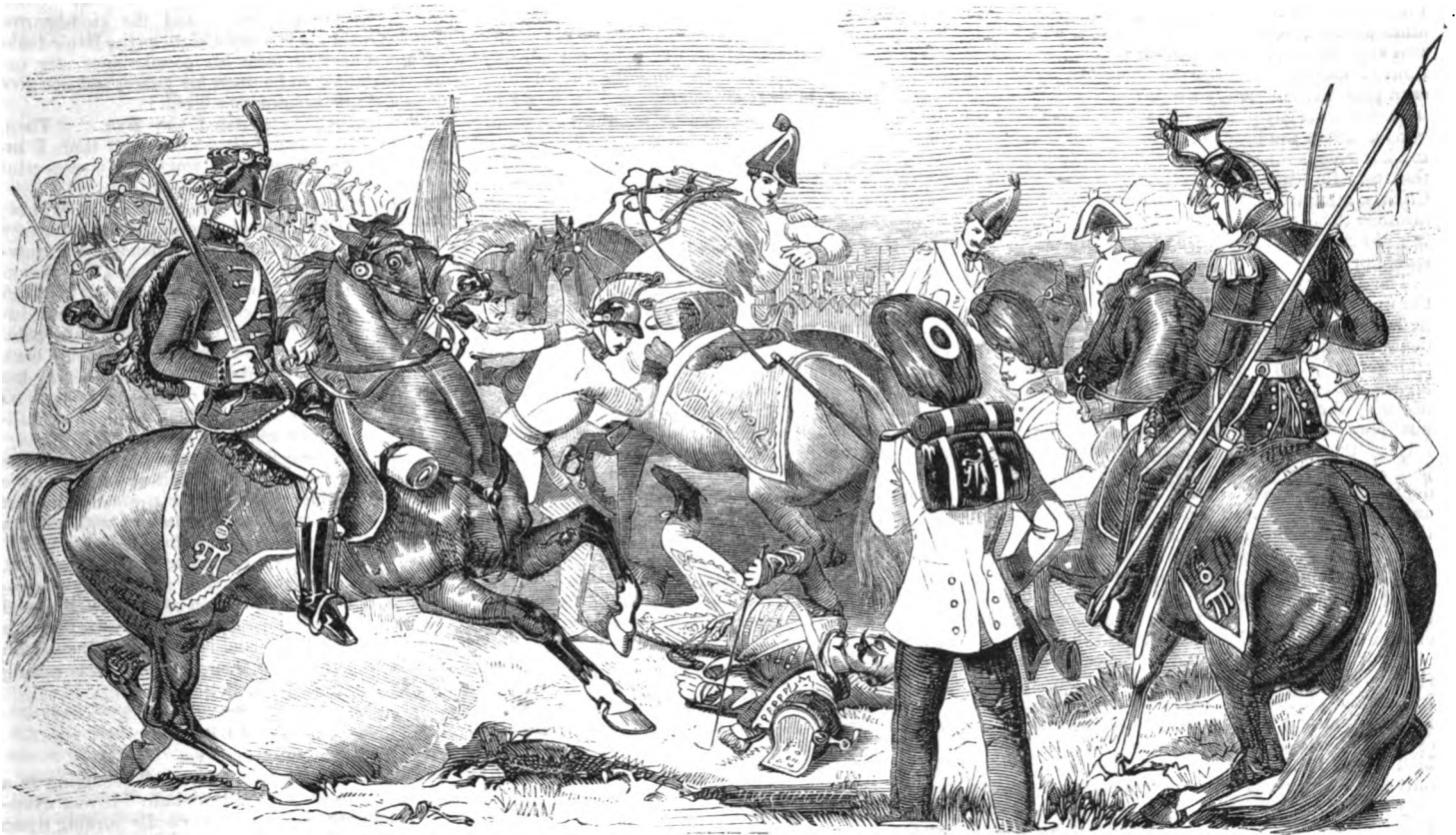
SCENE AT SMITHFIELD BARS.

side of the picture. The persecutions of the reformed church in the low countries excited her warmest sympathy. Many of its members, forced by the cruelties of the monster, Alva, to abandon their homes and country, were honorably received in England by Elizabeth, who accorded them not only protection but assistance—a proceeding which naturally embroiled her with the Spanish court.

Hostilities were commenced in the gulf of Mexico, where several English ships, engaged in the slave-trade—which Elizabeth, for the sake of the gain it brought, greatly encouraged—were taken by the Spanish vessels.

Bitterly did the haughty daughter of Henry VIII. resent this insult to her flag. Orders were given for reprisals, and four ships belonging to the King of Spain, laden with treasure, being driven by pirates for shelter into the English ports, her majesty ordered them to be detained, and confiscated the money to her own use, under pretence, as war had not been formally declared, of borrowing it for a short time.

Alva—for whose service in the low countries the money was destined, and who felt that it was abso-



THEODORE LATTOS UNHORSEING THE BAN.

OMAR; A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVIEW.

THE territory known by the name of Croatia is divided into two provinces—one belonging to the Turkish dominions, and the other to the Austrian. With the exception of Dalmatia, Austrian Croatia forms the most southern part of that huge empire, which, from a comparatively mean and insignificant archduchy a few centuries back, has grown into such heterogeneous, colossal, but unwieldy proportions. Austrian Croatia is washed on its western shore by the Adriatic Sea: it is a mountainous district—its inhabitants are a wild and warlike race—and their religion is chiefly that of the Greek Church. They are therefore generally included amongst those nations or tribes which bear the denomination of Schismatic Christians. They endure the Austrian yoke with impatience, and would perhaps rise in a desperate attempt to hurl it off altogether, if the system of despotism were strained to the same extent as in the other provinces of the Austrian empire. Croatia is under the authority of a governor bearing the denomination of Ban, and who is alike the supreme military and civil chief in that province. The principal towns are Carlstadt and Agram, both situated in the interior of the country, and both having at different times been made the seat of the local government.

Our tale opens in the year 1820. It was a fine morning in the month of June, when all Carlstadt was alive with bustle and activity; for the Ban of Croatia was to hold a review on a wide plain in the neighborhood of the city. There was at that time in the province a larger assemblage of the regular Austrian troops than had been usual for some years past, on account of some manifestations of discontent which the Croats had exhibited at certain apprehended encroachments on their privileges by the Ban. The present review, therefore, was not so much intended as a mere military spectacle, as for a demonstration of the numerical strength of the regular Austrian forces in the province, and their superiority in this respect over the provincial regiments composed of native Croats. The present Ban was by no means popular; he was a thorough Austrian, not merely by birth, but likewise by his sympathies with that rigid system of despotism which, emanating from Vienna, was everywhere strained to the extreme degree of tension that the

respective provinces were likely to endure. The Ban of whom we are speaking, and who was newly appointed to the Croatian government, appeared inclined to stretch the tyranny of Austrian domination to a greater degree than his predecessor; hence the discontent amongst the population—a discontent which was believed to be spreading amidst the ranks of the provincial regiments themselves. Hence also the concentration of the large body of regular Austrian troops at Carlstadt, and the grand military demonstration which was now to take place.

Nevertheless, it was a holiday with the inhabitants of Carlstadt; and by ten o'clock in the morning numbers of persons of all classes, as well as of both sexes, might be seen wending their way towards the plain where the review was to be held. There were a few lumbering old-fashioned carriages to be seen toiling along the road, attended by domestics in equally antiquated liveries, and of course conveying the aristocracy of Carlstadt. There were several fine horses, bearing handsome looking cavaliers, and well dressed ladies; the men and women of the burgher class proceeded on foot—often mingling with the still more numerous shoals of the inferior orders, between whom and themselves there was no very strongly drawn line of social demarcation. There was much richness of costume amongst the higher grades; the burgher class might be said to be the most soberly and unassumingly clad of all; while the attire of the lower orders was characterised by the picturesque variety. For fine manly athletic forms, as well as for natural symmetry of the female shape—for masculine looks where frankness blended with courage and resolution, and for feminine attractions, where large dark lustrous eyes gave an unspeakable animation to well formed features and olive complexion with the rich blood warmly mantling through—the eye of the observer might have sought the inferior grade of those multitudes that were thronging towards the scene of the military demonstration.

The air was filled with the hum of countless voices together with that peculiar melody, deep and rich, which characterizes the daughter of Croatian women of the humbler sphere—until presently a sterner, and perhaps in some sense, a more inspiring music began to roll upon the ear, as the several regiments, with their bands playing, advanced from different points towards the spot of general concentration. It had been astutely ordered by his Excellency, the Ban, that the regular Austrian troops should advance from one side of the town, and the Croatian regiments from the other—so that the inhabitants, while proceeding along the road, should,

on looking to the right, be stricken with the great numerical superiority of the former over the latter, which might be seen upon the left. And it was not for the population alone that this marked discrepancy was thus purposely rendered so prominent: the design was likewise to convince the Croatian troops themselves that they would have no chance, if rebelliously inclined to obey the impulse of discontent, and at any time dare a collision with the regular Imperial soldiery.

The plain was reached by the troops; the regiment speedily took up the proper positions; and though a junction was thus effected between the Austrian regulars and the Croatian corps, yet there was no intermingling distribution of the regiments—but when the line was formed, the Austrian force constituted the right, and the provincial army the left. The spectators remained at a suitable distance. The scene was altogether a brilliant and an inspiring one—set aside national prejudices, or antipathies, and partizan feelings. The sun was shining brightly; its beams were reflected in the forest of bayonets that sprang up as it were all along those serried ranks, save and except where the cavalry bore their lances or their drawn swords—the steel points of the former and the polished blades of the latter, likewise catching the lambent lustre of the orb of day. The bands were playing—groups of officers in splendid uniforms, were lounging and conversing together in front of their respective corps—and the massed spectators at a little distance added to the animation of the scene.

There was one provincial regiment which more than all the other Croatian corps attracted the notice and evidently constituted the pride of the native population assembled to witness the present scene. This was known as the Ozulin Frontier Regiment; and in respect to the fine stalwart forms of the soldiers composing it—the picturesque beauty of their uniforms—the excellence of their brass band—and the spirit of liberalism which animated the entire corps, it was considered to excel all the rest. It had been raised and was invariably recruited from amongst the hardest mountaineers of that frontier district, from which it derived its name: it had given unmistakable proofs of valor in the field; and wherever garrisoned, the officers as well as its men had shown, as far as military discipline enabled them, a repugnance as well as a leniency in helping to carry out the views of Austrian despotism. For every reason, therefore, the Ozulin regiment was the great favorite with the Croatian populace, and the one which for the same motives the tyrannical Ban was chiefly interested in over-awing and intimidating.

The martial bands suddenly ceased playing; and then a bugle-call, reverberating through the clear atmosphere, gave notice that the Ban, with his staff, was approaching: so that the groups of officers in front of the various *corps* suddenly dispersed, and each proceeded to occupy his proper station. Along from Carlsstadt gay plumes of varied colors were seen waving above the heads of a small knot of advancing horsemen—one of whom rode a little in front of the rest; for this was his Excellency—the Ban of Croatia, attended by his brilliant staff. In a few minutes the cavalcade arrived upon the plain—passing along the complete frontage of the assembled spectators.

The Ban was a middle-aged personage, wearing the uniform of a marshall in the Austrian service; he had a military look, certainly—and his very air denoted that the commander accustomed to camps and warfare; but it was blended with an implacable sternness, as well as with a severity that implied not only the authority of the great military chief, but likewise the natural harshness and even malignity of the man. He came careering on his superb steed at the head of his staff; and it was evident that he expected every hat would be raised, and every head would bow, amongst the spectators, to himself, as the representative of the Imperial authority. He knew that there was discontent already brewing, and threatening to expand unless stifled by his own strong arm of tyranny; but he had little anticipated that the feeling was yet ripe enough for an overt demonstration.

Yet it was so; and the Ban of Croatia suddenly reined in his steed with such a violent paroxysm of infuriate rage, that for an instant he brought the noble animal down upon its haunches—while his eyes swept with a lightning glance along the assembled multitude. For scarcely a head was bared—only a few voices sent forth a welcoming cry—and only from the windows of the huge unwieldy carriages were white kerchiefs waved by female hands. In a word, nothing could exceed the coldness of the Ban's reception; and those attempts to raise a cheer were so puny and ineffectual in themselves, as to demonstrate far more than a complete silence would have done the unpopularity of the Austrian governor of Croatia. Yet beyond that abrupt reining in of his steed, and the fierce fiery look which he darted upon the people, he dared not betray additional manifestations of his rage, displeasure, and disappointment; he could not punish the entire mass at a single blow, or by virtue of a single decree; and his pride prevented him from giving vent to the invectives that rose up to his lips.

The officers of his staff—chiefly Austrians, or else Croats, who sympathized with all their leader's sentiments—were scarcely less indignant or infuriate in the looks which they flung upon the populace; and then they exchanged glances of mingled consternation and dismay amongst themselves; for they knew the Ban well enough to be aware that his wrath would be pent up until it could wreak itself in an explosive vengeance against some unfortunate victim ere the day was out—and nothing more likely than that such victim should be found among themselves.

The Ban rode on, followed by his terrified adherents, towards the line of troops: at a given signal the bands struck up an Austrian national air; and the whole array presented arms to the great functionary. This military ceremonial being accomplished, the Ban, still followed by his staff, proceeded to ride along the line for the inspection of the troops. It was in the first instance the Austrian Division which was thus inspected; and though the Ban was burning with a rage which he longed to vent upon some one, he nevertheless contrived to curb his feelings so as not to find a single fault with those troops on which he would have to place his sole reliance in case of emergency. But then came the turn for the Croatian regiments to be inspected; and the moment the Ban reached this division of the line, his countenance was observed to contract with a most malignant expression. It was with the sternest hauteur too that he received the salute of the commanding officer of the first *corps* along the front of which he now rode. He proceeded slowly—his eye keenly searching for every opportunity to detect a fault; and in his present humor he had not much difficulty in signaling several.

The next *corps* that he came to, was the Ozulin Frontier Regiment. Sternest still was his look, as with a scarcely perceptible movement of the head he acknowledged the salute of Colonel Kroski, its commanding officer. Keener too became the scrutinizing glance that strained for even the slightest defect, in clothing or accoutrement, or in the military bear-

ing of the men. A finer body of troops no mortal eye could have wished to gaze upon: the spectacle would have gladdened and inspired the heart of any inspecting chief whose temper was not already soured. As the eye glanced along the serried compact frontage of that regiment, the line it maintained was of the most accurate evenness: not one soldier was a hair's-breadth too forward or too backward of his comrades on either side. The muskets, too, were held with such admirable precision of conformity, that if looked at from one of the flanks it would have appeared as though it were but one musket that was thus borne. The apparel of the men was marked by the most scrupulous cleanliness: their accoutrements and fire-arms were all in the best possible order: not a piece of brass was sullied nor of steel was tarnished; and in every respect the Ozulin Frontier Regiment would have done honor to any parade-ground of the most civilized nations in the world.

But the Ban of Croatia was determined to find fault: this was the regiment which of all the Croat *corps* he feared, and therefore hated the most; and as it was not in the man's brutal nature to attempt to conciliate the spirit that he dreaded, he had recourse to the expedient invariably adopted by all vulgar minds, and studied to produce the desired effect by means of coercion and intimidation. Besides, as the reader has seen, he had a spite to wreak against the Croatian populace; and how could he better inflict this vengeance than by wounding their sensitiveness through the medium of that very regiment which he knew to be the object of their pride and love?

Colonel Kroski attended the Ban along the front rank of the regiment; and perceiving the humor his Excellency was in, that officer trembled lest it should be vented upon his *corps*. Nor was he mistaken.

"Colonel," exclaimed the Ban, in a voice of stern gruffness, "you should tutor your men to discipline their looks as well as their bodies. There is altogether a want of becoming respect in the mien of these Ozulin mountaineers."

"They have a warlike demeanor, may it please your Excellency," answered Colonel Kroski; "and this, I deferentially submit, is no mean recommendation."

"Do you dare dictate to me, sir?" ejaculated the Ban, making a sort of half flourish with his riding-whip, as if he were almost tempted to inflict personal chastisement upon the Colonel.

"No, your Excellency," responded the latter, calmly eyeing the Imperial Viceroy. "I know my duty too well as a soldier to attempt to dictate to a superior; but I answered to the best of my ability the remark that was made to me."

This altercation—or rather most uncalled for provocation on the part of the Ban, caused all the Croatian blood to mantle hot and red on the cheeks of the soldiers of the Ozulin regiment, who devotedly loved their commanding officer. That manifestation of feeling escaped not the eye of the Ban—who loudly exclaimed, "March this regiment to the front!—open its ranks—and I will inspect it more closely still!"

Colonel Kroski became for an instant deadly pale, as if inwardly quivering with a rage which he could only just restrain; and the next moment his features became crimson with the sense of the flagrant insult which was thus put upon himself and his *corps*. But he was compelled to give the proper word of command; and the regiment was marched forth some twenty paces out of the line. There was not an officer nor a man in the regiment who did not feel all that the colonel then felt—while the Ban saw and inwardly enjoyed it all.

"Look to the front, men, and not at me!" he exclaimed as he rode slowly along the rank. "I will have no rebellious spirit shown among you Croat barbarians! You shall be drilled and mechanized into automata to do the bidding of your superiors!—you shall not even think for yourselves! What means this rapid glancing of your eyes at me? And you, sir," he added, vociferously, as he reined in his horse just in front of a young lieutenant on the flank of the company to which he belonged, "set your men a better example than thus looking sideways at me!"

The subaltern who was thus rudely and insolently addressed, could not possibly restrain the crimson glow which mantled so deeply upon his handsome countenance, nor check the quick lightnings of his eyes.

"There is a rebellious spirit here!" exclaimed the Ban, fixing his looks with the most browbeating insolence upon the young subaltern. "Colonel, what is the name of this lad?"

"Theodore Lattos, may it please your Excellency," was the response; and the kind-hearted Colonel Kroski made a rapid sign, as the Ban's looks were again averted from his countenance, for the young lieutenant to be upon his guard, and not give way to a single intemperate word.

"Oh, Lattos!" ejaculated the Ban. "Then, hark you, Lieutenant Lattos! the next time I inspect this regiment, see that you have a respectful deportment; or by heaven!"

The Ban did not finish his sentence in words; but he conveyed his meaning with equal significance by shaking his whip so close to Theodore's countenance that the end of it slightly brushed his cheek. Again did the blood glow with the deepest crimson hue on the subaltern's countenance; the next instant it vanished, leaving those cheeks ashy pale. His lips were compressed, evidently to keep back the indignant words which rose thereto; and his entire frame quivered to a degree to impart its tremor to the naked weapon which he held, in military fashion, against his right shoulder.

"By heaven, he defies me still!" exclaimed the Ban, who had now worked himself up to a fit of the most ungovernable rage; and at the same instant the light riding-whip was switched with all its severity across the face of Theodore Lattos.

What followed was the work of a single moment. The young lieutenant, snarling more with the indignity than even with the pain of the blow, dropped his sword—sprang forward as if it were a tiger bounding from its lair—and in the twinkling of an eye the Ban, torn down from his horse, was rolling in the dust.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTIVE.

THE scene changes to a prison-cell belonging to a guard-house in the city of Carlsstadt. It was evening; and the rays of a solitary candle burning upon the rude table in that cell, played feebly and flickeringly upon the pale but courage-speaking countenance of Theodore Lattos.

He was a mere youth—only just twenty years of age. Not above the middle height, his form, though exceedingly slender, was nevertheless of that well-knit symmetry which proves how gracefulness and elegance may be united with activity and strength. His figure was indeed admirably proportioned—upright as a dart—so that it made him seem taller than he really was; while the remarkable slimmness of the waist gave to his shoulders the appearance of an ampler width than they actually possessed. The straightness of his well-modelled limbs was set off by the elegant and becoming uniform which he wore; but his sword was no longer by his side—for he was a prisoner in that cell.

Lieutenant Lattos was not thus merely well formed, but was strikingly handsome. His features were of noble outline and manly contour—forming a perfect aquiline profile: his forehead was high—his brows, prominent and somewhat strongly pencilled, gave a boldness and intellectuality to the rest of the countenance. The dark eyes, not larger than common, were filled with a lustre that could be variable according as sensations and feelings acted upon the individual himself; so that the expression of those orbs could either become soft and tender, or could flame up with the brightest fires. The mouth was full but well cut, and expressive of firmness; the lips, when parting, revealed teeth of ivory whiteness and in brilliant contrast with his slight but raven-hued moustache. His hair was of the deepest black, with a natural gloss upon it; and it clustered in thick curls behind the temples, from which the well-modelled hands of the prisoner had just put the mass of ringlets back. His complexion was somewhat dark, but by no means swarthy; it was the olive which would entitle a woman to the distinction of a brunette; and yet it was of sufficient duskiness to throw out into strong relief the bright scarlet of the lips and the pearly whiteness of the teeth. Though so young and of so slender a form, Theodore had a true soldier like exterior—a veritable martial bearing—as if he were constituted to make war his element—and as if, likewise (should no evil influences impede his progress), he had the soul, the intellect, the courage and the perseverance to push himself on to the highest distinction.

The description we have just given of Theodore Lattos, rather applied to him, in some respects, on those occasions when he might be seen to advantage, in the enjoyment of freedom of person and of thought: whereas now we find him the inmate of a prison-cell. It was evening, as we have said; the candle burnt flickeringly upon the table and near it stood the untasted food which had been supplied

to the captive. The room was poorly furnished: the door was massive—and the small window, high up, was strongly fenced with iron bars. Theodore sat upon the humble pallet: his countenance, as we have intimated, had lost the rich blood of health which was wont to mantle through the transparent duskiness of the complexion; but the compression of his lips, the steady light that shone in his eyes, and the total absence of any nervous quivering of the form, bore ample testimony to the firmness of soul and the heroic courage of the youthful captive.

Presently the door opened, and Colonel Krozki made his appearance. This gentleman was as admirable a specimen of the higher grade of Croatian soldiers as Theodore Lattos himself was of the subalterns. He was about forty years of age—tall, and of commanding presence—well-looking, if not handsome—and with a character for courage, magnanimity, benevolence, and every ennobling sentiment, upon his countenance.

Entering the cell, the colonel bade the soldier-turnkey who admitted him close the door and return in about half an hour: for even upon the commanding officer himself was it imperious thus to fasten the bolt, in pursuance of that strict military discipline which kept such a vigilant guard over the youthful captive. But it must be understood that it was in a cell attached to the guard-house of the barracks where the Ozulin regiment was quartered, that Theodore Lattos was confined.

"This is most generous of you, colonel!" said Theodore, rising from his seat upon the humble bed, and speaking in a voice which though perfectly firm in its accents, was full of a rich natural harmony in its tone: "this is indeed most generous of you! I know that my sentence is pronounced, and you come yourself to communicate it? You meant to break the intelligence gently and tenderly—you would not allow it to be abruptly imparted by the rude lips of any one who cares not for me! I sincerely thank you! and yet all these precautions are unnecessary. I knew from the first what my doom must be, and I prepared to meet it as becomes a Christian and a soldier."

"My poor young friend," answered the colonel, deeply affected, as he took Theodore's hand and pressed it in his own, "your anticipations are all too true. The sentence has been pronounced—but still there is hope."

"Hope! ejaculated Lattos, for a moment inspired with the sentiment which the word conveyed; but instantaneously becoming firmly and almost coldly composed again, he said: "What hope can there be unless in humbling myself to implore grace at the feet of the tyrant Ban?"

Colonel Krozki continued silent for a few moments; and then he said, "Yes, Theodore—that is the only means by which you can save your young life; and it is hard for one to bid adieu to the world at your age!"

"You, colonel," replied Lattos, still with firmness and composure, "doubtless cling to life with as much tenacity as a brave man may experience; but if you were in my position, would you purchase that life at such a sacrifice of every lofty feeling?"

The commanding-officer again continued silent: he would not utter an untruth—and if he were to speak truly, he could not reply in the sense which might urge Theodore to beseech the pardon and the mercy of the Ban.

"When is my execution to take place?" inquired Lattos with unflinching firmness.

"To-morrow morning—at daybreak," responded the colonel. "But listen to me, my dear Theodore. What I might do as a comparatively old soldier, really does not affect what you may do as a youthful subaltern. The provocation was immense—but the chastisement was overwhelming. If the one were inflicted in the presence of the army, so was the other. No one can doubt your courage; and believe me, you will not afford an additional proof of it by resigning yourself to die without an effort to save your life."

Theodore Lattos was silent; but his countenance showed that he continued unmoved by his superior's well-meant arguments.

"From something which one of the Ban's aide-de-camps let drop to me just now," proceeded the colonel, "I am inclined to think that his Excellency feels that he went somewhat too far, and gave too much the rein to his infuriate rage. The visible and unmistakable readiness on the part of the entire regiment to spring forward to your rescue, when you were seized upon and arrested, has perhaps led the Ban to reflect that it were well to conciliate the corps if possible. I almost regret," added the colonel, in a tone of vexation, "that I did not speak the one word, or make the one sign, which would

have brought the whole regiment bounding forward to your deliverance! But the habit of military discipline was stronger at the time than my own inclinations: and I restrained the ardor of the men—yes, I restrained it!"

These last words were spoken with a still more perceptible tone of vexation: for the generous-hearted colonel did indeed deeply repent that he had not, in spite of all consequences, suffered his brave men to rush forward to the rescue of Theodore.

"No—it would have been madness!" exclaimed Lattos, profoundly touched by his superior's generosity. "There would have been a sanguinary conflict: the Austrian butchers would have enfolded the brave Croat bands with their overpowering numbers; and a frightful massacre must have ensued. Not for the world would I have had so much blood spilt on behalf of so obscure and humble an individual as myself! No, colonel—you acted rightly—you have nothing to deplore—and I shall meet my doom all the more cheerfully in the consciousness that I only am the victim of brutal Austrian barbarity!"

"These are noble sentiments, my young friend," replied the colonel; "and it is terrible to think that one who can give utterance to them, should thus perish before any of the great things of which so lofty a nature give promise can have been fulfilled."

"Yes," said Lattos—and he could not altogether repress a sigh—"I have indulged in dreams—there were times when I have buoyed up my fancy with hopes of earning fame and distinction in the world; but they are all idle visions now—for the sword which was by my side and with which I had yearned to carve out something like a future for myself, has been taken from me!"

"And why—why not," exclaimed the colonel, thinking to take a hasty advantage of the different mood in which the young captive now appeared to be—why not, Theodore, purchase that life which is evidently so dear to you? I know that the Ban would be only too glad of an excuse to pardon you, so that he may have the appearance of undoing, by an act of seeming mercy, the foul wrong which his tyranny brought about! Yes—I am sure it was no vain nor idle word which the aide-de-camp dropped in my hearing—it was a word intentionally spoken."

"But if I demanded grace of the Ban," interrupted Theodore, "would he give me back my sword! would he restore me to my rank and position in your regiment! would he allow me to pursue my career without being thwarted or kept in the back-ground by the pursuing malignity of his vengeance?"

"The world is all before you, Theodore," responded Krozki: "and there are other services besides that of Croatia or Austria in which the proffer of a brave man's sword would be accepted."

"I understand you," rejoined Lattos: "you believe that the Ban would spare my life—but restoration to my rank and position—no, impossible!"

"It were wrong to conceal the truth," answered Krozki. "His excellency may spare your life—but you yourself will admit that, despite the provocation which he himself gave, it is impossible for him as the governor of this country to abstain from the infliction of some punishment for such a breach of discipline as you were guilty of."

"I know it," said Theodore; "and, therefore, I will not humble myself to beseech forgiveness for that which was really no crime. I confess that life is dear to me; and if I could escape by tearing down those bars, or forcing that door, or breaking through this solid masonry, I would do it; but humble myself to the Ban—never!"

Colonel Krozki could not help regarding the young lieutenant with an unfeigned admiration for a few moments; and then he said in a musing manner, "You would escape? But, alas! escape is impossible."

At this moment the huge bolt of the door was heard to draw back; it opened—and the soldier-turnkey appeared.

"Leave us for two minutes more, Manfred," said the colonel to the soldier, who retired accordingly; then on the door being closed again, Krozki said to Lattos, "If I see not the Ban this evening, it will be too late. Am I to say nothing on your behalf?"

"Nothing!" replied the young captive.

"Not a word—not a single word that may be a concession on your part!" perseveringly urged the colonel. "Am I indeed to say nothing?"

"Nothing!" responded Lattos.

"But your life, my dear young friend!" resumed Krozki, deeply affected; "it is your life—this youthful life of your's which is to be saved! Consider—reflect: Am I to say nothing to the Ban?"

And for the third time Theodore answered, "Nothing!"

The colonel gazed upon him in a profound manly sorrow, mingled with a true military admiration; and then the door of the cell again opened.

"God bless you, my dear boy!—God in heaven bless you!" murmured the colonel, in a voice that was broken and tremulous even to sobbing; and having pressed Theodore's hand with the most enthusiastic fervor, the generous-hearted Krozki hurried from the cell.

Theodore Lattos was once more alone immured in that dungeon from which there seemed to be no going forth until the glinting of the first beams of dawn through the iron bars, should announce the fatal moment for the execution. But as the young captive resumed his seat upon the couch, from which he had risen as the colonel quitted him, he did not for a single moment repent of the decision to which he had come, and to which he had so steadily adhered. No—sooner die ten thousand deaths if he had ten thousand lives to lose, than humble himself to the tyrant Ban!

The hours passed—the deep-toned bell of a neighboring clock proclaimed midnight—and Theodore Lattos was slumbering on the couch where he had thrown himself without taking off his garments. His sleep was serene and tranquil; it had temporarily divested him of the consciousness that the fatal hour was approaching; and that young man's life had been too pure and too virtuous for conscience to raise up the images of terror to haunt, to reproach, or to startle him while he slept.

Scarcely had the iron tongue of Time finished proclaiming the midnight hour, when the bolt of the massive door was cautiously drawn back—the key grated slowly in the lock—the door itself opened—and the light which flashed in unto the cell (for the candle there had gone out) awoke Lattos from his slumber. There was an instant's confusion in his brain—a moment's doubting as to whether all that now swept in unto his mind was true; and then convinced that it was so, he said in a calm voice, "Is it time?"

Manfred, the soldier-turnkey, spoke not a word; and a tall form, enveloped in a cloak, glided into the cell.

"I come to save you, Theodore!" said Colonel Krozki—for he the cloaked individual was. "You must escape—you must escape!"

"Not if I compromise you, noble-hearted friend!" exclaimed Lattos, whose hand was already pressed in that of the colonel.

"You will not compromise me?" was this magnanimous officer's hasty response. "I have been selfish enough to care for my own safety. Manfred"—thus alluding to the soldier-turnkey—"will accompany you in your flight. On him, therefore, will all the blame and the honor of thus rescuing your life rest. Horses are ready saddled—and here, Theodore, is a purse for your expenses."

The colonel forced the heavy purse upon our young hero, who pressed his benefactor's hand to his lips, and those tears which no dread of death had been enabled to elicit now flowed profusely—and that voice which had remained firm when refusing life at the sacrifice of manly dignity, was broken and tremulous as it poured forth its gratitude to the noble-hearted colonel.

Krozki hurried Theodore from the cell—Manfred following with a lantern, which he carried in his hand. A passage leading into a small courtyard was threaded—a key, which Manfred had stealthily procured from the guard-house, opened a door, which led to the stables where the horses of the staff-officers were kept. Two of the colonel's own steeds were already saddled and bridled; an outer door was opened—there were renewed shakings of the hand and warm expressions exchanged between Krozki and Theodore—and in a few moments the latter was passing on horseback down the lonely street, followed by the faithful Manfred.

To be continued.

A "SHOPPING" SECRET FOR HUSBANDS.—Archdeacon Paley, in one of his familiar discourses, touching upon the expenses brought upon husbands and fathers, in the way of cambrics and satins, says:—"I never let my women (be it understood he spoke of Mrs. Archdeacon Paley and the Misses Paley,) when they shop, take credit. I always make them pay ready money, sir; ready money is such a check upon the imagination."

An Irishman, boasting of his excellent eyesight, said he saw at that moment a mouse on the top of the monument. "I cannot say I see it," answered his friend and countryman; "but I can plainly hear it squeak."

The Silkworm and its Products.

CHAPTER I.



KOKH OR
SILKWORM HOUSE.

THERE can be no better proof of the truth of the wise saying, that "great ends follow little beginnings," than is presented by the silkworm; for to that insignificant little insect is to be traced, in a great measure, the wealth of nations, the commercial importance and prosperity of our own country, and the stability and firmness of our mercantile transactions. There is,

perhaps, scarcely any article—cotton excepted—which enters so fully into the various manufactures and purposes for which it is applicable, nor which is of such general consumption, as silk; nor one person in five hundred throughout the population of this country—saying nothing of the other nations of the earth, by whom it is as largely used as by ourselves—can be found, who has not in some degree silk introduced into some part of his garment. No matter what age, what sex, what position in society, or what trade or profession, silk is more or less mixed up in the dresses worn by nearly every living person in the country. This may seem startling at first, but a moment's reflection will convince us that, either in the shape of bonnets, hats, shawls, dresses, waistcoats, stockings, lace, ribbons, bindings, sewing silk, buttons, boot-laces, shoe-ties, handkerchiefs, &c. &c., or in trimmings of one kind or other, there is scarcely a dress in the length and breadth of our country but has some portion of silk mixed with it. An article so much and so variously used, must necessarily employ a large number of persons in its preparation and manufacture, and involve many curious and interesting appliances of machinery, &c., in the production of the different articles for which it is used. We propose to trace, in a series of papers, some of the more general and useful processes connected with the silk manufacture, and to follow out the progress of that valuable material, from its first production by the silkworm, to the completion of the finished fabric.

It has been computed that there are, in this country alone, more than a million of persons engaged in the various branches of silk-manufacture, and in the different processes attendant thereon, independent of the immense mass of individuals who afterwards convert the materials thus produced into wearable goods. If to this we add the number of persons, females principally, that employ silk in their daily avocations, in every house in the country, and the innumerable dress-makers, seamstresses, tailors, milliners, hatters, and others, who make up the materials, we shall find that nearly the whole population of the land are in some measure dependent upon the little silkworm for their comfort and support.

circled by rings of a darker tinge, as are also the wings, with long velvety feathers, giving a particularly soft, thick and warm look to the insect; the antennæ are also thickly feathered.

Those who have seen the moth generally known by the name of the "ghost moth," from its soft white wings, covered with a kind of down, and lined with powdered flock, flitting noiselessly with a monotonous hovering motion over the long grass on a summer evening, will have seen much the same kind of softness of wing which is displayed by the silkworm moth. The moth measures, from tip to tip of the wings, about two inches, and the wings have usually a curved or crumpled appearance, and are obtusely pointed at their extremities. Each moth will lay from three to four hundred eggs, and the parent generally dies after she has done laying. The male lives a little longer than the female, but rarely exceeds a couple of days from its bursting from the chrysalis state to its death.

The eggs are hatched in the spring, simultaneously with the bursting into leaf of the mulberry trees, upon which they live, and the little worm immediately commences eating the young leaves which are placed for its nourishment. It is about eight weeks in arriving at maturity, and during that period changes its skin at four or five different moultings. When about to cast its skin it ceases to eat for some length of time, and exists in a state of perfect repose or stupor, with the forepart of the body slightly raised. It remains in this torpid condition a sufficient time for the new skin, which is now forming, to become sufficiently mature and strong to enable the caterpillar to burst through the old one. The operation of changing the skin is one of considerable difficulty, and is sometimes attended with fatal results to the insect itself. After the forepart of the old skin has burst, the silkworm, by a constant writhing motion of its body, slowly contrives to press the skin backwards to its tail, and ultimately to entirely disengage itself from the encumbrance. The necessity of withdrawing the last segment of its body from the old skin is the most difficult and fatal part of the operation, and large numbers of the caterpillars are annually lost by it. As soon as the moulting is over, and the caterpillar has recovered from the exhaustion which its efforts have produced, it commences eating voraciously, and increases in size very rapidly. The periods at which the moultings take place is influenced in a great measure by the temperature in which the eggs have been kept during the winter months. When the heating of the apartment has been properly attended to, the first change of skin takes place on or about the fourth or fifth day from the hatching of the insect; but in general the first moulting takes place in about a week from the hatching; the second, in a fortnight from the first. The silkworm when full-grown measures about three inches in length, and is at first of a slate color; but as it increases in size it becomes paler, until at maturity it arrives at nearly the same tint as the moth itself. When it has arrived at this state, about ten days after the last moulting, the caterpillar seeks some convenient spot for the spinning of its web or cocoon. The silk is elaborated in two long tubular vessels lying on either side of the stomach and intestines, and terminating in a single tube opening in the lower tip of the caterpillar. The silk bags,

The silkworm is the caterpillar of one of the family *Bombycidae*, systematically known by the name of *Bombyx Mori*.

The eggs are globular, and about the size of mignonnette seed; they may be purchased in Washington Market, New York, at the rate of about \$2.50 per ounce. The good ones are of a pale slate or ash-color; whilst the imperfect ones are of a light yellow tint. The moth is of a light cream-color, with transverse bands of a darker tint on the anterior wings, and a crescent-shaped central mark; the body, which is en-

closed at their lower extremity, from whence they taper gradually to a greater width in the middle, and contract towards the head, where they unite with the spinnaret or spinning tube. The bags being longer than the body of the caterpillar, lie in a convoluted form similar to the intestines of quadrupeds. Although there are two silk bags, and two tubes to the spinnaret, only one minute outlet for the silk is provided. The spinnaret or silk tube projects from the lower part of the mouth, and is perceptible to the naked eye. Although there is but one tube with a single opening or perforation, the silk as it passes from the caterpillar nevertheless retains its double thread as drawn from the silkbags; each thread of silk, as formed by the silkworm, being composed of two distinct cylinders running parallel with, but united to, each other. Each of these cylinders in good silk is quite perfect in form, and of uniform thickness throughout. Some idea of the thickness of these minute threads may be formed from the fact that it would require upwards of two thousand five hundred of them to be laid side by side to cover one inch in space. When the silk is imported, however, several threads will be found united together. This is done by the grower of the silkworms, as will be seen afterwards.

Having now described the insects themselves, we will proceed to watch their progress from the eggs to the spinning and winding of the cocoon. During the winter months the silkworm-grower preserves the eggs in linen bags with great care, and as soon as they begin to burst into life in the spring, they are gently laid in flat wicker baskets lined with sun-baked clay, where they are supplied with the young and delicate leaves of the mulberry. At this time the tiny worms are scarcely larger than cheese mites, and therefore, for the first few days, a small quantity of food is consumed. As it is essential that the whole of the eggs should be hatched at about the same time, so as to ensure the tender budding leaves for the young brood, if any of the bags, from cold or otherwise, are later than the others in bursting to life, the peasants carefully wrap small quantities of the eggs in woollen materials and carry them about their persons, until the artificial warmth thus applied produces the desired result. For the first week the worms are kept in these wicker baskets, fresh leaves being given to them three or four times daily. At the end of the first week they have generally grown to the size of about half an inch in length, when the period of the first moulting has arrived, and the worms lie in a torpid state for a period of two days. The caterpillars which have survived this operation are then carefully removed from the wicker baskets and placed in the kokh, which has been arranged for their reception. The kokh is a low thatched building formed of sun-dried bricks, with trellised windows covered with myrtles and other trees, so as to exclude birds and serpents; but at the same time so as to admit a free circulation of air. In these kokhs are long ranges of mat shelves, attached to poles, and ranged one above another, with about one foot space between each range. On these shelves the silkworms are placed by the attendant peasants, and plentifully supplied with mulberry leaves, which are now devoured in such quantities as to render it necessary to lop off, and supply them with the small twigs from the trees. During the two weeks succeeding the first moulting, large branches are lopped from the trees every morning and brought to the kokhs, and by this means the leaves are preserved in greater freshness, and are profusely sprinkled along the shelves by the peasants. About this period the second change of skin takes place, and after this torpid condition the worm makes up with renewed strength and vigor, and with considerably increased voracity of appetite. From this period the caterpillars grow prodigiously; they never cease eating day or night, and the noise of their eating, on first entering the kokh, is said to be quite as loud as a heavy shower of rain falling on a thatched roof, and to resemble the incessant clipping of thousands of little scissors. The care with which the caterpillar avoids the smallest fibre or vein of the leaf, and selects only the softer portions for its food, is remarkable, and many of the leaves are perfectly anatomised by the manipulations of its small jaws. It is worthy of remark that during the whole time the worms do not move or crawl away from one part of the shelf to another, but remain stationary where they were first placed; the great business of their lives is to eat, and this they do incessantly; the mulberry leaf is their world, and their journey of life is comprised in its circuit.

To be continued.

Lancaster's Oval Cannon.

In deference to the reports of our contemporaries, from which the reader's notions respecting this celebrated kind of artillery will probably have been derived, we employ the term *oval cannon*. Cannon with oval bore would, however, be the more appropriate designation. Then, again, as though it were desirable to confuse the matter needlessly, the public is gravely informed that the oval cannon in question are intended to project *spherical* case shot.

It is now some years since Mr. Lancaster, the gun-manufacturer, of Bond-street, London, first constructed rifle small-arms, totally devoid of those ridges or furrows which hitherto had been considered an essential part of rifle guns. A casual observer, looking at the muzzle of one of Mr. Lancaster's rifle small-arms, will fail to see in what respect it differs from an ordinary musket or fowling-piece. The bore is absolutely smooth, and its oval contour is so slight as not to be discoverable, except when very narrowly scrutinised. Owing to this slight deviation from a true circular form, Lancaster's oval rifles may be employed for bird shooting, with small shot.

The mere adoption of an oval bore would have been attended with no useful results, had the oval not been made to assume the spiral twist of an ordinary rifled gun. Lancaster's oval-bored fire-arms, then, are rifled fire-arms devoid of the ordinary channels, the necessary rotation of the projectile being accomplished through the agency of a revolving oval. The term *projectile*, instead of ball, is used designedly, for it should be remarked that the employment of balls in connection with rifled small-arms is almost obsolete; heavy conoidal masses of metal—lead in the case of small fire-arms—being used instead.

The great advantage of rifled small-arms over those having smooth bores, is so well acknowledged that all argument on that point is unnecessary. It was natural, therefore, that attempts should have been made to apply the same principle to cannons. Before the discovery, however, of Lancaster's principle of oval-boring, these attempts were unattended with success. We have neither time nor space to explain these reasons. Most of them have reference to the circumstance that cannon-balls are made of iron, and small-arm balls of lead. Now, lead being a soft material, easily receives impressions from the ridges and indentations of ordinary rifle barrels, whereas iron is not so accommodating. Mr. Lancaster's principle of oval boring obviates much of this difficulty, and enables conoidal masses of iron to be shot from rifled ordnance, as conoidal masses of lead are shot from rifled small-arms. Lancaster's cannon occupies the same relation to ordinary cannons that Minié rifles do to ordinary muskets. The preceding outlines indicate sufficiently the nature and properties of the new gun. Its projectile may be considered a sort of modification of the Minié rifle bullet, but what sort of modification no good patriot will make known just yet. Like the secret of Congreve's rockets and Shrapnell's shells, the secret of Lancaster's oval projectiles will ultimately transpire; not, however, we hope, and believe, until they shall have done good duty against the strongholds of the Russian aggressor. Having alluded to Shrapnell's shells, it may be just as well to remark that they are synonymous with spherical case-shot.

WHY is a certain port of Russia called Archangel? Probably the archangel honored by the appropriation of his name is that one who is said to have preceded St. Michael.

WATER.—The fact of water's receiving additions of salt, sugar, &c., without a proportionate increase of bulk, is attributed to the atoms of these substances stowing themselves away into the interstitial spaces between the watery particles. One fact may be adduced as an instance, not familiar, and worthy almost to be reckoned as natural magic—viz., that one tumbler filled with pure clean cotton wool may be completely emptied into and held by another of the same size filled with water, without producing any overflow.

INCREASING THE STRENGTH OF METALS.—According to Mr. Fairbairn, all bodies solidifying under great pressure have their strength and specific gravity increased. No law has yet been given for the increase of either; but it would appear from the experiments conducted by Mr. Fairbairn, that great results are expected from the solidification of metals under high pressures. He and his colleagues, Messrs. Hopkins and Joule, have carried their experiments as high as 99,000lbs. pressure to the square inch—or exceeding 42 tons. The use of pressure will doubtless tend very much to improve the metals, by preventing internal flaws.

WATER-PIPES.—Mr. Waite, of Leeds, England, has patented water-pipes formed internally, of white delf, with a glazing like that of porcelain, and surrounded and compacted with a thick covering of a sort of concrete, forming a strong and impervious substance, it is said, not liable to decay, and as

NOVELTY IN SHIP-BUILDING.—M. Lombo-Miraval has called the attention of the Société d'Encouragement to a method of constructing ships, perfectly novel. According to this system, vessels are made altogether of iron-wire and hydraulic cement, and the inventor attributes to them the following advantages: Great solidity, absolute impermeability, facility of repair in case of shipwreck, perfect stability, by the ballast being fixed to the bottom and forming a part of the frame, and, finally, incomparable rapidity of construction. A barque, constructed six years ago upon this system, has since been navigated without requiring any repairs, although it has undergone some rough tests. "Nothing would be easier," says M. Miraval, "than to construct, in a few days, on board the vessels of an expeditionary fleet, as many gun-boats or debarkation rafts as may be desirable."

A COMPOSITION APPLICABLE TO THE MANUFACTURE OF BRICKS, TILES, AND OTHER MOULDED ARTICLES.—Mr. B. Hustwayte, Hockley-street, Homerton, and Mr. R. J. P. Gibson, Upper Brunswick-street, Hackney, patentees. This invention relates to the manufacture and use of an improved plastic composition, which, when moulded into bricks, tiles, or other articles, will set quickly, and will require no firing to render it capable of resisting the action of the atmosphere. In making this composition, fine river- or well-washed sand or ballast is employed as the body or chief ingredient, and blue-lias lime, or

Dorking lime, and Portland cement, or Roman cement, in a dry state, are added thereto. These ingredients are mixed well together; and when the composition is required to be used, water is added with stirring, and a plastic substance is produced which is capable of being moulded to any required form, and will set or harden very quickly. According to the color which the articles to be manufactured are required to assume, yellow-ochre, red-lead, or red-ochre, or other coloring matter is added, and thus bricks, tiles, vases, figures, &c., of a yellow, red, or other tint which taste may dictate are produced. The following are the proportions at present proposed for the production of a white composition which will manufacture into one

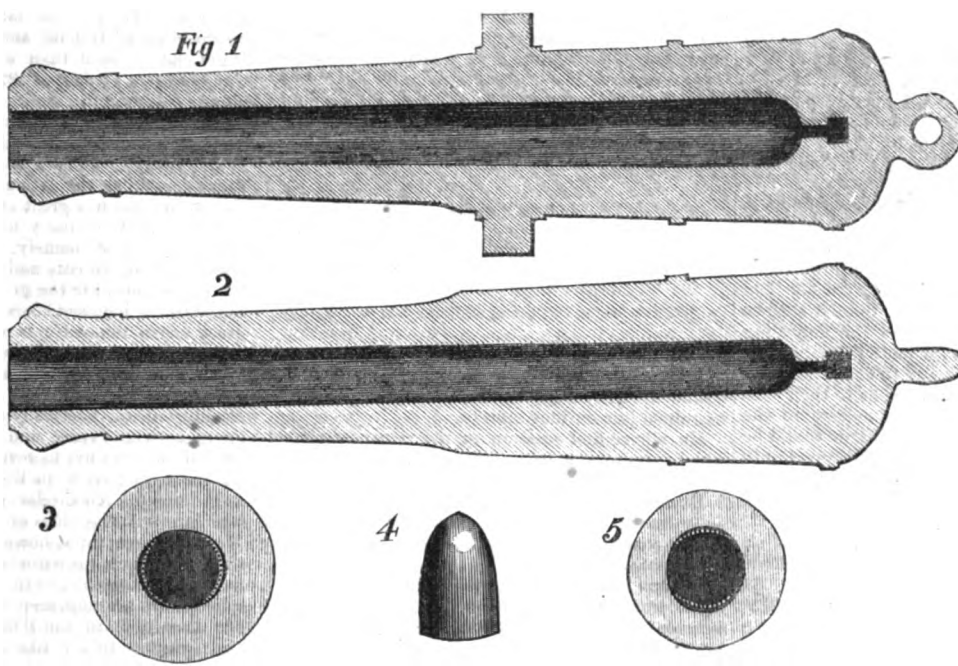
hundred bricks, full size, making four courses to the foot: Portland cement, one peck and a half; blue-lias lime, one peck; ballast or sand, three pecks. When this composition is required to be used, hot water is added (in the stirring) in sufficient quantities to form a plastic mass; the materials, when well mixed together, are cast into moulds. For the production of red and other colored bricks, tiles, &c., the composition is modified by the introduction of suitable coloring materials.

SAWDUST PILLS would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted, if every individual would make his own sawdust.

DOING NO GOOD.—A popular, but somewhat eccentric Scottish divine, lately prayed to heaven "to stop the cholera, as it was doing no good"—the people not being made a bit wiser or better by its ravages.

PARABOLIC DREAM.—A German prince, in a dream, seeing three rats—one fat, the other lean, and the third blind—sent for a Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself!"

ROWLAND HILL once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak—but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella."



1. Horizontal Longitudinal Section of Gun. 3. Transverse Section of Breach of Gun.
2. Vertical Longitudinal Section of Gun. 4. Conical Ball.
5. Transverse Section of Mouth of Gun.

LANCASTER'S OVAL CANNON.

capable of resisting violence as iron pipes, and more economically produced. They are also said to be well adapted for gas-pipes, and to be so air-tight as to prevent leakage.

IMMENSE FLY-WHEEL.—Considerable interest was excited during the proceedings of the British Association in Liverpool, by the announcement, by Mr. Clay, of the Mersey Steel and Iron Company's Works, of the enormous fly-wheel which was then erecting at the south end of Liverpool. This wheel is now completed, and its capabilities tested. It is 35 feet in diameter, and weighs upwards of 60 tons, 24 of which are absorbed in the rim. It is the largest of the kind in the kingdom, and when in motion, such is its size, it is fearful to stand within several feet of it. The object of so large a wheel is to give the proper momentum, and to counteract shocks in the manufacture of iron plates. Everything in connection with this ponderous piece of machinery is indicative of strength. The bedding for the shaft is composed of upwards of 20 feet deep of solid masonry, half of the wheel being below the surface. Some idea of its size may be ascertained from the fact, that when it is making thirty-eight revolutions in a minute, which will not be much above its usual momentum, its periphery is travelling at a mile a minute. The engine by which it is turned is horizontal, and of the nominal power of eighty horses.

The truly noble mind has no resentments.

Plate Glass.

THIS has become an article so extensively employed for decorative and utilitarian purposes, that a brief sketch of the mode by which it is brought to perfection, cannot fail of being of general interest. In the manufacture of plate glass the materials are first fused in melting pots made of Stourbridge clay, which measure from thirty to forty inches diameter, and three to four feet high. The pots are made in the form of a truncated cone, being rather smaller at the bottom than at the top, and are capable of containing a sufficient quantity of the melted glass to form four or five plates of the largest size. After the materials have been thoroughly fused together, a sufficient quantity of the melted glass to form a single plate is removed by iron ladles from the large melting to iron pots called *curelles*, which have been previously heated in another furnace. The glass, now in a pasty condition, is placed in the pots while they are in the furnace, which is then closed up, and kept at a considerable heat for some hours, until all the air bubbles have been expelled and the glass is sufficiently fluid to be poured. The pot is then removed from the furnace and carried on a truck to an iron table or bench, having a flat surface about eighteen feet long and ten feet wide; two bars of iron of equal thickness to the desired plate are laid upon the face of the table near the edges. The fluid glass is poured on the table and spread with iron or copper tools: an iron roller about fifteen inches diameter, and weighing about 30 cwt. is rested upon the two iron bars, and traversed over the face of the glass to roll it out like dough to a uniform thickness. To insure the rotation of the roller in a straight line along the plate, it is provided at each end with toothed wheels that work in corresponding racks fixed on the sides of the iron table, and the roller is drawn along the table by means of two chains, coiled around the ends of the cylinder and worked by a windlass.

When the glass has been rolled flat, the cylinder is received at the end of the table upon two arms counterpoised by means of levers placed beneath, so as to allow of the heavy roller being raised or lowered by two or three men. The plate, still red-hot and yielding, is slid from the table upon the flat surface of a carriage, which is wheeled to the annealing oven, upon the bed of which the plate is pushed and allowed to remain for several hours to cool gradually. The plates, when cold, are examined as to their condition, and such plates as present defects in the glass or irregularities in the surface that it would be tedious to grind out, are cut with the diamond into smaller pieces; but the nearly perfect plates are kept as near their full size as possible, and merely squared on the edges.

The plates of glass now measure about half an inch thick, and the surface is full of small irregularities, presenting a mottled appearance, the roughest side being generally that which was placed downwards upon the bed of the annealing oven, and copied all the irregularities of the bricks of which the bed of the oven is formed. The side of the glass that was uppermost in the oven is comparatively smooth and bright from the action of the fire, although in many cases this surface is not so nearly flat as the lower. The plates have therefore to be ground flat and polished on both sides. Formerly this was effected entirely by hand; but of late years the rough grinding with coarse sand and the polishing with crocus, are almost always done by machinery, and hand labor is only resorted to for the intermediate process of smoothing with fine emery.

The powder generally employed for polishing plate glass by machinery is the Venetian pink of the colorman, a cheap powder which contains only a small portion of the oxide of iron, mixed with earthy matter that renders the powder less active, and allows of the free use of water, which serves to reduce the friction and prevent the glass becoming heated by the action of the rubbers. Tripoli, crocus, or putty powder, used with water, are too active to produce a high polish on glass, and therefore they are generally employed dry for the last finish of glass polished by hand. But the great amount of rubbing surface, the velocity and power employed for polishing plate glass by machinery, render the use of dry powders inadmissible, as the surface would be torn by the friction, and the heat evolved would be liable to break the glass.

Sometimes old plate glass that has been scratched is repolished; when the plates are large and sufficiently numerous, they are repolished by machinery, just the same as new glass; but more generally old plates are repolished by hand, as the process can be then restricted principally to the scratched portions of the surface. The polishing is commenced with tripoli on cloth rubbers of the usual form, and finished with putty powder or crocus. The pressure is

generally given as in hand calendering, by attaching the rubber to the lower end of an upright pole, suspended from a long horizontal spring fixed overhead like that of a pole lathe. The elasticity of the spring supplies the pressure, and the workmen has only to push the rubber backwards and forwards; but the process is both laborious and tedious with large plates, and from the irregular action of the hand, the surface of the glass thus polished present a wavy appearance much inferior to those polished by machinery.

Sheet glass or flattened glass is manufactured by blowing the glass first into the form of a spherical bulb, which is afterwards elongated, by alternate heating, blowing, and swinging, into a cylinder about three feet long and eight inches diameter, with rounded ends, which at the last process of blowing, are opened out, and the ends are cut smooth with a diamond traversed in an upright frame around the cylinder, which is then cut through on the other side longitudinally, with a diamond inserted near the extremity of a light rod, and drawn through the inside of the cylinder under the guidance of a straight edge. The cylinder is then placed with the cut upwards in a reveratory manner, and the heat causes the cylinder gradually to open as a sheet, which is gently flattened down on the bed of the furnace, with tools like blunt garden-rakes, made of iron or wood. To improve the flatness, several sheets are afterwards laid upon each other in a second reveratory furnace with a level bed; the heat of the furnace and the weight of the superincumbent mass, causes the lower sheets of glass to become sufficiently flat for ordinary use, notwithstanding that there are many little irregularities in its surface, arising from the imperfect action of the flattening process. For the best purposes these irregularities are removed by grinding and polishing.

VERY TRUE.

MANY a tender tie is broken,
Many a gentle heart distressed!
By a careless sentence spoken,
Spoken only as a jest.

Miscellaneous.

YOUTH, with its consciousness, feel as if man's bosom were but a glass cane, where thought may be examined like curious insects.

HE whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

DEATH is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release; the physician of him whom freedom cannot cure; and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

CEYLON.—I know of no spot in either hemisphere, where tropical nature indulges in more marvellous redundancy than at Point de Galle; and after the sun-dried regions successively brought under the notice of the overland traveller, this luxuriance becomes still more remarkable. Malta is less vegetable than Gibraltar, Suez more sapless than either; and, excepting the Oasis of Cairo, and a distant view of the serpentine valley of the Nile, there is actually not a green spot from the needles to the Strait of Babelmandel. When, after ten dreary, stifling days in the Red Sea, the passenger is landed at that culminating point of desolation (in this planet at least), the Crater of Aden, the bias of his mind, as regards the gorgeous East, will have been disturbed, the current of his imagination dried up, and he will probably return to his steamer with the disagreeable conviction that he is the victim of misplaced confidence, that tropical luxuriance is a humbug, and that he and his companions are the only green things he is likely to see, until he finds his way back to less husky and more aqueous climes. I don't suppose any two places on the globe's surface illustrate more strongly than Aden and Point de Galle, the partiality with which nature has distributed her blessings. One might imagine the former to be totally overlooked when vegetation was being served out; while it seems as though Pan, Pales, Flora, or Pomona, or whoever was entrusted with that duty, had, in a frolicsome spirit of exuberant generosity, emptied the cornucopia of vegetation intended for a whole continent, on the summit of the latter. It is literally smothered in verdant luxuriance, which heaped, massed, jumbled together in indescribable profusion, is barely restrained within its natural limits by the envious waves of the opposing ocean. At the entrance of the harbor are three or four detached rocks, on which some cocoa palms have established themselves, and there, without any nourishment, apparently, but the salt brine, they flourish and bear fruit.

DOMESTIC LOVE.—We lay up treasure in heaven when we cherish the domestic charities. "They sin who tell us love can die," and they also err grievously, who suppose that natural affections tend to wean us from God. Far otherwise! they develop virtues of the existence of which in our own hearts we should else be unconscious; and binding us to each other, they bind us also to our common parent.

It is too often an error, in the modern system of education, to consider talents and accomplishments according to the use that is made of them, rather than their intrinsic value: applause is rectitude, and success, morally; but such is not sufficient for an honorable character; there is a dignity in the mind which leads those who possess it to cultivate only those arts which are valuable; who have a satisfaction in their own feelings, beyond what applause, power, or popularity could bestow. Let us show to youth how dangerous it is to trifle on the borders of virtue; for its chief safeguard is a jealous sensibility that startles at the color or shadow of vice; when once its barrier is infringed, there is no other at which conscience will rise to exclaim—"thus far, and no other."

NO TIDES IN THE BALTIC.—The great tidal wave south of Australia takes a north-westerly direction, and the same tide that reaches Madras extends to Madagascar and the Cape of Good Hope, from which last-mentioned place fifteen hours are required to bring the same tidal wave into the British Channel, which in the North Atlantic takes a north-easterly direction. The rise and fall of the tide are greater on the coast of Ireland, and West of England, Germany and Jutland, than on England's east coast; the German Ocean, of 32,000 square leagues, is almost closed at the straits of Dover, and shoals up in the direction of the east coast of England to the Thames. The tides rise little in the Pacific, which is an immense basin nearly closed at its northern extremity; whilst the Atlantic, open to and beyond the north pole, has great and varying tides. Generally, where the space for the action of the tide waves is greatest (namely, where such action is least impeded by continents and shoals) there the rise and fall of the tides are the greatest. The minimum is found in the inclosed lakes and seas, from which the great ocean tide-wave is excluded, and where the action of the moon and sun is confined to a comparatively limited surface and depth. At Copenhagen the tide averages only one foot. It is true that the Mediterranean, poetically a "tideless sea," experiences, betwixt Venice and the Lesser Syrtis a rise and fall of from five to seven feet; but such rise and fall seem to have been little noticed by the Greeks in the time of Alexander, who were struck with astonishment at the tides of the Indian Ocean. The Mediterranean tides, however, do not extend over all its surface, notwithstanding its being in most parts unfathomable, as there are many places in it where tides are imperceptible. But since no tides are discernible in the Baltic, we can only attribute their absence to the like causes of limited surface and shallowness. Reckoning with Malte-Brun twenty-five square leagues to the degree, the Baltic has a surface of 17,680 square leagues, and the Mediterranean, Archipelago, &c., of 131,980 square leagues; and if we add to the former the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, 7,400 square leagues, the Mediterranean is still more than five times the size of the Baltic, which latter, by comparison, is reduced to a lake, the surface of which is too inconsiderable to be acted on by the moon's attraction so as to produce a tide susceptible of measurement. There is an occasional rise of about three feet in the Baltic, maintained sometimes for a few days, at other times for weeks together; but its connection with lunar or solar attraction is still undetermined. The west bed of the Baltic is thought to be rising. Whilst on this subject, it may be interesting to observe, that a flow of water constantly issues from the Baltic into the North Sea, except after a prevalence of north-west winds: but the flow of the Atlantic is, on the contrary, constantly directed into the Mediterranean, the enormous accessions of water from such rivers as the Nile, Danube, &c., not being equal to the quantity converted into clouds by evaporation from its surface.

INSTRUCTION.—Instruct your son well or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom or he will go of himself to the rival academy, kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on of some sort, just as in fields, vegetation is never idle.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—To see a vegetarian and a teetotaler in good animal spirits.

WHAT people delight in, whatever the subject, is their own share or part in it.

AN ARAB LEGEND.—King Nimrod one day commanded his three sons to enter his presence, and caused to be placed before them by his slaves three sealed urns. One of the urns was of gold, the other of amber, and the other of clay. The king told his eldest son to choose among the urns that which appeared to contain the treasure of the greatest price. The eldest chose the vase of gold on which was written *Empire*; he opened it, and found it full of blood. The second chose the amber vase, on which was written *Glory*; he opened it, and found it filled with the ashes of men who had been famous on the earth. The third took the remaining vase of clay; he opened it, and found it empty; but in the bottom the potter had written one of the names of God. "Which of these vases weighs the most?" demanded the king of his court. The ambitious replied, the vase of gold; the poets and conquerors, the vase of amber; the sages answered and said, the empty vase, because that a single letter in the name of God weighed more than the entire globe.

A PROCESSION IN CEYLON.—In the procession I observed several Fakeers (men who try to establish a character for holiness by public exhibitions of torture and self-mortification), one of whom had certainly taken the most efficient means for displaying his efforts in the cause of sanctity, by conduct that showed that he had no need of warning about placing his light under a bushel; he had run a stick or wire through both his cheeks, and stuck a lighted candle at each extremity, at a distance of about six inches from his face; it had a very disgusting appearance, but from the earnest manner in which he attracted our attention to it, I have no doubt it was considered a work of especial merit. "The high caste Kandians are very jealous regarding their hereditary dress, and any assumption of undue finery by a low caste man, meets with instantaneous punishment. Until very lately neither low caste men or women were allowed to wear their cloth or petticoat lower than their knees, whereas the higher castes extend them down to the ground. In the lower country of Ceylon, the size and quality of the comb is the great criterion of rank, and if a barber or shoemaker, or any degraded caste, assumes a comb of extra size and superior quality, he merits exactly the same punishment as he who in the upper country assumes a decent elongation of petticoat."

THE PASSIONS.—How deplorable is the history of numbers whom, from their pre-eminent powers, the world have unitedly stamped with the title of "great"! They traverse the earth with the lordly tread of native supremacy; all obstacles vanish before their burning energy, like snow-wreaths in the sun; all men accept their ideas and impulses, as the planets drink in light and heat from their solar orb; and governments, institutions, and circumstances, as though melted wax, take from their sole genius new shapes and aspects. And yet how often have these men, who were able to control all else, whether men or things, been incapable of controlling their own passions, and become their slaves and their victims! Alexander consuming with the fever of a drunken debauch—Cæsar falling, on the summit-level of his supremacy, by a score of dagger-strokes—Cromwell, the iron Cromwell, starting every moment, like a timorous child in the dark, with apprehension of assassin-attacks—and Napoleon, on a lone rock in mid-ocean, devouring slowly his own great heart. What an unspeakable tragedy is here? Yea, the shores of life are all littered with the wrecks of gifted natures stranded in the storms of the passions; multitudes having perished utterly, others having barely escaped total destruction, and even of these reaching land many being in a shattered and sorely damaged state.

ALCOHOL is that combustible fluid which rises by the distillation of the juices of sweet fruits; from the infusion of malted barley or other grain; the solution of sugar, honey, and other substances that are capable of being converted into sugar after they have undergone the spontaneous change which is commonly known as fermentation—the vinous fermentation. The word alcohol is of Arabic or Hebrew origin, and signifies subtle or attenuated; but although it has for many ages been used to designate the material in question, it does not appear to have become popular; "spirits of wine," or "spirits," being the general interpretation of alcohol. As alcohol is well known to be derived from sugar, malt, and grapes, it is generally though erroneously believed that these substances contain it. By the hand of Power "a Greek Slave" can be produced from a solid mass of marble and chained to a pedestal. No one will believe that the beautiful form pre-existed in the marble, and that Power merely removed the stone veil that enclosed it! In like manner, when a chemist manipulates sugar, barley, or grapes,

for the purpose of making alcohol, he does not separate it as a material pre-existing in the substances operated on, but merely uses the ingredients contained therein to create alcohol. It is an ascertained fact that alcohol can only be made from sugar, although at first sight it appears to be made from a variety of things, such as potatoes, treacle &c. When it is known that any materials that contain starch can be converted into sugar, the mystery of making alcohol from potatoes becomes solved. Moreover, when starch is manipulated in another way, chemists can produce from it vinegary sugar, alcohol, water, carbonic acid, oxalic acid, carbonic oxide gas, lactic acid, and many other substances; but it must not be supposed that these materials have any pre-existence in starch—no; they have been created from the elements composing starch, but not from the substance itself. The starch is broken up, and its elements are re-arranged into new forms. When alcohol is made from barley we merely complete a change which nature had begun. Barley contains starch. When barley is malted the starch becomes sugar: this we extract by the use of water, and call it wort. Fermentation is now set up, and the sugar is changed into "spirit." How quickly this can be turned into acetic acid—that is, vinegar—is well known to all beer-drinkers.

LIGHTNING.—M. Boudin, chief surgeon to the Hospital du Roule, has furnished the French Academy of Sciences with some interesting observations on the effects of the lightning stroke upon human beings. He mentioned two curious facts. The first was, that dead men, struck by lightning, had been found in exactly the upright position they held, when killed; the second was, that other bodies bore upon them faint impressions of outward objects, probably somewhat resembling photographic shadows. Animals, however, are much more exposed to the influences of lightning than men, and suffer more by its destructive properties. More than once a single flash of lightning has destroyed an entire flock of sheep, and according to M. Abbadie, flocks of 2,000 in Ethiopia.

THE BEAR AND THE HORSE.—Another alleged proof of the bear's sagacity is, that when he has seized a horse, and the terrified prey drags his foe after him, the bear, in order to stop the headlong speed of the affrighted horse, retains his hold with one paw, while with the other he firmly grasps the first tree they pass—when, owing to the enormous strength of the enemy, the poor horse is at once brought up, and at his mercy. It sometimes happens, however, that if the bush or tree grasped is only slightly imbedded in the soil, it is torn up by the roots—when, for a second or two, at least, the horse, the bear, and the tree may be seen careering together through the forest. Though in general horses, when attacked by the bear, make no resistance, but trust to their heels for safety, some are found who will stand gallantly on the defensive, and not unfrequently beat off the assailant. This was especially the case with a certain mare in Wermeland, which was known to have come off victorious in numerous conflicts. But this animal exhibited extraordinary courage, as well as wonderful sagacity; for instinct telling her that her own soft heels would have but little effect on bruin's iron carcass, she would not, after passing the winter in the stable, betake herself to the woods in spring, until duly provided with shoes. But when the blacksmith had performed his part, feeling she was then prepared to meet the enemy on equal terms, she would trot off gaily to the depths of the forest. I have also read of a mare at Wuollerim, in Jockmock's Lappmark, that was celebrated for thus combating wild beasts. For the mere fun of the thing, indeed, she would at times become the assailant. On one occasion she slaughtered three wolves which were prowling in company on a newly-frozen lake. Though I have never seen the horse in conflict with the bear or wolf, I can well understand that he at times proves a formidable antagonist; for, independently of his heels—which with management may perhaps be avoided—his fore-legs are most destructive weapons. About two years ago, a horse thus attacked a valuable pointer of mine—a manoeuvre possibly learned in his combats with wolves—in the most savage manner. No dancing master could have brought his legs into play with more agility; and it was only by a miracle that the poor dog escaped destruction.

WHAT business has a check-taker at a theatre to inquire if you are going to return; and why don't you tell him to mind his own business?

WHAT is the use of a stage driver asking you if you're going to Union Square, when he sees you walking as fast as you can towards the Battery.

Who ever saw a Quaker baby?

Feminine Decorations in Different Countries.

The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The blackest teeth are considered the most beautiful in Guzurat, and in some parts of America; while in Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she were not plastered with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of she-goats; and to make them so, their youth is passed in the torture of small wooden shoes.

In some countries, mothers break the noses of their children; and in others, they press the head between two boards that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair. The Turkish women, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The Indian is thickly smeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover warm entrails and reeking tripe, with which to decorate herself.

In China small eyes are not admired. The Turkish ladies dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows, to cause them to appear prominent, and they tinge their nails with a rose color.

The female head-dress is, in some countries, singularly extravagant. The Chinese fair one carries on her head the figure of a bird; this bird is composed of copper or gold, according to the quality of the person; the wings, which are spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples; the tail is long and open, and forms a beautiful tuft of feathers: the beak shades the top of the nose, and the neck is fastened to the body by a spring, that it may freely play, and undulate at the slightest motion.

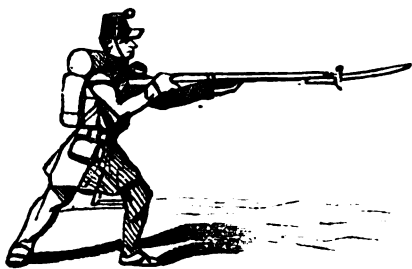
Bruce writes, as the climax of female decorations, his description of the favorite queen of Sensar:—"A ring of gold passed through her under lip, and weighed it down till it almost covered her chin, leaving her teeth bare, which were very small and very fine; the inside of her lip was blackened with antimony; her ears reached down to her shoulders, and had the appearance of wings; there was a gold ring in each of them, about five inches in diameter, and somewhat thinner than a man's little finger; the weight of this had drawn down the hole where her ear was pierced so much that three fingers might easily pass above the ring. Her neck was adorned with a gold necklace of several rows, one above the other, to which were hung rows of perforated sequins, and upon her ankles were two rings of gold, larger than those used for chaining felons." Another of the wives, in addition to these, "had chains coming from her ears to the outside of each nostril, where they were fastened. A ring was also put through the gristle of her nose, and it hung down to the opening of her mouth: having altogether something of the appearance of a horse's bridle."

PRESENCE OF MIND IN PERIL.—The "San Francisco Herald" narrates the following incident of the explosion of the steamboat "Jenny Lind":—"We have said not a man stood; but there was one who fell, and one alone escaped unhurt. This was Mr. James Tobin, late of the firm of Tobin & Duncan. He was standing near the hatch-way leading to the cabin, and talking to Mr. Shelton, when he felt the tremor. Familiar with such accidents on the Mississippi river, and knowing what it portended, even before he heard the explosion, and simultaneously with the gushing-up of the steam, with extraordinary presence of mind, he jerked apart the fastenings around his neck of a heavy cloak he had on, threw it entirely over his head, wrapped it and his hands in the folds, and prostrated himself to the deck. The furious volume of steam rushed over and around him, but he lay with his hand clasped over his mouth, and held his breath. Even through the thick folds of his cloak, low down on the deck, half a minute after the explosion, the air was painfully hot. In a little more than a minute he raised his cloak to see if he could breathe, found it still too hot, and covered himself up again. In two minutes he uncovered, completely unhurt; he had not even been singed. His cloak was burnt and almost dropped to pieces. Beside him lay poor Shelton, to whom he had just been talking, fearfully scalded, externally and internally, and now, poor fellow, dying. He was the only man of the whole crowd who rose up. His escape, under Providence, is due to his presence of mind alone."

THE Melbourne and Hobson Bay Railway—the first railway in Australia—was opened by the governor on the 12th of September.

The Chasseurs de Vincennes.

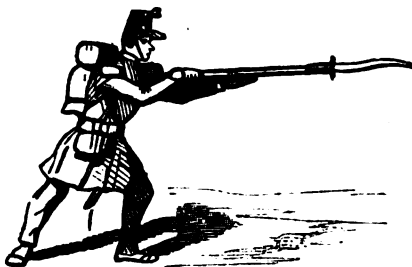
We present herewith twelve illustrations exhibiting the various positions through which this interesting corps of the French army were trained for



1. To resist Cavalry—(fourth position) Point.

active service. These illustrations are taken from the sketches made by an able artist at Vincennes, during the reviews held there preceding the departure of those troops for the eastern war.

This force is peculiar to the French service. They exceed in general availability the Rifle corps of the British army. As their name imports, they have actually been trained for the *chase*: they are hunters—war-hunters; yet an infantry force. They were found the most efficient of all the troops in the African campaigns against the wild Arabs of the desert.



2. To resist Cavalry—(third position) Point.

In the Crimean campaign they have fully justified the very sanguine expectations indulged in concerning their efficiency against the Russians. Armed with the *Minie Rifle*, and lying in wait under the very outer trenches of Sebastopol, they have with deadly precision picked off through the embrasures the men serving the guns in the fortress, thus silencing several of the heaviest batteries, and affording important relief to the besieging force.

It is confidently maintained by some military men, that the Chasseurs de Vincennes can—in line, eight deep—successfully resist a cavalry charge, without being obliged to form into square.



3. To resist Cavalry—(first position) Parry and Point.

A Tiger Adventure.

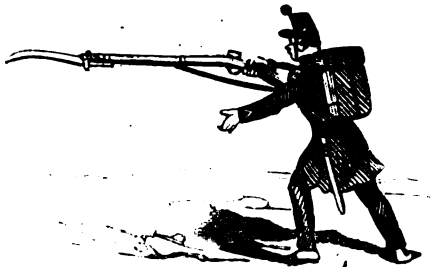
BY AN INDIAN OFFICER.

A BRAHMIN, with his wife and only daughter, were making a pilgrimage to the banks of the sacred Ganges. With the characteristic indifference of their caste, they had incautiously halted in the midst of the jungle to cook some rice. The little girl, while the mother was occupied in preparing the frugal meal, had thoughtlessly wandered into the long grass in quest of some gaudy insect flitting



8. Sentry.

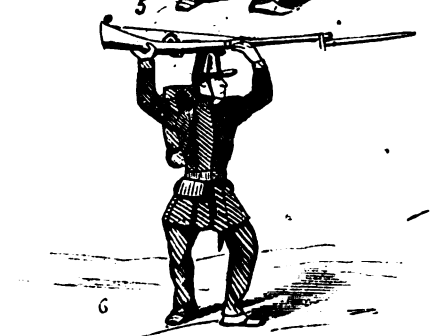
past: on a sudden, the father, who had thrown himself on the ground to snatch a few moments repose, was aroused by the screams of his child, and, regaining his feet, perceived a full-grown cheetah (a species of tiger) in the act of springing on his tender girl. To see, and rush to her rescue, armed only with a knife, was the work of an instant; he arrived too late to arrest the tiger as he made his rarely missing, and in this case, fatal spring on the beautiful and dark-bosomed maid. A terrible struggle now ensued, the infuriated animal relaxed its grasp of the child and fastened on the father. The tender and loving wife, only now fully awakened to the extent of the danger, forgetting her sex, insensible to aught but her husband's peril, recklessly rushed forward: but ere she could reach the spot



4. To resist Cavalry—The firelock thrown smartly.



5. To resist Infantry—Prepare to charge.



6. To resist Cavalry—(first position) Parry.

to become a third victim to the insatiate monster, the providential sight of a bullet from my rifle, penetrating the animal's brain, stretched him dead at her feet. The brave husband lay extended on the grass in the last agonies of death, dreadfully mangled, the brute having torn away the greater part of his brain and face. The little girl had already expired.

Never can I forget the calmness and apparently stoical indifference of this Indian woman while her husband lay extended before her, gasping his last.



7. To resist Infantry—Guard.

She supported his head, gently wiping the blood from his face and lips; no sign of her feelings could be detected in her features. I gazed upon her with astonishment; but no sooner was it evident that death had effectually terminated the loved one's sufferings, than she gave way to the most frantic and heart-rending expressions of grief. The anguish of that woman, death alone can obliterate from my memory—words cannot picture it. I see her before me as I write, alternately embracing the lifeless and bloody bodies of her husband and child, lavishing

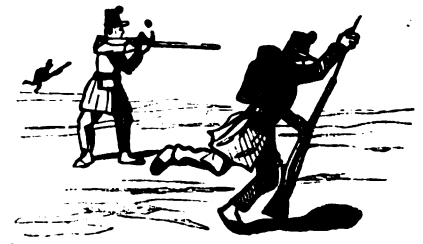
over them the most tender, endearing invocations of affection, then as suddenly turning round and seizing the crimson knife of her heroic husband, plunging it again and again into the body of the



9. Retiring gymnastic pace.

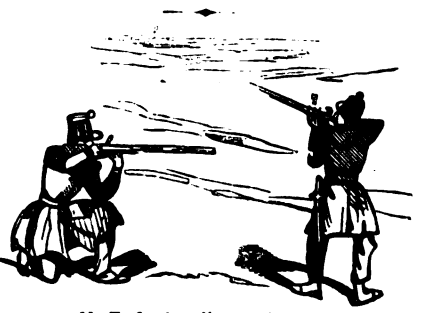
insensible animal, uttering all the time the most fearful and violent imprecations of despair and anguish.

It was with the greatest difficulty she could at length be removed from the tragic scene, and confided to the care of some neighboring villagers. I had occasion to revisit the same scenes some few months after, and found the bereaved wife, but, indeed, how changed! I could hardly recognize her. Day and night, I was informed, she wandered about, calling on her husband and child. A deep, settled gloom, beyond anything I ever witnessed, was upon her features; her eyes had a wandering, restless



10. Detached skirmishers—To fire and load advancing.

expression. She knew me immediately, and talked in the most pathetic strain of her hapless child and husband. Poor creature! I tried to console her, but in vain. She said her only wish was, as soon as the monsoon or rainy season abated, to prosecute her journey to the Ganges, and die by its sacred stream. I remonstrated with her on this folly, and explained to her the divine truths of Christianity. All I could say made no impression, nor seemed to abate her determination, and time would not permit my stay, nor did I ever chance again to traverse the same scenes; but I have no doubt, from my knowledge of Indian character, she subsequently carried her resolution into effect.



11. To fire kneeling on the spot.

WHY should a man who has abandoned his occupation at the diggings, be rendered amenable to civil law? Because he is no longer a miner (minor).

THERE lately died at Vinay (Isere), an old man, aged 90, named Pierrard, surnamed the Trembleur. He was formerly a drummer in the service of the Republic, and commanded the drummers whom Santerre ordered to strike up in order to prevent Louis XVI from speaking on the scaffold. He was called the Trembleur from always being seized with an involuntary trembling of the head and shoulders when that event was alluded to.



12. Detached skirmishers—To fire lying.

The Siege of Gibraltar.

THE rock of Gibraltar, which, among military men, is regarded as the key to the Mediterranean, has been in the hands of the British for the period of 150 years. It was in 1704 that the English, under Admiral Sir George Rooke, besieged and conquered it from the Spaniards, with the loss of about sixty killed and two hundred wounded. In the following year the Spaniards attempted to retake it, but in vain; they again attacked the fortress in 1727, when they lost 3,000 men in an attempt equally futile. The great siege, however, which drew the attention of the whole world, owing to the magnitude of the operations carried on, and which by its result established the high reputation of the British as garrison soldiers, commenced in 1779, and endured until February, 1783. This fortified rock, which was the object of so protracted and desperate a conflict, is above 1,300 feet in height, and stands at the extremity of an isthmus which projects into the sea several miles from the main land. It is about seven miles in circumference, is so steep as to be totally inaccessible from the northern side, which fronts the isthmus, and from the eastern side, which fronts the Mediterranean. The south and west sides present a precipitous slope, fortified with all the appliances, offensive and defensive, which the ingenuity of man can devise. The town lay at the northwestern base of the hill, and from its exposed position was, as will be seen, open to the worst horrors of assault.

The court of Spain had never ceased to regret the loss of Gibraltar, and judging that a favorable opportunity for its recovery was presented by the war in which the English were then engaged with France, they openly took part with that power, and declared hostilities by their ambassador on the 16th of June, 1779, closing the communication between Spain and Gibraltar a few days later. The force of the garrison under the command of General Eliot, then governor, amounted to little more than 5,000 men, who were soon to be assailed by nearly seven times their number. Everything was immediately placed upon a war footing, and every measure that could be devised was resorted to to procure provisions, which threatened to run short. The Spanish commodore, with a superior fleet, against which the small naval force protected by the guns of the garrison could attempt but little, was continually cruising in the neighborhood; and if supplies were obtained from the usual sources, it must be by the superior navigation, gallantry, audacity, and good fortune of captains bold enough to make the attempt.

Soon after the declaration of war, the Spaniards, whose design appeared at first that of compelling surrender by famine, commenced the structure of most formidable and extensive works upon the isthmus, erecting tremendous batteries which commanded the town, the inhabitants of which, anticipating a bombardment, removed their most valuable property to temporary stores erected for its reception in places of comparative safety. The stolid patience and endurance of the enemy in the preparation of their enormous batteries augured evil for the garrison. The hostile army increased in numbers as their works advanced in extent; yet still, week after week, and month after month, although annoyed day and night by the fire of the garrison, which poured shot and shell upon their working parties, and repeatedly set fire to their works, they labored steadily on, in spite of the slaughter made in their ranks, without returning the fire, save in some very trifling and exceptional instances. In fact, six months passed before a single person on the rock was wounded, and, strange to relate, the first partaker of this melancholy lot was a woman. Towards the close of 1779, famine began to be felt, especially

by the unfortunate townspeople, who had neglected to make provision for the siege. In January, 1780, one woman died of want; food of all kinds was sold at most extravagant prices; three hundred per cent. was the average profit reaped by the daring fellows who, running the gauntlet of the enemy's fleet, succeeded in arriving with a cargo; but in making the attempt many lost their vessels and some their lives. About this time the governor made experiments as to the minimum quantity of food upon which life could be sustained, and lived himself for some time on four ounces of rice daily! Fortunately, towards the spring of this year, the Spaniards relaxed in their blockade, and supplies were more regularly obtained. During the whole of this year the enemy were employed in completing their works, under the occasional fire of the British, which was not continuous, from the fear entertained lest the ammunition should run short. This long interval was marked by many exploits on the part of the little navy co-operating with the governor under the command of Admiral Duff, upon whose courage and devotion the beleaguered garrison were very greatly dependent for supplies.

The garrison had been partially relieved by the arrival of Sir George Rodney, in January, 1780, and it was reported that the Spaniards had resolved to bombard the town by means of their newly-erected works, in case a second relief should be attempted. The officers of the fortress placed little faith in this report, supposing humanely that, as the destruction

from the Spaniards rarely relaxed, and only ceased altogether for about a couple of hours at noon, when, indulging their national habit, they took their siesta, or mid-day sleep—a custom they observed throughout the whole of the siege. The result of this continuous fire was a sad series of casualties, or the distribution of wounds and sudden death among the soldiers and inhabitants. The range of the enemy's guns proved upon trial far superior to the estimate the British had formed of them. Shells were thrown to the very summit of the rock, from immense distances; they entered the officers' quarters, and maimed and slew them as they sat in fancied security; they penetrated the hospitals, and killed and wounded the sick in their beds; the town soon became a heap of ruins, and the townspeople were compelled to encamp in tents on the south side of the rock.

To the fire of the enemy's land batteries was now added that of a fleet of gun and mortar-boats, which came regularly every evening, and for an hour or two launched their contribution of two or three hundred shot and shell against the defences of the place. These boats were a source of perpetual annoyance and loss to the garrison, and though their fire was returned, yet from the smallness of the mark which they presented to the gunners, they are supposed to have escaped with comparative impunity. In order to retaliate effectively, and possibly with a view of deterring the boats from their daily attack, the governor began the practice of

opening a smart fire upon the camp from one of his most formidable batteries, whenever the boats began their assaults—a plan which may have avenged the sufferings they inflicted, but did not abate the annoyance. The fire of the Spaniards upon the fortress underwent every possible variation throughout the summer and autumn of this year—sometimes amounting to above 1,500 rounds in the twenty-four hours, and sometimes consisting of only three shots. In November, it was observed to slacken materially, and it soon appeared that this was owing to the erection of new works of a formidable nature, which were advancing rapidly towards completion. The governor resolved to destroy these works by a sortie—a step so audacious and apparently desperate, that the Spaniards



VIEW OF GIBRALTAR FROM THE SIGNAL STATION.

of the town, though it would inflict indescribable calamities upon the inhabitant, who were non-combatants, would in no way assist or accelerate the fall of the place, the besiegers would, from motives of mercy, refrain from such an act. In this view, unhappily, they were mistaken. On the morning of the 12th of April, 1781, a fleet under the command of Admiral Darby hove in sight, leading a convoy of above a hundred vessels for the provisioning Gibraltar. In spite of the opposition of the Spanish navy, the fleet and convoy came safe to anchor about eleven o'clock; but while the wretched and half-starved inhabitants were congratulating one another on this welcome supply, the Spaniards suddenly opened a tremendous fire upon the town, and from above a hundred pieces of heavy artillery at once poured in such a prodigious storm of shot and shell, as sent old and young, men, women, and children, flying in a panic of terror for the shelter of caves and holes in the rocks, leaving their property behind them. In this sudden calamity the sordid and avaricious suffered their deserts—the large quantities of food which they had hoarded in the face of the famine, to secure a higher price, being seized by the soldiers of the garrison and applied to their own use.

Notwithstanding the bombardment, which continued from day to day, the stores were all safely landed in the course of eight or nine days. Affairs began now, however, to wear a very different aspect to what they had hitherto borne. The cannonade

had never conceived it practicable, and consequently were not on their guard against it. On the night of the 27th of November, a detachment of something over two thousand men marched out, under cover of darkness, in three columns, and preserving a rigid silence, came suddenly upon the guard, whom they assaulted with the bayonet, and putting them to the rout, took possession of the works which were the object of the attack. In less than an hour they had set fire to the whole of the works, blown up the magazines, and spiked the mortars and cannon, inflicting a loss upon the enemy of above a million of dollars, besides a considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The destroyed batteries continued burning for three days, and when they ceased to smoke, nothing but a heap of ruins remained.

The Spaniards seemed panic-struck by this daring exploit, and made no attempt to extinguish the fire. The following month, however, they resumed their spirit, and commenced repairing the mischief, and soon after planned the construction of new works. It was their custom to labor by night, while it was that of the garrison to attempt to destroy in the day-time the work they had accomplished in the dark. It was not only on the land side that the Spaniards sought to increase their besieging force. In the port of Algeiras, on the opposite coast of the bay of Gibraltar, preparations were constantly making for additional means of assault by sea, and reinforcements of war vessels arrived from time to

time. New gun-boats were built, and defensive works erected on the shore.

On the 23d of March, 1782, the "Vernon" store-ship arrived at Gibraltar, bringing gun-boats and ammunition for the garrison. She was followed shortly after by the "Cerberus" and "Apollo" frigates, with four transports, having the 97th regiment on board, numbering 700 men, a reinforcement greatly needed. During this spring and summer, the bombardment on the land side abated considerably, and the governor took advantage of this circumstance to put the whole of his defences in an admirable condition of repair. It was evident, not merely from this comparative lull, but from the activity displayed at the port of Algeiras, that a grand and united attack was contemplated, and it behoved the British to be well prepared to meet it. They could see the large battering ships which were building, six of which were completed by the beginning of June; and others were in a state of forwardness. As they built new ships, the governor erected new batteries, and having learned by experience the deadly effect of the enemy's fire, he caused covered ways to be constructed, shell-proof. On the 11th of June a shell from the enemy burst through the door of a magazine, which instantly blew up with an explosion so terrible as to shake the whole rock, fragments of large size being thrown by it to an incredible distance into the sea. Fourteen men were killed on the spot, and fifteen more badly wounded. A few days after this misfortune, the camp of the enemy was augmented by the arrival of French regiments to the number of 5,000 men, and everything betokened the approach of an important crisis. On the 21st, two Genoese prisoners escaped to the garrison, and brought news that the grand attack was fixed for September, but that all about to be engaged in it were much averse to the enterprise. On the evening of the following day, the Duc de Crillon, who had lately gained a brilliant reputation by the conquest of Minorca, arrived to take the command of the combined army, and to achieve, as was expected, the reduction of Gibraltar.

The plan of attack had been contrived by M. D'Arcon, a French engineer, and it was at his suggestion that the great battering ships were constructed, upon principles supposed to be both impregnable and incombustible: they were of a strength and solidity hitherto unparalleled, and were completely roofed and walled in on the exposed side with defences six or seven feet in thickness, consisting of green timber bolted together with iron, cork, junk, and raw hides, and made bomb-proof on the top. These would discharge shot and shell from between two and three hundred guns of largest calibre, and be seconded by a squadron of about thirty men-of-war, and a whole fleet of gun and mortar-boats, bomb-ketches, and floating batteries. This prodigious assault by sea was to be accompanied simultaneously by a grand attack from the land batteries on the isthmus while an army of 40,000 men in camp were ready at any moment to take advantage of any opportunity for landing and carrying the fortress by storm. The effective strength of the garrison, although it had been considerably reinforced, consisted of barely 7,000 men; but, nothing daunted by the threatened destruction, the governor calmly took his measures for the coming crisis. Towards the end of July, the garrison were inspired by the news of Admiral Rodney's great victory in the West Indies, where the French fleet had been totally defeated, and suffered the loss of their admiral and his ship, the "Ville de Paris." An animated fire was now kept up upon the enemy's works, both by day and night, and it was known from the reports of deserters who came in, that they suffered cruelly by it. As affairs drew to a head, the utmost activity prevailed on either side, the noise and bustle of preparation never ceasing for a moment. The Duc de Crillon assumed the command early in August, and chivalrously wrote a complimentary letter to General Elliot, his sturdy foe, accompanying it with a handsome present of fruit, vegetables, game, and other delicacies, of which he knew the general must stand in need. The general replied in the same courteous spirit, but cautiously deferred the establishment of a private friendship until the interests of his royal master should have been worthily vindicated.

By the beginning of September, the enemy's works on the land side had advanced to a degree of perfection which the garrison regarded with feelings the reverse of pleasant. On the forenoon of the 6th, Lieutenant-General Boyd proposed to the governor to try the use of red-hot shot against the newly-erected batteries. The governor assented, and the necessary preparations being made, the attack commenced on the morning of the 8th. The

result exceeded the most sanguine expectations; in a few hours two of the hostile batteries were on fire, and, in spite of all exertions to extinguish them, they were totally consumed before night. It is supposed that the Spaniards lost in this single cannonade above three hundred men in killed and wounded. This unlooked-for check galled the enemy, and provoked him to immediate retaliation. The next morning at day-break he opened fire upon the rock from the whole of his lines, and in the course of that day and the following night launched upon the British defences nearly eight thousand shot and shell, exclusive of those fired from the men-of-war and mortar-boats. This tremendous cannonade was continued with varying intensity, and amidst it all the utmost efforts were making for the completion of the formidable battering ships, to the instrumentality of which they looked for final success. On the morning of the 12th the combined fleet came in sight, and in the afternoon were all at anchor in the bay, ready for the assault. At seven in the morning of the 13th the dreaded battering ships got under weigh, and bore down to their several stations; and now commenced the fearful and decisive struggle which was to decide the fate of Gibraltar.

The huge floating forts took up a position at from 900 to 1,200 yards from the garrison. When the first dropped her anchors, the British commenced their fire. In ten minutes the enemy were all moored, and then their fire became tremendous; from above 400 pieces of the heaviest artillery, including both land and sea batteries, descended a blinding shower of shot and shells, furnishing a scene to which no powers of description could do adequate justice, and no imagination realize unaided by the recollections of experience. The chief hope of the garrison lay in their red-hot shot, which, however, from want of timely preparation, they could not bring into general use till near two o'clock in the day. The battering ships were found truly formidable; the largest shells rebounded harmless from their roofs, and the heaviest shot appeared to make no impression on their hulls; while from the effects of their fire the casualties of the British were serious and distressing. For many hours the attack and defence were both so well supported that success on either side hung doubtful, the solid construction of the ships seeming to bid defiance to the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, when the supply of red-hot shot became abundant, things began to assume a different aspect. Smoke appeared issuing from the flag-ship, and the admiral's second was also seen to be on fire. Confusion ensued, their cannonade abated, and, save from one or two ships at a great distance, ceased altogether. Signals of distress were hoisted, and boats were seen to row to their assistance. Darkness came down upon their calamity, and as the artillery of the garrison poured in its iron storm upon the frenzied and helpless crews, an indistinct clamor of lamentable cries and groans arose from all quarters. Pieces of wreck, crowded with drowning wretches, floated to the shore, and others were dimly seen struggling for life in the troubled waters. About an hour after midnight the nearest battering ship burst into flames, and was soon in one blaze from stem to stern; the light she afforded enabled the garrison to fire with the utmost precision, and to consummate the awful ruin of which she was an example. Between three and four o'clock six others of these huge vessels were on fire. The governor now ordered Brigadier Curtis to sally out with his gun-boats, to complete the confusion of the enemy. He made a capture of two boats filled with men endeavoring to escape, and learning from them the horrible condition of their friends on board, devoted the remainder of the night to saving as many as he could from their impending fate. He succeeded in bringing off 345 men from the burning ships. Notwithstanding his efforts, however, vast numbers were left to perish; and the scene now exhibited was one of the most heartrending description—men crying from the midst of flames for pity and assistance, and others imploring relief with the most frantic gesticulations.

On the morning of the 14th, six of the battering ships were in flames; three of them blew up before eleven o'clock; the three others burnt to the water's edge, their magazines having been flooded. It was thought that the other two might be saved as trophies; but one of them blew up suddenly, and the other, from motives of caution, was burnt by order of the governor. Thus, in a few short hours that tremendous armament, which had cost so much to prepare, and to which the enemies of England looked exultingly for her humiliation, was literally annihilated. The loss of the combined forces in this

attempt was not less than 2,000 men, while that of the garrison was but fifteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. The men who were saved from the burning wrecks complained bitterly of the conduct of their chief officers, who had abandoned them to their fate so soon as the danger became imminent. They had been led to believe that the battering ships were invulnerable, and had been further taught that the garrison would not be able to fire many rounds of hot balls.

This defeat, the most remarkable to be met with in the history of besieging forces, though it did not terminate the siege of Gibraltar, may be said to have established that fortress in the permanent possession of the English. Though the Spaniards continued to annoy the garrison from the isthmus, they never afterwards entertained the hope of success. News of a peace arrived in February of the following year, when both parties, weary of the woes and miseries of a protracted war, were but too glad to meet once more on terms of friendship.

A SPORTING LADY.—A match has been made at Limerick Races, between the Knight of Glynn and Mrs. McDonogh. Mrs. McDonogh is matched to ride Seaman, the winner of the Grand National (Munster) Steeple-chase, over the Confy Steeple-chase Course, against the Knight of Glynn, who is to ride his gallant little brown mare Victory—to be run on the second Tuesday in December, for three hundred and seventy-five dollars each. Mrs. McDonogh is a famous equestrian, and has hunted in Leicestershire.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—I have understood that this state of the system, when long continued, is sometimes the forerunner of mental derangement; and I can well understand it to be so. It is reasonable to suppose that the absence of its natural refreshment would powerfully affect the nervous system. Indeed, it happened to myself to be acquainted with a case of this kind. A gentleman of my acquaintance, in whose family circumstances had occurred, which were to him a source of intense anxiety, passed six entire nights without sleep. At the end of this time he became affected with illusions of such a nature that it was necessary to place him in confinement. After some time, he recovered perfectly. He had never shown any signs of mental derangement before, nor had any one of his family, and he has never since been similarly affected. This was an extreme case; but do not examples of the want of sleep, producing very similar results, though in a much less degree, occur under our observation constantly? How altered is the state of mind in any one of us after even two sleepless nights? Many a person who, under ordinary circumstances, is cheerful and unsuspicious, becomes not only irritable and peevish, but also labors under actual though transitory delusions; such, for example, as thinking that others neglect him, or affront him, who have not the smallest intention of doing either. I have observed such effects as these repeatedly in nurses who have been harassed by an incessant attendance on sick persons during many successive days and nights; and this goes far towards explaining the origin of a vice to which individuals of this class too frequently become addicted. Alcohol removes the weary feeling and the inability of exertion which the want of sleep occasions. I have sometimes, when I have been writing late at night, and much fatigued, so that I could scarcely fix my attention on the one thing before me, feeling as if my head were almost too large for the room to contain it, obtained complete relief by taking a single glass of wine.

ICELAND is one of the most interesting corners of the north, in spite of the fact that it produces little else than wild flowers, aquatic birds, and hot water. One tasteless little berry is its only fruit—not a single species of grain ripens in that region of steam and sulphur. Not a particle of coal, not one valuable mineral, and not a stick of wood larger than a walking-cane, do its inhabitants possess. They build their houses of lava and turf. Yet the Iceland meadows are green and bright, and the hills are rich with purple heather, and for what the people want in conveniences they are compensated by immunities.

Paris upon Wheels.

BY A TRAVELLER.

THE population of Paris living upon wheels may be divided into three distinct classes. In the first place there are the cabmen who drive the vehicles which ply for hire from their public stands near the kerb stone. These are drivers of voitures de place.

In the second place there are the drivers of the more aristocratic broughams, which wait for their fare under private gateways, and which have all the appearance without entailing the expense of a private carriage. These are drivers of voitures de remise. In the third place there are drivers and conductors of omnibuses.

Of this population upon wheels I propose to give some curious details which are not familiar, I believe, to American readers. I shall begin with the hackney cabmen, their vehicles and regulations.

The hackney cabs of Paris are nineteen hundred and ninety-nine in number. Of these not more than sixteen hundred and forty-six are in constant use. They are distributed in seventy-four stands. They are the property of seven or eight companies or administrations, whose head quarters are the Barrière de Combat, the Barrière de la Vilette, and the Barrière du Maine. Each two-horse cab has a reserve of two horses; each one-horse cab gives employment to two quadrupeds. It is estimated that the hackney cab horses of Paris are six thousand strong. They are generally worn out cavalry steeds, bought for one hundred and fifty to two hundred francs. The fares of these cabs vary from one franc to two sous to one franc and a half the journey—between any two points within the Barrières. To these fares should be added the *pourboire*, which the traveller is expected to give to the cabman. This *pourboire* system may be noticed as the worst feature of any system of service in Paris.

A lady orders a cab to be sent home—the boy who carries it begs a *pourboire*; a pastrycook sends a tart for dinner; invariably his smart apprentice asks for a few sous; and very sulkily the shoemaker's lad turns from your apartment should you fail to reward him, for carrying his master's goods, with a trifling gratuity. But the Paris cabman, particularly, may be remarked for his rapacity in the matter of *pourboires*.

The aspirant for the honors and gains of a cabman's seat in Paris must serve an apprenticeship. He is compelled by the police regulations of the capital to spend a month upon each coach-box with a man who knows the streets well. Having done this, he must present himself at the Prefecture of Police for examination. He is required to know the byways of Paris thoroughly. Should this knowledge fail him he is not allowed the opportunity of conducting people from the Louvre to the Madeleine by the way of the Quai Voltaire. But having passed his examination he has not won his seat. Before he can get even a tumbledown cabriolet milord, he must deposit one hundred francs as guarantee with his masters; and he must be prepared with a second hundred francs to be invested in the purchase of his livery. This livery generally consists of a black glazed hat, bound with a gay ribbon; a bright blue frock coat, a scarlet waistcoat, and blue trousers. Thus equipped, he mounts the cab box in the morning, and departs for his appointed cab stand, there to wait the nod of the passengers by. His pay is three francs a day, and he is supposed to carry home all he gains. In addition to his salary he is allowed to pester his customers for *pourboires*; and it is estimated that these contributions usually raise his daily earnings to five francs. Whether he occasionally puts a fare into his own pocket is a question which I leave to his conscience. It is certain that he is narrowly watched, that the way to stolen wealth is difficult; since each stand has its appointed chef and under-chef, who are charged, by the police, with the duty of recording the departure and arrival of every cab upon the stand; and, as empty cabs are not allowed to linger, or as the Parisians have it, "*maraud*," about the streets, but must proceed direct to the nearest stand when they have discharged their fare, the difficulty is obvious, especially as marauding entails a fine of fifteen francs in each instance. The chef may be noticed ensconced in a little box about the size of a turnpike house, near every stand. From his little window he notices the arrivals and departures; and by his clock passengers are able to see the time at which they take a cab, should they wish to hire it by the hour. These chefs and under-chefs are paid by the police—the former receiving between eight hundred and one thousand francs a year; and the latter thirty sous a day. The under-chef makes up his income by looking after the interests of the cabmen while they are amusing themselves in the nearest wine shop; for which duty he receives occasional *pourboires*.

The cabman of Paris is severely watched by the police; and he is generally a surly fellow, upon whom slight punishment would possibly have little effect. He is generally either a Norman or a Savoyard—just as certainly as the water-carrier is an

Auvergnat. For the first complaint made against him of extortion or impertinence he is fined, and his badge is taken from him for four days. The repetition of misconduct speedily entails dismissal from the cab-box altogether. On the other hand, the police reward honest cabmen who resist temptation, and carry to the Prefecture goods or money they may find in their vehicles. The names of these honest men are placarded publicly upon all the cab-stand boxes for the admiration of the passengers by. This honor is likely to stimulate the men to do their duty; to reward also is the duty of those who are bound to punish. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, thus stimulated, the cabmen of Paris carried, in bank notes and coin, no less a sum than two hundred and eighty-eight thousand and sixty francs to the Prefecture.

The common cabs and cabriolets of Paris are surpassed in numbers and in the elegance of their appointments by those well known vehicles in which lovers repair to the Bois de Boulogne; in which people wishing to make an impression go their rounds to leave their cards; and in which lorettes display the last fashions. So brisk is the business of love, and show, and vanity, that ample business is found within the fortifications for five thousand six hundred and seventy-one of these carriages. They closely resemble the doctor's brougham of suburban London. They are driven by well dressed coachmen, who get only two francs and a half daily from their masters, because the *pourboire* for the driver of a remise exceeds that expected by the cabman. Ten sous, for instance, is an ordinary *pourboire* to a remise driver. The single brougham may be had for one franc fifteen sous per hour; the cabriolets of the remise class cost one franc and a half per hour; and the caleches, which are elegant open vehicles, carrying four persons, charge two francs per hour. These well appointed hackney carriages are also let out by the hour for two francs and a half; or for the month, at about five hundred francs, with a *pourboire* of twenty-five francs for the driver. Ten years ago there were not more than four hundred of these carriages in Paris. But within this time the social aspect of Paris has changed considerably. Every year the number of visitors increases; every year the Bourse counts new lucky adventurers; every year some fresh impulse is given to the commerce of the capital; and thus every year more people are ready to pass from the convenience of the cabstand to the more aristocratic vehicle which rests under a gateway. The man who can now afford to dine at Vachette's drives thither in a remise; forgetting, if he can, the less sunny hours, when it was a treat to rumble to a Barrière once in the rickety milord, for the advantage of a cheap repast. A recent French writer on the Bois de Boulogne assures his readers that French countesses, who drive past the Madrid at the fashionable hour in their own gay carriages, frequent the more lonely avenues of the wood in a remise during the evening, accompanied by their lovers, and with the curtains down.

It may be remarked as a characteristic of the common Paris cabmen, and the drivers of the remise, that they do their work with a listlessness, which has something saucy in it. They loiter upon their boxes; plant their feet upon the board before them; let the reins hang loosely upon the horse's back; glance sulkily to the right and left; and stop the vehicle in obedience to your request without either looking at you or moving from the comfortable position. Ask them for change, and they slowly proceed to gain the perpendicular, drag the heavy leather purse from their pocket, pause to exhibit the nicety of the art of expropriation, place your five franc piece between their teeth, and then in the course of two or three minutes, enlivened by sundry guttural expressions of annoyance, manage to drop the full change into your hand. Give them a *pourboire* of ten centimes only, and they will relieve it and deposit in their bag without appearing to notice your existence; but if you require to be thanked you must at least invest twenty-five centimes. The cabmen of Paris, it must be allowed, have neither the low vocabulary nor the insolent menaces of the London tribe; but they have a saucy, contemptuous manner, which is equally galling. They say very little, because they know that every oath may cost them a round twenty francs; but you can see that it is only the fear of police interference that restrains them.

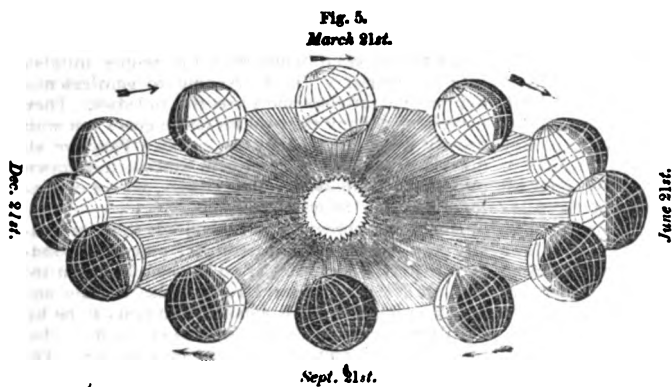
I have yet to notice the third class into which the Paris population upon wheels naturally divides itself. As a rule it may be safely stated that the omnibus conductors of Paris are a better class of men than those who attended to the doors of the people's carriages in London. They never push

passengers into their vehicle, and give the driver notice to proceed before the people are seated; they never try to cram more than the proper number into the carriage. They are civil to gentlemen—extremely courteous and respectful to ladies. They never shout along the road for passengers; but wait quietly watching till they are hailed. They are all dressed alike. They wear caps ribbed, and drawn out like accordeons; short jackets, with gay buttons, and blue trousers.

During the progress of the vehicle they are usually occupied with their accounts; and correspondence tickets, which they have by them systematised and always convenient. Indeed the writing and book-keeping of a Paris conductor appears to be his chief employment. They are well checked, so that robbery of the employer is a difficult matter. The dial which is at the end of every Paris omnibus, indicates the number of passengers within. As each person enters, it becomes the duty of the conductor to advance the hand of the dial one point. It is known to all the passengers that this is his duty, and should he neglect it, the fact is known to all within; and the probability is that he will be reported at the next bureau for which the vehicle stops. Again the conductor is liable to a visit at any moment from an inspector; and should this official find that the number of passengers within is not marked upon the dial, a fine of five francs is at once inflicted. The repetition of the offence quickly leads to dismissal. Of the omnibus driver, with his crone-yellow hat, I have nothing to remark, save that he is paid a salary of three francs a day; and that he is obliged to deposit a guarantee with his master. Thus the conductor must be able to command three hundred francs before he can find work—a sufficiently heavy tax upon so limited a salary. There is a comfort, however, that the Paris conductor enjoys, which would be gratefully acknowledged by the London conductor—it is the projecting roof which screens him from sun and rain.

There are no less than four hundred omnibuses plying about the streets of Paris, giving work to two thousand four hundred horses. These vehicles all work harmoniously together; and by their system of correspondence, a passenger can go from any point to any part of the capital. Here passengers wait in winter by a comfortable fire, until the official in attendance informs them that the omnibus proceeding to or in correspondence with the point they wish to reach is at the door. Nor need they crowd to the omnibus. On entering the waiting room the chef inquires where you wish to go. Your reply produces a number. If you are the first applicant in the waiting room for your omnibus you have number one. This ticket entitles you to enter the omnibus on its arrival before any other passenger who may come after you. Thus pushing and scrambling are unavailing; for, as the omnibus draws up, the chef places himself at the door, and receives the tickets from the holders, in regular rotation as they take their seats. And how commodious these seats are! Every passenger has a comfortable arm chair, with room to stretch his legs without annoying his opposite neighbor. There is ample space also between the tallest passenger's hat and the roof. Let me add that this commodious carriage is lighted by two powerful lanterns which enable any person present to read comfortably. The general fare, for any distance within the Barrières, is six sous; but there are omnibuses which run from the Barrière de l'Etoile to the Place de la Bastille for three sous! I may add that the men who govern the waiting rooms are paid eight hundred francs a year—an income which they contrive to increase by selling perfumes and other light articles.

To the foregoing notes concerning Paris upon wheels, I may add that in Paris the hackney carriages are under the vigilant eye of the police. The horses are inspected; the cleanliness of the vehicles is insured. Even the genteel remises are subject to the regulations of the municipal body. On the first Tuesday of every month the police inspectors assemble on the Quai aux Fleurs, and the remises of Paris having formed a line which often extends to the Tuileries—pass slowly before them; each vehicle undergoing a vigilant inspection, inside and out, as it passes; the height and breadth of every seat being duly measured. Those which are found deficient in any essential are turned back, and are not suffered to ply for hire before they have undergone proper repairs. Thus Paris on wheels includes a thoroughly regulated body of people; and is drawn by well fed if not elegant horses. The result is, that all people may ride in comfort and security. The pace is undoubtedly slow, but the progress is more than equally sure.



THE PLANETS; ARE THEY INHABITED WORLDS?

Had the time of rotation been materially less than it is, our periods of activity and labor would be short to prepare us for the return of darkness, and had the time of rotation been greater, we should have needed rest before the return of the natural epoch designed for it. As it is, the natural vicissitudes are nicely adapted to our wants; and yet our organization is in no way connected physically with the rotation of the earth, by any relation of the nature of cause and effect, and to suppose such an adaptation fortuitous, would be an outrage upon all principles of probability. This mutual fitness is, then, another of the many proofs which offer themselves that the earth as a dwelling, and man as a dweller, have been expressly designed each for the other.

Many examples may be given of this correspondence between the time of rotation of the earth upon its axis and the periodical functions of the organized world. Linnaeus proposed the use of what he termed a *floral clock*, which was to consist of plants which opened and closed their blossoms at particular hours of the day. Thus, the day-lily opens at five in the morning, the common dandelion at six, the hawk-weed at seven, the marigold at nine, and so on; the closing of the blossoms marking corresponding hours in the afternoon. Nor can this be regarded as a specific effect of light upon the plants, for when the flowers are introduced into a dark chamber they are found to open and close their blossoms at the same times.

The necessity of maintaining a correspondence between the intervals of activity and repose, the taking of food, &c., and the period of light and darkness, was shown in the case of voyages made to the north pole, where navigators attained those latitudes in which the sun never rises for several weeks, in which cases it was found necessary to make the crews of the ships adhere to the habit of retiring at nine o'clock, and rising at a quarter before six. Under these circumstances they enjoyed a state of salubrity very remarkable, notwithstanding the trying severity of climate to which they were exposed.

As an example of creative beneficence the rotation of the earth in twenty-four hours would lose none of its force if that particular period, like the time of its revolution round the sun, were a necessary consequence of an established physical law. It is interesting, nevertheless, to observe that such is not the case. No law of matter would have prevented the earth from receiving any other rate of rotation more or less rapid. It might have made a single rotation a year, in which case the average alternations of day and night would have been six months, or it might have made a single rotation in an hour, in which case the alternations would have been thirty minutes. Such conditions, though physically admissible, would be obviously incompatible with the continuance of the organized world. We are, then, to regard this period of diurnal rotation of the earth, and its admirable adaptation to the wants and well-being of the creatures that inhabit it; not as the result of any law of physics, but as a provision directly emanating from divine beneficence, and as an example of the infinite skill of the hand which at the moment of its creation launched the earth into space.

Seeing, then, that the expedient of making the globe of the earth turn upon its axis once in twenty-four hours is one productive of such multifarious benefits, and one so intimately related to the organized species of our globe, that were it to turn otherwise than it does, in a greater or less time, an entire derangement of the animal or vegetable economy would ensue, it becomes an interesting question

part of their surfaces; in fact, they, like the earth, have days and nights. But are those days and nights regulated by the same intervals as ours? for that is an important question; such intervals being, as we have shown, a key to the organisation and functions of the creatures upon them respectively.

When a telescope of adequate power is directed to the planet Mars, it is observed that the surface of his disc is diversified by certain features of light and shade like that of the moon. Some of these lights and shadows are shifting and variable, but most of them are permanent and unalterable. In fig. 6, a view of these permanent lineaments as they are presented in a certain aspect is given, taken from a telescopic drawing of the planet, made by M. Madler, the celebrated Prussian observer.

Now if these outlines of light and shade be watched for some hours, they will be observed to be carried slowly from one side of the disc to the other. Each of these will in succession disappear at one side, others coming into view at the other, and after an interval of about twelve hours, the marks which disappeared at one side will be found to reappear at the other and this goes on continually.

It is scarcely necessary to say that those are the effects of the rotation of the planet on its axis, and since the same features, after disappearing on one side, always return to the same precise position on the disc after an interval of 24h. 37m. 22s., it follows that the planet turns upon its axis in that interval.

By means very nearly similar, strong reasons have been found for concluding that the globe of Venus turns on its axis in 23h. 21m. 11s., and that of Mercury in 24h. 5m.

Thus it appears that these three planets not only have days and nights, but that these days and nights are, for all practical purposes, similar to those of the earth. They are regulated by the same average duration; and he that gave them those alternations has seen it good to "divide the light from the darkness" after the same fashion.

If, then the duration of our days and nights be evidently regulated with a view to the accommodation and well-being of the organised creatures to which the earth has been appropriated, we are surely warranted by all analogy in concluding that the adaptation of the same expedients in the planets Mercury, Venus, and Mars, has been directed to the same beneficent purposes, and that the creatures upon them, as upon the earth, are so organised as to require the same intervals of labor and rest, of activity and repose, of wakefulness and sleep.

In considering the expedient by which days and nights are secured to the planets, it is interesting to contemplate the particular position of the diameters on which they have been made to turn. There are a great variety of different diameters upon which the earth might have spun while it revolves round the sun. It might, for example, have turned on a diameter at right angles to its annual orbit. If such had been the case we should have had equal days and nights throughout the entire year, and at every part of the earth.

If this axis, as it might have been, had been in the plane of its annual orbit, the sun would have been constantly above the horizon for an interval

to ascertain whether the other planets are provided with a similar expedient; and if so, to what extent the application of such expedient corresponds with the case of the earth. We accordingly find that all the planets, without exception, have a motion of rotation on certain diameters as an axis, while they make their periodical revolutions round the sun, and that the diameter in which they so rotate has been selected in such a manner as to secure to each of them regular alternations of light and darkness in every

of several weeks in summer, and constantly below it for a like interval in winter. The duration of these intervals of incessant light and incessant darkness would have varied in different parts of the earth, increasing with the latitude. No diurnal alternations of light and darkness would take place except for a short interval before and after the equinoxes.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the consequences of such an arrangement, to render it apparent that they would be utterly incompatible with the well-being, and perhaps even with the maintenance, of the organised world.

In the first of the cases here supposed, we should have been deprived of the seasons and of the means of maintaining a convenient chronology, and in both cases we should be stripped of many of the benefits and utilities arising from the present arrangement.

But, between these extreme possible positions of the axis of rotation, there are an infinite variety which would have been nearly as unsuitable. Had the axis leaned down nearly to the ecliptic, consequences would have ensued almost as fatal as those which a position in the plane of the ecliptic would have inferred. We find, however, in fact, that a position has been given to this axis slightly inclined from the perpendicular, as represented in fig. 5. In virtue of this inclination the northern hemisphere leans toward the sun during one half of the year, and the southern hemisphere during the other. We enjoy by this expedient the grateful succession of seasons; it is thus that spring, summer, autumn, and winter, follow each other with pleasant variety, marking in their progress, by obvious phenomena, the course of time. Yet this inclination or stooping of the axis is so regulated that the extremes of the seasons are confined within such moderate limits as are necessary and conducive to the physical well-being of the numerous tribes which people the earth.

It is true that this succession of seasons was not indispensably necessary to the continuance of the races that inhabit the earth for had the axis been perpendicular to the orbit, so as to render days and nights perpetually and everywhere equal, the organised world would still have continued to exist, though subject to certain modifications.

Now, on observing the position of the axis on which Mars revolves, we find that it is inclined to the plane of the orbit of that planet, at an angle of 28 degrees 27 minutes, not very different from that at which the axis of the Earth is inclined to the ecliptic. The seasons and climates of Mars are therefore similar to those of the Earth.

Observation has not yet determined the position of the axes of rotation of Venus and Mercury, but it is probably not materially different from that of Mars and the Earth.

Thus we see not only the same alternations of light and darkness, but the same succession of seasons, regulated by nearly the same limits of temperature, the same diversity of climates, separated by nearly the same limits of latitude which prevail on Earth, have also been ordained for those three planets.

The atmosphere which surrounds the earth is an appendage which has an obvious and important relation to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. That respiratory beings depend on it for the maintenance of their vitality is obvious. The mechanical and chemical functions of the breathing organs is expressly adapted to it. Its relation to vegetable life is not less important.

But besides these qualities, without which life would become extinct on the surface of the globe, the atmosphere administers to our convenience and pleasures in other ways. It is the medium by which sound is transmitted; and as the apparatus of the lungs is adapted to operate chemically upon it, so as to impart to the blood the principle by which that fluid sustains life, so the exquisite mechanism of the ear is constituted to receive the effects of its pulsations, and convey them to the sensorium to produce the perception of sound. Again, the mechanism of the organs of voice is adapted to impress on the atmosphere those pulsations, and thereby to convey its intonation to the correspondingly susceptible organisation of the ear. Without the atmosphere, therefore, even supposing we could live in its absence, however perfect might be our organs of speech and hearing, we should possess them in vain. Voice we might have, but no word could we utter; listeners we might be, but no word could we hear; endowed with the full powers of hearing and speaking, we should nevertheless be deaf and dumb.

Another important manner in which the atmosphere administers to our convenience is, by diffu-



ing, in an agreeable manner, the solar light, and mitigating its intensity. In this respect, the atmosphere may be considered as performing, in regard to the sun, what the imperfect transparency of a ground-glass shade performs for the glare of the lamp. In the absence of an atmosphere, the light of the sun would only illuminate objects on which its direct rays would fall; we should have no other degrees of light but the glare of intense sunshine or the most impenetrable darkness. Shade, there would be none; the apartment whose casement did not face the sun, at the mid-day would be as midnight. The presence of a mass of air extending from the surface of the earth upward to a height of more than forty miles, becomes strongly illuminated by the sun. This air reflects the solar light on every object exposed to it; and as it spreads over every part of the earth's surface, it conveys with the reflected, but greatly mitigated light of the sun.

When the evening sun withdraws its light, the atmosphere continuing to be illuminated by its beams, supplies the gradually declining twilight which terminates in the shade of night. Before it rises, in like manner, the atmosphere is the herald of its coming, and prepares us for its splendor by the grey dawn and increasing intensity of morning twilight. In the absence of an atmosphere, the moment of sunset would be marked by an abrupt and instantaneous transition from the blaze of solar light to the most impenetrable darkness; and for the same reason, the morning would be characterized by an equally abrupt change from absolute darkness to broad, unmitigated sunshine.

The First Mentchikoff.

THE windows of the palace of the Kremlin at Moscow looked into an immense square, surrounded by magnificent buildings, containing different offices connected with the court. The young Czar, Peter the First, was very fond of looking out and observing what was going on, for the square was a thoroughfare for the people, as the Place de Carrousel is at Paris; at the corners most distant from the palace several merchants on a small scale had established their little booths, their customers being chiefly soldiers who frequented the spot. Amongst these was a wretchedly poor man, with a family of young children, the eldest of whom was a boy named Alexander, who, in the midst of poverty and privation, contrived to keep up the spirits of all around him by his unceasing good humor and frolic. The calling of his father was that of a pastrycook, and his chief wares were certain hot patties, which found favor in military eyes, particularly when seasoned by the funny actions and sayings of young Alexander, who, stationed in their path with his basket full, invited their custom with so many witty persuasions, and with so much humor, that he was generally surrounded by a laughing group, which the Czar watched, with a feeling almost approaching to vexation that his state prevented him from descending into the square, and hearing the jokes which provoked so much hilarity. Alexander went all over the town with his patties, and if it happened that he delayed the usual time of arriving in the palace square the Czar Peter was disappointed, so accustomed had he become to see the joyous countenance of the lively young pastrycook, and to hear his merry laugh ringing through the air. Alexander was a general favorite with the soldiers, who, looked for him as eagerly as their master, whom they little thought was a witness of their sports, or could deign for a moment to notice the monkey tricks of their pet, who, conscious of the position he had achieved in their esteem, and more and more in spirits at the rapid sale of his goods, often took liberties with his friends, and ventured on impertinences which were, however, received with all the good temper in the world. It happened one day that the Czar had been detained by some business longer than usual, and was hurrying to his window to look out for Alexander, when he was startled by piercing cries proceeding from the spot where the little pastrycook took his stand. He perceived the young hero struggling under a good beating, which he was receiving from a sullen soldier of the royal guard, who had felt himself insulted by some of the spoilt favorite's saucy remarks. Alexander exerted his lungs to the utmost, while the soldier continued to knock him about brutally, when suddenly one of the Czar's officers appeared with a royal order that the boy should be instantly released, and, moreover, accompany him to the presence of Peter himself. Alexander made not the slightest resistance to this command, and fearlessly followed the officer to the Czar's apartment. Although there were tears on his dirty little round cheeks, and his eyes still

sparkling with excitement, the joyousness of his heart shone forth in his countenance. To every question that the monarch asked he gave some jocose answer, and Peter, wishing to secure a source of overflowing entertainment, attached the young merchant to his service, who from that day, was named as one of his pages.

When Alexander re-appeared before his master in the splendid and becoming dress which he had exchanged for rags, his childish beauty so delighted the young Czar that henceforth he could not bear him out of his sight; his other pages were unnoticed, and none but Alexander Mentchikoff, as he was then styled, the name having been given by the Emperor, was permitted to enter the private chambers of royalty. In fact, so dear did his society become to his benefactor, that he would not part with it even on grave occasions, and the bold and ready favorite did not shrink from mingling with ministers, and even jocosely offering his opinion, in a manner that frequently entertained the whole court not a little. No one looked on him with either fear or envy, as he grew older, always increasing in his master's favor; for his good humor and readiness to oblige disarmed the most severe, till at length, those who had anything to gain saw their advantage in making use of his interest with the Czar, which he employed so adroitly that he generally gained any point he wished to carry. He soon became so good a courtier, that he contrived to put ideas and resolutions of his own into the mind of the Czar, who adopted them as original with the greatest self-complacency.

While Mentchikoff was yet in his position of page, he happened one day to be in a public-house where two men were drinking and talking confidentially: they had not observed his entrance, and a partition in the chamber concealed him. At first, he scarcely noticed them, but presently certain words which they dropped, and certain names which they uttered, attracted his attention. He listened and discovered that these were conspirators in a plot, headed by Prince Amilkar, to depose the Czar; and learnt that its execution was to be attempted without delay. As noiselessly as he had entered, he quitted the public house, and hurried to his master, to whom he related the facts. Before they had finished the bottle over which they had so imprudently gossiped, the two conspirators were arrested. Prince Amilkar, and all those whose names reached the ears of Alexander, were also seized. Summary Russian justice was executed on the guilty parties, and the throne of the Czar was saved. Riches, honors, and power, were showered on the discoverer, and subsequent services, both in the state and the armies of the Czar, earned for Mentchikoff increasing credit and ceaseless additions of fortune. A private obligation had, however, more weight perhaps with Peter than all the real benefits he received from his intelligent and certainly attached favorite; and this Mentchikoff had the opportunity of rendering.

It had long been the savage custom in Russia when the Prince at the head of the state was pronounced of age to marry, that a show should take place of the most remarkable beauty to be found in the kingdom. The daughters of the highest families were brought to Moscow by their parents, and, on a given day, were ranged in rows, to be looked at by the future bridegroom, who chose from amongst their blushing ranks her whose charms made the greatest impression on him. It was in a saloon of his palace that a lovely crowd of young ladies were thus exposed, and from amongst them Peter had selected the fairest, the proudest, and the most attractive, in the person of Eudisia Federowna Lapuchise, the daughter of one of the highest of the nobility of Novgorod, and wealthiest. The marriage was celebrated with greater splendor than had ever been seen in Russia. Two princes were in due time born to render the union perfectly satisfactory; and all went well and happily for two years, when suddenly a change came over the scene: infidelity, jealousy, anger, indignation, and estrangement ensued, and the royal household wore an aspect of storm and desolation. Peter had seen in Anna Moens another Anna Boleyn, and Eudisia was doomed to the fate of Catherine: unable to obtain, however, from his clergy, permission to break his marriage, Peter took a priest's office upon him, and by a determined exercise of power, pronounced his own divorce, condemning the late Czarina to pass the rest of her days in a convent, where she was compelled to take the vows, and shut herself for ever from the world. Thus free, and again a bachelor, it only remained for Peter to elevate the witty and charming Anna to the czarina's vacant place; but an obstacle was in the way on which he had not calculated—Anna Moens loved another,

and abhorred the Czar. Forced to receive his addresses, he had frequently accused her of coldness and indifference; but after the repudiation of Eudisia, the honest nature of Anna would not allow her to conceal her indignation, and she reproached him bitterly for his cruelty, declaring she could not love one capable of such an action. She did not, it is to be presumed, venture to confess that her affections were given to the envoy of Prussia; but she strove by unalterable coldness and reproach to detach herself from one whose presence was detestable to her, and whose magnificent offers she scorned. The Czar, however, was long before he could resolve to shake off the weakness which enchained him; but at length, wearied with her indifference, he made up his mind to strive no longer against it. The instant Anna found herself free, she and her lover fled beyond the power of the tyrant.

Peter was deeply mortified, but he was not one to consider such a misfortune irreparable. There were beauties enough ready to console him, and he strove to forget the ungrateful Anna in a new attachment. Alexander Mentchikoff had perhaps already laid his plans both for the happiness of his sovereign and the consolidation of his own favor. He introduced to the Czar a lady, whom he had attached to himself, and whose genius, wit, and beauty he felt sure would drive from the mind of Peter all traces of his love for the ungrateful Anna. Without hesitation he gave up his own claims to Catherine to the Czar. Catherine took advantage of her position, exerted herself to charm her royal lover, and succeeded so well, that in a short time she was seated on the throne which Anna had disclaimed. The devoted attachment of Peter to his new Czarina never knew diminution, and his gratitude to his friend increased with his love for her who rendered him so happy. All that she desired became his law; and Mentchikoff assisted him to invent new ways of showing his fondness and admiration. He travelled with her through every part of his own dominions in triumph, and carried her with him to several foreign courts. His ambition was to present her at that of France, but such a degradation as receiving a person of low birth, and more than doubted character, could not be thought of for an instant, and all sorts of polite subterfuges were invented to ward off such an infiction from the exemplary court of the Regent Orleans.

Catherine brought the Czar several children, and he felt with vexation, that his son Alexis must take precedence of them, as the eldest. As he had latterly hated Eudisia, the mother of the prince, so he now began to detest her son, and resolved to take measures to set aside his claims to the succession. The family of Lapuchin, meanwhile, thus thrust into the shade, murmured in secret, and even the rest of the imperial family joined in disapproving the mediated injustice of the Czar. Eudisia, whose haughty spirit chafed under her innumerable wrongs, at once threw herself into the very heart of a conspiracy, which was soon formed in favor of her son. Although within the walls of a convent she had yet means to communicate with the conspirators, and selected for her instrument a Boyard of the province of Bostoff, named Klebow, who was sincerely attached to her interests. Alexis was easily won to consent to head the rebellion against his father; partly instigated to do so by the recollection of a danger he had escaped by the friendly interference of Mentchikoff. It happened when Alexis was only fifteen years old. Having ventured, by direction of the nobles of the court, to remonstrate on some injustices he had committed, it so excited the fury of Peter that he believed he saw in his son a conspirator against his crown and his life. Giving way to such rage as deprived him, for the time, of his senses, Peter commanded a scaffold to be erected in the palace-court, where he insisted that the young prince should be executed at nightfall. These terrific orders were delivered to Mentchikoff, whose duty was, without delay, to give them to the proper persons who were to prepare for this unnatural vengeance.

However secretly all was made ready, the facts of the case became known to the soldiery, and it was then that a noble instance of self-devotion was exhibited. A young soldier, of the same age and size of the prince, offered himself to Mentchikoff as a substitute; declaring that to immolate himself thus, to save his master, would be his pride and glory. Mentchikoff who was a most unwilling actor in the tragedy, did not allow the generous impulse to cool, accepted the sacrifice, and dressing the young man in the clothes of the Czarowitz, had him conducted to the scaffold and decapitated before the eyes of Peter, who stood at his window to see the act performed. That night he had fallen into a

heavy sleep, when Mentchikoff, who always slept in his chamber, was awakened by sudden cries, and, rising, found the Czar in the agonies of remorse, calling loudly on his son, and commanding that he should be restored to him. The explanation that followed put an end to the father's sufferings, and Alexius was once more given to his arms.

The prince, however, inherited both the ferocity of the father and the pride of his ill-used mother, and, when the moment arrived, some years after, he seized with avidity the opportunity of revenge. The journeys of Peter in his dominions furnished an excellent occasion for the plots of the conspirators, which had time to ripen, and the great explosion was about to burst forth when all was revealed; but, by what means is not known. A series of horrible executions followed. The Princess Maria, Peter's own sister, was publicly whipped before all the ladies of the court. Klebow underwent a hideous fate, protesting to the last the innocence of Eudisia; and the unfortunate Alexius was bled to death in his prison, in the citadel of St. Petersburg, before, it is asserted, his father's eyes, who resolved to be witness to his death. Eudisia was condemned to remain a prisoner for life in the citadel of Sleutzelbourg, where no attendant was allowed her but a female dwarf, so infirm that the empress was frequently obliged to provide for her wants as well as her own, and thus, for eight years, her wretched existence lingered on, while the triumphant Catherine floated on the topmost waves of prosperity, and Mentchikoff ascended from one grade of dignity to another, till he became a prince of Russia, first senator, field-marshal, and knight of all the orders of the Czar. Added to these honors, the ex-pastrycook was created regent of the kingdom during the absence of his master, and found himself at the head of boundless power and riches incalculable. It was said with truth that he could travel from Riga in Livonia to Derbend in Persia, sleeping always in his own dominions. From all the Princes who dreaded the power of the Czar, Mentchikoff also obtained his wish, and he could, when it pleased him, which was not seldom, exhibit on his bosom the order of the white eagle, the black eagle, the elephant, and many others which were laid at his feet by servile courts. The order of the Holy Ghost, however, most coveted, he could not obtain from France. He was addressed always as highness, and treated in all respects as a royal personage, yet, all this time, clever, acute, far-seeing and quick as he was, he had not overcome the simplest difficulty of education, and could never either read or write. It is surprising that he did not exert himself to obviate this defect; for he would affect to read, and would often pretend to be busily occupied over papers in the presence of others.

Almost a monarch, Alexander Mentchikoff saw no bounds to his power; his tyranny and oppression advanced with it, till hosts of enemies sprung up around him where flatters and friends were once seen. The Czar returned from one of his progresses to find that his favorite had aped him too far, and for the first time was startled at the extraordinary power he had himself created. No sooner did he begin to listen than accusations began to pour in against Mentchikoff's tyrannical government, his extortions and severities: amongst other things he was accused of having by fraudulent means, obtained a ruby of fabulous value which had been presented to him by a merchant to purchase. Peter contented himself for the present with seizing on the jewel, which was no other than the great ruby still shining in the Russian diadem, destined, perhaps, one day to take its place beside the Koh-i-noor.

The scales which had fallen from the eyes of the Czar enabled him henceforth to see clearly all those faults which had hitherto been invisible to him in the idol he had set up; but, though he now saw, he hesitated to punish, and besides, his hand was held back by a still more powerful attachment, and the pleading of the Czarina Catherine could not be disregarded. Peter, however, ceased not to collect proof of the crimes and misdemeanors of his late adored friend, and the tempest would probably have burst on the devoted head of Prince Mentchikoff, had it not been decreed otherwise. Peter the Great died suddenly. This unexpected event took place in seventeen hundred and twenty-five. It appeared that no time had been given to the monarch to settle the succession. Mentchikoff was saved, and now felt that his full power must be exerted to prevent the chance of future danger: he must secure the eternal gratitude of the Czarina, by confirming her as ruler. His position as field-marshal secured to him the command of the army, and when the senators assembled at his residence, to deliberate as

secretly as possible, he caused the house to be surrounded by troops, and then, appearing in his character of first senator and president, boldly proposed the Czarina as successor to the throne of Russia. He represented all the obligations the country owed her, and the known wish of the Czar Peter, as well as the oaths they had already made, but the rest of the senators were of a different opinion, and insisted that the proper heir was the young Grand Duke of Moscow, Peter Alexiowitz, son of the unfortunate Prince Alexius. Mentchikoff replied with contempt to this proposition, and a violent altercation ensued, during which one of the senators advanced to open the windows in order to appeal to the people. Mentchikoff haughtily bade him desist, as it was not warm enough to have the windows open; and almost immediately, at a given signal, an armed troop entered the hall. Resistance was evidently useless, and the senators were forced to give way.

But, although Catherine owed the crown to her former lover she saw that his motives in thus exerting himself was personal, and Mentchikoff saw that her confidence was not that of genuine friendship. He therefore entered into secret negotiations with the court of Vienna in favor of the succession of the young Grand Duke of Moscow, nearly connected, by his mother's side, with the Empress of the Romans; but the conditions on which he engaged to bring about this result were, that the Czar should marry his oldest daughter. A treaty between the parties had not long been solemnly witnessed, when on the seventeenth day of May, seventeen hundred and twenty-seven, the Empress Catherine died, so opportunely and suddenly, that suspicion of poison immediately arose, and Mentchikoff was not spared in the accusation made. It was asserted that he had presented to the Czarina a large glass of Dantzic brandy, part of which she drank and gave the rest to her maid, who was taken ill immediately; but who, owing to her husband's promptitude in procuring remedies, recovered; it is added that, although he knew it to have been poison which affected his wife, their terror of the powerful field-marshal prevented their informing the physician of the Czarina, who thus became the victim.

Mentchikoff, had at all events, taken every precaution, as though he expected the death to occur, and had caused every one who inclined towards the Duke or Duchess of Holstien, to be banished, so that he could count upon his partisans; at the same time he communicated with no one, and the young Czarowitz and his friends lived retired and unnoticed at a distance from the court, nor did the prince ever reveal by the slightest action, the interest he took in his advancement. When, therefore, without a moments delay, on the death of Catherine, the Grand Duke of Moscow was proclaimed Czar of Russia, as Peter the Second, the whole country was taken by surprise. To secure this triumph it was now necessary to convince the young monarch of his entire dependence, and the necessity of giving his whole trust to the friend who had dared and accomplished so much for his sake. He detailed to the terrified oycall the dangers from traitors and enemies which surrounded him, and represented that, young and inexperienced as he was, he required a powerful protector who could guard his throne from all conspiracies. To effect this he declared it would require that he should be named vicar-general of the empire, and generalissimo of the armies. No opposition to his claims was made by the admiring and grateful Czar, and the ex-pastrycook saw himself at the topmost height of his ambition. From this moment Alexander Mentchikoff, looked down on all the world as his vassals, and gave laws throughout the land: the marriage of his daughter to the Czar was at once spoken of, and measures were taken to secure the accomplishment of that event as soon as Peter the Second's age should permit. Shocked, astonished at so much presumption, and trembling for the country and their own interests, the nobles observed in secret dread the rapid strides of power taken by the successful favorite who braved their opinion—but this last daring proposition caused them to utter open murmur, and proclaim their resolve to oppose it. Mentchikoff knew these nobles well, and was aware that many possessed the courage to oppose him, and would be joined by others if there were a chance of success; he therefore got up accusations of sufficient weight to cause several of the most violent to be arrested as conspirators in the supposed plot, and contrived to criminate them in such a manner that they were sentenced to exile in Siberia. This vigorous management terrified the rest into silence, and not a single voice was raised to oppose the betrothal of the

Czar and the young daughter of the successful minister. This ceremony was hastily performed in presence of all the nobles and dignitaries of the crown without any attempt at opposition.

There were two nobles whose apparent insignificance of character had deceived the proud favorite, who not only allowed them to remain at court, but accepted their zealous assistance in all his designs—with scorn and insolence, it is true, but in full reliance on their sincerity. These were Prince Olgoruki and Count Osterman. All now seemed propitious to his plans, and he no longer doubted that success was certain to attend to his most unbounded wishes, when he was seized with illness. His life was in such imminent danger that his enemies began to rejoice, and Prince Olgoruki, to whom Mentchikoff had confided the charge of the Czar, permitted the young monarch, who had been kept almost a prisoner, to enjoy greater liberty; allowing him to see and be continually with his aunt Elizabeth Petrowna, and to find an agreeable companion in his own son, who was of about the same age as the Czar.

Peter the Second, hitherto a stranger to the happiness of social intercourse, was awakened to new life in this delightful society, and formed so strong an attachment to the son of Olgoruki, that he only breathed in his presence. But the shortlived pleasure was soon to be ended. Mentchikoff recovered, and immediately a change took place; his aunt was no longer permitted to visit him, and the pastimes which had made the unfortunate boy so happy were to be discontinued under the pretext of their disturbing his necessary studies. The old gloom returned, and the young Czar, too timid to resist, was once more in his tyrant's power. Mentchikoff, however, thought it politic to allow him some recreation, and in consequence the court removed to Peterhoff, the summer palace of the Czars, where hunting parties were allowed, in which the delighted boy found consolation, particularly as he was not separated from young Olgoruki, who, as well as his father, so thoroughly deceived the Grand Vicar, that he blamed both merely for silly over-indulgence, without imagining that any design was hidden beneath the guise of simplicity which they assumed. But while he was thus off his guard, a deep plot was being prepared by his worst enemy, Osterman, who in his absence from St. Petersburg, had opportunities of ascertaining the general feeling of the nobles, and found all agreeing in one desire, which was, to rid themselves of a dangerous usurper of the Czar's power. The elder Olgoruki was active in fomenting the conspiracy, excited the more by the prospect of his daughter taking the place of Peter's present betrothed bride. The object of most importance now was to get the young Czar out of the hands of Mentchikoff, and this task was confided to young Olgoruki. As he always slept in the Czar's chamber, he had every opportunity of advising him, and gaining him over to the plans of the Senate. It was agreed that all the ministers should be ready at a certain spot not far from Peterhoff, to receive the Czar, and his escape was left to his young companion. Accordingly, one night, when all the attendants had withdrawn, leaving, as they supposed, their master and his favorite asleep, the latter rose and softly approaching Peter's bed, whispered to him that the moment of his deliverance from slavery was come, and that he had only to rise and follow him, to be free from the tyranny of Mentchikoff. No persuasion was necessary; Peter, who apparently was already prepared for the attempt, lost no time in imitating the example of his bold favorite, and so noiselessly did they contrive to get out of the window of the chamber, and drop into the gardens beneath, that the guard at the door heard not a movement. The two fugitives traversed the palace gardens with breathless haste, and fortunately reached the appointed spot, where the conspirators against the Grand Vicar were in attendance; the Czar placed himself entirely in their hands, and without delay, the whole party hastened to St. Petersburg, entering in triumph with their prize.

The Grand Vicar, when he was awakened next morning and told of the escape of the precious charge on whose safe keeping all his fortunes depended, hastened instantly to St. Petersburg. But it was too late. He found the guards changed everywhere, and his own palace surrounded by troops. He had lost the day. Then followed the triumph of the opposite party, and his arrest by order of the Czar.

To a last application which he made to be allowed to see the Czar, the only answer was an order that he should instantly quit the capital, and take up his abode at Renneborg, one of his most numerous country seats. He was at liberty to remove with

him all that he possessed in St. Petersburg, and whatever attendants he pleased. Mentchikoff gathered together all his valuables, summoned all his retainers, and at mid-day left his gorgeous palace—his carriages and retinue forming such a procession as had never been equalled for regal magnificence. He took the longest route in quitting the city, in order to exhibit to the whole of its inhabitants the spectacle of his reverse of favor, hoping not only to enlist the people in his cause, but to excite the remorse of the Czar when he contemplated so great a change. In fact, it is probable that he succeeded, at least in part, in inspiring sympathy, for his enemies became startled, and a crime was made of the manner in which he had ostentatiously submitted to his degradation. The brilliant cortege had not proceeded more than two leagues when it was overtaken by a party sent to demand from the ex-Grand Vicar the surrender of all his orders. These he immediately delivered. After having received the casket containing them, the officer, not without a certain degree of hesitation, proceeded to state that his further orders were to see that the party dismounted from their carriages, and took their places in covered carts which had been brought for the purpose.

From this moment Mentchikoff appears, like Wolsey in his disgrace, to have thrown off the last remains of pride, and to have resumed the carelessness and cheerfulness which, in his original station, belonged to him. He stepped lightly from his splendid chariot, while his wife, his son, and two daughters were made to alight and to take their places in the mean conveyances allotted them, each being kept separate, and he not even aware that they were near him. "I am prepared for all events," he observed to the officer; "do your duty without reserve; I have no feeling except of pity towards those who will profit by my spoliation."

The whole of his train of horses, carriages, and attendants was then driven back to St. Petersburg, while he and his family were sent on in their altered state towards Rennebourg, which was situated at the distance of no less than two hundred and fifty leagues from the capital, between the kingdom of Kazan and the province of the Ukraine. The castle which the Prince had built and fortified there was a perfect city in itself, like most Russian residences. A fair had been established by him, which every year in the month of June attracted merchants from the Tartars, the Kozaks, and other neighboring tribes, who brought their furs and costly wares to a ready sale. When therefore he reflected, during his long journey, on the benefits he had conferred on this region, which exclusively belonged to him, the exiled prince dwelt with complacency on the life of philosophical retirement which he saw still in store for him, and which he resolved at once to content himself with, considering it well exchanged for all the pomp and power which had so suddenly slipped from his grasp. But the permission granted to him by his enemies to retain this portion of his vast possessions, and to embrace a life of retirement at a distance from the court was merely a blind to conceal their hostile intentions for the present.

When the plans of his enemies were matured, the devoted victim, now totally powerless to resist, was disturbed in what he imagined to be his last retreat, and the sentence announced to him which decreed that the remainder of his career should be passed in a horrible desert beyond Siberia, called Yakoutska, fifteen hundred leagues from the civilized world. He was allowed to take with him no more than eight domestics; he was forced to relinquish the habit he had long worn, and to resume the coarse garb of a Muscovite peasant; the same costume was given to his wife, a woman of high family; and to his son and daughters, one of whom had been destined by her father to share the throne of the Czar. The sufferings of his tender and heroic wife, who bore her afflictions with great courage, were soon ended; unable from her natural delicacy of constitution to endure the frightful hardships of the journey, she died in his arms before they reached Kazan. Here she was buried by her sorrowing husband, by whom her many virtues had always been appreciated; and the sad and diminished party continued their route by water to Tobolsk. Arrived in this capital of the desolate region to which he was condemned, Mentchikoff was the object of premeditated insult and scorn; being received with every indignity by the people, and in particular being loaded with obloquy by two exiled noblemen whom he had himself caused to be banished. To one of these he remarked calmly that his reproaches were just, and he added: "In the state in which you now see me I can yield you no other revenge than invective; satisfy yourself therefore. Know also, that in sacrificing you to my

policy, I did so because your integrity and honesty were in my way. But as for you," he continued, addressing the other, "I was ignorant of your fate. The order for your banishment must have been obtained falsely, for I frequently inquired why I saw you no more. You have others to blame for your misfortunes; nevertheless, if to revenge them upon me can satisfy you, take your fill of such vengeance." His courage however gave way, and he burst into tears, when a third wronged man covered his unfortunate daughters with mud, and reviled them in opprobrious language.

The mercy of the Czar allowed him a certain sum of money at Tobolsk, where he was lodged in prison, and this he expended in articles of necessity for his exile, such as implements of labour, which he knew would be required in the desert home to which he was conducting his children.

When the melancholy cortege of exiles left Tobolsk, they were no longer sheltered by covered wagons, but were exposed in open ones, drawn sometimes by a single horse and sometimes dogs; and in this manner it took five months to travel from the capital of Siberia to Yakoutska, through storm and ice and cheerless fog and snows. No incident interrupted the dreadful gloom of monotony which they endured, until they one day halted at the miserable cabin of a Siberian peasant. While waiting the pleasure of their escort, an officer travelling from Kamchatska entered the same cabin. In him Mentchikoff at once recognized a personage he had himself dispatched during the reign of Peter the Great on a mission connected with the discoveries of Behring in the sea of Amur. This officer had formerly been one of his aides-de-camp; but, his costume, his long beard, and the circumstances in which they met, prevented the arctic explorer from recognizing his former general. When, therefore, the miserable-looking peasant addressed him by his name, he was over-whelmed with astonishment; much more so, when the reply to his demand of who he could be was, "I am Alexander, once Prince Mentchikoff."

The officer, unable to comprehend what he saw, turned for explanation to a young peasant who sat in a corner of the hut mending his boots with pack-thread. To him he addressed himself, for he still thought he must have been deceived by an accidental resemblance.

"Who is that man?" he asked, pointing to the prince.

"It is Alexander, my father," replied the youth. "Do you think it necessary to affect not to know us in our misfortunes—you, who owe us so many obligations?"

Mentchikoff pointed to two peasant girls seated on the floor of the hut, occupied in breaking some hard black bread into a wooden bowl of milk. "This one," added Mentchikoff, "is she who was affianced to the Czar Peter the Second, and who would have been Empress of all the Russias." He then recounted to the officer the events which had occurred in the short space of four years, during which the young man had been absent in those frozen regions, where no news of the changes of the dynasty had reached him. "Return now," he concluded, "and give a report of your commission; you will probably find Olgoruki and Osterman in the height of power. Tell them of this meeting, and say I trust they will prove by their talents capable of directing the government."

The time allowed for the halt being at length at an end, the exiles and their pitying friend were forced to part; the latter with a saddened mind proceeded toward St. Petersburg; while the former cheerfully resumed their way to eternal banishment.

Arrived at last at their destined bourne, the exiles at once set to work to render their abode as little dreary as possible. The eight domestics each entered into their labor with goodwill, and a place of residence was built which was not without a certain comfort. Attached to it was an oratory where the exiled prince proposed to dedicate his days to prayer and penitential orisons. Altogether his house contained four chambers, divided between himself and his son, his two daughters, and his servants. Each had their allotted duty to perform. The betrothed empress became their cook, and her sister had the charge of the household. Scarcely were they established in their abode, after extreme labor, when, to their surprise and delight which only those so desolate could know, the arrival of a small flock of sheep, a bull and two cows, and a large quantity of poultry, rendered their colony rich and flourishing. The most profound secrecy attended this opportune present, but the grateful family thought they could trace it to their lately found friend.

The desert home of Mentchikoff soon assumed the aspect of a cloister, but one in which all was harmony, piety, and calm resignation. Six months passed away in comparative happiness, when the eldest daughter of the prince was attacked by the small-pox, and, after much suffering, expired in her father's arms, who performed for her remains the office of priest, and exhorted his two remaining children to learn to die. She was buried in his oratory; and he expressed a wish that, when his hour arrived, he should be laid by her side. Almost immediately after this sad bereavement, both his other children were seized with the same malady; and he was called upon to exert every energy in the hope of saving them. Their recovery at length cast a gleam of joy upon his mind; but, the sorrow, fatigue, and hardships he had gone through, now began to show their force. He was devoured by a low fever, which was undermining his constitution; and in vain he strove to battle with it, concealing its ravages from his agonised family. At length the fatal hour arrived when, feeling that his strength was failing, he called his son and daughter to his bed-side, and, after calmly recapitulating to them his errors and his failings, exhorted them to avoid the snares into which he had fallen. While he was yet speaking, a convulsion seized him; he tried to put forth his hand; but his strength was gone, and sinking back, he expired without a groan.

The tidings of his death was immediately forwarded to St. Petersburg by the officer who had charge of the exiles, and who, moved with compassion for the helpless position of the orphans, ventured to entreat that the rigor of their detention might be in some degree relaxed. In the mean time, he took upon himself to extend to them the mercy he implored; and in this manner the unfortunate brother and sister were sometimes allowed the liberty of going to mass at Yakoutska separately and under surveillance.

One day, as the young princess was proceeding to visit the church, she observed a man's head thrust out of an opening in a miserable hut on her route. By the shape of the cap which was worn by this person, and the long ragged beard, she imagined him to be some peasant; yet could not but remark that he appeared to make signs of recognition of her person, which, in her humble garb, she could not think very easy to identify. However, on her return, the same figure was still watching, and endeavored, by gestures, to attract her attention. Somewhat alarmed, she hastened her pace, and was passing by without notice, when a cry reached her, and she was startled by these exclamations:

"Ah Princess, Princess Mentchikoff! why do you fly from me? Is it just to preserve feelings of animosity when both are reduced to such misery?"

The Princess on this turned, and soon discovered in the wretched being who accosted her, the elder Prince Olgoruki, exiled, with his family, by the Czarina Anna Yvanowna, whom his intrigues had placed on the throne after the death of the young Czar Peter the Second, which occurred when that prince had only reached his fifteenth year—so rapid had been the events which had agitated the court during the short period of the disgrace of Mentchikoff.

Meantime, the news of Mentchikoff's death reached St. Petersburg, and relieved the ministers of all uneasiness respecting him; at the same time they felt the inutility of inflicting further punishment on his children, and were the first to advise the Czarina to recall them. All the possessions of the disgraced prince had been seized by the crown; but large funds, which he had placed in the banks of Venice and Amsterdam, in spite of every application, were retained by the bankers, who represented the impossibility of their delivering up the moneys entrusted to their care, except to the prince himself or his heirs. Thus, an immense revenue was lost to the country, and it was considered politic that it should be restored. No difficulty, therefore, stood in the way of the pardon of the orphans; and their return was accordingly commanded to be arranged with as little delay as their previous exile. They left to his once greatest enemy, the charge of their father's tomb.

They appear to have profited by the severe lessons of their childhood, and to have corrected what was evil in their minds by the experience forced upon them. The son had a fiftieth part of his father's possessions restored to him, which gave him a sufficiently large income; and the Czarina Anna took charge of the daughter, whose dower was furnished by the sums placed by Prince Mentchikoff in the banks of Venice and Amsterdam.

A Donkey Ride to the Pyramids.

Up, reader! awake from the drowsy lethargy of arm-chair repose of a winter's evening in New York. Up, I say, rouse up all thy faculties and sweep together all stray thoughts, for most assuredly they will be required upon the journey we are about to undertake. And you ask us amazedly, whither are we going? Whither! why to the far-famed ancient pyramids near the old city of Cairo in Egypt—to clamber up to the summit of Cheops, and look out upon the dark mountains of Mokattem.

If you stagger under the very proposition, and consider your informant demented, only open the windows of your imagination and peep out of them, and we will lend you spectacles to discern that not less than half a score of clamorous donkey boys, with their ill-used, much-ridden donkeys, are impatiently awaiting our descent from the chambers of the first hotel in the city, as ready to pounce upon us as eagles are upon their prey, each one endeavoring, at the risk of tearing us limb from limb, to force us into the saddle of his own particular donkey. At length, however, we have settled this knotty point by ourselves making a preference, and maintaining it, though not without difficulty. The best and strongest donkeys, and the most good-humored donkey boys are ours; and thus accommodated, away we start full gallop—donkeys braying, donkey boys grinning, all to the great risk of the toes of foot passengers—through the streets of modern Cairo, toward the debris of the ancient city of that name. Almost from the moment of first quitting the city gates, we have before us the stupendous monument of ages gone by, looking down upon us with the records of past generations stamped upon every stone of the leviathan mass.

And what do we know about this pyramid of Cheops? Well, just wait till our donkey has given up this horrid trotting, and then, aye then, we will scrape together every item of information that personal experience, added to book reading, can muster. First of all, however, you will permit me to remark that, contrary to the expectations of most travellers, we find the country around us, in lieu of being a desert waste, dressed out in the most resplendent spring vesture. Birds chaunt merrily from the leafy boughs of tall bushes and taller trees, flowers scent the air, and there is a murmuring voice of water which, added to the early morning breeze itself, freshens up the brow and strings up our nerves for the heat and exercise we are about to be subjected to. For two miles we canter along pleasantly enough over a very Brussels carpet of verdant grass, and then we reach the old Cairo on the Nile's banks, with the stupendous aqueduct erected to carry the water of the river into the citadel itself.

The only objects around us that wear an aspect of poverty or misery are the unhappy and heavily-yoked peasantry themselves—human beings degraded in intellect by long oppression to almost a level with the brute creation; their habitations low mud huts, vilely filthy; themselves disgustingly indifferent to what Dr. Johnson would call the scrupulosity of cleanliness; yet that is from no lack of water, witness the volumes rolling onwards as we cross at this point from one bank of the Nile to the opposite side; which feat having been accomplished, we leave the wretched inmates of the last mud hut to stare after us—possibly as much astonished at our appearance as we are at theirs—and trot along again on our indefatigable donkeys.

But before proceeding to enter into any historical records relative to the pyramid of Cheops, first let us appease the clamorings of our donkey boys by bestowing upon them a bucksheesh (gift), and then, hauling in our bridles, contemplate for a

moment two objects worthy of our passing notice. First of these we look upon the island of El Rhoda, traditionally the identical spot where the kind-hearted daughter of the base king Pharaoh came upon that little basket of bulrushes, on opening which she rescued the future inspired lawgiver of Israel. Mustapha, the wittiest and sharpest of the two donkey boys, assures us of the identity of the spot as a fact, "because," quoth he, "my grandmother herself gave me the information, and she had gleaned it from her father's father."

Notwithstanding such overwhelming testimony as to the locality, we shake our heads, and pointing towards a pillar of stone, ask what is that protruding itself out of the water, and the answer we receive is, that the object in contemplation is the *Nileometer*, used for measuring the rise of the waters at the periods of inundation.

Having gleaned all this information, we leave Gizeh, the spot where we landed, behind us and continue our trot towards the pyramids. We have good five miles yet to ride before reaching the base

of such a mode of payment, and the reflection that occurs how the whole atmosphere must have been polluted by the whole smell, the fact alone speaks marvellously in favor of the fertility of that soil which has ever been the granary of the East, even since the days when the brethren of Joseph came up with their asses and their sacks to purchase corn that they "might live and not die."

There is no reason, however, remember, reader, in a country where customs and manners so seldom change through the lapse of centuries, in that land where the people have ever been bondsmen—there is no reason, we say, to doubt that these hundred thousand builders of the pyramid really had their services required as above mentioned. Not fifteen years ago, though on a much more insignificant scale, the hapless peasantry of North Syria were subjected to a like system of *quid pro quo* labor. Ibrahim Pacha, the Egyptian, then governing all Syria, deprived the inhabitants of that large district of every resource of livelihood, by seizing on their fields, farm-houses, and plantations. He left them the option of starvation or of working for his individual behoof, by cutting wood upon the mountains, and as a recompense for their labors, were only allotted rations just sufficient to keep up strength and vitality, and that was all. These rations, too, consisted of precisely the same class of food as that allowed the laborers at the pyramid, namely, onions, garlic, and a few handfuls of wheat.

But our donkey boys are hooting to our fractious donkeys, and they are tearing over the ground at a rate that rapidly dissipates the distance between ourselves and the pyramids. We cross, accordingly, several canals and many extensive fields of a red soil covered with a rich and verdant pasture, until our donkeys, happening to trip hereabouts, slacken their pace awhile, and enable us to throw in another little item of information respecting the nearest pyramid. Its base is about eight hundred feet square, covering a surface of above eleven acres, and, according to the most correct measurement, is four hundred and sixty-one feet high, a space as extensive, it has been calculated, as the whole of Elysian Fields, refreshment rooms, and cave included. It is impossible to form any adequate conception of the prodigious vastness of this monument of bygone ages until we arrive close under it, and compare the altitude and magnitude of ourselves, donkeys, and donkey boys, with the smallest stone constituting a portion of its basement. Then, indeed, we feel sorrowfully convinced that after all we are little better



of the first pyramid; and during this interval we must endeavor to redeem our promise relative to scraps of information about this monument of Cheops.

In the first place, this great pyramid is supposed to contain six millions of cubic feet of stone, whilst one hundred thousand men are said to have been employed twenty years in building it! There, only think of that stupendous labor, and marvel at it, for a second or two. Why, our very donkeys prick up their ears as though astounded at the relation, and kicking up their heels playfully, banish for the moment all thoughts of anything but how best to retain our saddles.

Now although there were so many men employed by so mighty a prince for this tremendous structure, they all got paid, according to an ancient author (I think it was Herodotus), in a currency not altogether exactly what you or I, reader, would wish to have any small outstanding credits settled with. Each man received a stipulated quantity of onions and garlic per diem, with a handful of coarse wheat or some other grain. Apart from the strangeness

than pigmies upon the earth.

Having arrived at our journey's end, we dismount, and consign ourselves to the care of our Arab guides, or, more properly speaking, helps—the uncouth-looking savages who are to assist us in climbing up steps sometimes four feet deep.

Now, friends, button your pockets, and screw your courage up to the proper point, for assuredly our helps have the very features of ruthless ruffians, and there is no knowing, when we are thoroughly in their power, to what tortures they may subject us so as to extort a bucksheesh. Before ascending, however, we make a compact with the sheik, or head of these men, to the effect that we are on no account to pay one para of money into any hands but those of the sheik himself: and, as regards the item bucksheesh, that this must solely depend upon our liberality and the manner in which we have been handled by our helps.

(Continued on page 106.)

A PAIR OF NIPPERS.—Two cold frosty mornings.

Prince Mentchikoff.

THE biographer has few tasks more agreeable than that of detailing the actions of men who have distinguished themselves by such performances as tend to ameliorate and exalt the condition of their species; whilst, on the other hand, there is nothing can inspire him with feelings of deeper regret than to record the ways and means which have, in too many instances, been adopted to gain a celebrated name, and acquire the countenance or confidence of what is technically called "the Crown."

"There are some men born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them," says our immortal dramatist; and in the revolutions of empires, or the events incident to the governments of great dynasties, we are given many opportunities of proving the truth of the sentiment. Even in the family of the Mentchikoffs, brief as has been its existence in the eye of the world, this is the case. Its genealogical tree does not take root in a very remote age—not further back than the days of Peter the Great, when the grandfather of the present prince hawked pastry in the streets of Moscow. If he, however, was not born great, he was born to be great—for it could only be genius of some kind that could have carved out of Russia a path for itself which should lead it on to the highest honors that can be conferred by human hands upon human heads. He became a Prince of the Empire, a Senator, and a Field Marshal; and although it is affirmed that he could neither read nor write—which we do not believe—he directed by the energy of his counsels the supreme power of the state. He then, we will say, was born with the inherent qualities of true greatness, and the greatness which was thrust upon him in the way of riches and titles was nothing more than the natural reward of his genius. The present prince, however, would seem to be possessed of a merely meretricious kind of greatness, arising from the dignity of his antecedents—for if all tales be true, he is miserably deficient in the arts of diplomacy; whilst, as a general, his recent exploits in the Crimea have redounded nothing to his honor. His career, however, all through life has been singularly insignificant; we will here confine ourselves more particularly to his conduct since the commencement of the present war. Let us premise, however, that he was educated in Germany, and served for some years as a subaltern in the artillery; that on the arrival of peace he was employed in the War-Office; that he was taken into favor by the present Czar, and sent on a mission to Persia; that he subsequently took part in the war of Russia against Turkey; then he became a general, then an admiral, and is now Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces in the Crimea. A man who has arrived successively at these positions of rank must no doubt have some merit, yet, in a comparative point of view, may not stand very high.

Perhaps the most striking moral blemishes in the character of Prince Mentchikoff are his haughtiness, pride and mendacity. These, at least, have appeared the most prominently, since the very commencement of the proceedings which led to the present war. Indeed, it was the former of these, coupled with an immovable obstinacy of temper, which provoked it; but as it is now too late to comment upon this part of his conduct, let us look at the unblushing mendacity with which he

garnishes his despatches to the Autocrat of all the Russias. After his defeat on the Alma, we find him with the greatest *sang froid*, stating that he had executed a flank movement from Sebastopol toward Baktchiserai, and was ready to take the offensive on the first favorable opportunity. This plan promised to be successful, because the allies had divided their forces. While the French approached the fortifications on the north of the Bay of Sebastopol, the English troops betook themselves to Balaklava by sea, where they effected a landing. He being informed of what was taking place, made a movement in advance; but the French declining the combat, also abandoned the north of Sebastopol, and effected a junction with their allies on the south. On the 30th of September he had arrived with the greater part of his troops at the fortifications on the north, and established himself there, waiting until the intentions of the allies were more plainly manifested." Such is the boldness of this Commander of *Lies* in suppressing the truth, that the

the seat of war, is of course intended to conceal, at least from the public, the disgraceful negligence and incapacity which suffered the allied armies to march without a check through the whole Russian system of defence."

But how did the august autocrat of All the Russias receive the intelligence of the defeat and retreat of his troops on the heights of Alma? With the fortitude of a man whose cause is just, or with the resignation of the *first-class* Christian which he tries to make his hordes of semi-barbarians believe he is? No—no! His rage is described as having been something awful, and the reproaches he is said to have addressed to the unfortunate Mentchikoff most violent. May retributive justice fall upon the head of every promoter of bloodshed.

Although we are now less than ever disposed to assign to the Russian army the high and preponderating position which since the last war it has claimed, yet it is certain that the military events of the last twelve months, and indeed the whole conduct of this war on the

part of the Muscovite, present a very striking contrast to the energy of her generals and the endurance of her troops, from forty to fifty years ago. It was a saying of Napoleon's, that the Russian soldier was the only one in Europe who bore himself as well under defeat as after victory, and who, even on the day succeeding the loss of a great battle, was ready to dispute the next foot of ground with the most determined obstinacy. Two of the fiercest and most undecided battles fought by Napoleon were unquestionably those of Eylau and Borodino. At the former, twenty-five thousand Russians killed and wounded lay stretched upon the field, whilst thirty thousand of the French perished. The bare mention of such a carnage is appalling. No trophies were taken on either side; even the field of battle was scarcely held by the French; and for nine days after the action, Napoleon was unable to move. Even than this, the Borodino was more terrible. The armed hosts of all the continent of Europe were arrayed under the standard of France against Russia—and when they reached the plain in the neighborhood of Moscow, one hundred and twenty-five thousand combatants on each side—

And the boldest held his breath
For a time—

The contest was long, obstinate, and sanguinary beyond all precedent, even in that age of butchering

THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE CRIMEA.

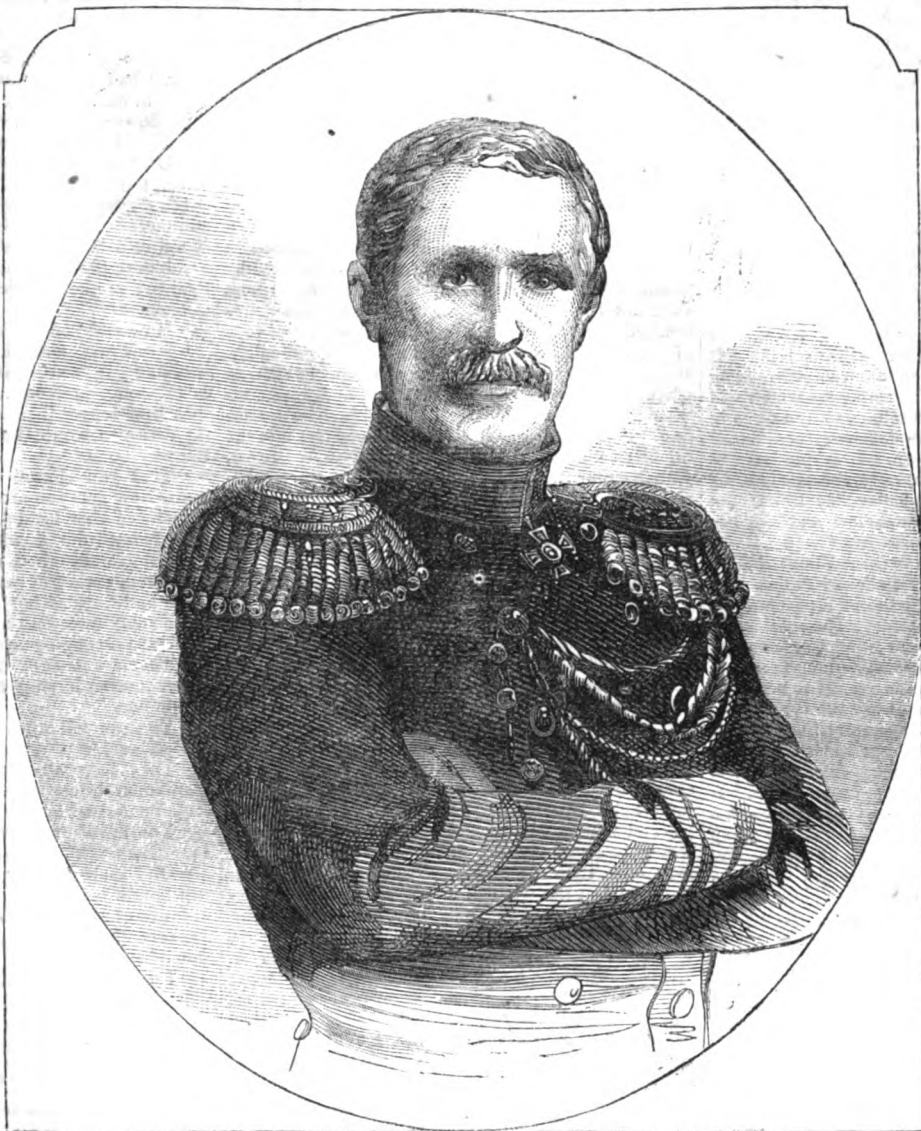
most humiliating and disastrous events assume a cheerful and encouraging aspect in his hands. The *London Times* in commenting upon this memorable dispatch, justly observes:

"All mention of the Battle of the Alma, and the march on Balaklava is suppressed, but the Russian general informs his sovereign that, having executed his flank movement on Baktchiserai—which he appears in reality not to have made at all—he was ready to assume the offensive, and that the allies had divided their forces—the English having betaken themselves to Balaklava by sea, while the French approached to the north of Sebastopol, until Prince Mentchikoff made a movement in advance, when they abandoned that position, declined the combat, and at last effected a junction with their allies on the south.

This astonishing and deliberate mis-statement, published in the official journal, on the authority of a minister of the crown, and a high dignitary of the empire in command of the Russian forces at

warfare. Upwards of thirty generals were killed and wounded on each side. The number of Russians who fell was estimated at fifteen thousand killed, and thirty thousand wounded, in return for twelve thousand killed, and thirty-eight thousand wounded of the French. Most of these mutilated survivors, however, very soon perished either in the fire of Moscow, or during the dreadful severity of the approaching winter. It was these memorable occurrences, and the fatal reverses they afterwards brought upon the French army, which originated the high military reputation of Russia in our times.

Where Prince Mentchikoff is now we cannot tell—whether in Sebastopol, Baktchiserai or Simpheropol—seeing that Lord Raglan himself is at fault in divining where he can be. Wherever he is, however, it has long been a fact well known, that he hates the English, and abhors the French, and we fear recent events will not go far to win them favor in his sight.



Incidents of the War.

THE FRENCH ARMY.—It is said that by the month of March, France will have 600,000 bayonets in the field, and by the month of June, unless peace be proclaimed, an army numbering 800,000.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN REALISED.—On the 24th, (the eighth day of the siege) we had another explosion on our right attack. The story has an air of Munchausen about it, and if the facts were not well known, I should have some scruples in telling it. An eight-inch gun had just been loaded with a live shell, and the match was applied to fire it off. At that moment one of the enemy's shells entered the gun, and the two shells exploding burst the gun. Every man in the battery was more or less hurt. Some were killed.

THE TWO RUSSIAN GUNS taken at Bomarsund have arrived in Paris. They are of bronze, and of small calibre, as the diameter of one is only fifteen centimetres, and of the other, sixteen centimetres—about six inches: their length is not quite a metre. They have on them the following inscription, in Russian: "St. Petersburg, 1811," and "St. Petersburg, 1807." The carriages present nothing worth notice. These guns are intended for the Marine Museum.

WE ARE RECRUITING at the rate of 1000 men a week, and have as little fear of wanting the raw material of soldiers, as if we had a legion of spies and a whole army of crimps to enforce the utmost rigours of conscription. The martial and adventurous spirit of the nation is roused by the stirring tidings which almost every post brings to our shores; and the service has regained, in the midst of a bloody and desperate war, that popularity which it was in some danger of losing in the piping times of peace. The cavalry regiments at home will not be sent abroad, but will serve as training schools for the recruits of the regiments on foreign service. It is intended to raise each troop to seventy-five men, and to add two troops to each regiment—which will give a total increase of 1500 sabres to the force in the Crimea; and besides, all deficiency occasioned by casualties is to be made up. It is proposed to purchase, for the use of the cavalry, seasoned horses instead of three-year-olds, as better able to bear the fatigues and privations of a campaign, and less liable to injury by a long voyage.

HOW TO POACH THE RUSSIANS.—A Zouave before Sebastopol thus writes to his father in Paris: "I have been leading of late the life of a poacher. I am every day on the look-out for a Russian, being attached to a company of *frances-tireurs*, or riflemen. Our duty is to fire at the Russian artillerymen and to protect our own, who have no reason to be dissatisfied with us as yet. I cannot say the same of the Russians, who appear to suffer greatly from our rifles. To give you an idea of our mode of acting, we set out at two in the morning, fully accoutred, with a supply of ammunition and biscuit. On our arrival in the trenches we are provided with bags, a shovel, and a pickaxe. At a given signal we jump over the parapets with the agility of stags, and take refuge in some sheltered spot under the forts, where we dig a kind of rabbit-hole to hide in. We place our bags as a protection on the side facing the enemy, and we then set to work. We remain in this sort of tomb the entire day; we leave it at dark, often exposed to a shower of grape-shot. You will naturally ask, dear father, what we have to do all that time. I can assure you that we have plenty to do. We load and fire in rapid succession, and every shot tells on a Russian artilleryman. The other day two officers were standing on a piece of timber placed on the top of a tower opposite my station, for the purpose of having a view of our works. With two shots I brought down those gentlemen, and at the same moment the batteries let fly a discharge of balls, shells, and grape-shot, which fortunately passed over my head."

WANT OF LEAD AND SULPHUR IN RUSSIA.—The Russian government is employing scientific men in several provinces of the empire on a search for lead mines, for sulphur and coal. Others are employed in causing old and neglected mines to be worked again. The Russians know that Finland, when it belonged to Sweden, used to yield lead in abundance. The abandonment of the mines was a consequence of the cheapness of the article in the foreign market, rendering competition unprofitable. The Russian government returns now to its own mines, and hopes to extract from them a large produce. Such is the scarcity of lead at this moment in Russia, that its price, formerly 1½ rouble per pound, has now risen to six silver roubles. It is the same thing with sulphur—that has become quite scarce, on account of the blockade, and as this material is peculiarly contraband of war, it can no longer be conveyed into the empire from neutral countries.

THE ZOUAVES are natives of the French provinces of Algiers, disciplined and exercised by French officers, and now forming part of the French contingent employed in the Crimea and the siege of Sebastopol. They hold exactly the same relation to the French army that the Sepoys in India have to the regular British troops.

THE "ORDER" OF THE DAY IN WARSAW.—At Warsaw, the burghers of the middling classes and shopkeepers have to board and lodge, at their own expense, from sixteen to twenty soldiers every day, and the larger houses and richer families more in proportion.

THE CZAR AND THE LONDON PRESS.—It is well known that Russian agents abound in London, whose duty it is carefully to examine all the public papers, and immediately to transmit everything important to St. Petersburg. A telegraphic communication between London and St. Petersburg occupies eight hours. The contents of the morning papers are known by the Czar at three o'clock on the same day.

NARROW ESCAPES.—Colonel Dixon and two engineer officers had a great escape on the 20th. In one of the batteries before the town. A shell pitched on the parapet, and hopped down near a gun. It was thought to be a round shot; but, strange to say, Col. Dixon, the only near-sighted man of the three, called out: "It is a shell; I see the fuse!" The words were no sooner said than down went the fine fellows under the wheels of the gun, and up and about went the angry iron pieces seeking for victims; but it sought in vain. There have been many hairbreadth escapes before Sebastopol—a red nightcap used by one artilleryman was taken from the head by a round shot, but the person of the wearer remained untouched. A cannon-ball passed between the legs of an officer's horse while in the act of galloping, and on another occasion the gabion on which an officer was seated was carried away, and the astonished gentleman suddenly let down, just as a shilling, in the hat-trick, darts from its support into the tumbler beneath. The escape of Captain A. Brown, 44th Regiment, was of the most extraordinary character. He was in the act of lighting his cigar, with his right arm partially elevated, when a cannon-ball shattered the arm, and in running off, took away three fingers of the left hand, killing the soldier who was standing next him.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER IN TURKEY.—A remarkable scene was acted by the women at the accession of Sultan Mustapha. His Vizier, Kheyab Muhummad Pasha, who, toward the end of the preceding reign, had found himself unsettled in his post, and expected daily to be deposed by the intrigues of the Seraglio, neglected to provide the necessary supply of corn and rice for the yearly consumption of the city. The public granaries were almost empty, and less rice than usual had been imported. Bread, mixed up with oats, barley, millet, and sand, was dear and scarce; and rice hardly was to be bought at any price. In this distress the men bore their want with passion and sullen discontent; but the women, impatient and daring, assembled in a considerable body, and, armed with hammers, chisels, and files, attacked the magazines, where, as they asserted, rice was monopolised in great quantities. No opposition could stop them; and while the public officers were perplexed what course to take, they broke open locks, bars, and bolts, burst into the magazines, took with them such quantities as they could carry off, and went away unmolested. None of these female rioters were ever punished, as far as we knew, and if you spoke to a grave Turk about it, he answered, with a sneer: "It is only a meeting of desperate women."

BREAKING IN CAVALRY HORSES IN FRANCE, BY MME. ISABELLE.—In consequence of the success obtained by Mme. Isabelle in breaking in horses for the army, the Minister of War lately authorised her to proceed before a commission composed of general and superior officers of cavalry, with General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angeley at their head, to a practical demonstration of her method on a certain number of young cavalry horses. After twenty day's training the horses were so perfectly broken in that the minister no longer hesitated to enter into an arrangement with Mme. Isabelle to introduce her system into all the Imperial schools of cavalry, beginning with that of Saumur. The advantages of this system appear to be these:—to train the horses, without fatiguing them; to diminish greatly the number of reative horses; to lessen the number of accidents; to train any number of horses at the same time; and to lessen considerably the expense.

WOMAN'S INTemperance.—In spite of the exhortations of all their feminine orators, all women are more or less addicted to their glass.

Familiar Conversations on Interesting Subjects.

"CLARA! Clara!" called Mrs. Wilson at the door of her daughter's room one bright sunshiny morning in the latter part of spring, "Clara! come, it is time you were up."

Hearing no answer, she gently opened the door, and perceived that the little girl had already arisen, and left her room. As the weather had been unusually fine for several days past, she concluded that she had taken a stroll in the fields, as she usually did in pleasant weather. Breakfast being over, and Clara still absent, her mother began to feel a little uneasy about her, and had just determined to go out and look for her, when the door opened, and the little runaway, with a face glowing with excitement, entered.

"Why, where in the world have you been, Clara?" asked her mother, as she took a handkerchief from her pocket, and wiped the perspiration from her brow.

"Why, mother, it was such a lovely morning, I thought I would take a little walk before breakfast; I did not intend, however, to go as far, nor to stay as long as I have done; but before I was aware of it, I had reached the brook, and would you believe it, mother, the opposite bank was covered with flowers."

"You did not venture to cross, Clara, I hope?" "Oh! no, mother: I have not forgotten my last attempt at that."

(In trying to cross one day, during the previous summer, Clara had fallen in; and but for the timely aid of a farmer's lad, who was providentially at hand, most likely would have been drowned. Since then her mother had forbidden her ever to attempt it again.)

"How did you get your flowers, then?" "I was just going to tell you, mother; while I was standing looking at them, Farmer Holt's man came along, and offered to get some for me. It took him longer than I thought it would; and so for fear you would be uneasy, I ran every step of the way home."

"That you should not have done, Clara; you know how apt you are to have the headache, after exercise of that kind; but get your breakfast, and then bring your flowers in the sitting-room, and we will examine them together."

Fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes had passed after Clara had finished her meal, before her mother was quite ready to attend to her. This time was spent by her in arranging and examining her flowers.

"They are most of them violets," she remarked, as her mother having finished her work, sat down beside her.

"You can tell what class they belong to, I suppose, Clara?"

"They have all got five stamens, mother, so they must belong to the fifth class; that is, the class *Pent-Andria*."

"You have got a few primroses and cowslips, too, I see Clara, both of which belong to this class."

"Oh! mother do you recollect those two verses you taught me about the primrose? I was trying to think of them as I came home; but I could only recollect the first line, 'Mark, in yonder thorny vale!'"

"I don't know whether I can repeat them or not, Clara, but I'll try:"

"Mark in yonder thorny vale,
Fearless of the falling snows,
Cheerless of the chilly gale,
Passing sweet the primrose grows."

Milder gales and warmer beams
May the grandier flow'rets rear,
But to me the primrose seems
Proudest gem that decks the year."

"I wish you would write them down, mother, if you please, for me, when you have time; I should like to learn them. But now I have found out the class of my flowers, how am I to know the order, genus, &c.?"

"One thing at a time, Clara; do you think you can designate the different classes?"

"Pretty well, I think, mother; I wrote them down as you told me, and have gone over them several times since, and I find, too, that knowing the meaning of the words from which they are derived, assists me a great deal in distinguishing them. I was puzzled at first to know what the class *mon-adelphia* was; but as soon as I brought to mind the meaning of *adelphia* I could tell directly."

"You recollect there was one class we did not not speak of?"

"Yes, ma'am, the 21st."

"This class is named from two Greek words: *Crypto* and *Gamia*, which signifies a concealed

union. The stamens and pistils of plants of this class are so small, that they cannot be seen without a microscope. Now, for the orders: those of the first twelve classes are founded upon the number of pistils they contain; one pistil, the first order; two pistils, the second order, and so on.

"Then, mother, all these flowers belong to the fifth class, and the first order?"

"Yes, that is the class Pent-Andria, order Mono-Gynia."

"You have not told me how the orders were named, mother."

"True, I had forgotten that they are named by prefixing Greek numerals to Gynia, which you know signifies pistil, thus—"

"Stop, mother, let me see if I can't name them."

Mono-Gynia.....	1 pistil	Hepta-Gynia.....	7 pistils
Di-Gynia.....	2 "	Octo-Gynia.....	8 "
Tri-Gynia.....	3 "	Ennea-Gynia.....	9 "
Tetra-Gynia.....	4 "	Deca-Gynia.....	10 "
Penta-Gynia.....	5 "	Endeca.....	
Hexa-Gynia.....	6 "		

"No, Deca-Gynia, ten pistils, and all over that Poly-Gynia. The best way to learn to distinguish the different orders of plants is, by analyzing them; but as the season is not yet far enough advanced, to afford us subjects for analysis, I will endeavor to teach you their names and the circumstances on which they are founded."

"Have all the classes an equal number of orders, mother?"

"No: some have only two; others have ten. Class 1st, Mon-Andria, contains only two orders."

"Mono-Gynia and Di-Gynia."

"Yes: we have very few examples of plants of this class in the United States. The Hippurus, or as it is commonly called, mare's tail, belongs to the first order. It is an aquatic plant, and though destitute of both calyx and corolla, is considered a perfect flower."

"What do you mean by an aquatic plant, mother?"

"One that grows in water."

"But why is it called perfect when it has neither calyx or corolla?"

"All plants possessing stamens and pistils, though destitute of other organs, are styled perfect in botany. In addition to the one I have named, there is a plant called Salicornia, also belonging to this order, which is found on the North American sea coast, and on the coast of the Mediterranean. This plant is burned, and its ashes used in the manufacture of soda. The arrow-root, a valuable tropical production, which you know is considered very nutritious for the sick, is also found in this order."

"What made them give it such a funny name, mother?"

"The Indians gave it this name, in consequence of its having been used by them to extract the poison from wounds made by their poisoned arrows. Another well known root founded here, is the ginger: which was first known to the Arabians, and by them called Zinsiber. The only plant which I shall name of the second order Di-Gynia of this class is Blitum, an American plant; it has one stamen and two pistils; calyx but no corolla."

"How I wish we could procure specimens of all the different classes and orders, mother."

"It would be much more interesting if we could, and you would be able to understand the subject a great deal better I have no doubt; but this is impossible."

CONVERSATION IV.

"If you wish, Clara, to resume the subject of our conversation upon flowers, come into my room, in about an hour from this, and I will be ready to attend to you."

"Thank you, mother; I shall be very glad to do so; for the more I learn of this delightful study, the more interesting it becomes."

Scarcely had the hour passed, when a gentle rap at the door, accompanied by the words, "May I come in, mother?" informed Mrs. Wilson that the appointment was not forgotten. Permission was granted: and soon after Mrs. Wilson, handing Clara a flower that had been pressed between the leaves of a book, asked if she knew what it was.

"Oh! yes, mother, it is a lilac," was the reply.

"Can you tell me its class and order?"

"It has two stamens and one pistil; therefore, it must be of the class Di-andria, order Mono-gynia."

"That is correct; this class has three orders; and although somewhat more extensive than the class Mon-Andria, is still somewhat limited."

"The lilac is a very common flower, mother."

"Yes; but although so common it is nevertheless an exotic."

"What is an exotic, mother?"

"A plant brought from some other country. Its botanical name is Syringa; which is said to be derived from a Turkish word which signifies pipe."

"It does not look much like a pipe at all events, mother."

"Not much, Clara; but the stems of pipes were sometimes made of its roots. Examine the corolla, and tell me of how many petals it is composed?"

"Of four."

"Are you sure, Clara? look again."

"There are four, I think, mother."

"It is four parted; but if you examine it closely you will perceive it is all in one piece."

"Oh, yes, mother; I see now they are not distinct, like the petals of a lily."

"Such flowers are said to be mono-petalous; when composed of more than one piece, it is poly-petalous."

"There is another difference I see between this flower and some others which I have examined, mother."

"What is it?"

"Its stamens are fastened on the corolla, and not on the receptacle."

"That is the case with most mono-petalous flowers; where there are several petals they are generally attached to the receptacle."

"Are there many species of this plant, mother?"

"There are, I believe, several; but those most common to us are the vulgaris, or common, which has leaves shaped like a heart; and the Persica, or Persian, with lanceolate leaves."

"What kind are they?"

"Long and narrow; the form in which these blossoms are crowded together, is called a thyrsus. Another well-known plant of this class is sage; scientifically called Salvia, from Salvo to save; this genus contains one hundred and fourteen species."

"A pretty large family, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes; tolerably large; but you have seen sage in blossom, Clara, and know that the form of the corolla is entirely different from that of the lilac."

"Oh yes, mother; they are not at all alike; I should hardly have supposed they belonged to the same order and class."

"It is because they are alike in regard to the number of stamens and pistils they have, that causes them to be classed together. Flowers of this kind, are called labiate; and are mostly placed in the class Di-dynamia."

"That is the 13th class and has four stamens, two long and two short; isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, and as the sage has only two stamens, it cannot therefore be placed in this class."

"What is the name of that species of sage which grows in our garden, mother?"

"The officinalis species."

"Isn't clary a species of sage too, mother?"

"Yes; its leaves you know are larger than the common sage; and it possesses more medicinal virtue. There is also a little plant, which grows in shady places, and leaves a small white blossom, belonging to this class."

"What is it called, mother?"

"Its common name is Enchanted Nightshade; scientific Circea. This little plant is remarkable for the symmetry of its parts, having two stamens, two petals, a calyx with two divisions, a capsule with two cells, each containing two seeds."

"I don't exactly understand what a capsule is, mother, without it is another name for the pericarp."

"Linnaeus divides pericarps into nine classes, of which the capsule is the first; the word signifies chest, or casket. The pericarp of the lily is a capsule."

"And all others, I suppose, of similar construction?"

"Yes. The Veronica, or Speedwell, is another plant of this class; and after the opinion of eminent botanists, this genus, which is very interesting, is said to contain about seventy. The last which I shall mention as belonging to this class is the Olive-tree, which travellers say is still quite common on the Mount of Olives, and other parts of Palestine."

"What plants are found in the second order of this class, mother?"

"They are not very numerous; but for example, we may take the sweet-smelling spring grass, which blossoms in May, and which gives to new-mown hay its delightful odor."

"How glad I shall be, mother, when spring comes so that I can collect flowers for examination. I think this study will be doubly interesting then."

"So it will, Clara; and I hope you will find much delight in thus examining these 'tokens of God's love.'"

"You said this class contained three orders, didn't you, mother?"

"Yes; as an example of the order Trygynia we may take black pepper, or botanically Piper Nigrum."

"How many orders does the class Triandria contain, mother?"

"Only two: Mono-gynia one pistil; Di-gynia, two pistils. I will not stop to describe plants of this class; for as they are found among our earliest garden flowers, you will soon have an opportunity of analyzing them, which will afford you a much better idea of them than any description I can give you. Now, tell me the name of the fourth class?"

"Tetra-andria, four stamens."

"This class has three orders. Monogynia, one pistil; Di-gynia, two pistils; and Tetra-gynia, four pistils."

"None of the third order, then?"

"I believe not; plantain and dogwood-tree belong to the first order; besides some very pretty wild flowers; the Hammelis, or Witch Hazel, belongs to the second order."

"Does it not grow in the woods, mother?"

"Yes; and bears yellow flowers, which are often in blossom, late in the year, after the tree has lost its leaves."

"I have seen it many a time, mother."

"I dare say you have. What is the name of the fifth class?"

"Pent-andria, five stamens."

"In this class we have six orders; Mono-gynia, one pistil; Di-gynia, two pistils; Try-gynia, three pistils; Tetra-gynia, four pistils; Penta-gynia, five pistils; and Poly-gynia, thirteen pistils."

"Then, there are no plants in this class, with six, seven, eight, nine, or ten pistils?"

"No; this class is said to embrace more than a tenth part of all known species of plants."

"It is not very difficult to find specimens of it, then, mother?"

"No; in the first order we find many important vegetables, such as the potato, tomato, and egg-plant; tobacco is also found here."

"That is not very useful mother?"

"Not as it is generally used, Clara; but all the works of God are of use in some way or other, though not always manifest to us. The generic name of this plant is Nicotiana; so called from Nicot, who about the middle of the sixteenth century, carried it to Europe, and presented it to Catharine de Medicis, Queen of France, as a plant which was possessed of remarkable virtues. It is said that King James had such a dislike to it, that he wrote a work to it, called, 'A Counterblast to Tobacco.' But it is almost dinner-time; so we must drop the subject for to-day."

A NEW EXPERIMENT.—A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles questions of importance in philosophy. "Two hundred pounds weight" of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree weighing five pounds was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown on by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the air for five years, the willow tree was removed and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds and about three ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in an oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only two ounces of its original weight; thus one hundred and sixty pounds of wood, fibre, bark, or roots, were certainly produced; but from what source? The air has been discovered to be the source of the solid element at least."

HEAR, HEAR!—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear, hear!" He took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down, amid the convulsions of laughter of all but the unfortunate subject.

To Abuse the poor for poverty is to insult God's providence.

Milk and its Adulterations.

MANY infants subsist entirely upon the milk of the cow; that nutritious fluid also usually forms a large portion of the diet of most young children, and in some shape or other enters into the daily food of almost every adult: it therefore becomes a matter of primary importance to determine whether milk as supplied for the consumption of the public, especially the inhabitants of this great city, is in a genuine state or not.

If the testimony of ordinary observers, and even of many scientific witnesses, is to be credited, there are but few articles of food more liable to adulteration (and this of the grossest description) than milk. We will now proceed to ascertain to what extent this testimony may be relied upon; but before referring to the adulteration of milk, it will be proper to treat of the composition of that fluid.

From the fact that persons may be entirely sustained upon a diet of milk for an indefinite period, it may be concluded that that fluid must contain all the elements necessary for the growth and sustenance of the human body—a view the correctness of which is fully established by chemical research.

Milk consists of water-holding in solution casein, or cheese, sugar of milk, various salts, and in suspension fatty matter, in the form of myriads of semi-opaque globules, to which the color and opacity of milk is due.

Skim-milk, butter-milk, cream, butter, curds and whey, cream-cheese, and ordinary cheese, are mere modifications of milk, differing only from each other either in the abstraction of one or more of its constituents, or else in the variation of their proportions.

The first of these, skim-milk, differs from ordinary milk in containing a less quantity of fatty matter, a portion of this having been removed with the cream; it still, however, contains nearly all the cheese, the sugar of milk, some butter, and the salts of milk; it is, therefore, scarcely less nutritious than new milk, but in consequence of the diminished amount of fat, is less adapted to occasion the development of that substance, and to the maintenance of the respiration and temperature of the body. In some cases, where fatty matter is found to disagree, and where, in consequence, milk in its usual state cannot be taken without inconvenience, skim-milk may be substituted with advantage.

In contradistinction to these, cream consists almost entirely of the fat, with a very small quantity of casein, sugar, and the other constituents of milk.

Butter differs little from cream, but is more completely separated from the sugar, cheese, and salts; and the fat globules, in place of being free and distinct, have all run together, so as to form a semi-solid substance.

Curds and whey are made up of all the elements of milk, but the form in which they exist is altered; the cheese is thrown down by rennet, or by the addition of an acid, as acetic acid, and in its descent carries down the greater part of the butter, the two forming together the curd, while the whey, or serum, consists entirely of water, the sugar, and the salts.

Cheese is made from skim-milk, entire milk, or cream; it consists of the casein or butter. The cheese prepared from skim-milk contains the smallest quantity of butter; that from entire milk, a larger quantity; and that from cream, the most of all.

The relative proportions of the different constituents of cow's milk, especially the fatty matter, are subject to very great variation. The age of the cow, the time after calving, food, temperature, and the time and frequency of milking, all occasion considerable differences in the quantity and quality of milk.

To certain of these modifying causes we will now refer. The natural food of the cow is evidently that derived from pastures, namely, grass. The milk obtained from cows fed upon this, being of excellent quality, and sufficiently rich for all purposes.

The next most natural food is dried grass or hay, which is given largely to cows in the winter time, with advantage. But, as is well known, the system of feeding the greater number of the cows which supply New York with milk is altogether artificial and unnatural, grains and distillers' wash form the chief part of their food; these stimulate the animals unnaturally, and under the stimulus, large quantities of milk of inferior quality are secreted, the cow becoming quickly worn out and diseased in consequence.

In reference to the effect of grains on cows, Mr. Harby makes the following remarks:

"Brewers' and distillers' grains make the cattle grain-sick, as it is termed, and prove injurious to the stomach of the animal: it has been ascertained

that if cows be fed upon these grains, their constitutions become quickly destroyed."

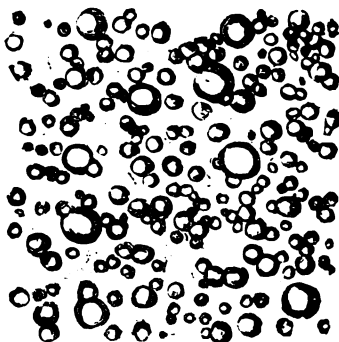


Fig. 1.—Good Milk.

The *Veterinary Record* for 1850, publishes the annexed extract from a New York paper, which shows the effect of distillers' wash on cows:

"There exists on Long Island, near Brooklyn, several manufactories of milk, the process of conducting which should be known. One of these

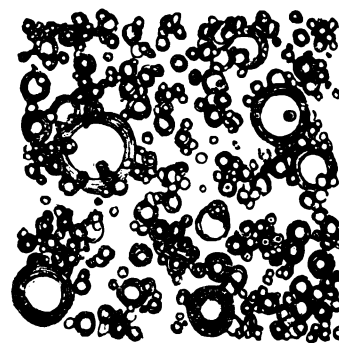


Fig. 2.—Poor Milk.

dairies covers 300 feet front, by 300 feet deep, carefully fenced in so as to be as private as possible; the business of the people being to drink the milk, not to know how it is made; in which enclosure 400 cows are kept the whole year round. These

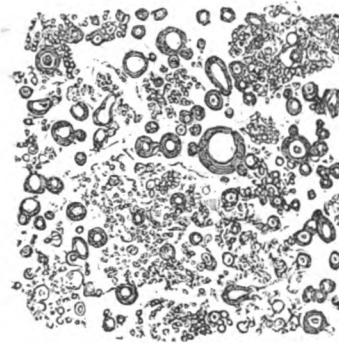


Fig. 3.—Curd of Milk.

cows are fed on the refuse slop of whiskey distillers, and it is given to them warm. Such is the fondness of cows for this vile compound, that having fed upon it for a week or more, their appetites become so depraved that they will take no other food;

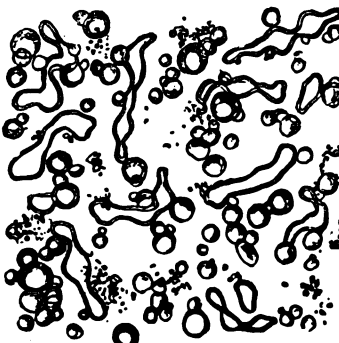


Fig. 4.—Milk Adulterated with Sheep's Brains.

"Harleian Dairy System," pp. 78-79.

the result is, their milk-producing organs are stimulated to a wonderful degree; they yield enormously, but soon become diseased, their gums ulcerate, their teeth drop out, and their breath becomes fetid. Though thus diseased, they do not fall away in flesh, but on the contrary puff up and bloat to an appearance of great fatness; their joints become stiff, so that they cannot with ease lie down, and they rarely or never come out alive. Bad as this is, their milk is afterwards mixed with molasses, and whiting, and thus sold to the public of New York for pure milk."

The Hon. F. Byng thus describes the actual condition of some of the cow-sheds which he visited:

"In two of these sheds forty cows are kept, two in each, seven feet of space. There is no ventilation, save by the uncased tile roof, through which the ammoniacal vapors escape into the houses, to the destruction of the health of the inmates. Besides the animals, there is at one end a large tank for grains, a store-place for turnips and hay, and between them a receptacle into which the liquid manure drains, and the solid is heaped. At the other end is a capacious vault, with a brick partition, one division of which mangel-wurzel, turnips, and potatoes; and the other a dirty, yellow, sour-smelling liquid, called brewers' wash, a portion of which is pumped up and mixed with the food of the cows. The neighbors are subject, also, to the annoyance of manure-carts, which frequently stand some time in front of the houses; and when the mouth of the vault is opened to admit the ingress of the brewers' wash, a burning sour smell is described by them as pervading their dwellings. After the buildings have remained closed for the night, the atmosphere within becomes heated, foul, and unwholesome. In summer time the smell is most offensive. Decomposition of the vegetable matter in the vault is also stated to be frequent, and the stench then arising insufferable.

"At the opposite side of the houses in the same street is another shed, with even less possibility of ventilation than those just described, thirty-two cows stand side by side, two in each space of seven feet as above.

"In this atmosphere, reeking with all these pestiferous effluvia, the poor creatures are kept close shut up, night and day, till their milk failing, they are consigned to the butcher."

Thanks, however, to our railways, a considerable portion of our supplies of milk are now obtained from the country, and hence it is to be hoped that, ere long, the practice of housing and confining cattle in New York will entirely cease.

With regard to the quality of milk, as affected by the time and frequency of milking, morning milk is said to be better than that obtained in the afternoon; the milk of cows, when milked but once a day only, is richer than either. It is also the common belief that the last portion of the milk obtained at any milking is richer than the first. We have ascertained that this belief is well founded, and the milk last abstracted, usually contains three times as much cream as the first. This fact is not without practical importance. It is a common practice for invalids and others to procure their glass of milk direct from the cow; we thus perceive that in this way they seldom obtain the proper proportion of butter—a circumstance which may be of advantage in some cases, and a disadvantage in others.

Now although the casein and sugar of milk, as well as the butter, vary in quantity in different cases, yet, ordinarily, the quality of milk is estimated by the amount of cream which it yields.

For the determination of the quality of milk, it is, however, requisite not only to ascertain the amount of cream which it yields, but also to take the specific gravity or density of the milk.

In estimating the specific gravity of any liquid, distilled water is taken as the standard, being reckoned at 1,000. Now milk, holding as it does in solution a large quantity of sugar, casein, and salts, is of course much heavier than water; and it is stated that milk of good quality should have a specific gravity of about 1,031. But milk, as we have seen, contains also a large proportion of fatty matter, and which, being much lighter than distilled water, serves, when equally suspended through the fluid, to decrease its density. The larger, therefore, the quantity, the lower will be the specific gravity. Some milks, owing to the large quantity of cream contained in them, possess a density of only 1,020, or even less.

Now this effect of the presence of cream in great amount, in decreasing the density of milk, was not sufficiently appreciated until the recent reports which appeared in the *Lancet*, in which it was shown that the specific gravity tests, as applied to

new milk, was entirely fallacious, for by it those milks, the richest in cream, would be deemed inferior; applied, however, to the milk after the separation of the cream, it affords valuable indications.

The specific gravity of milk is usually determined by means of an instrument termed an hydrometer. This is a graduated glass tube, weighted so as to float upright when immersed in any liquid, sinking deep in liquids of low specific gravity, and but little in those of high density; the scale serves to show the exact density in degrees, contrasted with distilled water. In estimating, then, the quality of milk, this instrument should be used for determining the density of either skim milk, or, what is better still, the serum of milk; for numerous observations have shown that the density of these, when pure and genuine, the first ranging between 1027 and 1031 degrees, and the second between 1025 and 1028 degrees.

The amount of cream is determined by an instrument, invented by the late Sir Joseph Banks, termed a lactometer. This consists of a glass tube, usually eleven inches long, and half an inch in diameter; ten inches of this are graduated in tenths of an inch, that is, in hundredths of the whole; the tube is to be filled with milk and set aside for twelve hours. The cream ascends to the surface, and its amount is determined by the thickness of the stratum formed, as shown by the number of degrees or tenths through which it ascends.

Cream forms more quickly in warm than cold weather, and, in making comparative observations on a number of samples, it is proper that each sample should be set aside in the lactometers at the same time and at the same period.

The thickness of the stratum of cream formed in genuine milk is, like the specific gravity, subject to considerable variation; but in ordinary mixed milk the average per centage should be about 94 tenths. We have met with samples of genuine milk which showed only two degrees, and others showing as many as 70; and hence, in order to be able to state whether a milk is of good or bad quality, it is not sufficient to estimate solely the per centage of cream, but when this is determined the density of the skim milk, or serum, should likewise be ascertained.

It is stated that the addition of a small quantity of warm water to milk increases the amount of cream; this assertion is entirely erroneous. It does not increase the quantity of cream, but merely facilitates and hastens its formation in a remarkable manner.

But there is a second means by which it may be ascertained whether any milk be rich or not in butter, namely, by the microscope.

We have said that the butter is suspended in milk in the form of innumerable droplets of various sizes; in rich milk these are particularly abundant, so that when a drop of such milk is viewed under an object-glass of high magnifying power, the field is crowded with myriads of these globules, as shown in Fig. 1.

In an impoverished milk, the globules will be smaller in size and fewer, and the field of vision will present the appearance of Fig. 2.

When curd of milk is examined under the microscope, the butter is still seen as droplets of fat, and the cheese as a granular substance of a yellowish color. See Fig. 3.

Having thus fully entered into the composition, qualities, and methods for the examination of milk, we will now proceed to consider the adulterations of which it is made the subject.

We stated at the outset, that if the testimony of ordinary observers is to be credited, that milk, of all articles of consumption, is most adulterated.

We find different writers naming a variety of ingredients as commonly employed in the adulteration of milk, amongst which may be mentioned flour, milk of almonds, gum arabic, gum tragacanth, chalk, turmeric, carbonate of soda, sugar, emulsion of hemp seed, and sheep's and horses' brains, rubbed up with water into an emulsion.

It is unnecessary to describe the methods to be employed for the detection of these substances, since we have the authority of the *Scalpel* for stating that they are used now rarely, and most of them never used in the adulteration of milk. The only one of these alleged adulterations supported by evidence, and this is not all conclusive, is that with sheep's brains. The microscope affords a most satisfactory means of detecting this adulteration, by revealing the presence of the fibres of which the cerebral matter is composed. See Fig. 4.

There is, however, an adulteration which, according to common belief, is constantly practised. We refer to that with water.

It was found that the serum, or milk, that is, the fluid left after the precipitation of the cheese by the addition of acetic acid, possessed a density which was almost constant, the limits being 1025 to 1028 degrees; it was further ascertained that the specific gravity of this serum, varied in proportion to the quantity of water added to the milk. Now the addition of water would, of course, lessen the specific gravity in proportion to the quantity added; we have thus a fixed point from which to determine the adulteration of milk with water.

Thus it was shown that the serum of a milk having a density of 1029, was reduced on the addition of 10 per cent. of water, to 1026—20 per cent., to 1322—30 per cent., to 1021—40 per cent., to 1017—50 per cent., to 1015.

The specific gravity of skim milk, although less uniform than that of the serum, is yet much more so than pure milk; on this account, the next most accurate method of determining the admixture of water with milk, is to take the density of skim milk after the per centage of cream has been ascertained by the lactometer.

Lastly, we proceed to give the results obtained by the *Lancet* from the examination of twenty-six samples of milk, purchased of different dairymen.

These are as follows:

1st. That twelve were genuine.

2d. That of these, two showed a deficiency of cream.

3d. That eleven were adulterated.

4th. That this adulteration consisted, in all cases, of water, the per centages of which varied from ten to fifty per cent., or one-half of the article.

4th. That in no case was chalk, size, gum, sheep's brains, or any of the other substances occasionally used for the adulteration of milk, detected.

These results are more favorable than might have been anticipated, from the belief generally entertained respecting the gross adulterations to which milk, as alleged, has been so continually subject.

The addition of water to milk is, however, a fraud of the gravest description, and the parties practising it are morally as guilty as though they had employed, for the purpose of adulteration, the brains of sheep, or any other equally disgusting substance.

It is only necessary to refer to one other article used, not so much for adulteration as to heighten the color of milk, cream, butter, and particularly cheese, viz., annatto. This is a vegetable coloring matter or dye, which, however, in consequence of its high price, is itself almost constantly adulterated, it commonly containing Venetian red, and sometimes even, that poisonous substance, red lead.

OUR DRAMATIC GALLERY.

Miss Julia Dean.

[From a Daguerrotype, by Meade, Brothers.]

MISS JULIA DEAN was born in the village of Pleasant Valley, in Dutchess county, in the State of New York. Her father, Edwin Dean, was the son of most reputable and intelligent Quaker parents, and by the latter persons, the subject of these remarks was reared, until she was nearly ten years of age, in the discipline peculiar to that estimable people. In her eleventh year she joined the family of her father, who was then the manager of the Buffalo and Rochester theatres.

When quite young, Miss Julia evinced a passionate fondness for poetry, as well as decided powers of elocution. Becoming infatuated with the stage, she at length prevailed upon her father to grant permission for her to appear as "Lady Ellen," in the "Lady of the Lake." Her success was triumphant; and there was no longer a doubt as to her inheritance of her mother's distinguished abilities; who was a daughter of Samuel Drake, senior, one of the pioneers of the drama in the West, and sister of his sons, Alexander Drake the celebrated comedian, and James G. Drake, the author of "Tom Breeze," "The Silken Bands," "Pensez a moi ma chere amie," and many other popular songs.

The issue of her first attempt, induced Mr. Dean to permit his daughter to come forward in characters suited to her appearance, which was in advance of her real age.

Mr. Dean now gave up the management, and joined Ludlow and Smith, in New Orleans. Himself and daughter followed them to Cincinnati,



where they made their home, until the early part of the year 1852, when they removed to the city of New York, where they now reside.

It was in Louisville, Ky., on the opening of the new theatre, that Miss Dean took her first and decided stand. The warm-hearted Kentuckians rightly judging that they had discovered the germ of future excellence, were determined to foster it, and never was encouragement more gratefully received.

Cheered by the genial influence of their approving smiles and rapturous applause, the young neophyte seemed to burst from the shell of her native diffidence, full fledged; soon attempting the boldest flights, and soaring with success into the highest regions of her author's fancy.

At the close of the theatrical season, in May, Miss Dean accepted an engagement from Mr. Jackson, manager of the Bowery Theatre. For thirteen nights she filled that immense theatre to overflowing. The New York play-goers were taken by surprise; and their wonder and admiration were attested by the most lavish applause. So pleased was Mr. Jackson with her success, that he offered her munificent terms for eighteen nights in September following. After fulfilling this latter engagement, and several others in Philadelphia, Boston, and Pittsburgh, she returned to her home in the West, the scene of her first and dearly cherished triumphs. Since that period she has made several tours throughout the Union, and played in every city of importance in the United States, with a steadily increasing popularity, which has known no ebb.

The "New York Times" of April 13th, 1854, says:—"At the Broadway, Miss Julia Dean continues to attract large audiences, and what is better, to please them. Her performance of Shakespeare's 'Juliet,' surprised us—we were prepared for the rendition of the character, but we were not prepared for the triumph we witnessed. The balcony scene, and the subsequent one with the music, have not been excelled by any actress that we have seen, either in this country or in England, and we have seen the best of our days. Now that CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has left the American Stage, Miss JULIA DEAN has no equal upon the boards." On the 19th, the same paper further remarks:—"Miss Julia Dean repeated her excellent rendition of 'Juliet' last evening. Our previous remarks need scarcely be repeated here. Miss Dean is without any doubt the only representative of Shakespeare's heroine on the American Stage. Her scene last evening, among others, with the Friar, (when he proffered her the narcotic,) was in mere expression the most powerful piece of acting we have seen on the Broadway stage for many years."

SOME philosophers were disputing very learnedly and duly on the antiquity of the world. A man of wit, tired of their long discussion, said, "Gentlemen, I believe the world acts like some old ladies, and does not choose to have her age discovered."

The Ocean.
(Continued from page 39.)

An almost steady temperature of 80 degrees prevails for 10 degrees on each side of the equator, there being but little loss of heat in that region, owing to the directness of the sun's rays. In the temperate zones there are no longer direct, hence a lesser degree of warmth; while the effect of a mass of ice at the poles of 3,000 or more miles diameter, must be extremely great, renewed, as it is, every winter. It is estimated that 20,000 square miles of this ice break away in the spring, and drift down into warmer latitudes, approaching 10 degrees nearer the equator in the southern than in the northern hemisphere. To this preponderance of cold we may perhaps attribute the generation of the great ocean-currents in the south.

The equatorial line of greatest heat in the ocean lies chiefly to the north of the terrestrial equator, and is very irregular in its direction. It has a temperature of 90 degrees in the Gulf of Guinea, and 88 degrees in the Gulf of Mexico, on the opposite side of the Atlantic, where it makes a sharp curve to the northwards. Leaping the Isthmus, it starts from near Panama with a temperature of 84 degrees, and when near the middle of the Pacific takes a dip to the south, and between Ceram and Timor rises to 87 degrees; then passing through the Strait of Malacca to the Indian Ocean, in which its maximum warmth is also 87 degrees. While this great heat is eminently favorable to the life of certain marine plants and animals, it is fatal to others. Lieutenant Maury, from a study of the "whale charts" which have been sent by United States sailing-captains to the observatory at Washington, has come to the conclusion that to the "right-whale" the belt of warm water is an impassable barrier; that great animal, powerful though he be, is never found within 1,000 miles of the equator. It is certain, however, that marine animals do migrate from one zone to another, and they can do this only by pursuing their way at a greater or lesser depth, according as they find the temperature that suits them. Species have been found in the Antarctic Ocean which are known to be natives of the arctic seas. On this interesting fact Sir J. Ross observes: "The only way they could have got from one pole to the other must have been through the tropics; but the temperature of the sea in these regions is such, that they could not exist in it unless at a depth of nearly 2,000 fathoms. At that depth, they might pass from the Arctic to the Antarctic Ocean without a variation of 5 degrees of temperature, while any land animal, at the most favorable season, must experience a difference of 50 degrees, and if in winter, no less than 150 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer." Regarded from this point of view, the line of uniform temperature is no longer a curious physical fact—it is a provision for the maintenance and distribution of the life of the globe.

Differences of temperature create what may be called an up-and-down circulation. The coldest water is always the heaviest; it sinks and yields the place to the warmer water of the surface—a process continually in operation. The sea cools more rapidly as we descend than the air does as we ascend. Sometimes, in the tropics, the cooling effect of a shoal has been witnessed in the condensation of atmosphere above it, producing a mist, the outline of which is of precisely the same shape as the shoal beneath. The Mediterranean is an exception to the law found to prevail elsewhere, for the lowest depths of that sea are a few degrees warmer than similar depths in other parts of the ocean. This difference is accounted for by supposing that the undercurrent always flowing out at the Straits of Gibraltar, prevents the entrance of the cold water which comes down from the pole deep below the surface.

The ocean has a great influence on the air, for seven-tenths of the atmosphere rest upon it. The water, to a breadth of 48 degrees on each side the equator, is usually the warmer of the two. Over the water, the air is everywhere full of watery vapor, which diminishes in quantity as we leave the coasts and approach the interior of continents. Hence it is that places far inland have generally the driest and most settled climate. We have said that the land and water react on each other; it is the difference between the temperature of the two that causes the land and sea breezes, which grow stronger as the day or the night advances, and cease for awhile about dawn and dusk, as at those times the temperature of the land and sea becomes equalised. The sea absorbs heat in greater amount and more readily than the land; and it is to a considerable portion of this heat being preserved through the winter, as well as to its saltiness, that the sea is kept from freez-

ing in cold latitudes, and the severity of the season mitigated. While fresh water freezes at 32 degrees sea-water only begins to form ice at 28½ degrees; and as the salt is deposited, and a considerable amount of heat given off during the freezing process, the temperature of the lower strata of water is much less reduced by the ice on the surface than might be supposed. The density of the sea is five times less than that of the earth. Were it not for this difference, the stability and duration of the land would cease to be the solid facts which they are at present. Sea-water is, however, denser than fresh water, and bears the stout ships more buoyantly on its bosom, and is thereby more suitable for purposes of navigation. The saltiness of the ocean is supposed to have been produced originally at the time of its passing from its gaseous to its fluid state. The Atlantic has more salt than the Pacific, and the south than the north; the zone of greatest salt being between 22 degrees north and 17 south. The surface is commonly fresher than lower down, and is kept so in the part seas by the melting of ice, and in the calms of the tropics by the continuous rains, which fall so heavily, that sailors have at times skimmed the fresh water from off the surface.

To the readiness with which the ocean absorbs heat, is also due its modifying influence on the isothermal lines, or lines of equal heat, which run through all the regions of the globe. When laid down on a map, they become visible to the eye; and then we see how striking is the effect of large masses of water. It is owing to the greater proportion of water in the southern hemisphere that the antarctic isotherms are nearly coincident with the parallels of latitude, except in the line of the polar current, where they curve sharply to the northwards. In the northern hemisphere, on the contrary, the preponderance of land subjects the lines to great irregularities. The isotherm of 32 degrees in January, starts from Philadelphia, crosses the banks of Newfoundland and the southern extremity of Iceland to the polar circle, which it reaches in the meridian of Brussels. The non-coincidence with the parallel of latitude is strikingly manifest, and not less so the influence of the Gulf Stream. The sudden bend of the isotherms between Labrador and the opposite coast of Europe, is entirely due to the arrival of so large a body of warm water in those high latitudes. How different would the climate of Europe be, had we to trace the line of 32 degrees in a direct easterly course across the Atlantic! We may mention here, as a remarkable fact, that in all parts of the Antarctic Ocean hitherto visited, beyond the latitude of Cape Horn, the mercury of the barometer stands one inch lower than in other parts of the world.

Light penetrates the ocean visibly to a depth of eighty fathoms, and doubtless as much further as animal or vegetable life descends. In clear water, the scene presented by the sea-bottom is in many places particularly beautiful: submarine forests, tenanted by living things of extraordinary form and brilliant colors, meet the eye.

"Language cannot paint
Their splendid tints: though in blue ocean seen,
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
In all its rich variety of shades,
Suffused with glowing gold."

When to the "glowing gold" the crimson of sunset is added, the effect is indeed gorgeous, and the sea might be taken as the floor of a fairy realm flashing unnumbered lights from its rippling surface. The blue color of the ocean arises from the fact, that the water absorbs all the other colors, and reflects the blue, which, far from land, appears to be of a most intense tinge; and yet, if a small quantity be taken up in a glass vessel, it is found to be as clear and sparkling as if drawn from a rocky well. The color of the Red Sea, and of the Vermillion Sea off California, is caused by millions of floating animalcules; and the olive tinge so frequently seen in the arctic seas is also due to the presence of these minute creatures. Along the shores of Arabia there is a remarkable belt of green water, so well defined, that the voyager can easily perceive when he enters and when he leaves it. The Persian Gulf was called the 'Green Sea' by old geographers. The Yellow Sea owes its color to the mud poured into it by rivers. The nature of the bottom also has an influence: over chalk or white sand the water appears of a lively green, dark green over yellow sand, gray over mud, and black over a dark bottom.

In some latitudes, changes of color take place periodically, of which the appearance of the "milk sea" in the Indian Ocean twice a year affords a striking example. This phenomenon is seen near the Maldives, and is said to be perceptible only at night, when the whole region is filled with an icy

livid glare, through which the stars twinkle faintly. "But the water itself," says an eye-witness—"that is the sight that bewilders one! On every side, the whole sea lay spread out smooth, and as white as snow—you couldn't fancy how wide it might stretch away astern or on our leebeam, for not a mark of horizon was to be seen, save on the north-west, where you made it out, owing to the sky there being actually darker than the sea; but all the time the wide face of it was of a dead ghastly paleness, washing with a swell like milk to our black counter as we forged ahead. It wasn't that it shone in the least like blue water at night in the ordinary tropics. By Jove! that would have been a comfort; but you'd have thought there was a winding-sheet laid over all, or we were standing across a level country covered with snow; only, when I stood up and watched the bows, there was a faint hissing sparkle to be seen in the ripple's edge, that first brought me to myself. The Lascars had woke up where they lay about the caboose, and were covering together for sheer terror. The schooner's whole dusky length, in fact, with every black figure on her decks, and her shape up to the lightest stick or rope of her aloft, appearing, strange enough, in the midst of the broad white glare, to daunt any one that wasn't acquainted with the thing." The effect of this singular phenomenon is further increased by long stripes of dark-blue water which stretch across it like twisting serpents, and by huge waves, or "rollers," which rise on a sudden, and after three or four heaves subside again. Besides this, the voyager in the same part of the ocean meets at times with another strange spectacle known as "the ripples," which arises in an equally mysterious manner. All at once a hollow rushing sound is heard as of a coming hurricane, and, advancing from an opposite direction on the surface of the water, a lurid gleam of light is seen, which comes nearer and nearer, accompanied by a peculiar rumbling noise, till at last a scintillating wave dashes past the ship, followed by a second and third less violent, and all is quiet again. These, indeed, are "wonders of the deep," for which as yet no satisfactory explanation has been given. The question is still an open one for the inquiring spirit of philosophy, and the Scientific Society of Haarlem has offered a prize for the best answer.

The gleam here mentioned is probably due to the phosphorescence of the sea, which on some occasions produces so striking an effect that, once seen, it is never forgotten. It is not confined to the tropics, but occurs in temperate latitudes, and may not unfrequently be observed in the British Channel. On some nights the phosphorescence is seen only as a few sparks tossing in the foam that piles itself against a ship's bow as she dashes through the water, or in the eddies that play at her stern; at others, they glisten in the froth of every wave, and the surface of the ocean is lit up with flashes, sparkles, and gleams as far as the eye can reach, on every side stumbling over and over, darting hither and thither, in the rise and fall of the waves. Now a ridge of white foam rises out of the deep, dark blue, studded with living fire, and seems to rest amid the general restlessness; then curling over, it distributes the scintillations across the slope of the nearest swell, where they play and glisten among the minor cross waves and ripples. In presence of such a scene, the beholder may well fancy that the stars of the sea rival those of the sky; and as the eye passes from the heaving surface of the one, with its noise of many waters, to the silent and solemn vault overhead, he feels that in both there are wonders infinite and glorious. Such scenes open impressive views of life and its purposes, and become lessons to the thoughtful hearted.

These lights were called "meteors of the sea" by the older navigators, as they believe them due to the same causes that produce luminous phenomena in the atmosphere. Men of science found the cause in chemical and electrical action of the waves, the result of friction, or in the decomposition of animal matters, or the spawn of fish; while others supposed the ocean to have the power of absorbing light from the sun during the day, as certain flowers have, and of flashing it off again visibly in the dark. But since the commencement of the present century, naturalists have discovered that many marine animals have the power of emitting light; and now these creatures are known and classed under numerous species of noctiluca—the latter, when in shoals, having the appearance of molten metal. Infusoria, polyps, and annelides are also included; some of them attach themselves to floating patches of algae, where their presence has often been mistaken for phosphorescence of the vegetable.

Some of these minute creatures present a beau-

tiful sight when observed under the microscope; at first, a tiny speck of light becomes visible at the extremity of one of the cirri, and presently spreads from filament to filament, until the whole animal is illuminated; another has a deep yellow star glowing on its head; some twinkle in flashes, like a series of electric sparks, while the light of others is uniform and steady. Myriads there are which resemble short lengths of shining threads; and thousands again, in the forms of rings, stars and globes. With few exceptions, they all leave behind them a luminous track where they crawl, which continues to shine for some time after the animal has passed. According to Ehrenberg "the phosphorescence of the sea appears to be owing solely to organised beings," and their light is the effect of a vital action. The noctilucae secrete a substance which burns by slow combustion; in some, the light is produced by starts, similarly to the flashes in an electric picture; while in others it appears to be independent, and continues to burn when separated from the animal. What fireflies are to the forests of Brazil, and glow-worms to the hedgerows of England, such are they to the ocean.

From the great whale down to the minutest animalcule, the life of the ocean exhibits characteristics and gradations not less marked than those of land-animals. As we find certain latitudes to be the habitat of certain creatures, each keeping within the limits prescribed by climate and other physical conditions, so do we find a similar system prevailing in the ocean. It is not so easy to explore the bottom of the ocean as the surface of the land; but so far as the investigations have been carried, a systematic arrangement has been found, and reasoning from a part to the whole, we may believe it to be universal.

"Each shell, each crawling insect holds a rank
Important in the scale of Him who framed
This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost,
Would break the chain, and leave a gap behind,
Which nature's self would rue."

It is not possible to say at what depth in the ocean animal life is no longer to be found. That there are living things at 6000 feet has been proved more than once; and in the facts of migration mentioned above, we see reason to believe that existence may still go on at a depth of 12,000 feet or more. In almost every region that has yet been examined, living animalcules have been brought from the bottom of the sea. These are chiefly infusoria, of which nearly a hundred species are known. A low temperature appears to be favorable to their development, for in both the polar oceans they are found in great abundance. Even the liveliest imagination is baffled in conceiving the countless numbers of these tiny beings. Nourished by the sea-water, and by minute algae, they in turn serve as exhaustless supplies of food to larger creatures. Swarms innumerable of medusæ have been seen in patches, from twenty to thirty square miles in extent, and 1500 feet deep, in the arctic seas, where they give a greenish muddy appearance to the water. These apparently insignificant particles of jelly are not scattered by chance; they have fixed limits within which to dwell and multiply. Some inhabit the great currents, and so are carried from one end of the world to the other without change of temperature; others have organs of locomotion and migrate from place to place as their instinct prompts. In the South Atlantic, ships sometimes sail through large fields of medusæ that look like saw-dust or chopped hay strewn on the surface of the waves. The western shores of America are often washed by red or chocolate-colored water, which, when examined, is seen to be full of crimson or brown animalcules, darting about in all directions, apparently in full enjoyment, though to each one a single drop of water is a world.

The researches made by Professor E. Forbes, Mr. MacAndrew, and other naturalists, within the past fifteen years, have been productive of singularly interesting results. What is called bathymetrical distribution, or distribution in depth, is found to be in zones from highwater-mark down to the lowest depth yet explored. As in ascending a mountain we pass from one region to another of vegetation and of animal life, till at last the limits of mosses and lichens is left behind, so it is in the ocean. Taking the British seas, for example: the space between high and low water-mark is the littoral zone, within which principally grows the weed known as *Fucus canaliculatus*, while the common limpet, *Patella vulgata*, makes it his abiding place. It is to be remarked, that each zone admits of subdivision into narrower zones with distinctive features. Hence, while the limpet is found in every region of the littoral zone, the small periwinkle,

Littorina ludis, is found only near the margin. The next stripe is the residence of the *Mytilus edulis*, or common mussel, and the weed *Lichina*; and when the tide is out, this stripe and the one beyond show a broad white belt where the shore is steep, caused by the numbers of barnacles which there attach themselves to the rocks.

In the third stripe, the *Littorina littorea*, largest periwinkle, is found; and wrack or kelp, the commonest kind of weed, is abundant. This weed, in the fourth stripe, gives place to a different species, and another of the periwinkle tribe succeeds to that just mentioned, as well as other shell-bearing animals which are not met with higher up the beach.

This brings us to low water-mark, beyond which lies the laminarian zone. The periwinkles disappear, and instead of fucus, we find the large weed described as tangle, with great broad fronds, serving as a support to smaller plants and still smaller animals. This zone extends to a depth of fifteen fathoms, but, like the others, alters in character as it descends; the laminaria become rare, and near the lower edge of the zone give place to nullipore. The coralline zone comes next; so called because it abounds in those organisations half-plant, half-animal, which, being a highly attractive food, this region is found to be the chief resort of the larger fish that inhabit our seas. It stretches to the depth of fifty fathoms. Next come the deep-sea corals, those of a real hard nature, found mostly around the Shetlands and Hebrides; and from these depths are obtained some of our most curious forms. Professor Forbes distinguishes the European marine-province by the general name of Celtic; but it is not all over alike. The Channel Islands differ from the south-western shores, and these again from the Irish Sea; and the eastern coast is the most deficient in species found in the other localities. On the west of Ireland, there is found a peculiar sea-urchin, which exists on no other spot, but is found again on the shores of Spain; from which fact, as well as from a similarity in the plants of the two countries, the conclusion has been drawn that Spain was at one time connected with Ireland, either by dry land or a chain of banks. The Celtic province is intruded on by southern species owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream, but the transportation of northern species to the south does not take place to anything like the same extent. In the arctic seas, the two upper zones are tenanted by arctic creatures, but Celtic forms are met with in the lower zones, in consequence of the lower strata of water being warmer than the upper.

In the years 1842-3, Professor Forbes spent eighteen months in a survey of the Egean Sea, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and during that time scarcely a day passed that he was not dredging the bottom for specimens, often at a depth of two hundred fathoms. He found the distribution to be more uniform than in the British seas, owing to the greater uniformity of climate, and this is one of the three great primary influences of distribution; the other two are depth, and the nature or composition of the water; all are subject, however, to modifications by secondary influences. Some of the species existing in the west of the Mediterranean are not found in the east, where the rushing in of the waters of the Black Sea dwarfs some kinds and keeps away others. The character of the bottom, too, is among the secondary influences: creatures that inhabit gravel or sand will not live in mud, and the reverse; and rocks invite sponges, strong-shelled gasteropods, and active cephalopods; while in weeds and mud, molluscs are the most abundant. It is a remarkable fact, that the presence of one or another kind of rock determines the inhabitants: the pulmoniferous, or air-breathing mollusks and testacea will not live on serpentine, while on slate, granite, or other kinds, they will be abundant, although but at the distance of a few yards. The nature of the bottom will also be modified by the pouring in of rivers, and deposits will be formed which will puzzle future geologists. Thus, while the Nile brings into the Mediterranean the animals and vegetable productions of tropical Africa, the rivers of Europe carry with them specimens from the mountains of Austria and Switzerland. In this way, as Professor Forbes remarks, "deposits presenting throughout similar organic contents of marine origin, may contain at one point the relics of marmote and mountain salamanders, at another, those of ichneumons and crocodiles."

There are eight 'provinces of depth' in the Mediterranean; they present many points of interest, and enable us to compare with other regions, and judge of the system which prevails on so much grander a scale in the great ocean. The tides, unlike those round the British coasts, rise and fall but a few

inches; the first province, therefore, is but a narrow one—it is limited by a depth of two fathoms, and is tenanted by a species of bivalve found in mud and the weeds most widely distributed. In the second province, the forms most characteristic of the Mediterranean are met with—sponges of singularly beautiful growth, large masses of coral of fanciful shape, resembling a forest exquisitely carved in stone. Here, too, the graceful *Actinea rubra* is seen, and the *Padina pavonia*, a fucus spreading its gorgeous fronds in the transparent water, and affording a lodging-place to innumerable crustaceans. Large spaces are green as a meadow with another elegant fucus, the *Caulerpa prolifera*; burrowing conchifera are abundant, as well as many incrusting species of zoophytes. The occupants of this province, which extends from two to ten fathoms, are generally of brilliant color and strongly marked character.

The third province covers a space of sixty feet, between ten to twenty fathoms. It has a transition character, for towards its lower edge the *Caulerpa* and *Zostera* disappear, and give place to other kinds of fuci, among which the *Sargassum sauleifolium* and *Codium bursa* are abundant. Corallines, nullipore, echinids, and some of the finer kinds of sponge used in commerce, are also frequent, and, with the addition of annelides, are found also in the fourth province, which descends to thirty-five fathoms. From this point to fifty-five fathoms is the fifth province; here the fuci are few, and zoophytes less abundant than in the other zones; but its vegetable and animal life still give it a distinctive character. The sixth province lies between fifty-five and seventy-nine fathoms, with a bottom covered chiefly with nullipore, on which a few star-fishes are found, and fuci have become extremely rare. The bottom is still the same in the seventh province, from eighty to 105 fathoms; but the fuci and mollusks met with higher up have completely disappeared. And last comes the eighth province, which includes all the depth below 105 fathoms. It has been sounded down to 1380 fathoms, and has therefore a greater extent than all the others put together. A distinctive character is to be traced, but living creatures become so much fewer as we descend, that, as Professor Forbes says, the deficiency 'points to a zero in the distribution of animal life as yet unvisited.' *Ophiurids* appear to be the true inhabitants of this province, though testacea were found both living and dead; and zoophytes—annelides of the *Serpula* genus—were taken alive from the greatest depth, and living sponges from 180 fathoms, while *Foraminifera* were very abundant. The latter are found in all parts of the ocean: Sir James Ross brought them up from his deepest soundings in the antarctic seas. Two species of mollusks were proved to be common to the whole eight provinces; and it is to be remarked, that those which have the widest range in depth, have also a wide range in latitude, being found in the British seas, and stretching far into the Atlantic, from which the general conclusion is drawn, that "the extent of the range of a species in depth is correspondent with its geographical distribution."

In comparing the animals of the respective provinces, those brought from the greatest depth are seen to be almost colorless, while in ascending from one to the other, the tints grow deeper and more varied. As a rule, if the lowest shell have any color, it is rose, but most are white or transparent. In the seventh province, the white still predominate, though not so largely; the varieties are brownish-red, and the crustaceans red. These colors brighten in the sixth zone—yellow makes its appearance; and in the fifth, bands and clouds of color are met with, and white is decreasing. Purple first appears in the fourth province, associated with striking contrasts; in the third and second come green and blue, lively in some instances; but most brilliant of all are those that inhabit the two-fathom zone round the shore, and here the brightest whites are met with.

It is worthy of remark, that, at the depth of thirty-five fathoms, in the Egean, the temperature is sixty-two degrees—the same as that of the surface of the British Channel in summer—while that of the Shetlands is fifty-five degrees, at from 100 to 300 fathoms deep; and yet the same species are found in each of these localities, thus shewing that they are able to adapt themselves to great ranges of temperature and of pressure.

To be continued.

MEASURES, NOT MEN.—We find that owing to the difficulty in procuring recruits in England, the regulation height has been lowered one inch. This proves the justice of the paradox, that in order to raise men, you must first reduce your own standard.

One day I arrived there in a thoughtful mood, noticing rather the stores and the costumes, than the ground upon which I was walking, when I struck my foot against an outstretched body. It was the headless trunk of a young Armenian, who, being a Catholic, having turned Mussulman from the interested motive of obtaining some privilege reserved for the faithful only, had again, through remorse of conscience, abjured anew his religion, to return to that of his forefathers. In spite of the treaties with France, the *Ulemas*, the judges and chiefs of religion, caused him to be beheaded; and his body, ignominiously cast into the gutter, still clad in the Frank costume, with the head fastened ironically between the legs, lay for three days exposed to insult, and gnawed by savage dogs. A horrible sight, and yet one that, notwithstanding the remonstrances of our ambassadors, is continually renewed.

Baghtché-Kapoussi, the gate that leads to the city, rests on the court of the mosque of Yeni, or the Sultana Validé. At once beautiful and picturesque, its façades, gates, and interior court, deserve a careful examination. A Christian may visit any part excepting the sanctuary. This court is a bazaar, in which are seated, beneath the shade of beautiful plantains, by the side of gushing fountains, the sellers of perfumes and wreaths: a delicious spot, full of charm and poetry, to which one constantly resorts to admire and repose oneself. But let us hurry forward. We are going to the Grand Bazaar, and time fails us now to describe these marvels like the shifting scenes of fairy land.

We cross the lofty and curious spice-gallery, a bazaar so diversified with colors, so perfumed with cloves, cinnamon, vanilla, and the thousand productions of India and Egypt, that a sort of intoxication seizes you. The street whose acclivity we now ascend, is filled with shops of all kinds; confectioners, pastrycooks, restaurateurs, ornamented with statues, brilliant paintings, wreathed with festoons of the vine, and from which hang awnings to protect them from the sultry heat. Then come hardware dealers, Jews, sellers, as everywhere, of a thousand indescribable things; turners, who prepare long wooden pipes made of cherry and jasmine wood. They also sell those amber bowls so much valued by the Turks; the prices of which differ so greatly according as the color is dark and irregular, or of a yellow orange tint, without any transparency. If a bowl of the former kind is worth fifty francs, one of the latter, though of the same size, would be worth to a connoisseur five hundred. All these merchant-workmen, ensconced in their open little shops, labor quietly, amused by the bustle of the street, and quite at their ease, some cross-legged, others reclining on their cashions. Labor is there attractive, indeed, beneath this beautiful sky, where it is so delicious to enjoy the shade, while a warm sun lavishes life and strength all around,—in this country where the light clothing that is necessary costs but little, and is never spoiled by the inclemency of the weather; where the fruits of the earth suffice for food; where the petty cares of providing fuel, comfortable lodging, or any of the thousand wants of our sad and chilly northern regions, are unknown; where, in fine, a few hours, moderately employed, provide you with all that is needed. This is a country in which social questions are singularly simplified, or, rather, they do

not exist, Providence having undertaken their solution, a task almost impossible to man, to whom it is not allowed the power of making a rude climate genial, a barren soil fertile, and to prevent those fatal inequalities that are the source of so many wicked thoughts and criminal actions. But let us leave these sad reflections on the west, to return to our merchants of Constantinople. Their shops are raised about two feet above the street, so that the passer by, who stops, can negligently seat himself on the ledge. The street is a perpetual hill, irregular, and encumbered with dogs, that only turn aside to bite the infidel, following the European costume, for which they entertain a violent antipathy. These dogs, that are born and die in the streets, belonging to every one and no one, supported by the leavings, ordure, and filth cast out of the shops, are of use in cleansing the streets; they are the scavengers of the city. This horrible food occasions in them diseases of the skin that make them hideous. Almost

A perfume of rose, musk, and sandal wood, announces to us our approach to the Bazaar, and soon we enter beneath its cool and solemn arches. The contrast, on leaving the glare and heat of the street, is somewhat sudden. The most interesting spot in this labyrinth, in which the aisles cross each other in every possible direction, is the *besestir*; it is a sort of auction room, in which ancient arms, ancient furniture, and antiquities of all kinds are sold at auction; and if the stranger who remains some time, would have an idea of this bustle quite oriental and picturesque, he must stop, and seat himself in one of these shops, the owner of which immediately hastens to offer him a pipe and some coffee. One or two hours thus spent will not be unprofitably employed by the painter or writer. All the riches of Asia, Africa, and Europe, all the luxury and delicate taste of the East, are displayed in these immense bazaars to tempt the most indifferent. One would scarcely believe, from the ideas generally

adopted in Europe, to how high a degree the Turks possess the sentiment of morality. Just, good, charitable, they are incapable of a dishonorable act. If one of the bazaar merchants, for example, leaves to go to the mosque, the bath, or his business, he merely puts before his shop, left entirely open, a little cord to announce his absence; and, notwithstanding this confidence, thefts are extremely rare. Their deep conviction of the superiority of their faith, their respect for tradition, for what has been—which seems the predominating characteristic of the Oriental,—makes them, it is true, intolerant towards Christians, above all in Constantinople, where the priests, perceiving their influence to decrease from the innovations that the rulers, swayed by European influence, seek to introduce into the country, for its improvement according to some, for its ruin according to others who are better informed, I fear,—where the priests, I say, excite the people by violent harangues, and arouse against the stranger fanatical passions. How many times, during my long stay and my labors in this city, have I been the victim of their blind injustice. Hardly had I commenced the sketch of a street, square, or mosque, when a compact crowd would surround me, and would contract the circle so as to prevent me seeing or breathing. Very often, insults and personal annoyances of all kinds would force me to depart. This is the only thing that can be done with this ill-disposed set; anger is totally useless, and would cause actual peril. Incredible is



THE GRAND BAZAAR.

all are of a reddish color; they are a bastard race, and destitute of any characteristic other than ugliness. The stranger should never go out, especially at night, without a stout stick. This weapon is sufficient; for these animals are cowardly, notwithstanding their numbers and ferocious appearance. As they live in such numbers together, they have necessarily established laws that they scrupulously obey. Each tribe has its boundaries in the city, beyond which they never transgress. If a young ignoramus violates the law, he is mercilessly chased by the others; and I have often witnessed proscriptions that forced the culprit, who had strayed from his lawful home, to plunge into the water, without even the permission of retracing his steps. They have not, evidently, as yet, reached that degree of civilization that will in future suffer them to live in common, and to participate, as brothers, the blessings of the street.

the patience that must be exercised by an artist in the East to succeed in making, after nature, an important sketch. Boys, women, old men, priests, and soldiers vie with each other to insult you in a thousand ways. Sometimes stones are hurled at you with a fury that leaves no other resource than flight; you are lucky, indeed, if you escape without a contusion; sometimes water, mud, slices of melon or cucumber, are thrown over your design just begun, and you thus lose in a moment the result of many hours' labor; or perhaps, a woman, half veiled, elegant and pretty, approaches you, as though through curiosity, and spits in your face or on your paper. At other times it is an imman who drives you away with his stick, and excites against you the very persons who, perhaps, the moment before were looking at you without anger or hatred. That's the Christian dog, say they, the ghaour that brings ill-luck, that takes sketches of our mosques

A Donkey Ride to the Pyramids. (Continued from page 96.)

This verbal compact is testified and agreed to by the sheik, the helps employed, the donkey boys, and one or two officious dragomen, who are all expectant of some small share of the booty, if it be only an empty bottle, or an old plate, when its services have been dispensed with after lunch.

So we at length commence our ascent; and the longer and more supple our limbs, the greater advantages have we over our less fortunate but more corpulent companions. But hold hard, ye valiant son of the desert, hold hard, and let us not slip for any consideration. There is little cause for apprehension, for our guides have too much interest at stake to allow us easily to slip through their fingers.

We have hardly ascended out of reach of the hearing of the Arab sheik, before our faithless helps break through their promises of not attempting to extort any bucksheesh from us. Seizing either arm with a powerful gripe, and grinning wildly, each help alternately giving us a terrible pinch, whispering audibly, "Bucksheesh yer Howajal." It is of no use protesting against the impossibility and danger of thrusting your hands into your pockets when suspended between the sky and the earth at an altitude of some hundreds of feet; neither is it productive of any beneficial results exhorting them to be merciful. They pinch you all the harder, and grin worse than ever, when they imagine that they have succeeded in intimidating you. Fortunately, at the first favorable landing, we are enabled by an effort to shake off their powerful gripe, and then, looking a storm of anger, we threaten with success to complain to the sheik, or even take justice in our own hands there and then. Now, although they are two to one, and though in muscular strength they might destroy us at a single blow, the crushed spirit of long oppression and serfdom paralyses their strength and courage, and the fear of their sheik's retribution makes them at once as tame and manageable as lamb.

There are two hundred and six tiers of stone, from one to four feet in height, to be climbed, and each successively two or three feet smaller than the one immediately below it, so that the main effort and labor is more considerable at the start than as we progress upwards; though by the period that we have climbed half-way up, and pause for breath awhile, the height is so excessive that it makes the traveller dizzy to gaze downwards or upwards; for overhead the pyramid looks as tall and stately as ever, whilst under foot the lower tiers are lost in the haze of distance and heat.

Did you ask me if those things not much bigger than young mice were the locusts that sometimes infested these parts? Why, my dear sir, that is a very respectable cavalcade of travellers, all moving in the same direction as ourselves, all bent upon the same climbing effort as we are. Only wait till we reach the top, and then you discover what these have dwindled into.

In twenty minutes after starting we reach the summit of the mighty pyramid of Cheops; and that moment, reader, common as the exploit has become, is an epoch not to be forgotten. We stand up and look around us, whilst the wizard imagination, flourishing his mystic wand, rolls up the curtain of the present surrounding scenery, and we look down upon the panorama of four thousand years gone by.

If we look to the eastward, there is revealed the mighty natural aqueduct we have already alluded to—the river of Egypt, flowing like a stream of molten silver through the plains; and there are the domes, the minarets, and the tall palm trees of Cairo, all bathed, as a painting freshly covered with gum, in the rich, brilliant sunshine of Egypt. Behind these again, looming in the distance, are the mountains of Mokattam, the barriers of the Arabian desert. Westward, glazed with the heat of the mid-day sun, with clouds and an obscure red atmosphere of its own, lies that vast expansive sea of sand, the desert. The vessels upon this ocean are the weary plodding camels, who are often wrecked in its frightful desolation, even beyond the reach of the keen-scented vulture. Southward are the other pyramids, and the ancient Necropolis, extending not less than sixty miles along the bank of the river, containing, as was once reckoned by a scientific American, somewhere about five hundred millions of mummies; whilst northward we have the great Sphinx, the land of Goshen, the Delta, and the mouths of the Nile.

However, all this, with the rich valleys and fields of the granary of the world, disappears under a sort of magic influence as we seat ourselves on the summit of the pyramid of Cheops; and, remember-

ing that this structure has been standing here at least four thousand years, a wonderful panorama rises before the mind, well repaying us for all the fatigue and labor that we have encountered in clambering up thither.

Two thousand two hundred and forty-seven years before the coming of the Messiah, these structures, then, are computed to have stood here. We look out towards Goshen, and in our mind's eye we spy travellers, such as we might spy even now-a-days in costume or cast of features—travellers coming hitherwards from the land of Canaan (where the famine rages sorely) to seek corn and bread. The only thing remarkable in the present caravan is, that from the number of cattle and followers, these are evidently men of note and wealthy consideration. If these stones could speak, they could tell us, were we unable to guess ourselves, that these are "Abraham and Sarah his wife, and Lot his son, with all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls they had gotten." Passing strange it is to think that we should be sitting upon stones coeval almost, if not entirely, with the tower of Babel. But stop, we have other things yet to see before we come down to the period of our own insignificant age.

Look out again in the same direction, and behold a company of trading Ismaelites. They have much treasure, doubtless, and many rare spices, but they carry with them one who is a greater treasure, the young slave that is yet to rise, through the direct interposition of Providence, to be chief governor of the land next to Pharaoh himself.

See, again, how the plains and mountains around are laughing with rich shocks of corn—seven years of plenty; and then we look out upon the dreariest desolation, whilst granaries and warehouses pour out inexhaustible treasures to starving multitudes.

By the same way that the former travellers came, others are now entering the land. Men of note evidently, for the governor of the land, with horsemen, and chariots, and foot soldiers, and a goodly company, all in rich robes, go forth to welcome the patriarchal stranger. If we could see so far, we should witness one of the most affecting scenes ever described. However, it is more delicate to leave the private outburst of affection to overflow before attempting to interrupt it. Need we say that these are Jacob and the shepherd tribes coming into Egypt to be presented to the king, and then portioned off in the land of Goshen?

Another epoch—and if we lay our heads to the surface, and listen attentively, we shall hear the groans and lamentations of broken-hearted parents waiting for the massacre of their male children, whilst a little basket of bulrushes floats down the Nile, and is providentially rescued.

Some forty years after this great affliction an ominous cloud hangs overhead, and the arm of the Almighty is stretched forth to punish the iniquity of the Egyptians and their ruler. What a fearful sight must it have been to witness those ten terrible plagues of Egypt! However, these have swept over the land, and are past. The miserable, fickle king, in his palace at Memphis, tremblingly relents. But, looking forth again towards the land of Goshen, what a mighty spectacle presents itself. Behold the exodus of Israel from Egypt. Men, women, and children, cattle and herds, like ants, swarm over the plains below; whilst the voice of mirth and thanksgiving ascends even to the lofty pedestal on which we stand.

But what have we here? A mighty multitude pressing forward to overtake the fleeing Israelites. It was well for you, oh thankless generations of Joseph! that the Lord of Hosts served as a shield and a buckler against the oppressor. No human power could have rescued you from bondage. But both pursued and pursuers have speedily disappeared in the haze of distance; the sun of glory has set for ever upon the latter, whilst for the former was only just dawning the morning of promise and deliverance.

Nearly a thousand years of comparative peace and plenty reign around the pyramids. Then suddenly there appears a terrible irruption of invaders, sweeping on everything before them. Had they but possessed the power, no pyramid would have been left us here to sit upon and gaze forth from. But hush! there is an echo of falling statues in the distant palace of Karnac, and Memphis echoes to the war-cry of invaders. This, friend, is Cambyes and his host, sweeping on to their own perdition—to perish miserably, whilst the laurels of victory yet bloomed upon their foreheads, amid the desolations of a Nubian desert, victims to suffocation and thirst.

Three hundred and thirty-two years before Christ,

and we look down upon the legions of the conqueror of the world, Alexander the Great, whose legions are encamped on the plains around us; but the country grows wealthier in produce, expands in commerce, and if we send a message to the librarian at Alexandria, he may possibly favor us with the loan of a MS. Falling asleep, then, over our rather heavy and hieroglyphical manuscript, we will, with the reader's permission, nap it for a thousand years. In that interval the greatest event that had ever occurred since the world's foundation had been accomplished at Jerusalem. The Saviour had died, and the blessings conferred by the gospel had reached even to the pedestal of the pyramid. We have been sleeping the while; but in our pleasant dreams, songs of welcome seem to have hailed the feet of the messengers of good tidings, and Coptic churches have sprung up in the land; but suddenly we are roused from our pleasant slumber by an uncomfortable smell of smoke and fire.

Looking over the pyramid's sides, our eyes encounter the Saracen banner, the crescent flag, whilst our borrowed MS is the only item left of the hundred thousand volumes burnt by order of Omar, the Caliph. Oh! what changes and vicissitudes have occurred! However, as hereafter the land beneath is subjected to strife and commotion, we will even resume our nightcaps again for a longer space than before.

Suddenly the loud roar of artillery awakens us, and we become aware that the dial of time has reached the year A.D. 1798. We listen attentively, and being well acquainted with French, can hear the clear small voice of Napoleon Bonaparte, as he points to this very pyramid, exclaiming, "Soldiers, think, that from the summits of those monuments, forty ages are at this moment surveying our conduct!"

Thereupon we see the charge of the Mameluke cavalry, and witness the conquest of Cairo. And having been mental spectators of all these wonderful events and transitions, you and I, reader, John Smith and Tom Brown, carve our names upon the surface of the stones (breaking two good Sheffield blades in so doing), in the hopes that some future travellers may inquisitively investigate them, and wonder who and what we were.

And now we consign ourselves again to the guardianship of our guides, for coming down is terribly dizzy work. Having at length safely reached *terra firma* once more, and endeavored to satisfy the unconscionable demands of all importunate people, we jump into our saddles, and trot back to Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo. Thus we have accomplished, we hope, to the satisfaction of the reader, our donkey ride to the pyramids.

HONESTY REWARDED.—A French nobleman lost a pocket-book containing a large sum in bank-notes, in the streets of Paris: a cook out of place, and in great distress, found it, and carried it to the prefecture. The nobleman was so pleased with the cook's honesty spite of his poverty, that he gave him half the notes as a reward, and promised to keep his interests in view.

NARROW ESCAPES.—One man sucks an orange, and is choked by a pip; another swallows a pen-knife, and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand, and no skill can save him; another has a shaft of a gig driven completely through his body, and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth common, and breaks his neck; another is tossed out of a gig over a cliff, and survives; one walks out on a windy day, and meets death by a brickbat; another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hutton in Guernsey Castle, and comes down uninjured. The escape of this nobleman was, indeed, a miracle. An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother, wife, and some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged him in his bed on a wall overhanging a tremendous precipice. "Perceiving a mighty disorder—as well he might—he was going to step out of his bed to know what the matter was, which if he had done, he had been irrecoverably lost; but, in the instant of his moving, a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice—whereupon he lay still till the people came and took him down."

THE ALMA BRIDGE AT PARIS.—The Municipal Council of the Seine have voted the necessary funds for building the new bridge, to be called the "Alma" bridge, which the Emperor desires to have built across the Seine, between the Pont des Invalides and the Pont de Jena. The cost is estimated at 1,700,000 francs, half of which sum will be defrayed by the State, and half (the sum of 850,000 francs) by the city of Paris. The bridge will be finished by the first of May next.

Customs of the Kirgis.

THE Kirgis are a wild nomade tribe, inhabiting the far interior of Siberia, whose manners accord well with their mode of life. Time has brought with it little civilization to them, though it has softened some of their customs and abolished others. They were wont, in ancient times, to bludge their captives; to drink blood out of the skulls of their enemies; and to take the skins of their dead foes, and apply them to a variety of purposes. These customs have been abandoned; but others there are, scarcely less barbarous, which they still habitually practice.

For instance, they have a habit of knocking Russian prisoners dexterously on the head, with a heavy instrument, in such a manner as to blunt their intellect, and render them less capable of effecting their escape. Another practice, which has been described by an eye-witness, is no less horrible. When they have caught a Russian whom they wish to retain in servitude, they cut a deep flesh wound in the sole of his foot towards the heel, and insert some horse-hair in it. This wound having healed, compels the Russian (who is habitually opposed to the habit of riding) to be constantly in the saddle, since the pain of walking is too great to endure. The maimed captive becomes, therefore, a confirmed equestrian.

This practice reminds us of another, which prevails on the banks of the Kori river, in Borneo, where the wild and warlike tribes inhabiting its banks, undertake expeditions into the far interior to catch some of the poor savages, whom they compel to navigate their canoes for them. The prisoner's foot is cut off, and the stump inserted into a hollow piece of bamboo, filled with hot melted dammar or resin, so that the wretched captive is incapacitated for ever from any other labor save that of paddling a boat.

A French Heroine.

THE Hotel des Invalides embraces what would compose almost a populous township. Five thousand officers and soldiers can find there a quiet retreat, where their wounds may be healed, and their declining years soled by their country's care.

You can estimate for yourselves the probable average of men complete which these fragmentary veterans might equal. We see various items in movement as if in natural gravitation toward their fellows, like the bits of the fabled chopped-up monster, seeking their original unity. Here is an eye; there an ear; there a lone fore-finger; there an arm without a mate; there a body waiting for its legs, and no legs without a body near it; but, curious to remark, every fellow has somehow saved his head, and seems to prize it for the facilities it affords for smoking.

Every stranger visits the marvellous kitchens of the establishments, and makes his exclamations at its daily statistics—"4,000 pounds of meat, 20 bushels of carrots, ditto onions, ditto potatoes, 5,000 eggs," &c. Every body sees the bullet that killed Turenne, and some have courage to mount to the garrets to see the plan of the fortified towns of Europe. Those who do not forget it, visit the tomb of Napoleon. These are the catalogued sights of the Invalides; but all omit one of unique interest, which the present generation have almost forgotten.

Lieutenant Madame Brulon entered the Hotel more than fifty years ago, and is the only female soldier ever admitted to receive its support. Every champion of woman's capabilities would find in her a column of support—a pedestal on which to rest his principles.

Angelique Marie Joseph Duchemin was born in 1772, from that hot-bed of heroes which four years before had produced the immortal trio, Napoleon, Wellington, Chateaubriand. Twenty years later found her upon the most exciting stage which the world has ever known. Louis XVI. was beheaded, and France a Republic. Angelique was a wife, a mother, a widow, a citizen, a soldier in the war of liberty. She served seven years in the various capacities of private, corporal, corporal-fourier, and sergeant-major. At the age of twenty-seven, in the year 1799, she was admitted to the Hotel, not because she was a woman, a widow, a mother, but by her right and merit as a wounded soldier. There she received her support, and the small pay allowed to non-commissioned officers, and in addition to this, for some time a salary of \$100 a year, as clerk in the magazine of clothing. At the age of thirty-five she became the chief of this department, with a salary of \$600 per annum. By her economy she was enabled to establish her daughter, and more re-

cently to aid her grand-children and great grand-children; and last Sunday, when we went to see her, she offered us bon-bons, received after the christening of a still later generation.

The father of this heroine served thirty-six consecutive years in the 42nd Regiment, now the 57th of the line. He was married at the Havre; Angelique was born in garrison at Dinan, in the North of France. The soldier's bivouac was her only youthful home.

At the age of seventeen she was a wife, at eighteen a mother, at twenty a widow. Her husband fell at Ajaccio, in Corsica. "Three days after I learned his fate," says Madame Brulon, "I took the uniform of his regiment, and demanded permission to avenge his death. Two brothers had fallen in active service; our father had died on the field of battle—my heart, head, and hand burned to send destruction to the rebel Corsicans, and my testimonials tell how well I fulfilled my vows."

Then she told us the history of the siege of Calvi. Eleven months they had been blockaded, seventy-five days bombarded, but she brought relief to the garrison of Gescio; and the cross of the Legion of Honor on her breast is her country's acknowledgment of her heroic action. But read her comrades' testimonials:

"We, the undersigned, corporal and soldiers of the detachment of the 42nd Regiment in garrison at Calvi, certify and attest that the 5th Prairial the year II. (1794,) the *citoyenne* Angelique Marie Joseph Duchemin, widow Brulon, corporal-fourier, performing the functions of sergeant, commanded us in the action at the fort of Gescio: that she fought with us with the courage of a heroine; that in an assault we were obliged to fight hand to hand; that she received a sabre cut in the right arm, and a moment after another from a stylet in the left; that finding we failed of ammunition, though severely wounded, she set out at midnight for Calvi, a mile and a half distant, where, by the courage and zeal of a true republican, she raised and charged with ammunition sixty women, whom she led to us, escorted by four men, which enabled us to repulse the enemy, and to preserve the fort; and that, in fine, we have only to congratulate ourselves upon our commander."

Madame Brulon added, "I did not mind my wounds in each arm, nor did I fear the dark, but set out alone at midnight, evaded the guards, roused sixty starving women, and led them to the fort, which we reached at two o'clock in the morning. We gave the women each half a pound of rice, which we all considered an excellent bargain."

Still later, at the siege of Calvi, all the cannoniers having been killed, the non-commissioned officers were called upon to fill their places; it was thus, while defending a bastion, in aiming a sixteen-pounder, that she was wounded in the left leg by the bursting of a bomb.

This last wound disabled her for service, and entitled her to a place in the Hotel des Invalides.

October 22, 1822, upon the proposition of General de Latour Maubourg, Governor of the Invalides, she received the grade of second lieutenant, in these terms:—

"Madame Brulon, military invalid, having held the rank of sergeant before her entrance to the Hotel, has obtained from the bounties of the king (Louis XVIII.) the honorable rank of second lieutenant, and will be thus recognised hereafter on parade. The Governor hastens to make known, by means of this order, this new favor of his majesty, accorded to one who has rendered herself so worthy of it by her excellent principles, her good sentiments, and the high consideration which she enjoys at the Hotel."

During the reign of the first Napoleon she was recommended by the Governor of the Invalides as "one having rendered herself worthy, by qualities considered above her sex, to participate in the recompense created for the brave." But the honor of decorating this remarkable woman was reserved for Napoleon, President of the Republic. Madame Brulon lives now not only the unique military invalid, but the unique female member of the Society of the French Legion of Honor. Her nomination was announced in the *Monde* of the 19th August, 1851, at the head of a long list of others, without any allusion to her sex, thus:—

"Cavalier—Brulon—(Angelique Marie Joseph) second lieutenant—seven years' service—seven campaigns—three wounds—several times distinguished, particularly at Corsica, in defending a fort. 5th Prairial—year II (1794)."

Madame Brulon, though eighty-three years of age, retains all the vivacity of youthful expression, and assured us she felt no faculty missing; but she

lamented her inability to guide well her feet, the right leg having become more refractory than the wounded one.

She wears the uniform of the Invalides, and since her first adoption of military dress has never left it but once, and that for a moment's amusement to her grand-children, when she assumed female attire. But the children instead of being amused burst into tears, and begged their grandpa-ma to go back again to her soldier's clothes.

There are several portraits of her taken at different ages: and the writer of this sketch was presented with a late lithograph, which is an excellent likeness.

Her hair, once raven, is now white as snow, except some late new-coming, which have assumed their youthful hue. Her voice has the tone and vigor of a commander's. Her eye is like the eagle's. Her hand is feminine, which she gestures with masculine energy. Her attitudes, salutations, styles of expression, all combine to make you believe she is really what she seems. Her testimonials prove her to have been always a woman of the severest principles, the purest manners, and the most unsullied reputation. Her reply to trifling familiarity was, "I am a woman, but I command men."

She was adored as the divinity of her regiment, and cherished as the palladium of its safety.

Her virtues and her valor stand undimmed beside those of the Maid of Orleans. But I must leave her Mon Lieutenant. I feel a blush creeping to my cheeks as she kisses me and holds me in her cordial embrace, so much are we in the habit of believing that man alone walks in coat and pantaloons. My pen must stop, adding only, Long live Madame Brulon!

COMMERCE tends to wear off those prejudices which maintain distinction and animosity between nations. It softens and polishes the manners of men. It unites them by one of the strongest of all ties, the desire of supplying their mutual wants. It disposes them to peace, by establishing in every state an order of citizens, bound by their interests, to be the guardians of public tranquillity. As soon as the commercial spirit acquires vigor, and begins to gain an ascendant in any society, we discover a new genius in its politics, its alliances, its wars, and its negotiations.

CANDIDATE.—It was the custom, while the Roman republic subsisted in full vigor, for the candidates for high offices to appear on the day of election in long white robes, intimating by this that their characters likewise ought to be pure and unsullied. Hence the origin of our word candidate, from *candidus*, white, pure, sincere, upright, &c. In the Roman commonwealth, we are told, they were obliged to wear a white gown, during the two years of their soliciting for a place. This garment, according to Plutarch, they wore without any other clothes, that the people might not suspect they concealed money for purchasing votes; and also, that they might the more easily show to the people the scars of those wounds they had received in fighting for the defence of the commonwealth. It was also unlawful to put up for any public office, or magistracy, unless the candidate had attained to a certain age, which differed according to the offices sued for.

EXERCISE IN THE COUNTRY.—Walking is good; not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbor to neighbor, but stretching out far into the country to the freshest fields, and highest ridges, and quietest lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in Paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face in the commonest highways is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such times to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between its seasons of enjoyment; and every time the sufferer has resolutions to go forth to meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise.

At a fire in New York, a gentleman rushed up-stairs through the crackling flames, and brought down an infant, which he snatched from the burning cradle, and handed it to its mother. "May the blessings of St. Patrick light upon you for saving the little cratur! but won't your honor be good enough to go up again, and save me a barrel of flour what's in the pantry?"

and our sepulchres, that afterwards he may seize them. Nor must any one think that the slightest provocation on our part has occasioned these attacks. We have always respected the usages of the country, and have patiently suffered these injuries. The view we give here, of one of the streets of the Grand Bazaar, is perhaps, one of those that has been obtained at the price of the most insult and annoyance.

At sunset, all the doors of the bazaar are shut, fire and lights being prohibited for fear of conflagrations. Thus these edifices, solidly built, are the only ones protected from a scourge that continually ravages the entire city.

From the bazaar we come to the door of the mosque of Bajazet II, situated at the corner of the grand place of the Seraskier (Grand Vizier), where, during the three days of the Beyram, the Long-champs of Constantinople is enacted. Nothing is more graceful than the court of this mosque, with its beautiful marble columns, green and red, its elegant doors, its fountains, its trees, which shelter flocks of pigeons that, according to an edict of the Sultan, are fed with grain that women and children pour, while passing by, into a box placed there for that express purpose. It is with difficulty the light passes through these crowds of birds.

All the mosques of Constantinople, and the turbé, or tombs, that surround them, are of the highest interest, both as to details of art, and the sentiment of the picturesque. In this rapid sketch, we shall content ourselves with visiting the three most interesting ones. On passing from the mosque of Bajazet to those of Mohammed, of Chah-Zadé, and of the Sultan Selim, we encounter some remarkable fountains, cisterns, cafes, and picturesque streets. One of these, which leads from Mohammed to Selim, appeared to us the most striking type of the streets of Stamboul, and of it we give a sketch. On crossing the Hippodrome, where the obelisk of Constantine rises, and the Janizaries were annihilated, we meet the beautiful mosque, with six minarets, of the Sultan Ahmed. The view of one of its facades will show the reader the elegant style of these immense edifices, which a vast court, enclosed by walls, and ornamented by fountains and ancient plantain trees, still encircles. A short street leads us to the square, St. Sophia, opposite the grand gate of the Serai. A fountain, a perfect gem of Persian art, entirely of porcelain and marble, decorates this square.

But Aya Sophia, the celebrated Sainte Sophie (holy wisdom), attracts all our attention. Its exterior, flanked by bastions and heavy walls, sustaining the partitions and the cupola, which threatened to crumble down, is ill-shapen, and one would not credit, under this heavy envelope, the lightness, positively airy, of the cupola. But, on entering, we acknowledge that its reputation is not undeserved. Founded by Constantine the Great, St. Sophie was entirely built by the architects, Anthemius and Isidore de Milet, under the reign of Justinian. Veneration and astonishment possess us on viewing the extent of this unrivalled temple. The eye is lost before reaching this cupola of fabulous height, and which, by an admirable artifice, seems rather to be hung like a lamp from the vault of heaven, than to rest on the earth like human edifices. In fact, it is supported only on sections of domes, one of which surmounts the sanctuary, the others covering the galleries which communicate with them by means of those

that sustain the two naves on the right and on the left.

The mosque of Solyman, the Magnificent, much more beautiful externally, with its courts, its terraces, its fountains, and its enormous trees, is, like all the mosques of Constantinople, an imitation of the church of St. Sophia. Inferior in its proportions and its richness, it differs also in its embellishment, which is Arabic. Built at a period of a true regeneration of the arts, La Solimanie merits attention, and, after the Cathedral, I place it unhesitatingly above all the rest. Its pulpit, its windows of precious stones, the gift of a Persian shah, its sculptures, and its beautiful proportions, make it a very remarkable monument.

CORINTH'S PEDAGOGUES.—Dionysius the younger, who was a greater tyrant than his father, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, retired to Corinth, where he was obliged to turn school-master for a subsistence.

PARENTS who are ignorant of their duty will be taught by the misconduct of their children what they ought to have done.

TEACHING A FOREIGNER TO SPEAK ENGLISH.—My friend the foreigner called on me to bid me farewell before he quitted town, and on his departure he said, "I am going at the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology by saying that we were accustomed to say "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction and said he had profited by my lesson, and added, "I will knock into your door on my return."

The Ethiopians and Egyptians used the image of the owl as a messenger of death, in the same manner that the bull's head was afterwards employed by the Scotch and other nations. When this token was sent by the king, it was considered a point of loyalty and honor for the receiver to kill himself immediately; while any attempt to escape from the doom was believed to cast a stain both on the condemned and on his country.

Curious Facts.

BEEES are geometricians. The cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called a nine-killer is an arithmetician; as also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter. He cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer. He does not only build houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk-spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants have regular day laborers. The monkey is a rope-dancer.

A WISE man is never less alone than when he is alone. The want of leisure is often only the want of inclination.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

The best throw of dice is to throw them away.

The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.

Fools open their ears to flattery, and shut their eyes to truth.

The best way to condemn bad traits, is by practising good ones.

The reproaches of a friend should be strictly just, and not too frequent.

A STEWARD wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms:—"In the first place, I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio."

A MISERLY old farmer, who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay-making, remarked to the sexton, as he was filling up the poor fellow's grave:—"It's a sad thing to lose a good mower, at a time like this—but, after all, poor Tom was a dreadful great eater."



THE STREET OF MOHAMMED.

The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician was often found by his intimate friends leaping over tables and chairs. Once, perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said: "Now, we must desist, for a fool is coming in."

The wings of insects afford an immense variety of interesting and beautiful objects. Some are covered with scales, as in the butterfly tribe. Some are adorned with fringes of feathers, and the ribs or veins are also feathered, as in many of the gnat family; and even these scales and feathers are ribbed and fluted in a variety of ways. The earwig is not generally known to have wings, from their being folded on the back in so small a compass. In size, wings differ as much in every other particular: some are so minute as to be scarcely perceptible, and others are several inches in length. The clytra, or wing-cases, of many insects are beautifully transparent objects: such as those of the boat-fly, the grasshopper tribe, and many of the minute cicadae.

Perfumery.

MUCH aid has been given by chemists to the art of perfumery. It is true that soap and perfumery are rather rivals, the increase of the former diminishing the use of the latter. Costly perfumes, formerly employed as a mask to want of cleanliness, are less required now that soap has become a type of civilization. Perfumers, if they do not occupy whole streets with their shops, as they did in ancient Capua, show more science in attaining their perfumes than those of former times. The jury in the exhibition, or rather two distinguished chemists of that jury, Dr. Hoffman and Dr. De la Rue, ascertained that some of the most delicate perfumes were made by chemical artifice, and not, as of old, by distilling them from flowers. The perfume of flowers often consists of oils and ethers, which the chemist can compound artificially in his laboratory. Commercial enterprise has availed itself of that fact, and sent to the exhibition in the form of essences, perfume thus prepared. Singularly enough they are generally derived from substances of intensely disgusting odor. A peculiarly fetid oil, termed "fusel oil," is formed in making brandy and whiskey. This fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid, and acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bicromate of potash. The oil of pine-apples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid, and is now largely employed in England in the preparation of the pine-apple ale. Oil of grapes and oil of cognac, used to impart the flavor of French cognac to British Brandy, are little else than fusel oil. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soap and flavoring confectionery, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid oils of gas tar. Many a fair forehead is damped with eu-de-millefleurs, without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cow-houses. The wintergreen oil, imported from New Jersey, being produced from a plant indigenous there, is artificially made from willows and a body procured in the distillation of the wood. All these are direct modern appliances of sciences to an industrial purpose, and imply an acquaintance with the highest investigations of organic chemistry. Let us recollect that the oil of lemons, turpentine, oil of juniper, oil of roses, oil of copaiba, oil of rosemary, and many other oils, are identical in composition; and it is not difficult to conceive that perfumery may derive still further aid from chemistry.

THE GOOD WIFE.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be for ever unknown. A good wife is to a man, wisdom and courage, and strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness of comfort, and his soul renews its strength again, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with hard temper, sullenness or gloom, or if assailed by

discontent, or complaint, or reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, home vanishes, and the man sinks in despair. We know that the evil consequences of the incompatible as well as injudicious unions produce most dreadful miseries—husband and wife devoid of love for one another!—When such is the case how awful are the consequences to their unfortunate children. The female character should, from its earliest formation, be moulded to its important duties as the friend of man. In no period of life should such education be neglected.

SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than in one of Leigh Hunt's papers:—"It is a delicious movement, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consi-

den undoubtedly created the taste in this child which afterwards made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age, if not of his race.

THE HOME OF TASTE.—How easy it is to be neat—to be clean. How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety. How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance. Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or draper; it is not put up with the hangings and curtains; it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the apartments of the building.

ABSENCE.—The heart is perhaps never so sensible of happiness as after a short separation from the object of its affections. If it has been attended with peculiar circumstances of distress or danger, every misery that has been experienced, tends by the force of contrast, to increase delight, and gives to the pleasure of reunion an inexpressible degree of tenderness.

CHICKWEED.—This humble plant is well known to bird-fanciers; and though looked upon as a lowly weed, yet it has properties which prove the protecting hand of Nature for its preservation. This plant is found wild in most parts of the world. It is annual, and flowers almost through the whole year. Dr. Withering says, "That it grows almost in all situations, from damp and almost boggy woods, to the driest gravel-walks in gardens; but in these various states its appearances are very different; so that those who have only taken notice of it as garden chickweed, would hardly know it in woods, where it sometimes exceeds half a yard in height, and has leaves near two inches long, and more than one inch broad. In its truly wild state, in damp woods and hedge bottoms, with a northern aspect, it has almost always ten stamens; but in drier soils and sunny exposures, the stamens are usually five or three. The flowers are upright, and open from nine in the morning till noon; but if it rains they do not open. After rain they become pendant; but in the course of a few days rise again. It is a remarkable instance of the sleep of plants, for every night the leaves approach in pairs, including within their upper surfaces the tender rudiments of the new shoots; and the uppermost pair but one, at the end of the stalk, is furnished with longer leaf-stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair, and protect the end of the branch. The young shoots and leaves when boiled, are similar to spinach, and equally wholesome. It is a grateful food to small birds, and young chickens. It was formerly used for medical purposes.

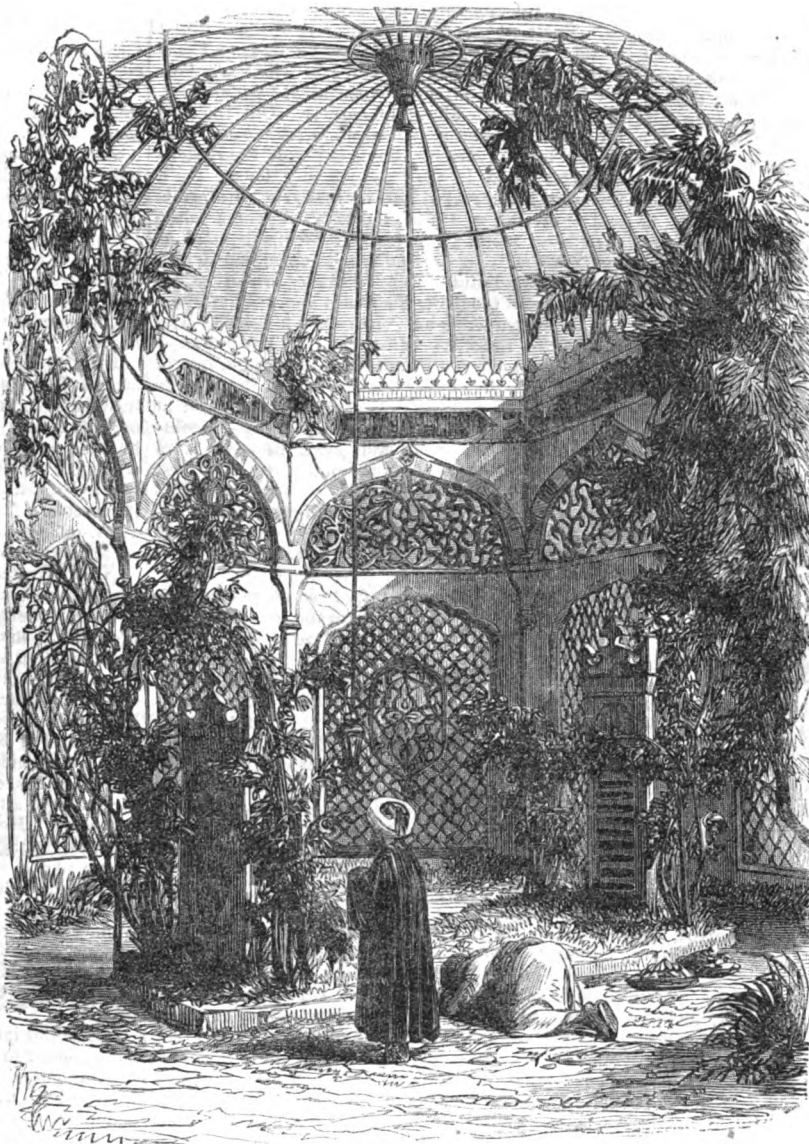
THE AFFECTIONS.—From our present establishment of affections, what exquisite enjoyment springs of domestic life. For each one of which God, amidst this world's faded glories, hath preserved many a temple of most exquisite delight. Home, that word of nameless charms; love, that inexhaustible theme of sentiment and poetry; all relationship, parental, conjugal and filial, shall hereafter arise to a new strength, graced with innocence, undisturbed by apprehension of decay, unruffled jealousy and unweakened by time.

"Heart shall meet heart—
Each other's pillow to repose divine."

O! what scenes of social life I fancy to myself in the settlements of the blessed.

POLITENESS is the outward garment of good-will; but many are the nutshells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.



CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE TOMB OF THE SULTAN VALIDE.

ousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

MARRIAGE is divine in its institution—sacred in its union—holy in the mystery—sacramental in its signification—honorable in its appellation—religious in its employments; it is an advantage to the societies of men, and it is "holiness to the Lord."

EDUCATION BEGINS WITH LIFE.—Before we are aware the foundations of the character are laid, and no subsequent instruction can remove or alter them. Linnæus was the son of a poor Swedish clergyman. His father had a little flower-garden, in which he cultivated all the flowers which his means or his taste could select. Into his flower-garden he introduced his little son from infancy, and this little gar-

The Roving Yankee.

DOLMA BAKJAH, signifying literally a garden for those little stuffed vegetable marrows of which the Turks are very fond, is rather a remarkable name for a Sultan's residence. Nevertheless it is the name of the new palace to be occupied, in some distant age, by the Sultans of Turkey. I felt some curiosity to ascertain who gave it that strange name, —who were its godfathers or godmothers; but I have not been so fortunate as to fall in with any wise man of the East who has been either able or disposed to gratify a thirst for knowledge which I still continue to think is but reasonable.

The name, however, is not altogether a misnomer; for, the ground on which the palace is still building has been a sort of Tommy Tiddler's ground to all who have had anything to do with it. There is no reason why it should not grow little stuffed vegetable marrows at the present moment. It has passed into a sort of proverb among the ribald and envious, that a man would be rich who might possess for his whole fortune no more than five per cent on the money which has been stolen during only a fifth part of the time which the palace has taken to build. The palace has been building so long a time, that the oldest inhabitant can barely remember the laying of the foundation stone. It is said even that the architects, and workmen have got into such a hopeless state of confusion that the Greek Kalends is the only date which can be fixed with certainty for the termination of their labors. The earliest raised part of the structure will, it is expected, be in ruins before the whole is completed. To be sure, as the palace is understood not to be wanted at all —the Sultan having already a great many more than he knows what to do with—there is no particular occasion for hurry, and I have therefore no doubt whatever that a large number of little stuffed vegetable marrows still remain to be grown upon its unbuilt ground before the picturesque dresses of the workmen will give place to the eunuchs and cavaases, the cooks and the harem of Abd ul Medgid.

Forget these troublesome, intrusive scandals—forget all one would rather not remember just now—and I think I never saw a lovelier sight than this Eastern palace rising out of the charmed waters of the Bosphorus. It stands close by the shore with its snowy terraces and towers reflected in the clear calm element. Beautiful as is the reality, I love the shadows in the deep waters best. They put me in mind of the home of the pearl queen, whither the prince went, in the fairy tale. Indeed, there is quite a kingdom beneath that tranquil sealet; and if some good fairy would grant me one of those dreamy, delightful wishes, we all I suppose have as children, I think I should like to be the king of it. There is something so soft and luxurious, so strange and far away about it, that I never saw anything which gave me so vivid a picture of enchanted land. I believe, indeed, that half at least of the beautiful imagery of Arabian and Persian tales owes its origin to shadows and reflections in the water. Far as the eye can reach stretches the same white line of dazzling palaces, with now and then a tranquil churchyard overgrown with cypresses, or a coffee-house crowded with revellers and musicians, the very sound of their uncouth instruments taking a softer tone as it comes mellowed over its sparkling and gorgeous pathway.

We step on shore to the sound of it, and are nearly blinded by dust. It is one of those sharp contrasts between romance and reality which are constantly hitting one in the face—not an inapt simile in Turkey. We soon find our paradise vanished when we enter it. There are, of course, a whole host of people who have nothing to do about all Eastern places; and at last a limp individual, who allows his contemptuous disgust at Franks to be subdued by the alluring hope of backsheesh, comes forward to attend us. He has no particular idea of there being any duties attached to this office or any other—no Turk has. He likes the backsheesh; but no possible argument would persuade him that it is at all necessary to earn it. His attendance merely consists of dogging us solemnly wherever we go till he is bought off. Several friends also arrive to help him in an occupation so congenial; but they will hold no intercourse with us, for we are dogs; and when we desire to bark, or, in other words, to make the smallest inquiry, they perseveringly look another way. Your vulgar Turk is really and truly a sulky bigot, if ever there was one. He is almost as intractable and inconvenient as the Moslem gentleman is courteous and eager to oblige. A common Turk will never be civil unless he believes you have the power of the bastinado over him, with the administrative conveniences at hand for instantly carrying that punishment into effect.

The Grand Hall, where the state receptions are to be held, and the court of the Sultan will appear in all its splendor, is a fine lofty place enough. There are some beautiful specimens of marble among the many columns; but there is too much gilding, and the decorations will not bear close examination. They are done by inferior artists. The flowers, which are the chief ornament everywhere, are miserable daubs. Passing up a mean staircase, we come to a gallery carefully guarded by jealous trellice work. This is where the ladies of the harem will sit to eat bon-bons and watch the proceedings. We wander from room to room, noticing nothing very remarkable save a good deal of that make-believe which I think forms an essential quality of all Orientals. For instance: we are in the palace of the Sultan; yet there are no real curtains. They are painted above the doors and windows—painted a gorgeous crimson velvet, with deep gilded embroideries. Nothing is real in the East. Read history and you will understand why. The accounts we have of Oriental splendor were true, but they are no longer so. The East was once the treasury of the civilized world. Read Ducas and Phranza and Anna Comnena, and Chalecondylas, and you will learn how the treasures it contained were wasted by ignorance, profusion, priestcraft, and conquest. But the taste for gold and glitter remained when the ore and jewels had been scattered. Show is part of the Eastern character; and if they cannot any longer cheat themselves they may at least try to dazzle you and me.

The interior of Dolma Bakjah is that of a palace—nothing more. I have seen fifty better and as many worse. There is no grand conception in it—no imposing beauty. The staircases are all mean; the passages are dark, the rooms generally are low, and the carpenter's and joiner's work is bad. The fireplaces—necessary things in the Bosphorus—are too small; there is no freedom of handling or grace of idea about any one apartment, though the evidence of almost reckless expense strikes you at every turn. The very floors, all things considered, might have been laid down in silver at a less cost; yet they are not handsome. The best things I noticed were some magnificent specimens of marble in the dining-room, and a charming effect of the setting sun shining down through some lofty stained glass windows. The square formal garden is singularly ugly.

Let me own I was shocked at the waste of wealth about this needless place. I am not going to speak of many a deserted home I had seen in a distant province, many a bare hut with the housewife wailing in the midst for her husband imprisoned to wring the stern tax from hands which could no longer pay it. I will not speak of the awful amount of misery I had witnessed but yesterday in the Greek Islands. It is I know a fashionable philosophy to say that public works is one of the best remedies for all this, and that the profusion of the wealthy is the hope of the poor. I do not care to discuss the point; but I think that even for the poor, money may be spent much more wisely than in unproductive splendor, and on the useless and tasteless trappings of royalty.

A TURKISH BATH.

PASSING through a pleasant paved court ornamented with flowers enough, and with a merry little talkative fountain in the centre. I was soon inducted into the bath toilet, which consisted merely of a particular garment, rather rough, bound round my loins, and a towel tied turban-form about my head. Thus equipped, I was mounted upon a most rickety pair of wooden clogs, and led gingerly into the first or outward chamber of the bath. It had once been a noble apartment, with a lofty roof and fretted marble columns and cornices. It now shared the fate of all things Turkish, and had tumbled into a dreary state of ruin and decay. A large fat, black rat, dashed gamesomely by us as the door opened, and he sprinkled some water over my leg with his frolicsome tail. I had not thought a rat was such a playful thing.

A strong smell of boiled Turk now made itself so outrageously demonstrative, that a pipe became a necessity; and while engaged in its discussion, I found myself introduced into a Mahomedan company, rather more numerous than I had anticipated, or, indeed, than appeared convenient for the purposes of ablution. I soon perceived that the bath is a regular house of call for scandal and gossiping; and I witnessed the pulling to pieces of many persons in authority, an operation which I am bound to say was performed with the same liveliness and spirit, the same racy appetite for forbidden things which I have so often observed amongst the western nation of which I am a native.

Turks of various shapes and sizes, and in divers

stages of their interminable washing, stalked from chamber to chamber or stood together conversing in groups while the bath-men shaved the hair from their arm-pits. But persons of overwhelming dignity shut themselves and their pipes up in little private dens, and kept the vulgar off by means of towels spread carefully over the doorways. The bath-men I noticed seemed to be all characters—licensed jesters. They seemed to know everybody's secrets and sly places; it was refreshing to observe the use they made of these acquisitions. It is my belief that many a lordly old Effendi went to that bath to obtain treasonable matter for the ensuing week's coffee-house conversation. For the rest, the general and distinctive character of the Turks was here completely lost, as far as their appearance goes to outward eyes. Many a man who half an hour before, seemed to be possessed of muscular power enough to rouse the envy of a grenadier, peeled but poorly. I do not ever remember seeing such a remarkable collection of arms and legs. A straggling assemblage of very gnarled and knotty broomsticks will by no means convey to the mind's eye an adequate idea of their very singular leanness and crookedness.

From what may be called the talk and perspiration-room, I was now led hobbling into another, much hotter. It had a dome-like roof with little round windows to let in the light. They would have looked like holes, but for the dense steam which collected on them. I remember that a condensed drop fell upon my nose. I did not like it. I could not divest my imagination of an idea that there was a greasiness about the water. In fact, an impression began to make itself generally felt about me that one would want rather more good wholesome washing after a Turkish bath than before it.

I smiled feebly as my attendant led me, skating awkwardly, over the marble floor till we came to a little brass tap and a marble basin. Here he bade me sit down: and I did so. I was unwilling to hurt his feelings by expressing my opinion that the whole affair, as far as cleanliness was concerned, was a delusion and a snare; beside, resistance was impossible. I closed my eyes, therefore, upon the filthy puddles round about, and meekly resigned myself to my fate, whatever it might be.

Now, if anybody was to interrupt a gentleman taking a bath, according to the custom of this country, the bather might, could, should, or would, in all probability, knock the intruder down; but, in the East, such an achievement would be fairly impossible. I began, therefore, for the first time, to understand how attacking a tyrant in his bath has always been such a very favorite and convenient way of getting rid of him. An eastern bather, six feet by four, is as helpless as a child. He hobbles, or skates, as the case may be, in wooden clogs, three inches high, attached to the instep by a single narrow strap. He is laid down on a block which looks like a sarcophagus turned topsyturvy. He is swathed up like a mummy, and, a pipe being put into his lips, he is left till he feels drowsy. Then there looms through the mist, gigantic, a man with a wonderfully serious face, who affords himself a very curious entertainment at the expense of his prostrate victim. His open hands press, and punch, and poke the bather in all possible and impossible places.

A fanciful individual, suffering thus, might suppose himself to be the old original Prometheus, and his tormentor, the vulture about to dine upon him. Having been now punched, and poked, and pulled, and pressed sufficiently, the victim is lifted up by the hand, as helpless as an heir apparent, and then being reseated he shares passively in a wild orgy which we will call lathering. The demon of the bath takes a long stringy thing in his hand—it looks like a mop without a handle—and he scrubs the miserable body confided to him with stern animation. Something comes off in flakes. The advocates of the bath maintain these flakes to be composed of the various impurities of the skin; but I am much disposed to question the accuracy of this opinion, and having suffered the most acute pain from the subsequent contact of my clothes, I have reason to believe I was very nearly flayed during this process, though from having been previously nearly boiled, and the atmosphere being generally warm and greasy, the operation did not cause me the acute agony at the time which it would cause under ordinary circumstances. Having been lathered more than sufficiently, with eyes, nose, ears, mouth, and every crick and cranny in his body utterly stopped up and glutinous with soap, the wretched searcher after cleanliness under difficulties, is at last perfectly soused with a deluge of

scalding water, and being swaddled up anew, and led into the outer apartment, the air of which strikes upon him as that of an ice-house, he sinks exhausted beside the consoling pipe and coffee which have been prepared for him. Never is sleep more grateful than that which follows, though I am bound to confess, for my own part, that I could not help dreaming fitfully of the vulture who had been clawing me, and at last I woke, in imminent apprehension of him, and found the barber.

The Eastern barber is a distinguished personage. He has been so under all rabid despotisms. It was found inconvenient not to treat with considerable deference an individual who also enjoyed a sort of absolute despotism—who, in point of fact, was a rival potentate in his way, and might doom you to execution if ever the idea should occur to him as being agreeable or advantageous. It is not surprising that barbers invested with so much dignity, should have a lively consciousness of their exalted station in society. It is indeed a natural sentiment, and common to all magnates alike. I notice, therefore, without surprise, that the shaver now introduced to me has a dignified charm of manner and grace of attitude while taking the small hair out of my nose, and the gray hairs out of my eyebrows, which almost causes me to forget the excruciating anguish arising from so unlooked-for a proceeding. He polishes me up indeed to such a powerful and surprising extent, that I do not know my own face in the pretty little tortoise-shell and mosaic-framed looking-glass which he hands me, that I may admire in it the perfection of his art. He has shaved me with such a light hand that I set that individual down as a goose who shaveth himself in Turkey. My chin is as smooth as a very dark species of ivory; my eyebrows have been miraculously arched. I feel for the favorite tuft on my right ear in vain. My visage, and all thereto pertaining, is as bare as the palm of a lady's hand. I have grown quite juvenile during this strange operation. I came hither a rusty elderly gentleman as needs to be. I shall depart an adventurous youth on my travels, and hotel keepers will rejoice to take me in. I vow and declare, that my moustaches are twisted into points sharp and dark and insinuating enough, to go straight through the heart of sweet seventeen. The barber contemplates the improvement in my personal appearance with due gravity and enjoyment. I am the last triumph of his art, and he is proud of me. If it were not for a slight twinge of a most intrusive and unaccountable rheumatism, I should be proud of myself.

The barber veils his eyes with his hands, and prostrates himself before the Beys Ade. I notice with a kindred pang that Hamlet is distressed at the depth of his reverence, and I prophesy that my store of Turkish small change in the Albanian pouch will sensibly shrink ere that barber departeth.

Let us dress and depart also. Hamed brings my linen, which has been washed at the bath during my ablutions, and holds a curtain before me as a screen from the vulgar, while I put it on. He is always very particular in this respect, and he will not allow me to be seen by profane eyes in my shirt-sleeves on my account. I must be arrayed in the full glory of a gay-colored plaid shooting coat (bought of a Maltese Jew), and I must have on my eyeglass before he will let me go forth. His fierce rugged face and well-knit figure, the splendor of his Albanian dress and his glittering arms, contrast, as they often do, oddly enough, with the employment he has imposed on himself.

And now comes the quarter of an hour so pathetically mentioned by old Rabelais. I must pay for the loss of my skin and my renovated youth. Unhappily for my slender purse, which has long been in a galloping consumption, people in Turkey did not pay what things are worth, but what they themselves are supposed to be worth. Now they appear to find it convenient wherever I owe anything to call me Beys Ade, which signifies great lord, or something altogether out of the common way; and therefore I am ruthlessly mugged of a sum rather greater than that I should have, viz., about two and a-half dollars—a powerful sum for the bath. If my servant had not blown my trumpet with such haughtiness and vivacity while entertaining his little world of admirers in the ante-room, I might have got off for four cents as other people do. Ah, Hamed! Hamed!

Man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

A PARISIAN robber, who was seized for stealing snuff out of a tobacconist's shop, by way of excusing himself, exclaimed, "That he never heard of that law which forbade a man to take snuff."

The Philosophy of a Sneeze.

READER—have you ever sneezed? Not a paltry, half-stifled "t'shaw!" but an unmistakable involuntary outburst, which it was impossible to restrain, which shook the apartment wherein it occurred, startled everybody within hearing, and left you for a few seconds seemingly doubting whether your head remained in its right place or not! Such is what I call a sneeze—and, strange though it may seem, I am about to endeavor to eke a little philosophy out of it. If the falling of an apple led Newton to the discovery of the laws of gravitation, may not the contemplation of the peculiar phenomena constituting a sneeze lead to the discovery of some great truth, the practical application of which shall add to the proper enjoyment of life?

The nose is the member principally concerned in the inquiry—What causes a sneeze? This member is prominent enough—always conspicuous, but little appreciated. Like most "forward" beings, it seems treated with contempt. It has served the caricaturist more than the philosopher. The eye has been universally admired: its physiology has been taught in schools and lecture-rooms—poets have sung its praises; the ear, and the organs of voice, have proved the themes of many musings—but the poor nose, more sinned against than sinning, has met with comparative neglect. Shakspeare describes Bardolph's nose as "a ball of wild-fire!" and Randolph, an old poet, speaks of the nose "spoiling the beautiful face!" if ever complimented, it is in the ironical strain of the song—

"Nose, nose, jolly red nose."

And it has been considered a very suitable way to avenge an offence by pulling the poor nose, although the latter had but little to do with the act which excited to anger. In this way the poor unfortunate organ has been abandoned to the management of the ignorant and sensual, who have not failed to heap upon it unmerited oppression.

Many things will excite sneezing—but tobacco possesses in an extraordinary degree the power to produce this strange effect. A single grain of the dust of tobacco applied to the healthy nostril will excite one of those uncontrollable explosions which I have already called your attention to. You may be quite calm and comfortable, even dropping away into a dreamy "snooze"—say on a summer afternoon—and if any one wickedly cast but a grain of snuff up thy nostril, thy dreams are at an end, and the pleasant composure just spreading calmly over thy face is ruffled at once into an indescribable grimace of visage. Strange that so trifling a cause should produce so startling and decided an effect. Yet so it is—and everybody knows it. Now the philosophy which I gather herefrom is this—that tobacco is repugnant to the organs of smell, injurious to life, and should be altogether dispensed with.

What is a sneeze? It never occurs in health, except excited by some foreign agent, irritating the membranes of the nasal passages, upon which the nervous filaments are distributed. In cases of cold, or what is termed influenza, these are unduly excitable, and hence the repeated sneezings which then occur. The nose receives three sets of nerves—the nerves of smell, those of feeling, and those of motion. The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of substances with which they may come in contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose, but the power of these muscles is very limited. When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited in a high degree. A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which despatch to the brain the intelligence that "snuff has attacked the nostril!" The brain instantly sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying—"Cast it out!" And the result is unmistakable! So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defence. It were too feeble to accomplish this. An allied army of muscles join in the rescue—nearly one-half of the body arouses against the intruder—from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the grain of snuff!

Let us consider what occurs in this instantaneous operation. The lungs become fully inflated, the abdominal organs are pressed downward, the ribs rise and extend forward, the lips firmly close, and the veil of the palate drops down to form a barrier to the escape of air through the mouth—and now, all the muscles which have relaxed for the purpose, contract simultaneously, and force the compressed air from the lungs in a torrent out through the nasal passages, with the benevolent determination to sweep away the particle of snuff which has been causing irritation therein. Such, then, is the com-

plicated action of a sneeze; and if the first effort does not succeed, then follows a second, a third, and a fourth; the eyes all the while weeping on account of the general strife; and not until victory is achieved, do the army of defenders dissolve their compact, and settle down to the enjoyment of peace and quietude.

Surely, then, the contemplation of a sneeze teaches us something.

In the year 1845 there were imported into Great Britain considerably more than thirty-five millions of pounds of tobacco—the gross amount of duty received thereon was over four millions two hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds, or about five shillings per head for every man, woman, and child in Great Britain; and the philosophy of a sneeze tells us that a large proportion of this immense sum may be much better employed than in arousing the defensive powers of nature, and when these are exhausted giving free inroad to disease, impairing the sense of smell, creating habits which are at once uncleanly, unhealthy, and expensive, and producing a morbid appetite, from which its victim can never obtain rest.

Out of the 35,053,516 lbs. of tobacco imported, nearly 32,000,000 lbs. were the produce of American slave labor; and thus two systems of slavery, widely different in their characters, find support in the use of tobacco: the self-imposed slavery of the British smoker and snuff-taker, and the slavery of the negro bondsman.

That disease and premature death occur as the result of these habits, the history of medicine abundantly proves; and none but those who are utterly ignorant of the physiology of health can doubt the assertion.

DEATH A ROAD.—The more one sees of the world, the more one becomes convinced that one's existence and welfare is of far more importance to oneself than to any other person, and the feeling of selfishness thereby engendered does not improve our nature. We are often shocked to find how soon we are reconciled to the loss, or to the misfortunes of our friends; and we cannot expect that they will bewail our individual sufferings to any greater extent. In India, where deaths are so sudden, you sup with a man one night, attend his funeral the next morning, and probably dine with some of his most intimate friends that evening, after attending the sale of his effects, this feeling of selfishness increases more than in Europe. A friend of mine in India told me that his death from cholera had been reported and credited, and on the evening of the day on which the report reached the Presidency, he walked into the billiard-room of the club, and he said that his eyes were never more completely opened to the actual value and duration of friendship, and of the utter unimportance of any individual life to the general routine and amusement of society, than by finding his most intimate and affectionate friends playing, and smoking, and chaffing away as usual, having, in a very few hours, got over the shock, and reconciled themselves completely to his sudden loss. Of course, they were very happy to see him, and shook him by the hand, with "By Jove, old fellow, I thought you were dead," &c., &c. But an occurrence of that nature could not fail to prove to a man of the most moderate discrimination, that his existence was of remarkably little consequence, even in his own small world. The difference between sickness and death in the East and in Europe is this: in India, as I have said, the last details are hurried over as quickly as possible; the blow is so sudden, the shaft from the quiver of the "rider on the white horse" dealt with so unerring an aim, that the shock is past almost before one is aware the blow has been struck; and when you see the man standing at your elbow struck down, your first feeling is one of selfish congratulation at having escaped a similar fate. In England, it is different; there you see your friends sinking gradually, but surely, to their end; you may meet one apparently in the full enjoyment of health, but you know that the hand of death has set his seal, and that he will as assuredly claim that fair form within a certain number of weeks or months, as that night will succeed the day. The former may be compared to a gust of wind suddenly extinguishing the lamp that is in your hand; the latter, to a lamp which can last but a certain time, its light and brilliancy sink lower and lower, and become more feeble with every breath, and you watch the uncertain return of its flickerings with the painful, oppressive conviction, that each one may be the last.

PEACE is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

The Iguana.

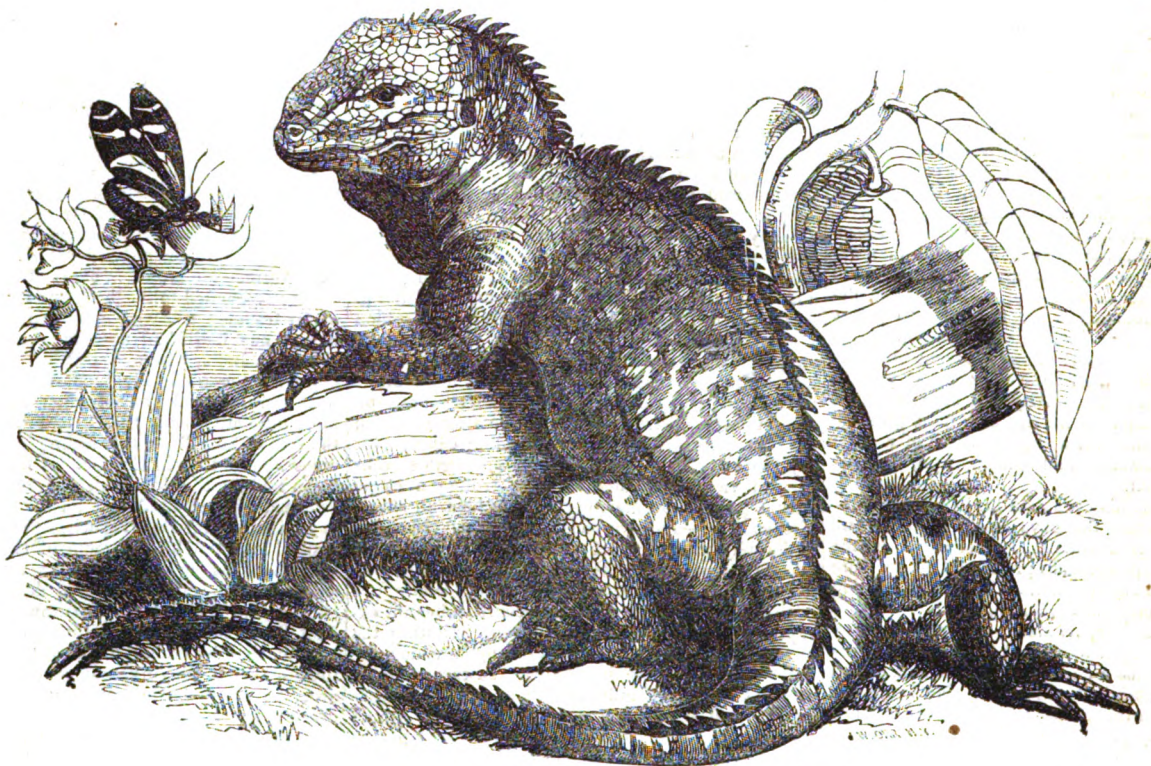
THE "reptile-house" in the menagerie of the Zoological Society at London, creates a most extraordinary interest among the visitors to that instructive establishment. We learn that the number of animals now exhibited exceeds 1400 specimens; and the number of species may be inferred from the interesting fact, that nearly fifty have been acquired for the first time during the present season.

The novel attraction presented by a structure in which the spectator has an opportunity of studying at his ease and in safety, the mysterious habits of the most formidable class in the animal kingdom, is not likely to wane as long as the Council are so successful in obtaining additions to the number of species contained in it. We have selected the Iguana, presented by Dr. Andrew Smith, (*Cyclura colei*), as the subject of an illustration, not only on account of the singularity of its aspect, but because it may be regarded as the type of a large and important group in the saurian family, which formed so conspicuous a feature in the ancient fauna of England. The Iguana attains a large size in Jamaica, whence the present species was obtained, not unfrequently approaching four feet in length. In color it is a greenish grey. It is entirely herbivorous, as are all its congeners. Its principal haunt in Jamaica is the low limestone chain of

Do you put food before him, he tucks it into his mouth as fast as possible, and when his cheek pouches are so full that they cannot hold any more, he looks at you as if he seriously asked your approval of his laying up stores for the future. If he destroy the most valuable piece of glass or china in your possession, he does not look as if he enjoyed the mischief, but either puts on an impudent air, as much as to say, "I don't care," or calmly tries to let you know he thought it his duty to destroy your property. Savage, violent and noisy are they when irritated or disappointed, and long do they retain the recollection of an affront. I once annoyed a monkey in the collection of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, by preventing him from purloining the food of one of his companions; in doing which I gave him a knock upon his paws. It was lucky that strong wires were between us, or he would probably have hurt me severely in his rage; he shook the cage, he rolled about and screamed, and did not forget the offence. On future occasions, the instant he heard my voice, he put himself into a passion: and several months after, although I had been absent the whole time, he seized on my gown while I incautiously stood too near to him, dragged a portion of it within the bars, and bit a great piece out of it, although it was made of a very strong material.

that she did not know what to do: it was time for the dinner to be served, and she, therefore, for the look's sake, thought it best to send the soup in as it was, even if it were sent out again immediately, "because you know ma'am," said she, "that would prove you had ordered it. I always thought the monkey would do the kitten a mischief, he was so jealous of it, and hated it so because it scratched him, so he seized it when asleep."

A much better disposed monkey belonged to my eldest daughter; and we brought him to England from the Gambia. He seemed to know that he could master the child, and did not hesitate to bite and scratch her whenever she pulled him a little harder than he thought proper. I punished him for each offence, yet fed and caressed him when good; by which means I possessed an entire ascendancy over him. He was very wretched in London lodgings, where I was obliged to fasten him to the bars of a stove, and where he had no fresh air; and he was no sooner let loose than he tried to break everything within his reach; so I persuaded his young mistress to present him to the Jardin des Plantes. I took him there; and during my stay in that place paid him daily visits. When these were discontinued, the keeper told me that he incessantly watched for my return, and it was long before he recovered his disappointment, and made friends



THE IGUANA.

hills, along the shore from Kingston harbor and Goat Island, on to its continuation in Vere.

The Iguanas which are occasionally taken in the savannahs adjacent to this district, are considered by Mr. Hill (an energetic correspondent of the Zoological Society who resides in Spanish Town, and who has paid great attention to the natural history of the island) to be only stray visitants which have wandered from the hills. The allied species of *Cyclura*, which are found on the American continent, occur in situations of a very different character, for they affect forests on the banks of rivers, and woods around springs, where they pass their time in trees and in the water, living on fruits and leaves. This habit is preserved by the Society's specimen, which we have seen lying lazily along an elevated branch; and we learn that its favorite food since it has been in England is ripe pears. Its serrated tail is a formidable weapon of defence, with which, when alarmed or attacked, it deals rapid blows from side to side. When unmolested it is harmless and inoffensive, and appears to live in perfect harmony with the smaller species of lizards which inhabit the same division of the house.

WATCH the ape or monkey with which you come into close contact; does he pick up a blade of grass, he will examine it with as much attention as if he were determining the value of a precious stone.

A monkey, of I know not what species, was domiciled in a family in Yorkshire, to whom my mother was paying a visit of some days. A large dinner-party was given in honor of the guest, the master of the house helped the soup; but as he was talking at the time, he did not observe its appearance. Presently all to whom it had been served, laid down their spoons, or sent their plates away. This of course attracted attention, and on inspection, the liquid was discovered to be full of short hairs. The servants in attendance were questioned, but they declared they were ignorant of the cause; and the wisest and politest proceeding was, to send the tureen from the table, and serving the fish, make no further comment. The mistress of the family, however, when the ladies left the dining-room, slipped away from her friends, and summoning the cook to her presence, received an explanation of the mystery. The woman said, she had left the kitchen only for one minute, and when she returned, she saw the monkey standing on the hob of the kitchen grate, with one fore-paw resting on the lid of the boiler which contained the soup. "Oh, Mr Curiosity," she exclaimed, "that is too much for you, you can't lift that up." To her horror and amazement, however, he had lifted it up, and was putting it on again after popping the kitten in, whose remains were discovered at the bottom when the soup was strained. The poor cook was so bewildered,

with his companions in the same cage. Two years after, I again went to see him; and when I stood before him and said, "Mac, do you know me?" he gave a scream of delight, put both his paws beyond the bars, stretched them out to me, held his head down to be caressed, uttering a low murmur, and giving every sign of delighted recognition.

RABBITS.—When it is remembered that rabbits at six months old are capable of being founders of families, and are so prolific that within four years their descendants exceed a million in number, they might, if the ferocity of the mother did not make of her an ally of man, dispute possession of the earth with the earth's occupier-in-chief. Their prolificness, however, is turned to very profitable uses. Thus we hear that the Welsh people have an inclosed warren of some 1600 acres, which produces nearly as many pounds annually. "One foreign customer has paid as much as \$4000 per annum for skins of one particular variety, for German fairs, whence they travel into Russia and the East." It is thus possible that the chest of Prince Mentchikoff, at Sabastopol, is being guarded from cold by the skin of a Glamorganshire rabbit.

ADULTERATION OF FLOUR.—A miller has been fined by the Stockport magistrates, for having in his possession sulphate of lime and other ingredients for adulterating flour. The excuse was, that the flour was manufactured for sizing and oiling purposes.

The Pyramids of Egypt.

THE Pyramids of Egypt, especially the two largest of the Pyramids of Jizeh, are the most stupendous masses of building in stone that human labor has ever been known to accomplish. The Egyptian Pyramids, of which, large and small, and in different states of preservation, the number is very considerable, are all situated on the west side of the Nile, and they extend, in an irregular line, and in groups, at some distance from each other, from the neighborhood of Jizeh, in 30° N. lat. as far south as 29° N. lat., a length of between 60 and 70 miles. All the Pyramids have square bases, and their sides face the cardinal points.

The Pyramids of Jizeh are nearly opposite to Cairo. They stand on a plateau or terrace of limestone, which is a projection from the Libyan mountain-chain. The surface of the terrace is barren and irregular, and is covered with sand and small fragments of rock; its height, measured from the base of the Great Pyramid, is 164 feet above the Nile in its low state, taken at an average of the years 1798 to 1801. The north-east angle of the Great Pyramid is 1,700 yards from the canal which runs between the terrace and the Nile, and about five miles from the Nile itself.

Herodotus was informed by the priests of Memphis that the Great Pyramid was built by Cheops, King of Egypt, about 900 B.C., or about 450 years before Herodotus visited Egypt. He says that 100,000 men were employed twenty years in building it, and that the body of Cheops was placed in a room beneath the bottom of the Pyramid, surrounded by a vault to which the waters of the Nile were conveyed through a subterranean tunnel. A chamber under the centre of the Pyramid has indeed been discovered, but it does not appear to be the tomb of Cheops. It is about 56 feet above the low-water level of the Nile. The second Pyramid was built, Herodotus says, by Cephren, or Cephrenes, the brother and successor of Cheops; and the third by Mycerinus, the son of Cheops.

Lord Nugent, in his "Lands, Classical and Sacred," gives an interesting account of his visit to the Pyramids of Egypt, which we extract:—

"Most travellers profess to have been disappointed with the apparent size of the Pyramids at their first approach. I speak of my own impressions only. I will not say that they surpassed my expectations, for I do not know that I had formed any very determinate idea of the appearance of such stupendous masses of masonry at near view; but I can truly say they quite equalled any vague notion I could have formed of them. From a great distance the effect of them may easily be imagined. Every one is well acquainted, by models and drawings, with their general forms, and, while they are too far off for objects near them to be visible with which the eye can contrast their size, every one may well judge how they must appear. From the Nile, opposite the apex of the Delta, from whence you first catch sight of them at nine miles off, you acknowledge them as things you are well acquainted with, and for which, for some hours of your passage up the Nile, you had been on the look-out. They have much the same appearance from the heights of the Mocatam, or from Old Cairo. But, as you near them on the remains of the old causeway, you are overcome with a sense of their exceeding bulk and grandeur.

"The table-land of stone, 150 feet above the surrounding level, and from which the sides of the Pyramids spring, adds much to their commanding appearance as you approach them. At the distance of a mile or so, you hardly distinguish this great pedestal or platform from the flat desert of the same color, extending to the horizon behind it.

"I visited the Pyramids several times; the first time with Lord Mountcharles and his fellow-travellers. On that occasion we were unable to proceed in the Great Pyramid further than what is called the King's Chamber, which is at the end of the horizontal passages and the inclined galleries, up which is the access between them. We had neglected to provide ourselves with a ladder, which is necessary for those who would mount hence into the four upper chambers. I was therefore obliged

to postpone this to my second visit. However worthy of description the interior of this Pyramid is, in all its details,—the ascent of the great gallery at some 230 feet from the entrance, and that magnificent vault to which it leads, the King's Chamber, lined throughout with polished granite, and the great sarcophagus at the further corner of it,—that deep and mysterious well at the lower end of the gallery, explored through its three gloomy shafts by the adventurous and gallant perseverance of Mr. Davison, and, half a century after, by M. Caviglia, and the smaller passage that branches off into the Queen's Chamber, 498 feet in a perpendicular line below the apex of the Pyramid,—all these have been so thoroughly and minutely described in the works of Colonel Vyse, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and Dr. Russell, as to forbid repetition. Their labors, and those of all who preceded them, have left, perhaps, little further to be discovered; nothing certainly which has been discovered, undescribed. It is, however, worth observation that, of all the measurements made of the sarcophagus, there are hardly any (I know but of two, Dr. Russell's and Colonel Vyse's) which exactly, and to an inch, agree. They make the breadth of it three feet three inches; and Sir Gardner makes it only three feet. We measured it, as we believed, with scrupulous exactness, making its breadth three feet two. Other descriptions also vary in this respect. This discrepancy as to the three inches makes all the difference in the

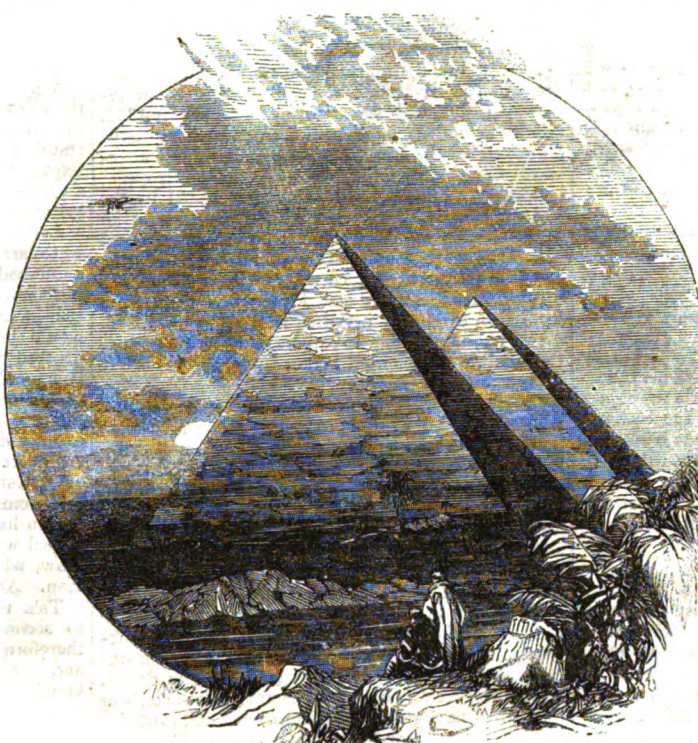
ment,—for the purpose, as is supposed, of a support to the weight of masonry above. In one corner of this pediment, Professor Lepsius has—if it may be allowed to say so of so learned and able a man—with a somewhat questionable taste, carved out a tablet, and adorned it with a long and doubtless very correct hieroglyphic inscription, in honor of his sovereign, King William of Prussia, and of Victoria, Queen of England; strikingly inappropriate in that place—an anachronism both in character and composition—illegible to the great mass of mankind—and, to the few learned who can read it, a counterfeit, proclaiming itself to be such,—a line added to the Iliad in commemoration of Waterloo.

"The entrance of each of the three great Pyramids, and of such of the others as have been opened at Aboukir, Sakhara, and Dashour, is due north (polar, not magnetic); and the passage, leading straight from the mouth, descends in each at the same angle of about twenty-seven degrees from the plane of the horizon, which gives a line of direction not far removed from that point of the heavens where the Polar Star now crosses the meridian. Hence Dr. Russell, with great probability, attributes to the Pyramids, besides the other purposes for which they were designed, that of fixing the measurement of sidereal time by the observation of this or some other star passing the meridian across the mouth of a long tube thus adjusted to the proper point. Nor is this suggestion rendered at all less probable by showing that, probably at a very early time after the construction of the Pyramids, the mouths of these passages were carefully sealed with massive masonry. If the objects of these astronomical observations were in any way connected, as is by no means unlikely, with the religious rites of the Shepherd-Kings of Egypt, who closed the temples and discouraged the observations of the old Egyptian mythology, it is indeed in the highest degree probable that, on the restoration of the old worship under the Pharaohs, all access to places built with such an object should have been carefully prevented. It seems very clear that the Pyramids were designed for several other purposes besides that of royal sepulture. That of the gnomon, for determining the solstices, and for giving a scale of general measurement, on which so much has been written, and with so much learning, cannot be dismissed from consideration; nor can one fail to be struck with the reasoning in that very ingenious little tract of Mr. Agnew's, published in 1840, in which he shows, by diagram and calculation, how bold and near an approach was made, in the construction of these buildings, towards the quadrature of the circle.

"At all events, it seems strange that, notwithstanding all the speculations which have for so many ages been maintained by philosophers and antiquarians as to the history and intent of the Pyramids, almost all authorities are at variance on the question of fact as to the measurements of sides and angles. An agreement on this point, at least, if it did not lead at once to the true solution, might prevent much waste of time and disputation on improbable theories, and ought surely to be undertaken and established in such a manner as to leave no doubt as to the basis on which all, particularly the astronomical, hypotheses must be founded.

"The ascent of the Great Pyramid is accomplished with no difficulty and little labor. From the platform at its top, it need not be said, that the view is extensive and splendid; and, whether with respect to the great distance of the horizon all round, the unbroken circle it forms, and the mighty range of historical associations it contains, unlike any which any other height, natural or artificial, in the world can afford.

"Various inscriptions, principally names of travellers who have been here, are carved and painted on the platform and on the blocks of stone which stand upon it. Among other names is that of the Vicomte de Chateaubriand. He informs us, in his 'Itinéraire,' that, having been obliged to leave Cairo, on his return to France, without seeing the Pyramids, he delegated to M. Caffé, the French consul there, the following commission:—'Je chargeai M. Caffé d'écrire mon nom sur ces grands tombeaux, selon l'usage, à la première occasion: l'on doit



THE PYRAMIDS.

question respecting the manner in which this Pyramid was constructed. If Sir Gardner's measurement, the smallest, be the correct one, it admits the possibility of the sarcophagus having been introduced by levers or screws all along the passages, and through a door of the chamber where it is placed. If, on the other hand, three inches, or two and a half, be added, this is impossible, and the sarcophagus must, it appears, have been deposited here while the floor upon which it stands was open to the upper air, and all the remaining superstructure of the Pyramid have been afterwards built over it.

"To Colonel Vyse the merit is due of detecting the real purpose of the two small apertures in the side walls of this chamber. He has established beyond doubt that these were designed for ventilators. Having discovered two holes on the outside of the Pyramid, one in the north face and the other in the south,—that to the north being exactly half-way up from the grand entrance to the apex, and the other directly opposite,—he found, I believe, by pouring colored water down, that they communicated with these interior ones.

"The mouth of the first and outer passage of the Great Pyramid is in its northern face, at a little less than a ninth part of the way up the outer ascent. Above the square entrance are two huge blocks of stone, resting against each other in an angle of some sixty degrees, and forming a kind of pedi-

remplir tout les petits devoirs d'un pieux voyageur!" M. Caffé, it appears, very naturally declined the vicarious performance of this little duty of a pious traveller; to wit, the inscribing the Vicomte's name in testimony of his having been where he had not been. Some years afterwards, however, an English traveller thought it a little duty of his own to fulfil, uncommissioned, those intentions of the Vicomte's which M. Caffé seems to have thought were best left unfulfilled. Accordingly, there is the name. But a French traveller since has trimmed the balance of truth, by writing in large letters beneath, 'Le Vicomte n'était pas ici.' And thus the record rests for the amusement of posterity.

"The interior of the second Pyramid of Cephren, laid open by the dauntless enterprise and industry of Belzoni, and since made more easy of access by Colonel Vyse, ought not to be left unvisited. I had not time enough left to me on the evening when I entered it, to do more than proceed hastily along the main passage, and the spaces where stood the two portcullises of granite described by Belzoni, into the chamber at the end, and view the fine sarcophagus, which is partly let into its floor.

"No one ought to undertake to mount the outside of the second Pyramid who is liable to giddiness upon a height; the last 130 or 140 feet nearest the top being cased with a coat of smooth cement. Holes, it is true, are cut in this part for the hands and feet; but, in descending, you are obliged to look down the face of it sheer on the plain below, to see where the successive holes are in which to place your feet. At all events it is advisable, 'si Monsieur n'a pas bonne tête,' that the Arabs, or any companion whose head may be trusted not to turn when at the top, should be provided with a rope to be made fast there, by which the gentlemen of doubtful nerves may descend with perfect safety and ease. Otherwise he may find himself in a difficulty, for which nothing during the ascent had prepared him.

"The third Pyramid we had not time to enter. The whole of the outside of this Pyramid, as also of the first, and probably, also, of the lower part of the second, was faced with a thick layer of the Syenean red granite from Upper Egypt, fragments of which lie scattered over a large space around;—records of the attempts made in different ages by barbarous princes, some from a superstitious, others from an utilitarian motive, to destroy these mighty monuments. But their vastness, and the compact mode of their construction, enabled them to withstand the ravages of force, as they had withstood those of time, apparently without much reduction of their original dimensions; certainly without any visible damage to the symmetry of their proportions."

The Upas Tree.

THE UPAS TREE.—It is well known that in Java there is a species of tree possessing highly poisonous qualities. In early descriptions these have been greatly exaggerated, but later travellers have given us more truthful and succinct accounts. Amongst these, Dr. Horsfield is the first to give a botanical description of the tree. According to his account, it belongs to the 21st Linnæan class (*Monocia*). The male and female flowers are produced on the same branch, and at no great distance from each other—the female above the male. The seed-vessel is an oblong drupe, covered with the calyx. The seed is an ovate nut, with a cell. The stem is devoid of branches for the first seventy feet; it then sends forth a few stout boughs, which spread horizontally, with several irregular curves, and form a hemispherical crown. The stem is cylindrical and perpendicular, covered with a whitish bark, furrowed longitudinally. In old trees it is often nearly half an inch thick near the ground. When this is wounded, a sap exudes, which is rather more viscid than milk, and of a yellowish color. From the inner bark (*liber*) ropes are made; and also a kind of coarse linen, which is worn by the laborers in the fields; but it has this peculiarity, that, when wetted, it causes the skin of the wearer to itch most painfully.

Though this fact is generally known, yet the secret of preparing the poison rests with the inhabitants of the eastern extremity of the island.

The results of Dr. Horsfield's experiments on animals, with the poison prepared from the upas, are as follows:—Dogs are killed by it in one hour; buffaloes, in two hours and ten minutes; cats, in fifteen; monkeys in seven; and mice in ten minutes.

M. Delille also made experiments of the same nature; he reports that on introducing eight grains of the poison into the thigh of a dog, it shortly after vomited, and died in great agony.

According to Brodie, the poison acts upon the spinal marrow, and therefore on the heart, destroying its action before life was extinct. So much for modern accounts. I will now proceed to give a sketch of that given by Foersch, a Dutchman.

If we may believe his report, it grows alone in a valley, the solitary inhabitant of a desert polluted by poison.

He traversed the mountains surrounding it, keeping at the distance of eighteen miles from the centre, an operation which we can only account for by supposing him indued with mathematical instinct; for how was he to know where the centre was? He asserted that the Batavian government sends thither criminals condemned to death. On arriving at the edge of the valley, they received the sacrament, and were shriven by a priest, whose office it was. He gave them a mask for their faces, as a protection from the noxious vapor, and a small box to bring back some leaves, in case they returned.

So far, however, from occupying the valley alone, Dr. Horsfield stated that he could scarcely approach the parent tree on account of the vines that surrounded it, one of which threw its tendrils half way up. There were several trees of the same kind growing near, but much younger. A report was at one time rife, that the valley was dangerous, on account of streams of carbonic acid gas passing through it; but this seems now to be quite exploded.

Self-Made Men.

SEBASTIAN ERARD.

AMONG the distinguished class enrolled in the category of Self-Made Men, may be mentioned Sebastian Erard, who was born at Strasburg in 1752, and by whom the pianoforte of a new and improved description, was introduced into France, and afterwards extensively circulated throughout Europe.

Almost all families must feel interested in the history of this instrument, which has become an indispensable requisite to domestic enjoyment, and has rendered the cultivation of musical talent an essential part of the education of youth.

This instrument is stated, by some persons, to have been originally invented in Saxony by Silbermann; or, according to others, by Bartolommeo Cristofali, a harpsichord maker in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Erard, who was the son of an Upholsterer, was originally destined to the profession of an architect; but possessing strong inventive powers, and a partiality to mechanical pursuits, he apprenticed himself at the age of sixteen to a musical instrument maker at Paris, where his talents and skill soon became remarked. Another manufacturer gave him a commission to construct an instrument of a similar form, but on different principles to the harpsichord then in ordinary use, and stipulated that his own name should appear as the maker.

When finished, it was soon sold; and the purchaser, delighted with his acquisition, asked various questions respecting the mechanism. The dealer, unable to give any explanations on the subject, was obliged to have recourse to Erard, and acknowledge him as the inventor. The young man, who united to his other qualifications the most assiduous perseverance, speedily acquired celebrity, and obtained the particular patronage of the Duchesse de Villeroy—a lady attached to the court of Louis the Sixteenth—and it was in her house that Erard constructed his first piano, which was pronounced by the best judges of music to be far superior to the German. Success crowned all his efforts; and in conjunction with his brother, Jean Baptiste Erard, he established a manufactory at Paris, and another in London. A large number of instruments were forwarded to Germany and the Netherlands; and at Hamburg in the year 1799, upwards of two hundred were sold.

Among other improvements effected by Erard, was that of adapting pieces of music to voices of moderate power; and he entertained the idea of rendering the key of the piano moveable in either direction to the extent of half a note, a whole note, or a note and a half. This ingenious contrivance was first tried upon a piano made for the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette. It was also on this instrument that he made the first trial of the *argue expressif*, in which, by the prolonged pressure of a finger, the sound was diminished or increased at will, like the inflections of the voice.

The invention of the harp with two pedals is also claimed by Erard, who not only gave more elegance of appearance to this instrument, but added to its richness of tone, by means of pedals and levers skilfully combined to correspond to the same sounds of the octavo on different strings.

The last work of Erard was his improved grand piano, which added to his scientific reputation. He had obtained the gold medal at every exhibition of the products of French industry, and was the first musical instrument maker, admitted into the ranks of the Legion of Honor.

By his liberality and kindness of disposition, Erard had endeared himself to the numerous work-people he had employed; and an affecting tribute was paid by them to his memory after his decease, which occurred in 1831. By their united subscription, a bust of the excellent man who had administered to their comfort and happiness for so many years, was obtained, and inaugurated with becoming ceremonies. Such tributes from humble but grateful hearts, speak more for the virtues of the departed than all the honors and distinctions conferred by royalty.

WHEN once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind! Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later, it is most certain to lead to the most serious crimes.

STABILITY OF TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—The long reign of error in the world, and the influence it maintains, even in an age of liberal inquiry, far from being favorable to the supposition that human reason is destined to be for ever the sport of prejudice and absurdity, demonstrates the tendency which there is to permanence in established opinions, and in established institutions; and promises an eternal stability to true philosophy when it shall once have acquired the ascendant, and when proper means shall be employed to support it by a more perfect system of education.

Let us suppose for a moment that this happy era were arrived, and that all the prepossessions of childhood and youth were directed to support the pure and sublime truths of an enlightened morality:—with what ardor and with what transport would the understanding, when arrived at maturity, proceed in the search of truth, when, instead of being obliged to struggle at every step with early prejudices, its office was merely to add the force of philosophical conviction to impressions which are equally delightful to the imagination and dear to the heart!

PLEASURE owes its greatest zest to anticipation, the promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a school-boy in happiness for a whole year. The fun connected with its possession will expire in an hour. Now, what is true of schoolboys is equally true of men. All they differ in is in the price of their fiddles.

THE more we accomplish, the more we have to accomplish. All things are full of labor, and therefore the more we acquire, the more we care, and the more we toil to secure our acquisitions. Good men can never retire from their works of benevolence. Their fortune is never made. I never heard of an apostle, prophet, or public benefactor retiring from their respective fields of labor. Moses, Paul, and Peter died with their harness on. So did Luther, and Calvin, and Wesley, and a thousand others as deserving, though not so well known to fame. We are inured to labor. It was first a duty; it is now a pleasure. Still there is such a thing as overworking man and beast, mind, and body. The main spring of a watch needs repose, and is the better for it. The muscles of an elephant, and the wings of the swift bird, are at length fatigued. Heaven gives rest to the earth because it needs it; and winter is more pregnant with blessings to the soil than summer with its flowers and fruits.

LOVE is a volcano, the crater of which no wise man will approach too nearly, lest from motives far less philosophical than those of Empedocles, he should be swallowed up, leaving something behind that will tell more tales than a slipper.

Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool; a wise man doubteth, a fool rageth, and is confident: the novice saith, "I am sure that it is so;" the better learned answers, "Peradventure it may be so, but I prithee inquire." Some men are drunk with fancy, and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.

AS THE sweetest rose grows upon the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labors bring forth the sweetest profits.

Chemistry.

Continued from page 46.

It will be remembered that in our last report of Professor Faraday's lectures we arrived at the following conclusions:

(1.) Burnable or combustible bodies only burn when they are heated to a certain extent in contact with a supporter of combustion.

(2.) That different combustibles require supporters of combustion to be brought into contact with them in different ways.

(3.) That, so far as our experiments went, the only supporter of combustion was a certain something which exists in atmospheric air as a gas, and in chlorate and nitre of potash as a solid, but which, when got out by heat was also a gas.

We did not designate this something, whatever it may be—did not introduce it by name, but left it as a sort of mysterious, yet very interesting stranger. This certain something—this *virtus of atmospheric air*, is oxygen gas.

Oxygen gas is a substance (for chemists denominate gases substances) of very remarkable qualities, as you have seen—at least some of them; but it has thousands of other remarkable qualities which cannot even be alluded to here. Its importance will be rendered evident when we consider that at least three-fourths of the earth and its inhabitants are composed of oxygen gas; a flint stone contains about half by weight of this remarkable body, the atmosphere one-fifth by measure, water eight-ninths by weight; and so we might go on demonstrating the universal existence of oxygen.

And now with regard to the name oxygen: It means the "acid-former," because it was believed at one period to be the universal acidifying principle. This, however, is a mistake; there are many acids quite devoid of oxygen. For instance, the very powerful acid termed hydrochloric-muriatic, or spirit of salt, contains the oxygen. Prussic acid is another, and numerous others might be mentioned. Hence the impropriety, when new chemical substances are discovered, of giving them names in accordance with their presumed qualities, or in accordance with a knowledge of such only as are known to be possessed at the time of their discovery.

"Now the first thing I shall tell you respecting oxygen," remarked Professor Faraday, "and which I hope you will remember, is that oxygen is a simple body. Don't think it difficult, and take fright at the name. Nothing can be more easy to understand. A simple body is that out of which no other body can be got; hence it is called simple.

"Now I cannot get any other body out of oxygen, let me try as I will, which is not the case with many other bodies. For instance—when I put some chlorate of potash into a retort, and applied heat to it, did you not see that I got oxygen out of it? And is it not clear, therefore, that chlorate of potash cannot be a simple body? In this way some bodies are wonderfully compounded, being united together by a power called chemical affinity, or chemical force. Thus, for instance, as regards this very chlorate, don't imagine that I can only get oxygen out of it. By varying the treatment, I can extract another gas—not colorless, like oxygen gas, not devoid of odor, but greenish yellow in color, and very pungent. Nay, even then the chlorate contains yet another substance—the curious metal potassium, which you saw me set on fire by touching it with water. I cannot get the potassium out in this rough way of experimenting during the progress of a lecture; but it is there. I am sure you will take my word for this, as you will have to take it for very many things before we part.

"I can, however, get out the yellow gas, as we shall see."

To get out the yellow gas, Professor Faraday did as follows: Let the young experimentalist do exactly as we bid him, and he will be sure to succeed.

Take the chlorate, from which all the oxygen gas has been expelled—mind that—and to be sure that all the oxygen has been expelled; it will be as well to break the retort, remove the contents, now solid, into an iron spoon; put the spoon into a fire and fuse the contents well. If these directions be not absolutely attended to, an explosion, which we by no means bargain for, may hereafter arise. Well, now take the contents of the iron spoon, cold, of course, mix them intimately with an equal bulk of black oxide of manganese. Put them into a similar retort to the first, and pour in upon them, by means of a glass tube with a funnel mouth, (see Fig. 12,) just enough



Fig. 12.

oil of vitriol to make all into a paste. See, too, that the oil of vitriol becomes perfectly well mixed with the powder; if not, when you come to apply heat to the mixture, as you must, the retort will break, and the experiment will be ruined. This mixture can be thoroughly effected by well shaking the retort.

Quickly now arrange a bottle in a wash basin, as for the collection of oxygen; indeed, if the arrangement have been made by advance, all the better. Those of our readers who choose to be luxurious (and the luxury, after all, is not a very expensive one,) may use instead of the wash basin a special contrivance called the pneumatic trough, which consists of a trough of water supplied with a shelf thus, (see Fig. 13.) We will not insult the understandings of our young readers by describing the uses of such a trough. It presents many advantages over the wash-basin, not the least being that several bottles may be arranged, filled with water, and ready to be filled with gas at the same time.

At any rate, whatever be the apparatus employed, care must be taken that no chlorine escape, for it is a very irritating gas when breathed. Therefore, now arrange the retort as before, apply some live coals, or a spirit-lamp flame—(very slight heat is requisite this time)—and collect the gas. The first bottle-full will not be pure, but mixed with atmospheric air; all the others will be pure. Each of the bottles may be closed with a glass plate laid flat upon its mouth, or if the chlorine have to be kept any long time, the bottle should be closed each with its own ground glass stopper.

Even so simple an operation as the closing of a bottle of chlorine with a ground glass stopper, must not be passed over without fuller directions. Success in chemical operations, in great measure, depends upon little details—and there is a little detail here, or rather there are two little details—without the observance of both which our operation of collecting and retaining chlorine for future use will go wrong. In the first place, both the necks of each collecting bottle and the ground part of the stoppers, should be well smeared with stiff pomatum before the bottle is placed in the pneumatic trough for the purpose of being filled; in the second place, each bottle should be filled quite full of gas; that is to say, no water should be allowed to remain. If either of the foregoing precautions be neglected, then the stopper of the chlorine bottle will become so fixed that in all probability it can never be removed. We won't go out of our way just now to say why this is; the young chemist may bear the fact in mind, and try to find an explanation without being told. Sometimes it is all the better that questions are not solved at once, because reasoning is stimulated, and the reflective faculty brought into play. One word more; do what we will, it is quite impossible so to collect chlorine over a water trough without wetting the interior of each collecting bottle; no portion of water may be then capable of falling out when the bottle is inverted and the stopper removed, it is true—but some there must be; hence, in order to prevent the accident of fixation of the stopper just alluded to, the bottle of chlorine should be retained in a dark place inasmuch as the injurious action of the prolonged contact of water with this gas is only exercised under the influence of light. Hence it is usual for many operators to retain chlorine in black or deep blue bottles.

Let the young chemist now procure a little bottle full of sulphate of indigo, as it is called; another little bottle full of tincture of litmus, another of tincture of turmeric; all these substances will be frequently had recourse to hereafter. Let him now make two respective solutions of these with water; common water will do, though if distilled water be present, it should be used by preference.

As to the exact strength of these solutions, it matters not; our object is to tinge water distinctly with each of the substances. Having made the three solutions, it is required before we can be in a position to follow Professor Faraday in his demonstration, that thin glass tubes or small jars may be each filled respectively with one of the solutions and inverted in a basin (a finger glass will do) containing the same, thus, (Fig. 14.)

For the purpose of rendering the arrangement more obvious, we have sacrificed all pictorial effect, and represented our apparatus in section. First of all comes the bent sectional line (c), which stands



Fig. 14.

for the finger glass; then comes the line (d), which represents a small strip of tin plate with a hole at b; and a represents a glass tube or jar, the edge of which is represented as bending outwards in a shelf-like form, for the purpose of enabling it to stand; although it need scarcely be indicated that a simpler form of tube, or jar, without this shelved-mouth, might be made to stand upright by means of a support. The kind of support we leave altogether to the ingenuity of our readers. It is quite evident that the finger-glass, as thus arranged, constitutes a small pneumatic trough; an arrangement, by the way, of the most frequent occurrence in the prosecution of chemical experiments.

Does it occur to our readers how to fill with water such a tube as this, and to invert it in its basin, without spilling a drop?

The process is very easy, and is as follows:

Having filled the tube with water to the brim, press against the convex surface of water a glass plate, then, inverting the tube, plunge the plate-stopped end under the surface of water in the finger-glass; then remove the plate. Well, these manipulative details having been fully described, let us assume that three jars, or large tubes, be filled, one with aqueous solution of tincture of turmeric, another with aqueous solution of tincture of litmus, the third with aqueous solution of sulphate of indigo;

let it be assumed that each tube, or jar, thus filled, be inverted as described in finger-glasses, each holding a corresponding solution. We shall be now in a position to follow Professor Faraday in his demonstration.

"The gas developed by proceeding as we have described is yellowish as you see; hence the term chlorine, from *chloros*, yellowish green, has been given to the gas. As, however, the peculiar color is not very perceptible by gas light, let us get a few more palpable indications of the presence of chlorine.

"For this purpose I pass a little up into a jar containing a mixture of tincture of turmeric and water, when you will observe the mixture becomes rapidly bleached. I now repeat the experiment with a mixture of sulphate of indigo and water, when, in like manner, bleaching takes place; and a similar result ensues when, instead of the two preceding, tincture of litmus diffused through water is



Fig. 16.

used; in short, chlorine is a very powerful bleaching agent, very few colors being able to resist its influence. Oxygen will not do this," remarked Professor Faraday, "as you observe (he tried the experiment.) Hence, in addition, to the peculiarity of color which chlorine possesses, there are at least two recognisable qualities by which it may be distinguished from oxygen; it has a very pungent odor, which oxygen has not, and it bleaches. Other distinctions between the two will be seen by and by. But all this description about chlorine is collateral. We were treating of oxygen, which I told you was a simple body, and for the purpose of illustrating what I meant by a compound body, I mentioned that chlorate of potash, out of which oxygen had been obtained, could also be made, by adequate treatment, to yield up chlorine; and even then a third body would remain, namely, the very inflammable metal, potassium. Having well fixed in your memory the fact that oxygen is a simple body, remember next, that when obtained, free from combination, oxygen is a gas; and now I must tell you," remarked Mr. Faraday, "what a gas is: a gas then is nothing but a very attenuated vapor, which obstinately refuses to be condensed into the liquid form. Oxygen gas has never yet been condensed, although with chlorine we have been more fortunate, and one gas, at least, has been converted by chemical means into a solid. It was the tendency of all volatile fluids, to form vapors, and to distribute themselves in this condition; and accordingly as the vapor thus generated happened to be more or less volatile, that is to say, more or less readily condensable, so was it denominated simply a vapor or a gas." (To be Continued.)

Machinery for Manufacturing and Refining Sugar.

[From Baker's Elements of Mechanism.]

SUGAR is the sweet or saccharine constituent of vegetables, in all of which it is found in greater or less quantities. It occurs most abundantly in the sugar-cane, and next to this in the beet-root and maple. The sugar obtained from these three vegetables has the peculiar property of crystallizing in oblique prisms. Sugar also occurs, though less abundantly, in ripe grapes, dates, figs, pears and other fruits, the crystals of which are called *decrepit* or not *truly* formed; and its sweetening power is only about three-fifths of that from the sugar-cane, &c. There are also the sugar of manna, milk, mushrooms, &c., which may be called animal substances. The sugar of commerce consists of oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen, in about the following proportions in 100 parts, as given by Gay Lussac, &c.

Oxygen	-	-	-	50½
Carbon	-	-	-	42½
Hydrogen	-	-	-	7
100				

The sugar-cane (*Arundo saccharifera*, or sugar bearing reed) varies in height from 8 to 15 and even 20 feet, and is from one to two inches in diameter at the bottom of the stem, which is of a green hue, changing to yellow as it ripens, and divided by circular joints about three inches apart. The cane is brittle, with flat pointed leaves of three or four feet in length, which fall off as the plant advances to maturity. It is found in a wild state in the tropical parts of America and the West India islands; also in the tropical parts of Asia and Africa, though less abundantly.

When the canes are ripe, they are cut and carried to the mill-house, and crushed by a machine, composed chiefly of rollers, between which the canes are passed. The crushed cane is then boiled, and the juice is drawn from the boiler, then evaporated and clarified, and separated from the molasses, being now of a brown color, and in large broad crystals; in this state it is imported from the West Indies in hogsheads.

Schroder's patent pan, lately introduced with great success into the West Indies, for evaporating saccharine solutions and liquids at a temperature not exceeding 180 degrees Fahrenheit, and may be worked by hand or other motive power, is shown in perspective in the annexed engraving.

This invention is patented in the United Kingdom and British Colonies, France, Holland, Belgium, Cuba, &c.

It has the property of evaporating syrups and other liquids at a temperature under 180 degrees Fahrenheit, at which degree sugar cannot carbonise. Evaporation is as rapid as by the vacuum-pan, while the expense, including the royalty, is about \$500.

Every part of the machine is open to view, and from its extreme simplicity can be cleaned, or any accidental injury repaired, by a common workman.

If the machine is worked as a substitute for the tache, the economy of fuel will be obvious, when contrasted with other modes of evaporation.

The whole weight of the revolving discs being supported upon centre-bearings, the revolution of the evaporating surface is effected with slight exertion or expense of power, and the contact of the atmosphere, combined with the rapidity of condensation, produces a large, hard-grained sugar, not to be surpassed by any other mode yet employed.

A reference to the drawings will show the operation of the machine, which may be simply described. The man, or steam power, turns the battery of discs, which exposes the liquid or syrup that adheres to them to atmospheric evaporation; the condensed water from the steam pipes runs into the condensing chamber, from which it can be returned into the boiler at a temperature a little below 180 degrees Fahrenheit. When the syrup is cooked, the elevation of the lever handle, discharges the con-

tents of the pan. The plan and cross sections will show the disposition of the steam pipes; but any other modification can be adopted that suits the purchaser.

The first process the raw sugar undergoes, preparatory to refining it, is melting or dissolving it in blow-up pans, as they are called. These pans are large cylindrical copper vessels, about eight or nine feet in diameter and five feet deep, into which steam is introduced, by means of pipes coiled round within the vessels, to dissolve the sugar, which thence becomes a dark, thick, viscous liquid; as yet the earthy impurities, and part of the molasses, which are always present in raw sugar, are unremoved; a small portion of lime-water being admitted to the

appears by the charcoal-filter just described. This last process is of too simple a character to require illustration by drawings.

The charcoal after about a week's use, becomes completely filled with impurities, which are soon removed by burning it in retorts in another part of the refining establishment. The charcoal then becomes as good as before, and though it wastes in a slight degree, the power of charcoal can never be destroyed, the same charcoal having been returned and used in the same establishment, it is said, for upwards of twenty years.

BOILING THE LIQUID SUGAR IN THE VACUUM-PANS.

These pans are circular, dome-covered, air-tight copper vessels, as represented in the annexed engraving; each pan is furnished with pipes, valves, and taps, for the various purposes of allowing the air to be drawn off by the air-pump, for admitting steam to the pan, for testing the temperature of the liquid, &c. &c.

The saccharine liquor, after passing through the charcoal-filter, is pumped into these pans. Steam is next admitted by a pipe at the bottom of the pans into a space below the liquid sugar, and also by several other pipes to the interior of the fluid mass, which is thus brought to a boiling state at a temperature a little higher than that of a blood-heat: such is the well-known effect of the vacuum created in the pan. That a more perfect evaporation of the liquid sugar may be effected, it is made to flow through large iron pipes (shown in the engraving,) each containing several small tubes, which further tend to condense the steam and maintain the vacuum. As this process of evaporation goes on, the crystals of sugar are formed in the pans. For the purpose of testing the state of the sugar in the pans, each of them is furnished with a glass pipe and thermometer showing the state of the steam inside, and an index by which the progress of the evaporation of the liquor may be determined. By these means, and finally by means of the proof-rod, which penetrates to the interior of the pan by means of valves, without disturbing the vacuum, the efficacy or inefficacy of the boiling is determined; and it is then, as the case may be, either submitted to further boiling, or at once drawn out of the pan for the next process.

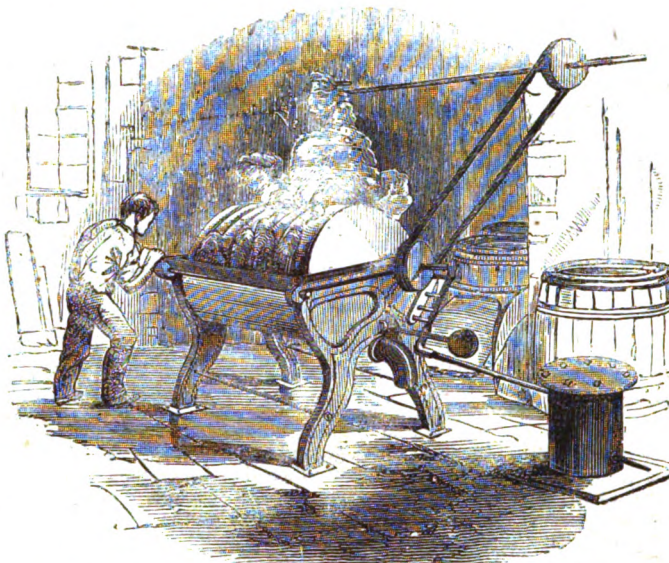
Formerly the liquid sugar was boiled in large open pans over a fire, at a temperature of above 240 degrees Fahrenheit, but by the greatest care in boiling the sugar was injured by this high temperature, and crystallization could only be partially obtained. This great defect was remedied by the invention of the vacuum pan, just described, by Mr. Howard, about forty years ago, who patented his invention, by which he realised upwards of \$200,000.

The process in the vacuum-pans being finished, the crystallised sugar is now transferred to the heating vessels, or sugar heaters, for the purpose of giving it greater consistency.

Heaters are simply semi-elliptical cast-iron pans, with a copper lining—the steam is admitted between.—See Engraving.

The moulds are vessels nearly of a conical shape, placed on their vertices. Their mean dimensions are about two feet in length and six or seven inches in diameter at the larger end, which is open. The liquid sugar is poured into these moulds, and after remaining in the mould about two days, and then undergoing the final operations of "washing and brushing off," as they are called, the sugar-loaf so well known in commerce, is completed; it having only now to be folded in paper and dried in a room heated to a high temperature by means of iron pipes through which the surplus steam from the boiler passes.

The cost of loaf or refined sugar seldom exceeds that of brown or unrefined sugar by more than twenty per cent. This result is due to the great improvements in the process and machinery by C. E. Howard, Esq., in 1812, and subsequently by others, previous to which the cost of refining was not less than from forty to fifty per cent.

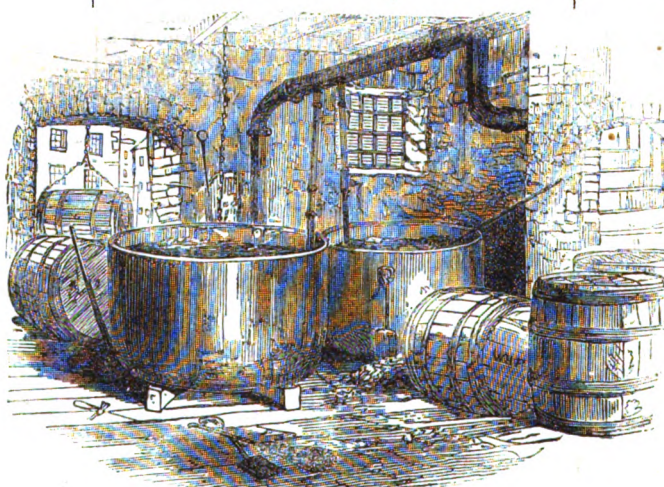


SCHRODER'S PATENT EVAPORATING DISC-PAN—PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

liquid sugar, and constant stirring with long slender rods being applied to assist the process of liquefaction. The blow-up pans are generally rectangular, six or seven feet long, three or four feet wide, and three feet deep, with perforated copper pipes near the bottom, through the holes of which steam is blown into the sugar.

CHARCOAL FILTERS OR CISTERNS.

Preparatory to describing these cisterns, which are twelve to eighteen feet high, and three to four feet diameter, we must first inform the reader that at the bottoms of the filtering vessels is formed a



SUGAR HEATERS.

false floor of laths. This false floor is completely covered with a strong woollen cloth, on which a layer of powdered animal charcoal, or bone-black, as it is commonly called, is laid, of about twelve to eighteen feet in thickness. The liquid sugar flows from the filter bags upon the charcoal, and in a short time distils through the layer of charcoal and the cloth lath-work beneath it, and is then carried off by pipes, having now become a transparent and nearly colorless liquid, through the operation of the charcoal-filter. Thus the heavy impurities of the liquid are got rid of by means of the canvas bags before described, and the coloring matter dis-

appears by the charcoal-filter just described. This last process is of too simple a character to require illustration by drawings.

The cost of loaf or refined sugar seldom exceeds that of brown or unrefined sugar by more than twenty per cent. This result is due to the great improvements in the process and machinery by C. E. Howard, Esq., in 1812, and subsequently by others, previous to which the cost of refining was not less than from forty to fifty per cent.

Beet-Root Sugar.

The physical characters which serve to show that a beet-root is of good quality, are its being firm, brittle, emitting a creaking noise when cut, and being perfectly sound within; the degree of sweetness is also a good indication. The 45th degree of latitude appears to be the southern limit of the successful growth of beet in reference to the extraction of sugar.

Extraction of Sugar from the Beet.—The first manipulations to which the beets are exposed, are intended to clear them from the adhering earth and stones, as well as the fibrous roots and portions of the neck. It is desirable to expose the roots, after this operation, to the action of a cylinder washing machine.

The parenchyma of the beet is a spongy mass, whose cells are filled with juice. The cellular tissue itself, which forms usually only a twentieth or twenty-fifth of the whole weight, consists of ligneous fibre. Compression alone, however powerful, is inadequate to force out all the liquor which this tissue contains. To effect this object the roots must be subjected to the action of an instrument which will tear and open up the greatest possible number of these cells. Experiments have, indeed, proved, that by the most considerable pressure, not more than forty or fifty per cent, in juice from the best can be obtained; whilst the pulp produced by the action of the grater produces from seventy-five to eighty per cent.

of water in an oblong trough. It was turned by hand rapidly, with the invention of a toothed wheel and pinion. The roots, after being sufficiently agitated, in the water, were tossed out by the rotation at the end of the cylinder furthest from the winch. They are next hoisted in a basket up through a trap-hole into the floor above, by means of a cord and pulley moved by mechanical power, a six-horse steam engine, upon Woolfe's expansive principle, being employed to do all the heavy work. They were here subjected to the mechanical grater (*rape mécanique*), which had, upon its sloping feed-table, two square holes for receiving at least two beets at a time, which were pushed forward by a square block of wood held in the workman's hand by means of a strap. The rasp was a drum, having rows of straight saws, placed half an inch apart, round its periphery, parallel to the axis, with teeth projecting about one-eighth of an inch. The space between each pair of saws was filled with an edge of wood. The steel slips, or saw plates, were half an inch broad, twelve inches long, and serrated on both their longitudinal edges, so that when the one line of teeth was blunted, the other could be turned out. The drum made seven hundred and fifty turns per minute.

"The pulp from the rasp fell into a flat trough placed underneath, whence it was shovelled into small bags. Each bag had its mouth folded over, was laid upon a wicker plate, and spread flat with a rolling pin. The bags and hurdles were then

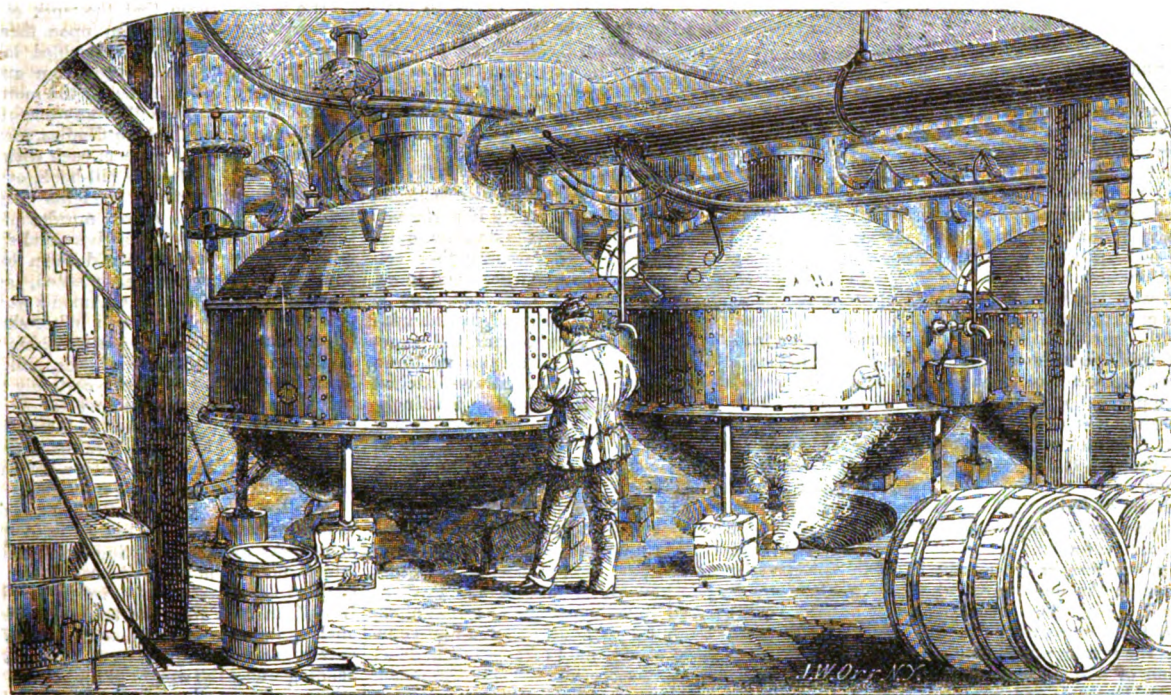
fifty pounds of sugar, or four hectolitres of average juice."

Working Dogs.

Dogs, of almost every breed, are taught to work by the Germans. It looks odd enough to see these sagacious animals of all descriptions, from the thick-headed bull-dog, and mild and intelligent Newfoundland, down to the candle-leg, half hound and snappish rat-terrier, all fully employed, instead of idling away their time as they do here. The majority of the dogs, however, are of the larger kind; and it is quite amusing to see their willingness to work, and the various ways in which they are employed. No person is presumed to use a wheelbarrow without a dog to draw the load, and in vehicles of this kind we saw loads of wood, milk, butter, cabbages, bricks, bread, mortar, and hot coffee, and refreshments for travellers. All the labor that the person behind had to perform, was to act as steersman, while the dog would draw the load, and instantly stop when so ordered. We saw a few cases where the teamsters had become intoxicated and fallen asleep, and the teams had turned around to watch them.

Dutch Housewives.

IRVING, in his admirable "Knickerbocker," gives the following graphic description of the industrial habits of the Dutch housewives in the olden times of New York city:—"The grand parlor was the



SUGAR REFINING—THE VACUUM PANS.

A few years ago, M. Dombasle introduced a process of extracting the juice from the beet without either rasping or by hydraulic pressure. The beets were cut into thin slices by a proper rotary blade machine; these slices were put into a macerating cistern, with about their own bulk of water, at a temperature of 212 degrees F. After half an hour's maceration, the liquor was said to have a density of 2 degrees B., when it was run off into a second similar cistern, upon other beet-roots; from the second it was let into a third, and so on to a fifth; by which time, its density having risen to 5½ degrees, it was ready for the process of defecation. Juice produced in this way is transparent, and requires little lime for its purification; but it is apt to ferment, or have its granulating power impaired by the watery dilution. The process has been accordingly abandoned in most establishments.

Dr. Ure says; "I have seen the following operation successfully executed in a beet-root factory near Lille, and have since verified that propriety in my own laboratory upon white beets grown near Mitcham, in Surrey. My product was nearly five per cent.; it was very fair and large grained, like the vacuum-pan sugar of Demerara, but without its clamminess.

"The roots were washed by a rotary movement upon a grating made like an Archimedes' screw, formed round the axis of a squirrel-cage cylinder, which was laid horizontally beneath the surface

piled in the hydraulic press. There were three presses, of which the two allotted to the first pressure were charged alternately, and the third was reserved for a final and more durable pressure of the *mare*. The juice flowed over the edges of the wicker plates, and fell into the sill-plate of the press, which was furnished with upright borders, like a tray, through whose front side a pipe issued, that terminated with a leathern hose, for conducting the juice into an elevated cistern in the boiling-house. Here one pound of slacked lime was mixed with every four hectolitres (about eighty-eight gallons) of juice. The mixture was made to boil for a little while in a round pan, whence it was decanted into oblong flat filters of blanket stuff. The filtered liquor, which had in general a specific gravity of 15 degrees B. The fire being damped with raw coal, the syrup was run off rapidly by a stopcock into a large basin with a swing handle, and immediately replaced by fresh defecated liquor. The basin was carried by two men to the opposite side of the boiling-house, and emptied into a cistern set on a high platform, whose horizontal discharge pipe was provided with a series (five) of stopcocks, placed respectively over five copper chests (inverted truncated pyramids,) containing a thick bed of granular bone-black, covered with a perforated copper plate. The hot syrup thus filtered had a pale straw-color, and was subsequently evaporated in swing pans, over a brisk fire, in quantities equivalent to

sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged in without control. In this sacred apartment, no one was permitted to enter except the mistress and her confidential maid, who entered it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and devoutly entering the room in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, scrubbing it with fine sand, which was curiously streaked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place, the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up, until the revolution of time again brought round the weekly cleaning-day."

A SAILOR, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become nautical, said that, just at the close of a dark night, he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light. After a short time he was hailed from the deck with "mast-head, ahoy?" "Ay, ay, sir," was the answer, "Do you see a light?" "Yes, sir." "What light?" "Daylight, sir." The look-out was ordered down with a run.

"JAMES, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Ours stands on the mantel-piece, right agin the plastering."

DILIGENCE alone is a good patrimony.



CINNAMON PLANTATION.

Cinnamon.

PERHAPS there are few amongst our household things so little understood in this country as the fragrant spice which bears the name of Cinnamon. It must not for a moment be supposed that one person in a thousand who pays for cinnamon at the grocer's shops ever obtains that article. The pastry, the creams, the confectionery, the chocolate, the medicine, the perfumery, that are supposed to owe their taste or their spicy fragrance to this little known article, are in fact indebted to a spurious wild species of plant, known in the commercial world as "*Cassia*," possessing but a very indefinite approach to the real qualities of cinnamon, and producible at a quarter of the price.

The reader will, doubtless, scarcely be prepared to learn that of this spurious cinnamon there are annually brought to this country about ten thousand chests; while the production of the genuine article is fully five thousand bales of one hundred pounds each per annum. The latter is nearly all for shipment to Spain, France, Italy, Russia, and other continental nations.

Cassia is produced in China and on the Malabar coast; but although many attempts have been made to cultivate the true cinnamon in various tropical countries, it has never been grown similar in quality to that produced in the one source whence this valuable spice is derived. The island of Ceylon, situated at the southern extremity of the Indian peninsula, supplies the whole world with cinnamon, with the exception of a small quantity received in Holland, from the Dutch island of Java, poor in quality and of indifferent appearance.

The *Laurus Cinnamoni*, or true Cinnamon-plant, appears to be indigenous to Ceylon, and is met with in the wildest parts of that island, at all altitudes. Such as this latter, however, is comparatively of small value—the fine spice being the produce of plants kept in a high state of cultivation in very favorable positions. Large tracts of land, well planted with cinnamon exist along the sea-coast, at a short distance inland, and are called Cinnamon Gardens, and are really as highly cultivated as any flower-garden in Europe.

In its natural state, left uncut, the cinnamon-plant attains to about the size of a large pear-tree; but in this condition, it yields a coarse and useless bark. To produce such a bark as shall constitute a marketable article, the tree must be cut down close to the ground, after which a number of tender shoots appear above the root, and from these, when arrived at maturity, is obtained the fine spice for which the island has been celebrated since the days of Solomon.

The Portuguese and Dutch, who at different periods held possession of Ceylon, derived large revenues from the trade in this spice, which was in those days of far greater value than at present. Upon our first obtaining the mastery over the latter rulers of the island this cultivation received the greatest attention from the authorities, and no pains were spared to bring the Cinnamon Gardens into the highest possible state of productiveness. The yield of this spice from Ceylon has ranged at differ-

far more so than they had ever been in before.

I will now describe one of these "Gardens," with the mode of cultivating and preparing the spice for shipment to Europe. The property to which I am about to conduct my readers in imagination, is situated about twenty miles from the shipping port and seat of government of Ceylon, at no great distance from the sea-coast.

The journey to this "Garden" of five thousand acres, is pleasant enough, particularly if performed by the old Dutch canal, which winds its slow, quiet way amongst groves of bamboos waving their yellow branches to the breeze, while here and there, dotted amongst rice-fields and grass-land, may be seen clustering tops of palm-trees, loaded with golden fruit, green bananas, mango-trees, and pomegranates; and peeping up from amidst all these appear pretty little white-walled, straw-thatched huts. This sweet, retired spot looks so invitingly cool, and the Cingalese maiden, with her pretty face, spinning cotton by the door, under the shade of an orange-tree, more than half tempts one to spring on shore under any sort of pretence, and enjoy ten minutes in the beautiful spot.

But the breeze is fair, and the huge white sail raised far on high by a tapering bamboo mast, wafts the traveller swiftly past each pretty dell and quiet glade; and while you are thinking where you will land, your covered travelling-canoe is swept along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and you find yourself skimming the wide waters of a beautiful lake. On the far side of this are situated the Cinnamon Gardens we are now about to examine. A neat, well-kept road conducts us from the water-side completely through the centre of this splendid property, which, seen either at a distance or near, wears a most beautiful appearance.

Let the reader imagine an extent of five thousand acres of land, the greater part thickly studded with beautifully-kept laurels, for such the cinnamon-plant is. Scarcely a weed is to be seen throughout this tract, which is prettily shaded from the too fierce heat of the noon-day sun by wide-spreading trees at regular distances. Were it not for this regulated shade, the ground would become parched during the long dry season, and fail to afford nourishment to the spice. On the other hand, if there be too much shade, the cinnamon grows poorly and devoid of much of its fine aromatic flavor. This flavor, which is seated in the bark, consists of a delicate essential oil, for the proper development of which a moderate quantity of light and heat is absolutely necessary.

Through these seemingly endless tracts of laurels and forest trees may be seen innumerable paths, and in many directions drains of various sizes, on the proper maintenance of which greatly depends the health of the delicate plants. Should the drainage of the gardens be long neglected, the effect will be perceptible in the sickly appearance of the bushes, whose leaves turn yellow, and whose bark becomes cankered.

In India, nearly all occupations are followed by castes, or sects, the descendants of whom continue in the same calling or profession as their ancestors

ent periods between four and six thousand bales of one hundred pounds weight each. Of late years, however, owing to the increasing poverty of the principal consuming countries on the Continent, the prices obtained for the article have greatly fallen off, in consequence of which none but such estates as are economically and carefully worked can be maintained to a profit.

About twelve years since the English government disrobed of the whole of their Cinnamon Gardens by public auction; and those properties, at that time in a much neglected state, were purchased by European capitalists, many of whom have since brought their properties into a very high state of cultivation,

from time immemorial. Thus, in Ceylon, the culture and cinnamon belongs, by prescriptive right, to the caste of Chalias, who, however, have of late years given up the former, and retained only the "making up" of the spice in their hands.

If it should happen that we reached the gardens shortly after daylight, we might witness the assembling of the many gangs, or "working parties," who, in the "peeling season," or harvest-time, of the Chalias, gather together from distant parts of the island, to the number of several thousands, to perform this labor, which occurs twice in the year, and occupies them for a period from two to four months each time, according to the nature of the season. These Chalias work in gangs of twenty-five or thirty, each superintended by a "Canghan." Four or five such working parties will be drafted off to different parts of the gardens under the supervision of a headman, or "modeller," the whole remaining under the chief direction of a European superintendent.

In former days the art of cultivating and preparing cinnamon was preserved a profound mystery amongst the Chalias, who had everything their own way. No Englishman knew anything about the matter, nor did any one attempt to learn the art. Now all this is changed. The superior intelligence of Englishmen has been brought to bear upon cinnamon culture; and, instead of being at the mercy of the prejudiced Chalias, they command the latter, and, in fact, have brought this work, by the aid of science, to a very high degree of perfection.

We will suppose that the work of "cropping," or harvesting, is going on upon these Cinnamon Gardens, and that the assembled laborers have, through their respective headmen and canghans, received their instructions for the morning's operations. If we were to follow any one of these gangs of half-clad savage-looking Chalias, marching along the path in deepest silence, each with a sharp, polished "cattie," or Indian bill-hook, over his shoulder, we might certainly imagine that they were going off upon some secret, murderous expedition, that required the utmost activity and silence. And at length, were we to behold them halt suddenly opposite a rather densely-planted, green-looking piece of cinnamon land, and, upon a word from their native leader, see them rush helter-skelter through the thickest of the bushes, flourishing their bright, small weapons above their heads, and setting up a loud shout of mad defiance, certainly the spectator witnessing all this for the first time, might well be pardoned for believing, as I did, that they had discovered some hidden foe lurking amongst the cinnamon-bushes, and that they were in the act of making a deadly onslaught on them.

Soon the objects of their furious attack are plainly visible. The tallest and finest of the upright cinnamon-sticks are seen topping over in all directions, whilst, far as the ear will permit, the quick, sharp click of the "cattie" is heard in rapid succession. In half an hour from the time of commencing this onslaught, some of the most active of the chalias may be seen emerging from amongst the bushes, bending under the weight of huge piles of cinnamon sticks. These they deposit along the pathway, under the shade of some large, wide-spreading tree, and then return to another attack on the bushes of spice.

A more animated and exciting scene can scarcely be imagined, than a large party of cinnamon peelers at full work on a fine plantation. The laughing voices falling rapidly on the ear; the shouting, the cheering, the clamoring that one hears; the rushing about of the chalias, the staggering of loaded men bending under the weight of the tapering green sticks, all make up a picture strange and characteristic.—The contrast of this merry scene with a lull which previously reigned through the estate, is singularly striking.

In this manner the working parties of Chalias



CINNAMON PLANT.

will spend about two hours of the early morning, when the "Caghan" will call them off by the sound of a whistle or a shell: for he knows that by that time they will have cut sufficient for them to carry to the "works," or "peeling-houses," and quite enough to keep them employed during the remainder of the day in removing the bark from the sticks, which operation is by them termed "peeling."

The "peeling-houses," as the works are called, are simply long sheds, closed on all sides, and roofed with the leaves of the palm. Openings are left on the sides to admit a sufficiency of light; and all the fittings or equipments needed for the work are a few racks or stands of jungle-sticks to hold the bundles of dried spice, and many rows of stout string running along the upper part of the building, on which are laid the "pipes," or "quills," of green looking cinnamon bark, that they may undergo their first drying gradually.

To this "peeling-house," then, the Chalias carry all their heavy bundles of green, pretty-looking sticks, many of them being five or six feet in length, and all as straight as an arrow, free from branches, and with but one or two pairs of large bright-green leaves upon each. The men being paid by the quantity of spice they are able to produce, work with right good will. Not a moment is lost by them. As soon as they reach the house, or as it is sometimes called, the "waddie," they fling their heaps of sticks on the earthen floor, and hastily wiping the perspiration from their reeking heads and shoulders, squat down in true Oriental fashion upon a little straw mat, and drawing from their girdles their crooked peeling-knives, a sort of miniature "cattie," they at once begin the operation of "peeling," or stripping the green bark from the stick.

This peeling is a very simple and expeditious operation. It is rapidly performed by running their crooked knives lengthwise down the sticks, from end to end, on two sides, and then, by inserting the point of the blade immediately between the bark and the stick, and slipping it obliquely downwards, the whole length of the bark becomes at once detached from the useless wood. It usually occupies the Chalias from the time of their return to the "waddie" until dusk to remove the bark from the whole of the cut sticks. This being done, each man, or party of men, makes up the day's peeling into bundles, and places them safely aside on the wooden stands until the following morning.

The second and more delicate manipulation, is that of scraping the outer green skin or cuticle from the spicy bark beneath, and rolling the cleaned spice in quills ready for drying and packing. This work, or at any rate the scraping part of it, is performed by women and children, whose more delicate touch enables them to make better progress than the men. Seated in long rows on each side of the building, as many as eighty or a hundred of these people may be seen thus occupied from daylight in the morning until dark. As soon as any number of pieces of bark are cleaned, they will be handed over to the men, who, with clean rush-mats before them, busily employ themselves in sorting the bark into three qualities, according to their different degrees of fineness, evenness, and color. This being accomplished, they proceed to pipe the bark into quills, by laying one piece inside the other, joining two or more together in length, so as to make up a regular size pipe, and lastly rolling it round gently but rapidly so as to give it an inclination to curl or roll up.

In this state it wears a dull, heavy greenish look, and is then laid close together upon the strings previously alluded to as stretching along the whole length of the upper part of the building. It requires at first very gradual drying, and will not bear any more rapid mode of dessication until the third or fourth day after being "piped."

Paying a visit to a peeling-house during crop time, one may see a busy, interesting scene. The long rows of dark-skinned workers, squatting on mats upon the earthen floor, their fingers moving rapidly with the crooked knife along the smooth pieces of bark; their lips closed in silence, for here even the women are silent, such is the discipline maintained, and such the eager desire for gain. The European superintendent may be seen convers-

ing with one of the Chalia headmen, who receives from him, in deep respect, the orders for the day's labor, or listens to any complaints he may have to make as to the quality of the work performed by the peelers.

Upon a large Cinnamon Garden there will be many of these peeling-houses to visit, situated at considerable distances from each other, and this work of inspection will generally occupy the manager the whole of the forenoon, although riding from waddie to waddie as fast as whip and spur will urge his steed over the sand pathways.

At the end of the third day of partly drying the quills may frequently be placed under the influence of the sun's rays in the open air, when a further drying of four or five days will generally complete the process. In order to effect this, rude stands of jungle-sticks are erected in an open space of ground where the sun and air have free access; these are lightly shaded over by plaited leaves of the cocoa palm, in order to prevent the violent heat of the noon-day sun exerting all its force upon the pipes of cinnamon, which in such a case would become very dark in color and curl up out of shape.

Upon these rough stands the spice now half-dried, is placed close together, and frequently turned, so as to ensure its gradual curing. As the crop-time is mostly in the rainy season, with but occasional breaks of sunshine, the drying open-air process is one which requires a great deal of watchfulness and care, as rain falling upon it causes it to turn mouldy. The curing, or drying, being thoroughly completed, the spice is placed away very carefully



PEELING CINNAMON BARK

upon lofty stands within the waddie, where it will remain until the end of the first month's operations, when the whole of that which is quite dry will be removed to a place of greater safety. The operation of weighing the cured spice then takes place, each party of Chalias keeping their cuttings separate, being paid at the rate of six pence to eight pence the pound for it.

The cinnamon is no longer under the care of the peelers, but is stored in large brick buildings in custody of the European superintendent, who at once, provided the weather be favorable, commences to sort the spice in three or four qualities, by the aid of men accustomed to the operation. It is astonishing to see the rapidity with which these sorters parcel out a large heap of cinnamon-quills, and how very seldom they err in their assortment. Placed away in separate receptacles, the three qualities of spice are very shortly afterwards weighed into bales of one hundred pounds weight each, and placed in a circular screw-press, are bound closely together, and secured by means of rattan lashings, over which is fastened a roll of country sack. In this state the cinnamon is marked and numbered, and ready for shipment to London, where it is sold by public auction every three months, and thence finds its way into the several consuming countries of Europe.

KEEPING the feet warm will prevent head-aches.

The Expansion of Solids.

DR. ARNOTT exemplifies, by the following cases, the expansive qualities of solids. He says:—"A cannon-ball, when heated, cannot be made to enter an opening through which when cold it passes readily. A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle, often may be released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water, or by immersing the bottle in the water up to the neck; the binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it. Pipes for conveying hot water, steam, hot air, etc., if of considerable length, must have joinings that allow a degree of shortening and lengthening, otherwise a change of temperature may destroy them. An incompetent person undertook to warm a large manufactory by steam from one boiler. He laid a rigid pipe along one passage, and opened lateral branches through holes in the several apartments, but on his first admitting the steam, the expansion of the main pipe tore it away from all its branches. In an iron railing, a gate which during a cold day may be loose, and easily shut or opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to their being greater expansion of it and of the neighboring railing, than of the earth on which they are placed. Thus, also, the centre of the arch of an iron bridge is higher in warm than in cold weather; while, on the contrary, in a suspension or chain bridge, the centre is lowered. The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls of houses, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows, in warm weather really lifts up the wall

which rests upon them, and in cold weather allows it to sink, or subside, —in a degree considerably greater than if the wall were brick from top to bottom. In some situations, as was seen in the beautiful steeple of Bow church, in London, where the stones of a building are held together by clamps or bars of iron, with their ends bent into them, the expansion in summer of these clamps will force the stones apart sufficiently for dust or sandy particles to lodge between them; and then, on the return of winter, the stones, not being at liberty to close as before, will cause the ends of the shortened clamps to be drawn out, and the effect increasing with each revolving year, the structure will at last be loosened and may fall."

If we are good, example is the best lustre of virtue; if we are bad, shame is the best step to amendment.

INTEGRITY is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence is the third: without the first, the two latter cannot exist, and without the third, the two former would be often rendered useless.

It is one of the wise and evident uses of sudden death, that we may so live with our friends, that come when and how it will, we may not add to the grievous loss the self-reproach of unkindness or neglected duties.

POVERTY is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness.

BLESSINGS which we have slighted when in our possession, are more highly prized when there is danger of our being deprived of them; and our hearts are more keenly touched by the anticipations of loss, than by the fullness of enjoyment.

We must take great pains to shut our eyes upon truth. There is a radiance about it that makes the outline of its form perceptible, even amongst the clouds of dust and rubbish that are heaped upon it. Error does not so often arise from ignorance of truth as from unwillingness to receive it.

MEN, in the health and vigor of their age, should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest of actions, either in public or private stations; that they may have something agreeable left to feed on when they are old, by pleasant remembrances.

THE warm-hearted and benevolent man finds all nature smiling around him; or if he chance to meet with misery or suffering, the sympathy he extends to it re-acts with pleasing influence on his own mind, and proves a sufficient reward; but the morose and surly, or supercilious mind, wanders in the fairest scenes as in a desert—sees only to be dissatisfied, hears only to be displeased.

Vase Stand.

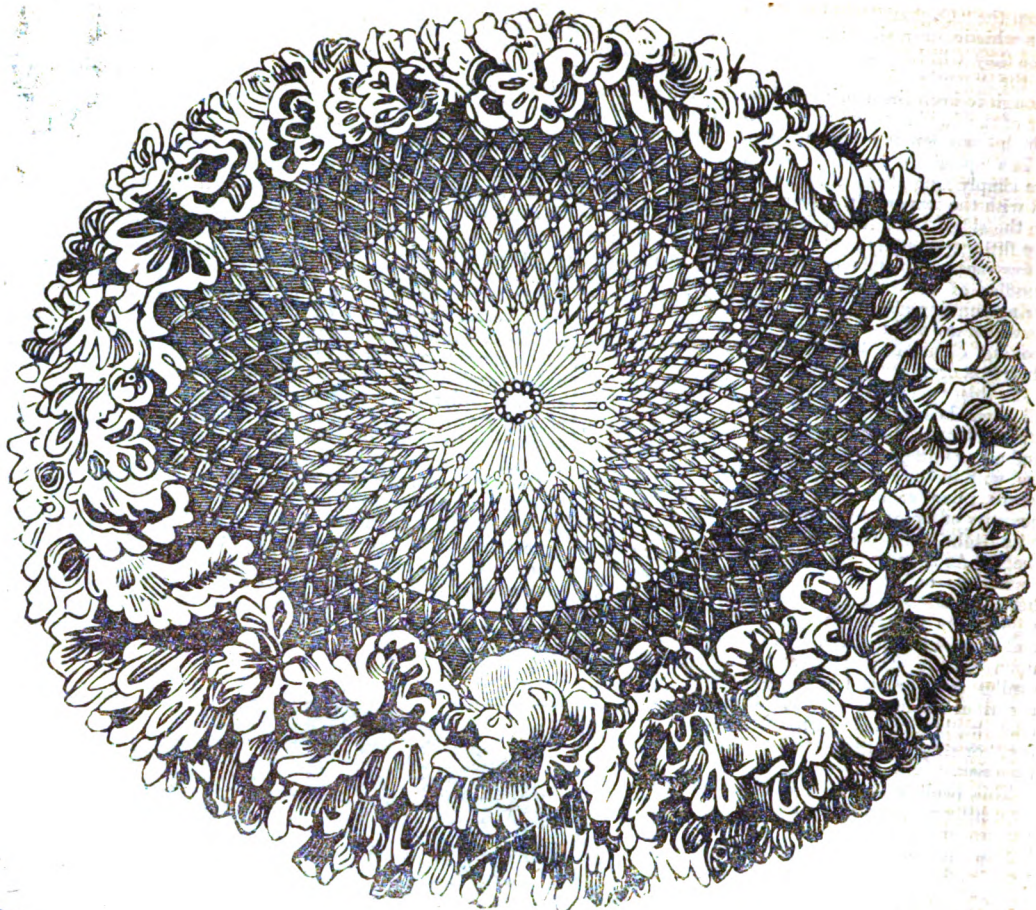
Materials—Shaded green, shaded scarlet, and shaded amber Berlin wool: meshes Nos. 1, 4, and 8.

With scarlet make a foundation of 25 loops on mesh No. 4; join and net 1 round on mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; net 2 loops in 1; then net 3 rounds more with green, without increasing; fasten on the scarlet; net 1 round on mesh No. 4, 2 on mesh No. 8, 1 on mesh No. 4, and 2 on mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; net 2 loops in every loop on mesh No. 1; net 1 round with amber on mesh No. 8; fasten on the scarlet wool in the fourth round from edge, that is, in the same loop as that in which the row of scarlet, netted on mesh No. 4, was netted; into this row net 1 row on mesh No. 8; net 2 more rows with scarlet on mesh No. 8; then with green net 6 loops in each loop on mesh No. 1; net 1 row with amber on mesh No. 8; fasten on the scarlet in the last row of green in the centre of the mat; into this row net 1 row on mesh No. 8; then net 6 more rows in the same mesh; net 6 loops in each loop on mesh No. 1; 1 row with amber on mesh No. 8.

Watch-pocket.

Materials—Pink silk or satins a piece of white silk braid, white silk fringe, and white satin ribbon.

Draw the pattern on the silk with a white crayon, and hem the braid on; trim with the fringe, and rows of satin ribbon.



VASE STAND.

Singular Death.

PETER PENTEMAN, an eminent Dutch painter, was born at Rotterdam, in 1650, and died in 1692. The most memorable particular relative to this artist was the incident which occasioned his death. He was requested to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, representing human skulls and bones, surrounded with rich gems and musical instruments, to express the vanity of this world's pleasures, amusements, or professions; that he might imitate nature with a greater degree of exactness, he went into an anatomy room, where several skeletons hung by wires from the ceiling, and bones, skulls, &c., lay scattered about, and immediately prepared to make his designs. While he was thus employed, either by fatigue or intense study, insensibly he fell asleep, but was suddenly roused by the shock of an earthquake, which happened at that instant, on the 18th of September 1692. The moment he awoke he observed the skeletons to move about as they were shaken in different directions, and the loose skulls roll from one side of the room to the other; and, being totally ignorant of the cause, he was

struck with such a horror, that he threw himself down-stairs, and tumbled in to the street half dead. His friends took all possible pains to efface the impression made on his mind by that unlucky event, and acquainted him with the real cause of the agitation of the skeletons: yet the transaction still affected his spirits in so violent a manner that it brought on a disorder which, in a short time, ended his days.

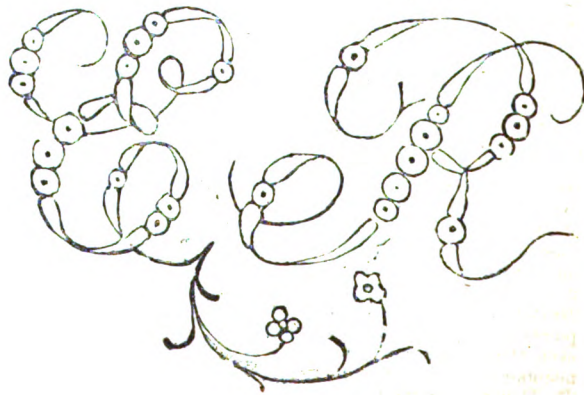
THE PERPETUAL COMEDY OF HUMAN LIFE.—The world is the stage—men are the performers. Chance composes the piece.—Fortune distributes the parts. The fools shift the scenery—the philosophers are the spectators. The rich occupy the boxes—the powerful have their seat in the pit—and the poor sit in the gallery. The fair sex present the refreshments—the tyrants occupy the treasury bench—and those forsaken by Lady Fortune snuff the candles. Folly makes the concert—and Time drops the curtain.

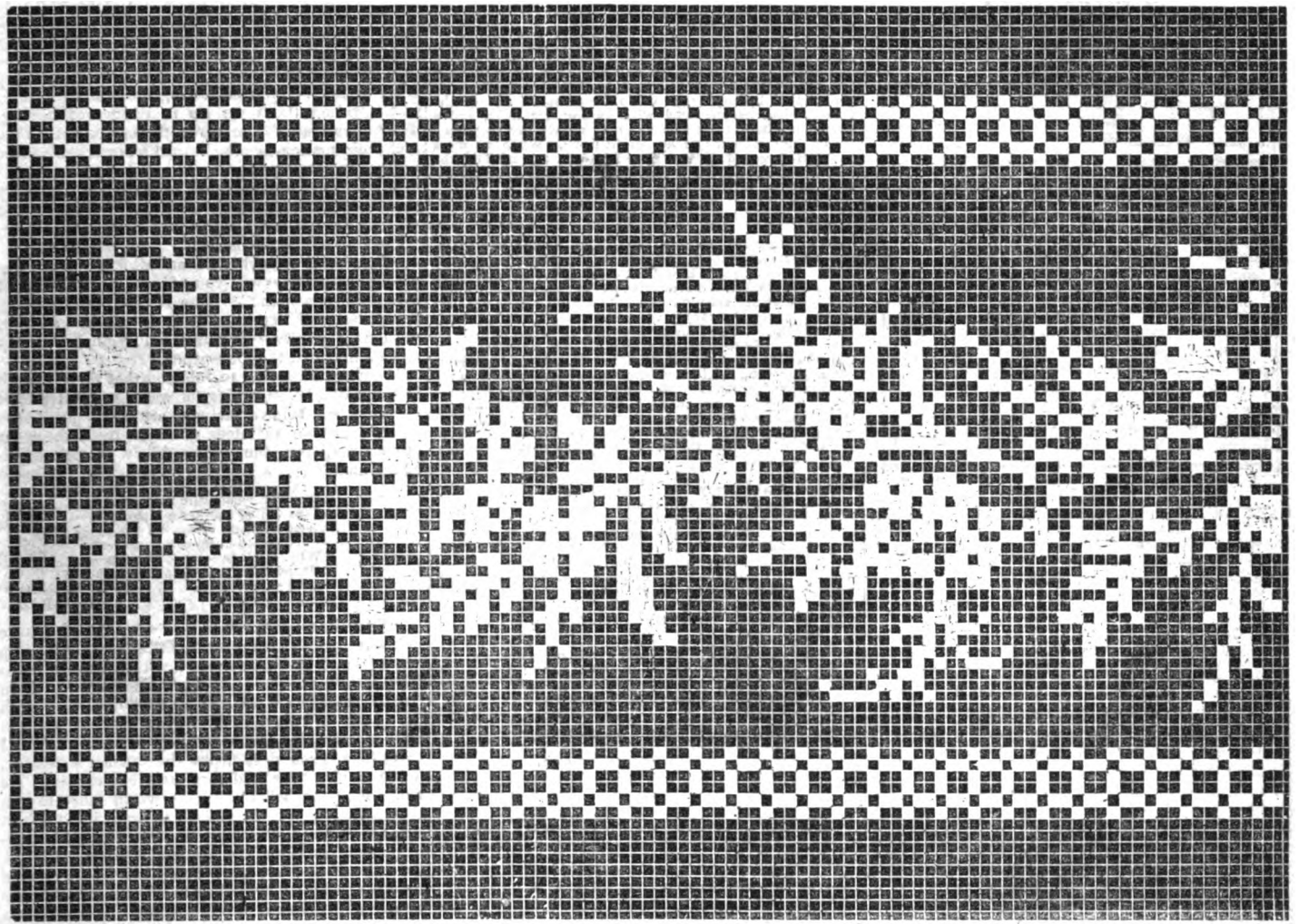
A young lady having given a gentleman, who was not very remarkable for his taste in dress, a playful slap on the face, he called out, "You have made my eye smart."—"Indeed!" said she. "Well, I am happy to have been the cause of making something smart about you."

THE Limerick Journal observes that the best mode to prevent schoolboys from being drowned is to take care they be not suffered to go into the water.



WATCH-POCKET.





Darned Netted Curtains.

Materials.—For the ground, Crochet Cotton, No. 4; with a bone mesh. To be darned in the knitting cotton, No. 4, of the same manufacturers.

For the quantity of cotton required, reckon a dozen reels for every three yards in length, and one in width. Thus, a curtain two yards wide and three long, will take about two dozen reels. A pound of knitting cotton will probably darn the whole curtain.

These curtains are to be done in square netting. For this purpose, begin on one stitch, on which do two; then work backwards and forwards; always doing two stitches in the last one of the row, until you have as great a width as may be required along one side of the triangular piece. Do one row without increase; then increase, as before, on the last stitch of every alternate row; while at the end of the intermediate one you will net two together. Thus you increase at the end of one row, and decrease at the end of the next, until the longest side is as long as your curtain is required to be. Then do one plain row, after which net two together at the end of every row, until one stitch only is left on the needle. Observe that these oblong pieces of netting shrink considerably when washed and stiffened; therefore allow at least a quarter of a yard in every yard, both ways, over. When a certain design is to be afterwards darned on the netting, take care to count the stitches along the width, so that one, two, three, or any other given number of patterns should be arranged on it. When the netting is done, wash it, starch it slightly with gum-water, and stretch it very evenly over a sheet to dry. Put it in a frame to darn it.

A CLEVER THOUGHT.—In one of the Russian mansions which the French soldiers entered, on the march to Sebastopol, a piece of paper was found on the dining-room wall, bearing these words, written in a female hand, in French: "We trust this house to French gallantry; drink, gentlemen, to our healths! A superb repast was laid out on the tables, which

was consumed, and the house was carefully protected by sentinels while the French rested in the neighborhood.

POPE'S CHAIR AT BEVOIS MOUNT.—Hundreds of persons have lately been to visit the chair in which Alexander Pope was accustomed to sit in the park of Bevois Mount, at Southampton. The chair is formed of the trunk of a gigantic ash-tree, hollowed out; the top of it is thatched over. A person sit-

revolution, and was elected one of the Deputies to the National Assembly.

After it had been decided that crimes were personal, Guillotin proposed to substitute decapitation for other punishments, on the ground that, in the opinion of Frenchmen, that species of death did not attach infamy to the family of the criminal. The proposition was adopted: its author then pointed out a machine, which had been long known, as

proper for the infliction of death, without giving any pain to the sufferer. Unfortunately for Guillotin, some wags gave his name to the machine, of which he was not the inventor, and which he had only brought into notice. Still more unfortunately, this machine became, in the hands of the ruffians who were masters of France during two years—the duration of which was equivalent to more than two centuries—the instrument of the most horrible vengeance, of the most odious crimes; and Guillotin had a thousand times to grieve at seeing his name attached to the devastating axe with which the monsters had armed their executioners. After the termination of his political career, Guillotin resumed the functions of a physician, which it would have been better for his own repose if he had never quitted. He enjoyed, up to the last moments of his life, the esteem of all who knew him. Dr. Guillotin died on the 26th of May, 1814, aged seventy-six.

Most men never distinguish their own decisions from what is right; nor considering that if others are not of the same opinion as themselves, neither are they of the same opinion as others. This arises from

that pride which makes every one assume as a fixed principle that he is right. This pride is particularly the lot of the ignorant; and hence the saying, that "he is quite proud of being ignorant." Socrates was just the reverse of such men: after he had learned all that the wisest of his day could teach, declared that he knew nothing.

Never sigh, but send.



ting in it faces the south and overlooks a beautiful dell. Bevois Mount Park has been thrown open to the public by the Mayor of Southampton, whose property it is.

The Guillotine.

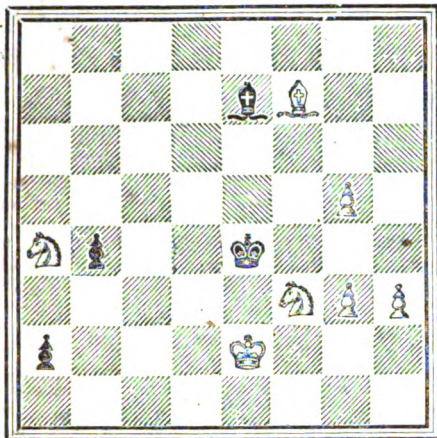
This instrument derives its name from a Dr. Guillotin, a distinguished physician in Paris, and a person who embraced with ardor the cause the

Never sigh, but send.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. II.—By Mr. SIMONS.—White playing first checkmates in four moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. II.—Played November 26, 1849, between Mr. PERIGAL and Mr. HARRWITZ.

White—Mr. Perigal.

Black—Mr. Harwitz.

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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. Q. P. 2.
2. Q. B. P. 2.
3. Q. Kt. to B. 3.
4. K. P. 1.
5. K. Kt. to B. 3.
6. P. takes Q. P.
7. P. takes B. P.
8. K. B. to Q. Kt. 5.
9. Castles.
10. B. to Q. 2.
11. B. takes Kt.
12. Q. R. to B.
13. K. to R.
14. Kt. to K. 2.
15. P. takes B.
16. K. R. to Kt.
17. Kt. to K. Kt. 3.
18. Q. to K. B.
19. Q. R. takes Q.
20. B. P. takes B.
21. Q. R. to Q. B.
22. K. to Kt. 2.
23. Q. R. to B. 3.
24. K. R. to Q. B.
25. K. R. to B. 2. (b.)
26. Q. Kt. P. 1.
27. B. to B.
28. K. B. P. 1.
29. P. takes P.
30. R. to Q. B. 8.
31. R. takes R. (ch.)
32. R. to Q. 8. (c.)
33. B. to R. 3. (d.)
34. K. to Kt.
35. R. to Q. 6.
36. K. to R.
37. B. to B. (e.)
38. R. to B. 6.
39. K. to Kt.
40. K. to B. 2.
41. R. takes R.
42. R. to Q.
43. K. to K. 2.
44. K. takes P.
45. K. to B. 3.
46. K. to Kt. 4.
47. K. to R. 5.
48. K. takes P.
49. Kt. P. 1.
50. Kt. P. 1.
51. Kt. P. 1.</p> | <p>1. Q. P. 2.
2. K. P. 1.
3. K. Kt. to B. 3.
4. Q. B. P. 2.
5. Q. Kt. to B. 3.
6. K. P. takes P.
7. B. takes P.
8. Castles.
9. K. B. to Q. 3.
10. Q. R. P. 1.
11. P. takes B.
12. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5.
13. Q. R. to Q. B.
14. B. takes Kt.
15. Q. to Q. 2.
16. Q. to K. R. 6.
17. K. R. P. 2.
18. Q. takes Q.
19. B. takes Kt. (a.)
20. K. R. to K.
21. Kt. to Q. 2.
22. Kt. to K. 4.
23. Q. B. P. 1.
24. Q. B. P. 1.
25. K. B. P. 2.
26. Q. R. to Q.
27. K. R. to K. 3.
28. P. takes P.
29. Kt. to Kt. 5.
30. R. takes R.
31. K. to R. 2.
32. R. to Q. B. 3.
33. R. to Q. B. 7. (ch.)
34. Kt. takes K. P.
35. R. to K. Kt. 7. (ch.)
36. R. to Q. R. 7.
37. R. to R. 8.
38. Q. P. 1.
39. Q. P. 1.
40. R. takes B. (f.)
41. K. P. 1.
42. Kt. takes R. (ch.)
43. Kt. to K. 6.
44. Kt. to B. 8. (ch.)
45. Kt. takes R. P.
46. Kt. to B. 8.
47. Kt. takes P.
48. R. P. 1.
49. R. P. 1.
50. R. P. 1.
51. P. Queens, and wins.</p> |
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Solution to Problem I.

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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| <p>WHITE.
1. Kt. to K. B. 3 (ch.)
2. R. to Q. 3. (ch.)
3. P. takes P. mate.</p> | <p>BLACK
1. P. takes Kt.
2. K. to K. 5.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|

NOTES TO GAME NO. II.

- (a) This is necessary, to prevent this knight being played to B. 5.
(b) Preparatory to pushing Q. Kt. P.
(c) R. to Q. B. 5, would have been better, since the move in the text allows Black to seize the open file.
(d) The only move to save the piece.
(e) He would obviously have been mated, had he taken the Q. R. P.
(f) The shortest way.

A CERTAIN secretary of state being asked by an intimate friend, why he did not promote merit, abruptly replied, "Because merit did not promote me."

AN English baronet, being asked when he should finish his house, ingeniously answered, "Sir, it is a question whether I shall finish my house, or my house finish me."

ONE poor beau told another that his new coat was too short for him. "True," answered he of the short skirts: "I assure you, however, it will be long enough before I get another."

Recreations in Science.

Illustration of the production of gas-lights.—To imitate in miniature the production of gas-lights, put common coal into the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; cover the coal closely with clay, made into a stiff lute, or paste, with water; and when the clay is dry, put the bowl of the pipe into the fire, and heat it gradually. In a few minutes a stream of carburetted hydrogen gas will issue from the end of the tobacco-pipe, accompanied with an aqueous fluid, and a tenacious oil or tar. The gas may be set fire to with a candle, and will burn with a bright flame. When no more gas is disengaged, there will be found in the bowl of the pipe the coal, deprived of its bituminous matter, or coke.

Riddles.

1.
My origin is humble, but very ancient, having had existence shortly after the Creation; I have assisted man in his acts of devotion ever since to the present time, and shall continue his faithful and devoted friend as long as the world lasts. There are very few things that can be done without my assistance. It is reported by some that I have my habitation in the bowels of the earth; true, I keep my food there, but I am mostly to be found associated with mankind where I dwell as his reputed servant, although I am most frequently waited upon, and if nourished and watched over, ever prove myself grateful by devoting myself to his comforts: but if neglected, my indignation is aroused, and it fares hard with him who suffers me to get the upper hand of him. My power on these occasions is universally acknowledged, and will be felt unto the end of time, and even when time shall be no more.

2.
Hairless my skin is on my head,
Hairless my skin is on my tail;
Between them peers my single eye;
Oh! fly me youths and maidens fly!
For oft my fondest lovers shed
Unbidden tears, and sorely dread
To pour their sighs upon the gale,
In pity's ear to pour the wail,
On beauty's lip to seal the truth,
Or share the jocund sports of youth.

3.
Once a good king of England, by violence heated,
Endanger'd the peace of his soul;
To atone for my second, my first he repeated
Full ten times a day on my whole.

4.
My first, you will own's a *propos*,
My second will tell all I O.
My third is transcendent in worth,
Your soul it will raise above earth.

5.
My first will show three characters of power,
Known to Rome's past, and France's present hour;
Tho' their decrees were harsh, you'll own, I trust,
My second often mark'd the sentence just;
The spirit of my third by some is said
In riddles and charades to be display'd.

6.
A word by grammarians used in our tongue,
Of such a construction is seen,
That if from five syllables you take away one,
No syllable then will remain.

Charades.

1.
On the mountains where the snow lies deep upon the ground,
My first by travellers oft is very useful found;
My next is one amongst a bright and glorious band,
Which show the power of the Almighty's hand;
My whole is seen when Sol withdraws his light,
And day's bright hues have sunk into the night.

2.
An animal that's far from weak
My first by all is reckon'd;
No one would think a gun complete
Unless it had my second;
Leave out my second and you'll have
My whole an animal again

3.
My first is a plant very easily found,
If you take but the trouble to search;
My next doth in old and new houses abound,
And often besides in a church;
My whole has of late caused much dissension,
Since Churchmen have made it a bone of contention.

4.
My first is a sombre color is reckon'd,
That is neither black or white;
And be distinguish'd at my second,
Is a thing that most men like;
My whole will clearly bring to your mind
A town you can in Scotland find.

5.
Without my first no floweret of the field,
Nor tree, nor shrub could fruit or blossom yield;
My next always lives in the deep salt sea,
On moors and hills also you may find me;
A tree or shrub, ere grown to its full height,
Will aid each one to guess my whole aright.

Rebus.

A Girl's name; a negative; a double tooth; a portion of the staff of life; a town of Sweden; part of the finger; a noisy quack. The initials of these form the name of a country in Europe, and the initials the name of a division of the same country.

Ornithological Enigma.

The bird we can't do without when we dine,
And the bird that's an angler royal,
The bird that is often used to draw wine,
And the bird that is sent up on trial;
The bird that is often the cause of fun,
And the bird that to babes is a foe,
The bird that thro' meadows doth sweetly run,
And the bird that on ice-plants doth grow.

ADVANTAGE DERIVED FROM ENEMIES.—As to friends and enemies, I have hitherto, thanks to God, had plenty of the former; they have been my treasure; and it has, perhaps, been of no disadvantage to me that I have had a few of the latter. They serve to put us upon correcting the faults we have, and avoiding those we are in danger of having. They counteract the mischief flattery might do us, and their malicious attacks make our friends more zealous in serving us.

A MELTING sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man, who was asked why he did not weep with the rest, "Oh," said he, "I belong to another parish."

"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good seven-shilling-piece?" The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with great gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office I'll return the four-pence."

BOSWELL observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland, "I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

A traveller, some little time back,
Was telling another a history,
Whose manners betray'd a great lack
Of sense, to unravel the mystery.
"Why, sir, it is strange you can't see!
Or, perhaps, it don't meet your belief;
'Tis as simple as plain A. B. C."
Yes, cries the other, "but I'm 'D. E. F.'"

"THAT BOY I CAN TRUST."—I once visited a large public school. At recess, a little fellow came up and spoke to the master; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me." I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the teacher's remark. What a character had that little boy earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best office in the city, and what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community at large. I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by older people; every boy in the neighborhood is known and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust that boy, he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are everywhere prized. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much.—Be sure, boys, that you earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God has placed you, and your duties are not so much given you by your teacher or your parents, as by God himself. You must render an account to them, and you also will be called to render an account to Him. Be trusty—be true.

A little lawyer appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor what profession he was of? and having replied that he was an attorney, "You a lawyer?" (said Brief), why, I could put you in my pocket." "Very likely you could (rejoined the other), and if you did, you would have more law in your pocket than in your head."

"My dear, I don't know where the boy got his bad temper—not from me, I'm sure." "No my dear, for I don't perceive you have lost a title."

ONE half of the world does not know how the other half lives: should read thus—"One half of the world does not care how the other half lives."

A gentleman, by the name of Mann, met a maniac who, striking his cane, on the ground, sternly demanded, "Who are you?" Thinking to amuse him, the gentleman answered, "I am a double man—Mann by name, and man by nature." "Well, I am a man besides myself; so we two will fight you two:" on which he knocked him down and walked off.

A pickpocket, who had been ducked for his malpractices, accounted to his brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing, that he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated *Watering Place*.

A tradesman pressing a gentleman very much for payment of his bill, the latter said, "You need not be in so great a hurry, I am not going to run away." "I do not imagine you are, sir," returned the tradesman, "but I am."

NED SHUTTER thus explaining his reason for preferring to wear stockings with holes, to having them darned:—"A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman; but a darn is premeditated poverty."

Family Matters.

Ask counsel of both times—of the ancient time what is best, and of the modern time what is fittest.

THE COMMON IS THE MOST PRECIOUS.—Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent; but these are all poor and worthless compared with the light which the sun sends into our windows, which he pours freely, impartially, over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky; and so the common lights of reason, and conscience, and love, are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few.

THE VOICE.—Dr. Mackness observes, that "the use of tobacco and snuff is highly injurious to the health, and therefore should be carefully avoided. The former acts as a stimulus, which applied to the air-passages, excites congestion in the mucous membrane."

WALKING.—"There is no exercise," says a modern writer, "so natural to us, or so conducive to the health, as walking. It is the most perfect in which the human body can be employed; for by it every limb is put in motion, and the circulation of the blood is effectually carried on throughout the minutest veins and arteries of the system. Both the body and mind are enlivened by walking; and even when carried to an extreme, it has often been found highly serviceable in nervous diseases. This salutary and most excellent exercise is in the power of everybody having the use of his limbs, and can be adapted, in degrees and duration, to the various circumstances and wishes of each individual."

Good breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

THE ADVANTAGES OF MARRIAGE.—Marriage has in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their ruler, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

A BLUSH.—What a mysterious thing is a blush, that a single word, a look, or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek? Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing. The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, more than the glove or the sock which covers it. It is the face only that is heaven!

Impromptu on the Reception of the "Journal."

Highly prized and loved companion,
Partner of my leisure hours,
Thou to me art ever welcome,
As to earth the cooling showers.

On thy fair unspotted pages
Love and truth together blend,
And I ever hail thy coming,
As some old, congenial friend.

PURÉE OF MUSHROOMS.—An excellent Sauce for Boiled Fowls, Turkey, Veal Cutlets, or Veal Sweet-breads.—Put some cold water into a basin with the juice of a lemon; cut off the end of the stalks of the mushrooms, and pare or turn the tops neatly. As each mushroom is finished throw it into the lemon juice and water to keep it white. When all the mushrooms have been thus prepared, drain them from the water and chop them fine; then put them into a saucepan in which you have melted about an ounce of butter; add the juice of another lemon, with a blade of mace and a few sprigs of parsley. Let the whole remain over a gentle fire for ten minutes; then take out the mace and parsley, and thicken with some roux or butter rolled in flour; if the latter, stir well over the fire for two or three minutes; then add some good broth, with a little cream, and pass the whole through a sieve. Let the purée be thick, season it lightly with pepper and salt, and serve with either of the articles above mentioned.

Mushroom Sauce is made in the same way, except that the mushrooms should be kept whole and a small bit of lean ham, cut in dice, added to the butter, which should be taken out with the parsley.

Useful Receipts.

To stew Mutton Chops, and make good Mutton Broth.—Put a pound of chops into a stew-pan with cold water enough to cover them, and half a pint over, and an onion; when it is coming to a boil skim it, cover the pan close, and set it to simmer gently over a very slow fire, till the chops are tender; if they have been kept a proper time, they will take about three quarters of an hour to do. Send up turnips, which may be boiled along with them, in a deep dish, with the broth they were stewed in. This dish makes an economical, comfortable, and wholesome meal.

To boil a Leg of Lamb.—Shake a little flour over the lamb, tie it in a clean cloth, and put it in the water when it boils; if it weighs six pounds, boil it an hour and a half; take off the scum as it rises, and boil it in a good quantity of water; send it to table with spinach, carrots, and melted butter: caper sauce, or gooseberry sauce, is also very good with it. To dress a hind quarter of house lamb.—boil the leg in a floured cloth an hour and a quarter, cut the loin into chops, fry them, and lay them round the leg, with a bit of crisp parsley on each; serve it up with spinach or broccoli.

Gooseberry Fool.—Set two quarts of gooseberries on the fire in about a quart of water; when they begin to simmer, turn yellow, and look plump, throw them into a colander to drain the water out; then with the back of a spoon squeeze the pulp carefully through a sieve into a dish; make them tolerably sweet, and let them stand till cold; take two quarts of milk and the yolks of four eggs; beat them up with a little grated nutmeg, and stir it softly over a slow fire; when it begins to simmer, take it off, and by degrees stir it into the gooseberries; let it stand till it is cold, and serve it up; if it is made with cream, it does not require any eggs; the cream should not be boiled.

To make Blancmange.—Get four calf's feet; if possible some that have been scalded, and not skinned. Scrape and clean them well, and boil them in three quarts of water till all the meat drops off the bone. Drain the liquid through a colander or sieve, and skim it well. Let it stand till next morning to congeal. Then clean it well from the sediment, and put it into a tin or bell-metal kettle. Stir into it the cream, sugar, and mace. Boil it hard for five minutes, stirring it several times. Then strain it through a linen cloth or napkin into a large bowl, and add the wine and rose-water. Set it in a cool place for three or four hours, stirring it very frequently with a spoon, to prevent the cream from separating from the jelly. The more it is stirred the better. Stir it till it is cool. Wash your moulds, wipe them dry, and then wet them with cold water. When the blancmange becomes very thick (that is, in three or four hours, if the weather is not too damp), put it into your moulds. When it has set in them till it is quite firm, loosen it carefully all round with a knife, and turn it out on glass or china plates.

Rules for making Pastry and Cakes.—In making pastry or cakes, it is best to begin by weighing out the ingredients, sifting the flour, pounding and sifting the sugar and spice, washing the butter, and preparing the fruit. Sugar can be powdered by pounding it in a large mortar, or by rolling it on a paste-board with a rolling pin. It should be made very fine, and always sifted. All sorts of spice should be pounded in a mortar, except nutmeg, which is better to grate. If spice is wanted in large quantities, it may be ground in a mill. The butter should always be fresh and very good. Wash it in cold water before you use it, and then make it with your hands into hard lumps, squeezing the water well out. If the butter and sugar are to be stirred together, always do that before the eggs are beaten, as (unless they are kept too warm) the butter and sugar will not be injured by standing awhile. For stirring them, nothing is so convenient as a round hard stick, about a foot and a half long, and somewhat flattened at one end. The eggs should not be beaten till all the other ingredients are ready, as they will fall very soon. If the whites and yolks are to be beaten separately, do the whites first, as they will stand longer. Eggs should be beaten in a broad shallow pan, spreading wide at the top. Butter and sugar should be stirred in a deep pan with straight sides. Break every egg by itself, in a saucer, before you put it into the pan, that in case there should be any bad ones, they may not spoil the others. Eggs are beaten most expeditiously with whisks. A small quantity of white of egg may be beaten with a knife, or a three-pronged fork.

Method of cooling Liquids.—An old-fashioned, yet a simple, receipt for cooling liquids is to wrap a moistened cloth round the bottle, and expose to the rays of the sun.

Ice Cream.—The following is a ready and efficient way of making this delectable summer refreshment. Put the cream into a broad pan. Then stir in the sugar by degrees, and when all is well mixed, strain it through a sieve. Put it into a tin that has a close cover, and set it in a tub. Fill the tub with ice broken into very small pieces, and strew among the ice a large quantity of salt, taking care that none of the salt gets into the cream. Scrape the cream down with a spoon as it freezes round the edges of the tin. While the cream is freezing, stir in gradually the lemon juice, or the juice of a pint of strawberries or raspberries. When it is all frozen, dip the tin in lukewarm water; take out the cream, and fill your glasses; but not till a few minutes before you want to use it, as it will very soon melt. You may heighten the color of the red fruit, by a little cochineal. If you wish to have it in moulds, put the cream into them as soon as it has frozen in the tin. Set the moulds in a tub of ice and salt. Just before you want to use the cream, take the moulds out of the tub, wipe or wash the salt carefully from the outside, dip the moulds in lukewarm water, and turn out the cream. You may flavor a quart of ice cream with two ounces of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and beaten in a mortar with a little rose water to a smooth paste. Stir in the almonds while the cream is freezing.

Useful Properties of Charcoal.—Many of our readers may be unacquainted with the real value of charcoal as a purifier, therefore we insert the following:—All sorts of glass vessels and other utensils may be purified from long retained-smells of every kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and potash. Rubbing the teeth, and washing out the mouth with fine charcoal powder, will render the teeth beautifully white, and the breath perfectly sweet, where an offensive breath has been owing to scorbutic disposition of the gums. Putrid water is immediately deprived of its bad smell by charcoal. When meat, fish, &c., from intense heat, or long keeping, are likely to pass into a state of corruption, a simple and pure mode of keeping them sound and healthful is, by putting a few pieces of charcoal, each the size of an egg, into the pot or saucepan wherein the fish or flesh are to be boiled. Among others, an experiment of this kind was tried upon a turbot, which appeared to be too far gone to be eatable; the cook, as advised, put three or four pieces of charcoal, each the size of an egg, under the strainer, in the fish kettle: after boiling the proper time, the turbot came to the table perfectly sweet and firm.

Preserving Vinegar for Domestic Purposes.—Cork it up in glass bottles, set them on the fire with cold water, and as much hay or straw as will prevent them from knocking together: when the water nearly boils, take off the pan, and let the bottles remain in the hay a quarter of an hour. Vinegar thus prepared never loses its virtue though kept many years, or occasionally left uncovered, and is peculiarly suitable for pickles.

A Varnish for Wood that will resist the action of Boiling Water.—Take a pound and a half of linseed oil, and boil it in a copper vessel, not tinned, suspending in the oil a small linen bag, containing five ounces of litharge and three ounces of minium, both pulverised taking care that the bag does not touch the bottom of the vessel. Continue the ebullition till the oil acquires a deep brown color; then take out the bag, and substitute another bag containing a clove of garlic. Continue the ebullition, and renew the garlic seven or eight times, or else put the whole in at once. Then throw into the vessel a pound of yellow amber, after having melted it in the following manner: to a pound of well pulverised amber add two ounces of linseed oil, and place the whole on a strong fire. When the fusion is complete, pour it boiling hot into the prepared linseed oil, and let it continue to boil for two or three minutes, stirring it well. Let it rest, decant the composition, and preserve it, when cold, in well-stopped bottles. After having polished the wood on which this varnish is to be applied, the wood is to have the desired color given to it; for example, for walnut-tree, a slight coat of a mixture of soot with oil of turpentine. When this color is perfectly dry, lay on a coat of varnish with a fine sponge, in order to distribute it equally. Repeat these coats four times, always taking care to let one coat dry before the next is applied.

Caledonian Cream.—Two teaspoonsfuls white sugar, one teaspoon raspberry jam, two white of eggs, juice of lemon, beat for an hour and serve up sprinkled with fancy biscuits.



Anecdotes of Animals.—Bears.

AMONG the carnivora, or flesh-eating animals, bears take the first place; for their characters and habits link them in some degree with the preceding order, the insectivora. Both principally live on fruit, grains, and insects, and only eat flesh from necessity, or some peculiarity of life, such as confinement, or education.

The carnivora are divided by naturalists into three tribes, the characters for which are taken from their feet and manner of walking. Bears rank among the plantigrada, or those which put the whole of their feet firmly upon the ground when they walk. They are occasionally cunning and ferocious, but often evince good humor, and a great love of fun. In their wild state they are solitary the greater part of their lives; they climb trees with great facility, live in caverns, holes, and hollow trees; and in cold countries, retire to some secluded spot during the winter, where they remain concealed, and bring forth their young. Some say they are torpid; but this cannot be, for the female bears come from their retreats with cubs which have lived upon them, and it is not likely that they can have reared them and remained without food; they are, however, often very lean and wasted, and the absorption of their generally large portion of fat, contributes to their nourishment. The story that they live by sucking their paws is, as may be supposed, a fable; when well-fed they always lick their paws, very often accompanying the action with a peculiar sort of mumbling noise. There are a few which will never eat flesh, and all are able to do without it. They are, generally speaking, large, clumsy and awkward, possessing large claws for digging; and often walk on their hind-feet, a facility afforded them by the peculiar formation of their thigh-bone. They do not often attack in the first instance, unless impelled by hunger or danger; they are, however, formidable opponents when excited. In former times there were few parts of the globe in which they were not to be found; but like other wild animals, they have disappeared before the advance of man. Still they are found in certain spots from the northern regions of the world, to the burning climes of Africa, Asia, and America. The latest date of their appearance in Great Britain, was in Scotland, during the year 1057.

Bears are always covered with thick fur; which, notwithstanding its coarseness, is much prized for various purposes. They afford much sport to those inclined for such exercises; but the cruel practice of bear-baiting is discontinued. In an old edition of *Hudibras*, there is a curious note of a mode of running at the devoted bears with wheelbarrows, on which they vented their fury, and the baiters thus had them at their mercy. At present the hunts are regularly organised fights, or battues, be-

sides which there are many ways of catching them in traps, pitfalls, &c.

The large polar bear, (*Ursus Maritimus*), with its white fur, its long, flattened head, and black claws, may be seen in great perfection at the Zoological Gardens. In its own country, during the winter, it lives chiefly on seal's flesh, but in the summer eats berries, sea-weed, and marsh plants. It is one of the most formidable of the race, and may be seen climbing mountains of ice, and swimming from floe to floe with the greatest rapidity. Captain Lyon tells us, that when a seal lies just ashore, the bear gets quietly into the water and swims away from him to leeward; he then takes short dives, and manages so that the last dive shall bring him back close to the seal, which tries to escape by rolling into the water, when he falls into the bear's paws; and if he should lie still, the bear springs upon and devours him; its favorite food, however, is the floating carcasses of whales. The gait of all bears is a sort of shuffle; but this one goes at such a rate, that its pace is equal to a horse's gallop. It is remarkably sagacious, and often defeats the stratagems practised for its capture. A female with two cubs was pursued across a field of ice by a party of sailors; at first she urged the young ones to increase their speed, by running in front of them, turning round, and evincing, by gesture and voice, great anxiety for their progress; but finding that

their pursuers gained upon them, she alternately carried, pushed, or pitched them forwards, until she effected their escape. The cubs seemed to arrange themselves for the throw, and when thus sent forwards some yards in advance, ran on till she again came up to them, when they alternately placed themselves before her.

A she-bear and two large cubs, being attracted by the scent of some blubber, proceeding from a sea-horse, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice, ran eagerly towards it, dragged some pieces out of the flames, and eat them with great voracity. The sailors threw them some lumps still in their possession, which the old bear took away and laid before her cubs, reserving only a small piece for herself. As they were eating the last piece, the men shot the cubs, and wounded the mother. Her distress was most painful to behold, and, though wounded, she crawled to the spot where they lay, tore the piece of flesh into pieces, and put some before each. Finding they did not eat, she tried to raise them, making piteous moans all the time. She then went to some distance, looked back and moaned, and this failing to entice them, she returned and licked their wounds. She did this a second time, and still finding that the cubs did not follow, she went round and pawed them with great tenderness. Being at last convinced that they were lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and, by a growl, seemed to reproach their destroyers. They returned this with a volley of musket balls; she fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Monkeys.

FORMED like man, and practising similar gestures, but with thumbs instead of great toes upon their feet, and with so narrow a heel-bone, that even those who constantly walk upright have not the firm and dignified step of human beings; the quadrumana yet approximate so closely to us, that they demand the first place in a book devoted principally to the intellectual (whether it be reason or instinct) history of animals. This approximation is a matter of amusement to some; but to the

larger portion of mankind, I should say, it is a source of disgust. "Rapoynnda," I exclaimed, one day, to a troublesome, inquisitive, restless negro, pointing to a black monkey, which much resembled him in character, "that is your brother." Never shall I forget the malignant scowl which passed over the man's features at my heedless comparison. No apology, no kindness, not even the gift of a smart waistcoat, which he greatly coveted, ever restored me to his good graces; and I was not sorry when his chief summoned him from my vicinity, for I dreaded his revenge.

A few years after, I stood lost in admiration before Sir Edwin Landseer's inimitable picture of "the monkey who had seen the world," in which nature and truth lend their tone and force to the highest efforts of art; when a voice exclaimed, "How can you waste your time looking at that thing; such creatures ought never to have been painted;" and although the speaker was a religious man, he muttered to himself, "I am not sure they ought ever to have been made." The voice proceeded from one of the finest instances of manly beauty; one famed also for talent and acquirement. Rapoynnda started into my recollection; and as I slowly left the talented picture, I could not help smiling at the common feeling between the savage and the gentleman, thereby proving its universality.

The ship in which Mr. Bowdich and myself took a round-about course to England, was floating on a wide expanse of water, disturbed only by the heavy swell, which forms the sole motion in a calm; the watch on deck were seated near the bows of the vessel, the passengers and officers were almost all below, there was only myself and the helmsman on the after-deck; he stood listlessly by the binnacle, and I was wholly occupied in reading. A noise between a squeak and a chatter suddenly met my ears; and before I could turn my head to see whence it proceeded, a heavy, living creature jumped on to my shoulders from behind, and its tail encircled my throat. I felt it was Jack, the cook's monkey; the mischievous, malicious, mocking, but inimitable Jack, whose pranks had often made me laugh against my will, as I watched him from a distance, but with whom I had never made the least acquaintance. Whether from fear or presence of mind I do not pretend to say, but I remained perfectly still, and in a minute or two Jack put his head forward and stared me in the face, uttering a sort of croak; he then descended on to my knees, examined my hands, tried to take off my rings, and when I gave him some biscuit, curled himself compactly into my lap. We were friends from that moment. My aversion thus cured, I had ever since felt indescribable interest and entertainment in watching, studying, and protecting monkeys.



Trifles.

EVERY one basteth the *fat* hog, while the lean one burneth.

A VERY volatile young lord, having married, was lectured upon his previous conduct to the fair sex. "Madam," said he, "you may depend on it this is my last folly."

THEMISTOCLES, who had a farm to sell, caused the crier who proclaimed it to add that it had a good neighbor; rightly judging that such an advantage would make it more vendible.

A FAT man riding upon a lean horse was asked how it came to pass that himself was fat, and his horse so lean. He answered—"Because I feed myself; but I leave the feeding of my horse to another."

It is noted as the origin of the term *haberdasher*, that a *berdash* was the name anciently given to a sort of neck dress; and the person who made or sold such neck dresses was called a *ber-dasher*. Hence the present term *haberdasher*.

"Ah!" said a michievous wag to a lady acquaintance of an aristocratic caste, "I perceive you have been learning a trade." "Learning a trade," replied the lady, indignantly, "you are very much mistaken." "Oh, I thought by the look of your cheeks you had turned painter."

DERIVATION OF NAMES.—Emma is from the German, and signifies a nurse: Caroline from the Latin—noble-minded; George from the Greek—a farmer; Martha from the Hebrew—bitterness; the beautiful and common Mary is Hebrew, and means a drop of salt water—a tear; Sophia from Greek—wisdom; Susan from Hebrew, a lily; Thomas from Hebrew, a twin; Robert from German, famous in council.

No man has a *right* to do as he pleases, except when pleases to do *right*.

LADIES are like violets; the more modest and retiring, the more you love them.

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said Mrs. Smith to her visitors; "I am at home myself, and sincerely wish you all were."

"He provoked me more than enough with his ways, you never knew what he intended; why he would sometimes keep putting off his breakfast till the next day at noon."

UPON the 19th of May, 1790, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to Dr. Byles, of Boston, U. S., as follows: "Dear Doctor, how do you account for this darkness?" He replied, "Dear Madam, I am as much in the dark as you are."

"DEAR heart a day, Mr. Dawkins, the gentleman at 163A has had a short run; that is a regularly unlucky sort of shop. Who did Mr. D. succeed?" "Indeed, I don't know, but it seems he did not succeed himself."

MISSING from Killarney, Lane O'Foggerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoiseshell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully.

"Do you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in

Portland?" "Indeed, brother, then it is well you and I are not there." Dr. Young said, "All men think all men mortal but themselves." At least the Yankee did.

"SAMBO, why is a shimley-sweep one ob de happiest men alibe?" "I 'spose kase he knows de joys ob de fireside." "No, dat ain't it." "Well, den, let me see—kase from de queen on de throne, de ladies cannot do widout him." "No, dat ain't

my heels, Mr. Nonentity," said a consequential lady to her sentimental adorer; "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with *nothing* in the upper story." "Most amiable of your sex," said he, "for so flattering a compliment, let me remind you, that *you* occupy it entirely."

A FARMER's laborer, speaking of the hard toil, the small pay, and consequent bad living of the men engaged in thrashing during the winter, brought

his description to a climax thus: "They work till they are as thin as hurdles, as weak as water, and as ganderly as porridge made of blighted oats."

A REWARD of five pounds is offered for the apprehension of Mr. Patrick O'Flaherty, who one Wednesday last week stole the jack-ass, which same had on a pair of corduroy breeches with blue eyes and a short pipe, and is very much given to squinting; has one shoulder out of jaw, and likewise his shoes are down at the heel all over sun-spreckled alike.

LADY MONTAGUE once said that the situation of a young and rich widow is like that of a person walking blindfold upon stilts amidst precipices, though perhaps as little sensible of her danger as a child a quarter old would be in the paws of a monkey leaping on the tiles of a house.

ABSENCE of mind is not a modern disease, for Theophrastus thus writes: "An absent man is one who, having busied himself a long while in casting up a sum, shall inquire of another who sits by, how much the whole amounts to. In the middle of winter he rails at his servant that he did not provide a salad; and when informed of the death of his friend, after grieving for his loss, he presently adds—'it happened very luckily?'"

HARD words mostly flow from soft heads.

THREE things affect a man's spirits:—A dull day, an empty pocket, and being in love.

BISHOP BUTLER says:—"A sot is like a statue in a moist air—all the lineaments of his humanity are mouldered away with the moisture."

An eastern paper says:—"We have a correspondent in the West country who writes us such long letters that they never reach us."

A MAN's character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all over first, to come out the brighter afterwards.

D-E-B-T are the initial letters of "Dun Every Body Twice." C-R-E-D-I-T are the initial letters of "Call Regularly Every Day—I'll Trust."

PLATO compared his wise master, Socrates, to the gallipot of an apothecary, which had on the outside apes, owls, and satyrs, but within, precious drugs.

"GUILTY, or Not Guilty?"

said the judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor pleases; it's not of the likes o' me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

GARDINER, Kirby, and Spence assert that the motions of a flea on a night-cap, have been discerned like the clack of pattens. The chirp of the cricket is produced by rubbing the legs together.



INTERESTING GROUP POSED FOR A DAGUERRETYPE,

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.



INTERESTING AND VALUABLE RESULT.

it; do you gib it up? Well den, kase he's always suited (sooted)."

A LADY very much given to gadding, was taken suddenly ill at home one day, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The obedient man run part of the way, but then returned to put this important query—"My dear, where shall I find you when I get back again?"

"It is a great pity that you come dangling at

Random Readings.

WHEN is a new dress older than an old one?—When it is *moire* (more) *antique*.

WHAT is the difference between a coal merchant and a coal heaver?—The one sells coals and the other cellars them.

WHAT is the best thing for a man to do with a sensation after he has created it?

THIS young lady who was "buried in grief" is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

"For sale, an excellent young horse—would suit any timid lady or gentleman with a long silver tail."

A DOG-STEALER being told that he would be sent to prison to pick opium, was so enraged that he vowed he would pick it all to pieces.

MANY powder their faces that their skin may seem white; it is as a poulticer flours an old hen, that it may pass for a tender chicken.

IN ancient days the celebrated precept was "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and everything about him."

THE best heater to resist winter with is a benevolent heart. Those who have tried improved stoves and failed, will please to remember that a load of wood given to a poor person warms you almost as much as it does him. Try it.

How does it happen that when ever you chance to stop out late, upon your retiring as quietly as possible, every door creaks ten times as much as usual, and the stairs go off like parks of artillery? We must pause for a reply.

A LADY of experience contends that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect; a kiss on the cheek, that the donor is impressed with the beauty of the kissed one; but that a kiss imprinted on the lips shows love.

THOUGHTLESS exclamations have sometimes a queer effect. "Land of Liberty!" exclaimed a young lady, the other day, who had been rather tightly enclosed in a too fashionably-fitting bodice. "Rather say, 'State of Bondage!'" quietly remarked a juvenile sister present.

A PORTUGUESE sculptor, who was suspected of free thinking, was at the point of death. A Jesuit who came to confess him, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said, "Behold that God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect him now?" "Alas! yes, father," replied the dying man, "it was I who made him."

YOU ARE A BRICK.—A certain college Professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over a list of names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the Professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the Professor, looking through his spectacles. "You are a brick," was the startling reply.

"Sir!" said the Professor, half starting out of his chair at the supposed impertinence, but not quite sure that he understood him correctly. "Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer." "You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable!" said the Professor, his face reddening. "Beware, young man, how you attempt to insult me." "Insult you!" said the student, in turn astonished; "how have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the Professor, with stifled indignation. "No, sir; you asked me my name, I answered your question. My name is U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynolds Anderson Brick."

"Ah, indeed!" murmured the Professor, sinking back into his seat in confusion. "It was a misconception on my part. Will you commence the lesson, Mr.—ahem!—Mr. Brick."

MARRIED.—Mr. George Hair to Miss Lucy Comb. It is presumed that Lucy will comb George's hair, but whether with a three-legged stool, or otherwise, remains to be seen.

GROSS INHUMANITY.—Compelling an actor who had just died a "violent death," to appear before the audience two minutes later, and return thanks for witnessing his death struggles.

DEMISE OF AN HISTORICAL CHARACTER.—"Uncle Sam" is dead. His name was Samuel Wilson, and he died in Troy, New York, in August, aged 84. He first labelled Government goods, from which practice the soldiers originated the name of "Uncle Sam," instead of "Jonathan."

SCENE IN A KNOW NOTHING LODGE.—Question: Will you hereafter do all in your power to extend and perpetuate the *potato rot*, in order to keep the Irish out of the country? Answer: I will; and further, I will extend and perpetuate rot-gut whisky, in order to kill 'em after they get here.

WHAT is that, of which the common sort is the best?—Common sense.

THE REASON WHY!—In a small village not a hundred miles from the city of Durham, which boasts of a school and schoolmistress, and also a goodly number of juveniles, the said mistress was rather annoyed by one of her pupils, a young Hibernian, only bringing on the Monday morning one-half of the sum (two pence) she charged for weekly instruction. Determined to know the reason why, she sent her home on Monday morning to tell her "mamma" that she wanted another penny. After the lapse of a reasonable time the school-room door was rather unceremoniously opened by a huge daughter of the Emerald Isle, who leading the little girl by the hand advanced toward the mistress in a manner that would have made a stouter heart than hers tremble, and vociferated in a voice of thunder—"How dare yez be after charging tuppence for a lassie that's only got one eye!"

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?—I ask again, what is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted poor crittur; employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off, if the work aint too hard, a crittur likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labor and no play, work, like an unstuffed saddle cuts into the very bone. Neither labor nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness—one has no room for the heart, the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that it has, at all events, sound sleep; the other has restless pillows and unrefreshing sleep—one is a misfortune, the other is a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud.

A PERPLEXED IRISHMAN.—A few days since, a gentleman, who was taking a ride, accompanied by his Irish servant, had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed up, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking fright and running away. The gentleman was somewhat bruised, but not seriously, his principal loss being that of his wig, which had been shaken off; but on picking himself up, he found Pat in a much worse condition, holding on to his head with the blood trickling through his fingers, and his master's wig in his other hand, which he was surveying with the utmost ludicrous alarm and horror. "Well, Pat," said his master, "are you much hurt?" "Hurt, is it? Ah, master dear, do you see the top of my head in my hand?" Pat, in his terror and confusion, had mistaken his master's portable head-piece for his own natural scalp, and evidently regarded his last hour as arrived.

WITTICISMS ON SAMUEL FOOTE.—An accomplished writer in the *Quarterly Review* makes an effort to revive an interest in that brilliant wit and satirist, Samuel Foote. Foote deserved a better fate than the neglect which has fallen to his lot; and the article in our contemporary will assuredly help to set him up in the light once more. In his day Foote was a power in the world. In conversation he had a readiness which was overwhelming—a readiness never equalled, perhaps, except by a celebrated wit of our own day. The *Quarterly* has gathered some of his bright repartees together. He was talking away one evening, at the dinner-table of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket."—"Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do;" and finished his joke.—One night at his friend Delaval's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why, what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humoredly putting it aside; "of course, I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take myself off."—"Gadso!" cried the malcontent; "that I should like to see;" upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.—Dining when in Paris with Lord Storemont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual, produced his wine in the smallest of decanters and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass. A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with the number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. "And among the rest," he said. "I called upon my friend, the Earl of Cholmondeley, but he was not at home."—"That was exceedingly sur-

prising," said Foote, "what! nor none of his people?"—"Being in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, "Don't be too prodigal of it," Foote quietly interposed, "or you may leave none for yourself."—The then Duke of Cumberland (the foolish Duke, as he was called) came one night into the green-room at the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready as usual, to swallow all your good things."—"Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again."—"Why are you forever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of tune in him—"Because it haunts me."—"No wonder," said Foote, "you are forever murdering it."—Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but hap so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do: "Take my advice, doctor," said Foote: "and put your poems where your irons are."

SPRING IN MADEIRA.—The admirer of nature who has passed a long winter at the mountains' base, contented merely to gaze upon the towering peaks, which, though clear and cold at night, seldom reveal themselves during the day with sufficient constancy (through the heavy canopy of cloud which hangs around them) to warrant an ascent, hails with unbounded joy the advance of spring, knowing that the time is at hand when he will be able to revel at large in this Atlantic paradise, in remote spots seldom visited by strangers, and at altitudes where the fierce elements of winter shall give way at last to perpetual sunshine and the fresh breezes of a calmer sea. There is something amazingly luxurious in betaking oneself to tent-life, after months of confinement and annoyance (it may be entirely—partially it must be) in the heat and noise of Funchal. We are then perhaps more than ever open to the favorable impressions of an alpine existence; and who can adequately tell the ecstasy of a first encampment on these invigorating hills! To turn out, morning after morning, in the solemn stillness of aërial forests, where not a sound is heard, save ever and anon a woodman's axe in some far-off tributary ravine, or a stray bird hymning forth its matin song to the ascending sun; to feel the cool influence of the early dawn on the upland sward, and to mark the thin clouds of fleecy snow uniting gradually into a solid bank, affording glimpses the while, as they join and separate, of the fair creation stretched out beneath; to smell the damp, cold vapor rising from the deep defiles around us, where vegetation is still rampant on primeval rocks, and new generations of trees are springing up untouched by man, from the decaying carcasses of the old ones; to listen in the still, calm evening air to the humming of the insect world (the most active tenants of these elevated tracts); and to mark as the daylight wanes, the unnumbered orbs of night stealing one by one on to the wide arch of heaven, as brilliant as they were on the first evening of their birth; are the lofty enjoyments, all of which the intellectual mind can grasp in these transcendent heights.

BE ENERGETIC about any honest employment Providence throws in your way.

1. It is the way to be happy. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this; never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongues, and all—keep them all going."

2. It is the way to accomplish a vast deal in a short life. The late Wm. Hazlitt remarked: "There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

3. It is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless and uneasy. Occupation quiets the mind, by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it, like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship, having put everything to rights, called on the captain for what next should be done. "Tell them to scow the anchor," was the reply; on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness.

4. It is the way to disappoint Satan. He comes up to the idler with assurance of a victim; from the well occupied he departs as a roaring lion robbed of his prey. The one welcomes, the other repulses him.

PRIDE and roughness may turn one's humor, but flattery turns one's stomach.

Facetia.

THE RESULTS OF A BLUNDER.—A blunder of an Admiralty clerk has been attended with serio-comic results. At the time that the list of killed and wounded at the battle of the Alma was sent to England, another was sent of sailors and marines who wished to allot half their pay to relatives in England. A clerk at the Admiralty forthwith writes to a government workman at Devonport, that his son, a sailor, is dead. The man grieves, and expends \$45 to put his family into mourning. Immediately afterwards, he is informed that the announcement of his death was a mistake; instead of being dead, the son allots him his half pay. The father writes to the Admiralty to pay the \$45 he had been led to expend: and the upshot is, that the clerks in the Admiralty subscribe the money and send it to Devonport.

AN "ORIGINAL" BELIEF.—A witness, when swearing that some object—a man's nose or his wife's tongue—was three feet long, was reminded by the opposing counsel that he had before sworn it was four feet. "Did I?" said he; "then I'll stick to it!"

THE MIDNIGHT OIL.—The Russians are so ignorant because they will not study—in other words, they do not "consume the midnight oil;" and one of the reasons why they do not consume it at "midnight" is, because they cannot refrain from drinking it long before that hour.

FACT.—A worthy citizen of London wrote the other day to a celebrated *maitre d'hotel* in Paris, as follows: "Sir, I beg you will send me my pearl-handled penknife, that I left on my dressing-table in No. 23. Yours, obediently, R. M." At the moment of sealing his letter he found his knife. Re-opening it, he added—"P.S. You need not trouble yourself to look for the knife, as I have found it."

MAKING A WILL.—The following is the copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer: "This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas. I give all my things to my relations, to be divided amongst them the best way they can. N.B. If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything. Signed by me, John Thomas."

PATTY CAKE.—A young lady, whose name was Patty, being addressed by a Mr. Cake, accepted him on condition that he would change his name, declaring that she would never consent to be called *Patty Cake*.

THE CHIEF END OF GIRLS.—Young women generally do much better when set up with young men, than when set up in business. The two arrangements are quite different. If there is one thing more than another that the female institution was cut out and finished for, it is to make the other half of a courting match.

A GLASGOW APOTHECARY. profiting by the new law, has been reaping a fortune by selling "medicine" on Sundays, marvellously like whiskey. He labelled it "cholera mixture," and numberless were the "patients" who found themselves in want of a dose. Amongst others, an excise officer had a fancy to partake. The vender, knowing his man, gave him such a physicking that he had no desire for "another glass."

IDEAS OF HONOR.—We are indeed, a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters, they are principals; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishments; no servants, they are all "helps;" no gaolers, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in bridewell, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous; lastly, nobody is drunk, the very utmost you assert is, "that he has taken his wine."

GOOD SPECTACLES.—Lately, an itinerant vender of spectacles, exhibiting from house to house, on Long Island, the various species of his stock, and while thus engaged he called at the residence of an elderly lady. A pair of spectacles was handed to her for inspection, but not meeting with her approval, a second pair was exhibited, but with no better success; a third and fourth pairs were brought forward, but all met with the same disapprobation. At last the adept vender produced a pair which he termed a "peculiar kind"—these the lady placed on her face, and declared her vision was improved. An exorbitant price was therefore demanded for this "peculiar kind," and on the amount being paid, the vender instantly took his departure. But he had not made his exit long, before the lady found she had been laboring under a delusion, as the spectacles were minus glass.

A MINOR KEY.—A latch-key.

LEANING ON A REED.—Playing the clarinet for a living.

AN ABSENTEE.—The lady who went up stairs to change her mind has not yet come down again.

ALFIERI AT THE TURIN THEATRE.—This celebrated poet one night went alone to the theatre, at Turin, and hanging with his head backwards over the corner of his box, a lady in the next box, on the other side of the partition, who had frequently made attempts to attract his attention, broke out into violent and repeated encomiums on his auburn locks, which were flowing down to his hand. Alfieri spoke not a word, and continued his position till he left the theatre. The lady received the next morning a parcel: the contents she found to be the tresses she so much admired, and which the poet had cut off close to his head. There was no billet with the present, but words could not have more clearly said: "If you like the hair, here it is; but, for heaven's sake, let me alone!"

PEPPERING 'EM.

"Did I ever tell you how near I came to losing my election as a senator?"

"No, I b'lieve not."

"Well, it was altogether owing to Waterem's not having a sufficient supply of liquor on hand. You see the main strength of our party lies in the upper end of the county—specially among the inhabitants of the swamp, as it is called. So, you see, about two days before the election, I sends Sam up amongst the swampers with five gallons of the real hardware—tremendous stuff—knock a horse down—the last Waterem had on hand. About four hours back came Sam, horse in perspiration, himself in fright, and everything indicating an untoward state of affairs."

"What's the matter, Sam?" said I.

"Matter!" said he; "matter enough! You have outraged the feelings of the virtuous Swampers! They swear that any man who expects to go to the Senate for three years, and can't afford ten gallons of whiskey is too mean for the post, and they won't vote for him."

"Matters looked squally enough! (Only one storekeeper within a day's ride, and he a Whig. Of course he wouldn't sell any liquor to me so near election!"

"What did you do?"

"Called a council of war immediately—Lawyer Ross and several more. Ross proposed a letter of apology to the disaffected. Rejected—wouldn't do without the whiskey. Cale Alright was the fellow to help us out, always full of expedients. He proposed to water the liquor up to the right quantity. We did so; but, on trying it, found it much too weak for our friends. Such stuff wouldn't go down with them. Cale asked if we had any other spirits; handed him about a gallon of gin—it went—tasted it—not strong enough. Found about a quart of rum—poured it in. Sam tried it."

"Too weak," said he.

"We were at our wit's end."

"Red pepper," said Cale.

It was brought—in went a pound, and he stirred it up.

"Capital!" said he.

"We tried it, and nearly blistered our throats; it would have killed rats. Sam took it up the next day, explaining that it was all owing to the scarcity of liquor in the neighborhood; that a fresh supply of the best 'Old Mongahale' had been obtained, and invited a trial of its merits. They were mollified—pronounced it the 'rale stuff,' and I became senator by a majority of 200 votes."

SPEAKING IN ITALICS.—During the struggle between the parliament and the press for the liberty of reporting speeches, a Mr. Martin, of Galway, complained of misrepresentation in the report of a speech, portions of which had been italicised. The printer of the paper was, on the motion of this Hibernian orator, brought to the bar. In self-defence, he offered to prove the report to have been, word for word, an exact and literal transcript of what was spoken. "That may be!" roared out the angry Irishman; "did I, however—did I, I say—*did I speak them in italics?*"

JUST ACCORDING AS PEOPLE THINK.—*Timid Gent. (sotto voce)*—Ah! it's very easy to talk about the courage of those fellows who are taking Sebastopol, but what's that to the courage you require to speak your mind to a girl when she turns her back to you!

THERE is more to do with one jackanapes than all the bears.

THE most fashionable way of using books is to serve them as men do lords—learn their titles, and brag of their acquaintance.

A GOOD DUN.—A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added, that if it was collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it out" of the man. Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account. "Well, Square," said he, "'taint much use o' tryin', I guess! I know that critter! You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill monument as to c'lect a debt out of him! But anyhow, Square, what'll you give, s'posin I do try?" "Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars—I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you'll collect it!" "Greed!" replied the collector; "there's no harm in tryin', any way!" Some weeks after, the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend. "Look o' here," said he, "square! I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n! You see, I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was at home, he was 'short;' if he wasn't home, I couldn't get no satisfaction! 'By-and-by,' says I, after goin' sixteen times. 'I'll fix you,' says I. So I sat down on the doorstep, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I begun early next day; but about ten o'clock he 'g'in in!' He paid me my half, and I g'in him up the note!"

NED SHUTTER AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.—At the close of the season in which Shuter, the comedian, first became so universally and deservedly celebrated in his performance of Master Stephen, in "Every Man in his Humor," he was engaged for a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It happened that the stage coach in which he went down, and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself, was stopped on the other side of Finchley Common, by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his money, pretended to be asleep; but Shuter resolved to be even with him; accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shuter to deliver up his money instantly, or he was a dead man, "Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant: "Oh Lud, sir, they'd never trust me with any—for nuncle, here, always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honor." Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a hearty slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket; while Shuter, who did not lose a farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow-traveller.

Statistics.

In Paris there are annually consumed 1,600,000 kid and lamb skins for fabrication into gloves.

On the coast of Scotland about 15,000 fishing boats, manned by 62,000 men, are employed, and the catch of herrings on the English coasts last year amounted to 908,801 barrels.

In the ten months ended 5th of November, 1852, the quantity of tea entered for home consumption in England was 47,122,967 lbs.; in 1853, 49,800,547 lbs.; and in the present year, 51,461,318 lbs.

The gold shipped from Australia during 1854, to the 22d of September (including that to Ceylon), amounts to nearly sixty-six tons—the value of which, at \$20 per ounce, is about thirty-two and a half million dollars.

LONDON CONSUMPTION OF POULTRY, WILD FOWL, GAME, &c.—The following is compiled by a dealer, through whose hands \$500,000 pass yearly in the way of trade. The list is exclusive of presents and other modes of sending poultry, game, &c., into London, that great emporium of everything good, both for the inner and outward man. Grouse, 100,000; partridges, 125,000; pheasants, 70,000; snipes, 80,000; wild birds (small), 150,000; plovers, 150,000; quails, 30,000; larks, 705,000; widgeons, 400,000; teal, 30,000; wild ducks, 200,000; pigeons, 500,000; domestic fowls, 2,000,000; geese, 100,000; ducks, 350,000; turkeys, 104,000; hares, 100,000; rabbits, 1,300,000.

THE "navvies" about to augment the working force of the armies of the Crimea are to be armed with a short carbine, a pair of pistols, and a cutlass, each man; not for the purpose of offence, but of defence in the event of a surprise while at work.

LOPE DE VEGA printed twenty-one millions of lines, and 800 of his dramas were performed; while he wrote 1800, besides 400 for religious ceremonies.



DREADFUL JOKE.

William. "THERE, AMY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE FOR A PAIR OF MOUSTACHIOS?"
 Amy. "WHY, I SHOULD SAY THAT CALLING THOSE MOUSTACHIOS WAS GIVING TO 'HAIRY
 NOTHINGS A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.'" (For Shame, AMY.)

SOAP-ORIFIC JOKE.—We see an advertisement commencing: "To LAUNDRESSES.—Wanted a small business in the above line."—We should say this would be a *clothes-line*.

SOMETHING LIKE NEWS?—The *Nouvelliste* of Havre informs us that the quantity of *fresh mackerel* caught off its shores has been much greater during the present than during any previous year. Does it, by laying so much stress on the fact of *fresh mackerel* having been caught, mean to insinuate that the mackerel which come to the fishermen's nets are sometimes in a pickled condition?

A HINT.—What if there should appear in the next "European Family Recipe Book" (revised in London and Paris) a direction how to take Greece out of Maps?

THE DANGER OF DOGMATISM.—A bishop may be thankful that his charge is not a charge of cavalry, but he should nevertheless remember that he stands some chance of being cut up.

THOUGH it may not be prudent to buy a pig in a poke, it is advisable when purchasing a set of fire irons to select those made of pig iron—and thus it will be wise to buy a portion of a pig in a poker.

JACK ASHORE.—*Policeman*: Hollo, Jack! I suppose you're not sorry to come on land for a bit? *Jack* (who hasn't got his sea-legs yet); Well, it ain't such a bad place for a day or two—only it's so precious difficult to walk straight.

"Does my son William that's in the army get plenty to eat?" said an old lady to a recruiting sergeant the other day. "He sees plenty," was the laconic reply. "Bless his heart, then I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

THE man who caught a glance from the eye of beauty says, that it slipped through his fingers and went right through his heart, inflicting a dangerous wound.

The surest wheel of fortune is a wheelbarrow.



"SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT."

A TEMPERANCE STORY.—One evening during a recent excursion, says an American Editor, we took our place at the supper table of a Cincinnati and Louisville packet. Supper and conversation had progressed some time before we were seated. An animated discourse was going on 'twixt an exceedingly sober-faced lady, no less than thirty years, on the subject of temperance. "Oh!" exclaimed she, with horror depicted on her thin lips, "I do despise the whiskey drinker." The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, seized her hand, and giving it a hearty shake, we thought tears were going to drop from his twinkling eyes. "Madam," said he, "I respect your sentiment and the heart that dictated it. I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whiskey drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy captain's face. What, I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see well-dressed, respectable, ay, virtuous looking young men, whose mothers are probably even now praying that the tender instruction by which their youths was illuminated may bring forth precious fruit in their maturity; I say, to see such young men step up to the bar of this boat and without fear of observing eyes, or the condemnation of enlightened opinion, brazenly ask for old Bourbon, or Rye, or Monongahely whisky, when in that bar they know there is the very best of Old Cogniac Brandy!"

A WELSH clergyman applied to his diocesan for a living. The Bishop promised him one; but, as he was taking leave, he expressed a hope that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the Principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, sir," said the Bishop; "What has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?" "No, my lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

"JEMMY, my boy, did you see the fight of bats the other evening?" "Niver the one, my honey; what kind of bats are they?" "Brick-bats ye spalpeen."

WHAT weapon does a young lady resemble whose acquaintance pass her without noticing her? A cutlass.

THE evergreen is defined as "the man who does not grow wiser by experience."

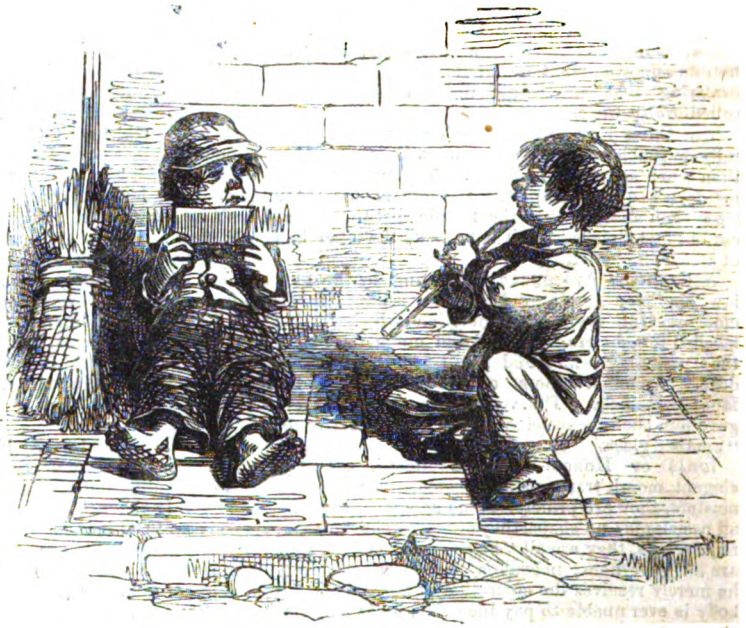
AN advertisement appears in the *Buffalo Advertiser* for a book-keeper who is rapid but not "fast."

A DREADFUL MAN.—On with a large cigar, a flowered waistcoat, and billiards written on his face.

A RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—There never yet lived that young lady who did not like to be told she was pretty.

HINT FOR KOSSUTH.—In attacking the Russian Bear, you will find no weapon efficient unless you also employ a Pole.

WHEN it rains *hardest* people catch most *soft* water.



A REHEARSAL.

"NOW, DON'T YOU 'URRY THE HANDANTY (ANDANTE) THIS TIME, YOUNG FELLER!"

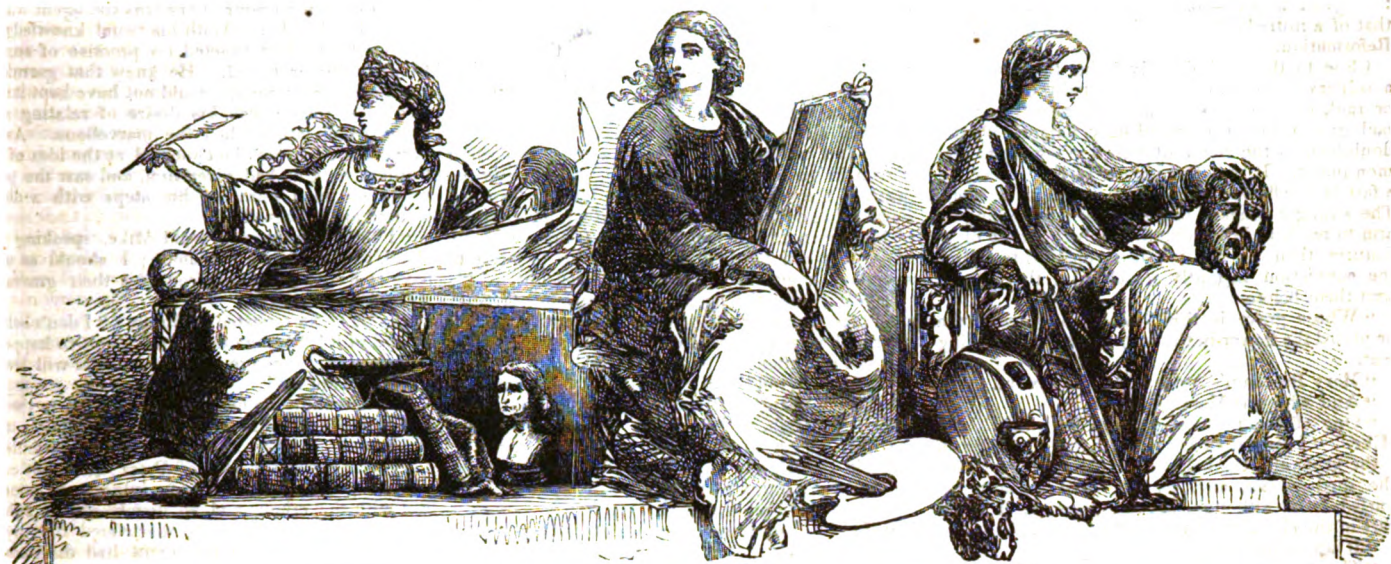
"PRETTY POLL!"—An advertisement in the *Times* says:—"A lady will sell a beautiful green and gold parrot, for a small price, to any one who will be kind to it. He talks well, and has a nice stand." I bought the bird. Yes, I confess that, in a moment of weakness, I bought the creature. The lady begged me, with tears in her eyes, to be kind to her dear pet. She said it was worth thirty guineas, but she sold it for three, saying she knew that I would treat it with all tenderness. The bird was in full feather, and the stand which I bought with it was certainly a "nice" one. So I placed it in my drawing-room, and introduced it at once to a party of friends, who happened to be present when I reached home. I decline communicating the "talk," by which it at once startled my guests, and put a speedy termination to their "morning call!" I spoke of war, and the lists of killed and wounded

as the only subject by which I thought I could divert attention from the improprieties of my adopted. I left the room with my guests, followed them politely to the door, and taking a lingering farewell as some apology for the hasty retreat from the drawing-room. I heard my child scream, and running up stairs found that the pet bird had completely perforated the little fellow's hand, which was bleeding profusely. I caught my child in my arms, and ran down stairs to bathe the wound. When I returned to the drawing-room I found that the villainous parrot had left his nice stand, and picked out all the inlaid pearls from a *papier maché* chair, which cost me ten guineas. I'll sell that bird for three shillings to anybody that will be kind to him!

THE THREE DEGREES.—Somebody heard a candid brewer lately divide his beer into three classes—strong table, common table, and lamen table.

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TEMPTATION.

Continued from page 76.

"It was for the young squire, Master Edward," said the sexton; "poor young gentleman—every one loved him! He died on the very day he came of age. He was Sir Richard's eldest son by his first lady."

"The daughter of ———."

The stranger checked himself. He was on the eve of betraying too intimate a knowledge of the family whose history he was inquiring into.

"Some great London merchant," said Mike,

finishing the sentence for him; "her fortune re-deemed the family estate. Pity that her son did not live to inherit it."

"He died unmarried, then?"

"Yes."

Although these questions were put in a tone of indifference, and were such as any traveller might have asked, Tippin felt convinced that his new acquaintance had some secret motive for them—but what the motive might be he was at a loss to divine. Several times during their walk—for they had insensibly strolled to a distant part of the churchyard—he had attempted to take a closer survey of his companion's features; but each time he attempted

to do so he found his cold grey eyes fixed upon him with so sinister an expression, that he turned his own aside and abandoned his design. It was not often that the old sexton felt baffled, but this time he was completely so.

"I wish I could see him without his hat!" he mentally exclaimed; "I could read him then!"

"Perhaps, sir," he exclaimed, struck by a sudden thought, "you would like to see the interior of the church—there are several remarkable monuments; and as you seem anxious in those matters, they may interest you?"

The offer was coolly declined.

By this time they reached the ruin of an octago-



PREPARING FANNY FOR THE PANTOMIME.

nal building known by the name of the bone-house, from the purpose to which it was applied. It had been the chapter-room, and was once connected with the church by a cloister, of which traces might still be seen where the ivy—which, like a thick mantle, enveloped the ruins—permitted the architecture to be seen, in the rich mullions, slender columns, and shields emblazoned with the arms of the former abbots—for the church had once been that of a mitred abbey which was suppressed at the Reformation.

Close to the wall, directly facing the south, was a solitary grave—no stone indicated the name, age, or rank of its occupant: a white rose-tree, which had grown to an extraordinary height—planted, doubtless, by the hand of affection—was its only monument. It was the month of September, and a fast-fading flower or two yet lingered on its stems. The stranger plucked one of these: in raising his arm to reach it, Mike obtained a better view of his features than he had yet been enabled to do, and the conviction instantly struck him that he had seen them before.

"Whose grave is this?" said his companion, as he placed the flower in the button-hole of his riding-coat.

"Mary Beacham's!" answered the sexton.

"And who was Mary Beacham?"

"One of the prettiest girls in Farnsfield!" said Mike. "I remember her when I was a young man—the pride and the belle of the place! Poor thing! she died young, and, by her own request, was buried here! although, as you perceive, it is the part of the churchyard the least tenanted!"

"It was a singular choice!"

"Those who die young," philosophically observed the village chronicler, "frequently take strange fancies! It was not here," he added, in a tone which betrayed that he was scarcely conscious of what he was uttering, "that she ought to have been buried!"

"Where, then?" demanded the stranger, fixing his eyes scorchingly upon the sexton, who had, involuntarily, perhaps, turned his face towards the Trevanian monument.

Mike started and hesitated, then muttered something about its being much more natural that the dead should be buried amongst their own people: he felt secretly annoyed at having been led to speak upon the subject, after his resolution to be cautious, too. It was evident that, with all his cunning, he was no match for the man he had to deal with.

Whether his companion had any motive or not for the queries he had put, the old man had no opportunity of deciding—for he immediately changed the subject, by observing, that Farnsfield appeared to be a very pleasant place; and added, that he had seen a cottage—describing the one lately inhabited by the adjutant—which he felt half inclined to take.

"You mean Mr. Graham's!" replied the sexton, not suspecting that the speaker had any design in leading him to speak about the old soldier.

Mike explained to him that the father of Therese had merely been the tenant of the place, and, giving way to his natural love of gossip, proceeded to relate all that had lately occurred in the village—the death of one daughter—the evil reports which had blighted the character of the second—the fury of the blind old soldier, and his abrupt departure from Farnsfield.

If the gentleman had really any object in the inquiries he had made, he had evidently obtained all that he wished to learn. Duly thanking his informant for the information respecting the cottage, and thanking him for the pleasant chat they had had together, he bade him "good morning," observing, as he drew a large, old-fashioned gold repeater from his pocket, that it was time for him to return to his inn.

At the sight of the watch, the uncertainty and doubts of Mike vanished in an instant. Placing his hand upon the stranger's arm, he exclaimed, with a triumphant chuckle:

"I thought I knew you from the very first!"

"Knew me!" said the man with the watch, with a sinister scowl.

"I know you, Peter Quin," repeated the sexton, "as well as you know me! Time has wrinkled us both—but there's a face," he added, pointing to the dial of the repeater, which the stranger still held in his hand, "which it has not changed! You forget how often I have wound it up!"

The agent—for it was no other than the man of many affairs—hastily replaced the watch in his pocket, at the same time assuring the speaker, with much earnestness, that he was mistaken.

"Pooh—pooh!" exclaimed his quondam ac-

quaintance; "it is very rarely that I am wrong in my conclusions! Why, now I look at you, I could swear to you amongst a thousand! There is the same cold, grey eye with which you used to watch Mary Beacham and Sir John Trevanian, when he danced with her at the village feast! The idea of your asking me whose grave it was!" he added, with a laugh; "capital—as if you did not know it as well as I who dug it!"

The father of Peter had, many years before the commencement of our story, filled the office of parish clerk. He was a very old man, whilst Mike was yet in his prime: no wonder, then, that still he remembered the watch. He had often admired it when a boy—for Mr. Quin had, both from his office and reputed wealth, been a most important person in his estimation. His son, shortly after the death of the young woman alluded to, had quitted Farnsfield suddenly; and as his father never spoke of him, even to his most intimate friends, and, by his will, when he died, had left all his property to a nephew, every trace of Peter had been lost.

"Well," said the agent, unable any longer, after such convincing proofs, to deny his identity, "I am your old acquaintance, Peter Quin! Of course it was not my intention to deceive you!"

"Of course not!" drily observed the sexton.

"You only anticipated the discovery!" continued Peter; "though, to be candid with you, you are the only person in Farnsfield to whom I intend to make it—which you cannot wonder at, when you reflect on my father's unnatural will!"

"He cut you off with a shilling?"

"He did!" exclaimed the agent, with a fearful curse; "but his money never threw with him who inherited it!"

"True!" said Mike, with a shudder; "your cousin died poor!"

"And childless!"

"Oh dear, no!" replied the garrulous old gossip; "he left one son, who for many years was organist here; but has since got a better berth at Mansfield! It was his wedding," he added, "which you must have seen quitting the churchyard as you entered!"

He knew not why, but the words had no sooner escaped the speaker's lips, than he bitterly regretted them; perhaps the feeling was induced by the sinister smile which he detected on the lips of his hearer.

Before taking his leave, Peter Quin asked his old acquaintance several more questions: amongst others whether he had ever heard his father speak of him after his departure—and appeared considerably relieved when informed that the old clerk had never been known to mention his name to any one.

"We all thought it strange!" continued the sexton, especially as you must have parted friends with him, else he would never have given you the watch he was so proud of! How can you account for his disinheriting you?"

He to whom the question was addressed muttered something about the affections of old men changing with absence; and added, that his cousin had doubtless slandered him.

"You will find it difficult to make the people of Farnsfield believe that!" observed Mike; old Graham was as upright a man as ever broke bread! Every one respected him, but ill-luck seemed to pursue him! His cattle died—some folks said that they were poisoned! One or two bills that he had taken for stock were never paid, and those into whose hands they had fallen completed his ruin by law expenses! Then his wife died—broken-hearted they say; and, poor fellow, he soon followed her to the grave!"

During the narration of the misfortunes which had successively fallen upon the father of Charles Graham, Peter Quin evinced the utmost enjoyment. His eyes, usually so cold, sparkled with excitement; and a low, chuckling sound—something like the hissing of a serpent—issued from his thin lips.

"Fortune has been kinder to me!" he observed, "I have just returned from India, the land of promise, where everything I undertook turned at my touch to gold! I could buy half Farnsfield, if it were offered for sale to-morrow! I need not regret the miserable pittance my cousin robbed me of!"

We need not say that the account which the aged ruffian gave of his past career was a false one. But he had his own reasons for making the man who had recognised him believe that he had for many years been absent from England. Not that Mike did believe him.

"You must come and see me," he said, "at the Angel, at Mansfield. I am staying there for the present, and shall return directly."

The sexton promised, and shaking hands with the

acquaintance of his early years—whom he had so singularly recognised—bade him adieu; adding, that he would walk over in the evening.

"Come early!" exclaimed the hypocrite, as he prepared to retrace his steps through the churchyard, "and ask for Mr. Quin."

The old man renewed his promise, and so they separated.

In less than an hour afterwards the agent was on his road to London. With his usual knowledge of the world, he had exacted no promise of secrecy from his former friend. He knew that garrulous, gossip-loving personage could not have kept it if he would—so innate was his desire of relating anything which approached the marvellous. As he pursued his journey, he chuckled at the idea of the fruitless walk he had given him, and saw the poor, weary old man retracing his steps with a disappointed air to Farnsfield.

"I can't make it out!" said Mike, speaking half aloud, as soon as he was alone; I should as soon have expected to see the dead quit their graves, as Peter Quin return!"

"India!" he repeated musingly; "I don't believe a word of it! Strange things are about to happen," he muttered, "strange things—let who will live to see the end of it!"

The first thing he heard on his return to the village was the abduction of the infant from the cottage of Therese. At first he felt inclined to attribute its disappearance to the visit of Peter Quin, but could not hit upon a motive either to interest or connect him with the crime, and so dismissed the subject from his mind. When he discovered the mysterious manner in which the agent had disappeared from the place, and the shabby trick he had played him, the old man's suspicions returned; but he was too much mortified at having been overreached and made a fool of, to breathe a hint upon the subject.

CHAPTER XIV.

Come little infant, love me now,
With thine unsuspected years,
Clear the cares that dim my brow,
Disperse my sorrows and my fears.
Pretty, surely, 'twere to see,
By young Love, old Time beguiled,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurses with the child. MARVEL.

BEFORE the agent quitted his home on his expedition to Farnsfield, he left strict directions with Martha how to conduct herself in his absence with his clients—as he termed those who employed him in their nefarious designs: she was to represent him as indisposed to some; to others she was merely to state that he was engaged.

With her usual meek submission, the poor creature promised to act as he desired; it was a relief to her to be left even for a few days alone. How sad must that heart be to which solitude is a pleasure; her mind, naturally pure and loving, revolted at the life of infamy her father led—for she was no stranger either to his pursuits or character.

With his usual cunning, Peter Quin did not even give the agent whom he employed in the abduction of little Fanny reason to suspect his intended absence from his home; although trusted by many in concerns which affected not only their honor but their lives, he himself trusted no one.

For the first time in her life, Martha ventured to make an excursion a few miles from London. How beautiful did the green lanes and fields appear to her. She was never tired of admiring the trees and flowers; everything she saw delighted her, for it possessed the charm of novelty.

The spot she had chosen for her walk was the fields near Hampstead; groups of happy children were sporting in every direction, for the day was a holiday, and the little wretches, attended by their nurses or parents, were enjoying themselves in the fresh air and genial sunshine.

Several times Martha paused to observe them; she compared their joyous childhood with the recollections of her own solitary infancy. She had never known a mother's tender care, a father's caress—both her parents died ere she could remember them.

Leaving the fields she found herself on the heath, where the scene became even more animated; a party near her particularly attracted her attention. It consisted of an aged couple, their son and daughter-in-law, who were seated upon the grass enjoying a frugal repast, whilst the children of the latter pursued their sports and gambolled round them. One little sturdy fellow, about six years of age, had stolen his grandfather's stick, which he bestrode, and doubtless imagined himself exceedingly well mounted.

Two girls—delicate, fairy-looking creatures—ap-

peared highly to enjoy a game of ball with an elder brother, who would toss the ball upon the clean white napkin spread upon the grass—a hint, perhaps, that he thought the time was come for himself and sisters to share in the distribution of the good things they had brought with them. Once or twice his father raised his finger reprovingly, but the old man, with a quiet smile, threw back the ball, and broke into a joyous laugh when he succeeded in hitting him.

Martha was so struck by this picture of domestic happiness, that she seated herself upon the trunk of a tree which had fallen from age, and paused to contemplate it. It had filled her heart with the most tender emotions, and tears, not of envy but sympathy, unconsciously trickled down her cheeks.

The ball once more alighted upon the cloth: the old man caught it up and threw it over his head towards the spot where Martha was sitting. With a joyous laugh, the children commenced racing to see who should first obtain it. So eager were they, that they did not notice a deep pool of stagnant water in their path. The little fellow who had been bestriding his grandfather's cane, tripped and fell in. There was a general cry of consternation.

Heeding only the impulse of her woman's nature, the solitary creature—who had been silently watching their proceedings—rushed to the bank, plunged in, and, seizing the child by his frock, succeeded in dragging him on the grass, just as the elder members of the family, alarmed by their shrieks, reached the spot.

"He is not hurt!" observed Martha, as she placed the child in his terrified mother's arms.

Never had the speaker felt so happy. She had been useful—her exertions had in all probability saved the life of a fellow-creature. How she had accomplished it was a mystery to herself—for the pond was not only deep, but the banks steep and difficult to ascend.

"Why, as I live!" exclaimed the father of the boy, "it is Miss Quin!"

At the sound of her name the elder portion of the party drew back with an involuntary expression of dislike.

"They know me!" thought Martha, with a sigh; "I have inherited the brand of Cain from my wretched parent!"

The means by which she had been recognised occurred shortly afterwards to her recollection. The man was one of her grandfather's tenants, and consequently no stranger to the evil reputation which he bore in the neighborhood. The accident, which might have ended fatally, put a stop to the pleasures of the day. It was decided that they should at once return to London. The elder boy was dispatched for the horse and cart, which had been left at the public-house hard by. He speedily returned, and Peter Quin's daughter was invited to take a seat with them—they could scarcely offer less, after the service she had rendered them. On reaching the house—which was in the adjoining street to the one inhabited by her father—Mrs. Gurton, the mother of the boy, requested her to remain and spend the day with them.

Martha glanced at her dress, which was still wet and stained with the slime and duckweed of the pond.

"Never mind them!" observed the grateful woman; "I can lend you a change of things, if you are not above wearing them!"

The poor girl smiled sorrowfully, as she contemplated her threadbare gown, at the idea of her being above wearing anything. It was the first time in her life that she had eaten a meal from under her grandfather's roof. The happiness, the comfort, and domestic love which presided over the table of the humble artisan—for the Gurtons, both father and son, were only weavers—interested her. She could not avoid comparing their home of affection with her own solitary habitation. The contrast was both a painful and a humiliating one.

"And so you are old Peter's granddaughter?" observed the elder boy, who had been for some time silently regarding her, as they were seated at tea; "ain't you afraid of him?"

Martha did not ask why she should be afraid of him—her heart forbade the reply. She contented herself by merely observing that he was her grandfather.

"Well," said the lad, who was a sturdy, manly fellow, about fourteen, "the neighbors may say what they like about Peter Quin—I dare say it is all true enough; but I will never believe any harm of you—I am sure you cannot be wicked!"

His parents sharply reproved him for his freedom—which they saw had deeply pained their guest. His mother attempted to excuse it by observing,

with more bluntness than tact, that "Jack had always been taught to speak the truth!"

When Martha arose to depart, she would have taken her wet dress with her. Mrs. Gurton proposed to send it in the morning and receive back her own. Nothing could equal the astonishment of the artisan's wife when her visitor quietly informed her that, having no other, she could not leave without it.

"No other!" repeated Mrs. Gurton, raising her hands in pity and surprise; "your grandfather so rich, too! Well, I must say there is not another young woman of your age that would put up with it! Why, everybody knows that your mother brought a fortune when she married: not that anything Peter does!"

"Hush, Peggy!" interrupted her husband; "it is no affair of yours!"

"Did you know my mother?" inquired their visitor, anxiously—for, singularly enough, she was a stranger even to her name—Peter Quin invariably chiding her if ever she ventured to question him upon the subject. The weaver's wife looked at her husband, who made her a sign to be silent. The fact was, he did not like to meddle with any matters which concerned his landlord, who was feared, as well as hated, from his vindictive disposition.

Martha repeated her question.

"You had better inquire of your grandfather, young lady," observed the master of the house; "he will doubtless inform you of all he wishes you to know; we are poor people, and have no wish to meddle in affairs which no longer concern us!"

Finding that for the present she must abandon all hope of obtaining the information she desired, the agent's daughter took her leave, promising to bring back the things she had borrowed in the morning, when she trusted to find Mrs. Gurton alone.

Although she had seen so little of the world, Martha Quin had tact enough to know that she would be more likely to obtain her desire in the absence than in the presence of the weaver, who, for some reason known best to himself, had evidently made up his mind to keep a still tongue upon the subject.

Her first care on reaching her solitary home—which, after the scene of domestic comfort she had quitted, appeared lonely and wretched to her—was to close the iron-bound shutters and bar up the house for the night. That done, she made a fire in the little parlor and office, and prepared to dry her clothes.

"Those poor people are happy!" she mentally exclaimed. "True, they work for their daily food, but then those they love share their labor and partake of its fruits."

Her thoughts next reverted to the allusion which had been made to her mother, and the desire to learn something of the parent whose very name had been so sedulously kept from her became strong within her.

"I am no longer a child," she muttered, "and have a right to the explanation he withholds. Perhaps I am not his grandchild," she added, struck by a sudden suspicion. "Heaven grant it! how gladly would I welcome poverty, the most obscure lot, to know myself unconnected by blood with the bold, bad man who calls himself my grandfather!"

Her meditations were broken by a sharp, loud knocking at the door. The solitary inmate of the house started, reflected for an instant, and then recollected that it was the night she had been told to expect the arrival of the captain with an infant, which she was to take charge of till the return of Peter Quin.

Martha required no light to guide her footsteps—she could have traced her way to any part of the house blindfolded. Carefully withdrawing the bolts, she partially opened the door; we say partially, for the strong iron chain still remained a sufficient barrier between herself and any grown-up person whom she might not think proper to admit.

As she suspected, it was the man with the stolen infant.

"Quick!" said he, "open the door—there are persons in the street observing me!"

"It opens no wider for any one this night!" replied the woman, with an involuntary shudder—for the bold, licentious gaze of the ruffian had frequently startled her.

"Your grandfather expects me!"

"He bade me say he could not see you till the morning. So, if you have anything to leave, give it me, and depart at once."

The fellow gnashed his teeth and silently cursed her. By some means or other he had been made acquainted with the absence of Peter Quin, and contemplated putting in execution a project he had

long since formed of freeing himself from the slavery in which that worthy person so long had held him, by robbing the house of certain proofs which at any time would have sent him to the scaffold—which proofs, he well knew, the agent had by him.

"This is folly!" he said; "I must speak with you!"

"Speak!" said Martha, calmly.

"I shall have the wretch upon me!"

"It will be your own fault," answered the girl—who felt more and more the necessity of keeping the chain between them—"not mine! You might as well preach to the stones, man of blood and crime," she added, "as seek to shake my resolution! I know you: and those who once obtain that knowledge, are worse than fools to trust to you! Give me your burthen, or depart at once!"

"Take it, then, in the fiend's name," exclaimed the captain, thrusting the infant between the half-open door; "I believe the brat is either dead or senseless for want of food. As for the suspicions you have formed, you know you wrong me—I would not harm a hair of your head—I love you too well for that!"

With a gesture of ineffable disgust at the idea of the speaker entertaining a thought of what he was pleased to designate his love towards her, Martha received the child, which was still enveloped in the shawl; and, after once more securing the door, retired with her burthen to the parlor.

On removing the covering, she at first thought the infant was dead; nor was it till she had chafed its tender limbs for some time before the fire, that a faint cry undeceived her. Fortunately there was some milk in the house, which the agent's daughter had reserved for her supper; this she hastily warmed and fed the little stranger with. It ate it eagerly—looking up in her pale face from time to time with a faint smile.

The solitary creature experienced a strange gush of tenderness in her heart as the orphan nestled closely to her breast, and fell into a gentle sleep. She felt as if Providence, in pity to her loneliness, had sent her at last a being she could love—something which told her heart it was still human.

"Sweet innocent!" she murmured; "doubtless it has been torn from its unhappy mother, who even now is weeping for its loss, or calling in accents of despair for her lost idol—so young and helpless, too! Would to heaven it might remain with me! Life would not seem so perfectly a blank if I had some one to love me!"

Martha retired with the infant to her own chamber; and although unused to the office of nurse, performed its duties in undressing her with such kindness that it did not break the little stranger's sleep.

As she removed its frock, a ribbon round its neck attracted her attention. Several trinkets were attached to it. The woman carefully examined them, in the hope that they might hereafter afford some clue by which the child might be recognised and restored to its parents.

One of the trinkets was an amethyst, set as a seal. It bore both a crest and a device. The former was a greyhound couchant, and the motto "Tiens à la verité"—"Hold to the truth."

"I certainly have seen this, or one similar to it, somewhere before!" thought Martha, drawing the candle nearer, that she might examine it more closely; "it could not have been upon a letter," she added, musingly, "for I receive none!"

After some minutes spent in reflection, she suddenly recollected that in a collection of trinkets which her father kept in his cabinet was a watch with the same engraving and words. It was one of the many articles of value he had purchased of the captain, and more than once she had heard the old man boast that the possession of it was sufficient evidence for him to hang him if he chose.

"It is the same!" she exclaimed, with a shudder—for she surmised but too truly the fearful means by which the watch had been obtained. "How fortunate the villain did not see it!"

Thence, after the death of her sister, had found the seal in her desk; but without attaching any importance to the discovery, on the morning of her marriage she had placed the ribbon with that and the rest of the trinkets round the neck of her niece, as a plaything during her absence.

The agent's daughter revolved in her mind if there were any possible means of obtaining the watch from her grandfather's secret store. Hitherto she had been so submissive—shown so little curiosity respecting his proceedings—that the old man never considered her presence in the house as a restraint upon him. She knew where he concealed

his keys, and, in the hope that he had not taken them with him, hastily left the room, and descended to the parlor.

She found it, as she expected, in the recess so cunningly contrived in the floor beneath the table. It was the first time in her life she had ever ventured upon anything like an act of disobedience or deceit, and her hand trembled so violently as she thrust the key into the old-fashioned cabinet, that she had to make the attempt twice before she succeeded in turning it.

"As I said!" she murmured, at the same time drawing forth the watch; "the very words and design!" She did not call it a crest—probably being ignorant of the meaning of the word.

In the same drawer was a printed paper, carefully folded, and marked "important" on the back. This Martha also possessed herself of, and retreated hastily to her own room, pursued by her fears.

"Heaven will pardon me!" she murmured; "it sees the motive of my conduct! Besides, I can replace them before he returns."

The paper marked important, in the handwriting of Peter Quin, was neither a bank-bill, bond, or deed; but simply a description of the person of a gentleman who had disappeared, to the grief and surprise of his family, and offering a large reward for any intelligence respecting him.

Persons who could furnish any were directed to apply to Mr. Foster, Solicitor, Inner Temple.

Martha carefully copied it, word for word, in her large, clerk-like hand; and, sewing it with the trinkets and ribbons in the mattress of her bed, prepared to retire to rest. She would willingly have added the watch, but dared not—her terror of her grandfather was too great: he would be sure to miss it.

Having accomplished her task, the poor, timid creature retired to rest, but not to sleep. The events of the day had too much excited her. Daylight began to peep through the casement of her chamber before her busy, overwrought brain permitted her to taste the repose she so much needed.

Martha's first care the following morning was to replace the watch and paper in the cabinet, and return the key to its hiding-place. That done, she prepared breakfast for herself and the little stranger in whose welfare she had taken such a sudden and novel interest. No wonder: the orphan was something for her to love—to lavish the long-suppressed affections of her heart upon.

"Could I but retain the infant with me," she repeated several times to herself, as she regarded Fanny, "life would not appear so desolate!"

Just as the repast was finished, there was a knocking at the door. The visitor proved to be no other than her acquaintance of the preceding day—Mrs. Gurton, the wife of her grandfather's tenant.

The woman had called for the clothes she had lent her. "Passing that way," she observed, "she was willing to spare Miss Quin the trouble of bringing them."

Martha was sufficiently a woman of the world to judge that curiosity had as much to do with her visit as politeness. It was something gratifying to the weaver's wife to penetrate into the interior of a house whose doors had so long been closed against the world.

"It is a dull place!" quietly observed the agent's granddaughter, noticing that Mrs. Gurton was leisurely taking a survey of the wretched furniture of the room.

"Nothing changed, I perceive!" replied the woman; the same chairs and tables! "I could almost fancy that I recognised the old cobwebs upon the ceiling and walls—the clock down, too!"

Martha naturally felt surprised at a remark which implied a former and intimate acquaintance with the place: she recollected how the weaver had checked the loquacity of his wife the preceding day, when speaking of her parents.

"It is not your first visit here, then?"

"I should think not!" exclaimed Mrs. Gurton, with a significant smile. "I would wager my best shawl that I could name every article in the rooms above, from the Indian chintz furniture to the curious old cabinet in your grandfather's bed-room, in which, they do say," she added, lowering her voice, "he keeps more gold and notes than are to be found in the Bank of England!"

At the mention of the cabinet, her hearer changed color; she almost expected her visitor to allude to her own visit to it.

"Did you never hear your grandfather speak of Mary Bright?" continued her visitor.

"Never!"

"Well, I don't wonder at it!" added the weaver's wife, bitterly; "few persons like to mention those

they have wronged—and Peter Quin, after all, has, I suppose, some conscience, though it is difficult to believe it, after the state I find you in!"

"Pray explain yourself," said Martha, taking her hand; "you alluded yesterday to my mother. Alas! I never even heard her name! I am ignorant if I have a relative in the world except my grandfather."

"Plenty of relatives," interrupted Mrs. Gurton, "who ought to feel proud to own you, for I begin to think Peter has not corrupted your heart!"

"You knew my mother?"

"I nursed her!" resumed the woman; "of course I was a mere girl then! Her husband—Peter's son—was just dead, and you an infant about six years of age! Poor thing! the loss of your father broke her heart, at least, so it was said; but I have always had my own opinion upon that point."

The folorn being who, for the first time in her life, was listening to these details of her family, shuddered. It was in vain that she entreated the speaker to explain herself. The woman shook her head, and muttered something about getting into trouble and the anger of her husband, if it should reach his ears.

"As for the rest," she said, speaking more plainly, "you have a right to know, and I will tell you! Peter Quin and his son were partners; but it was a different sort of trade, I believe, they followed then! When your father died, he left everything to his widow and child—that I know; for I well remember the fury of your grandfather when he discovered that she had proved the will!"

"Then I am not dependent upon him for my daily bread?" exclaimed Martha, eagerly.

"Dependent upon him—no more than I am!" replied her informant. "You are rich—or at least ought to be. The rest is soon told. From the day of the quarrel between Peter Quin and his daughter-in-law, the latter gradually sickened. The doctors, not knowing what was the matter with her, just called it a broken heart, and the world believed it."

"Did you believe it?" demanded the granddaughter of the agent, placing her hand upon her arm, and looking anxiously into her face.

"It matters little what I believed now!" answered the woman, evasively; "when your poor mother was dying, she told me, in the presence of Peter Quin, that she had provided for me, for I had served her faithfully; but I never received one farthing!"

"How so?"

"The will could not be found!" replied the weaver's wife; "doubtless it fell into your grandfather's hands, who had his own reasons for suppressing it. And now, my dear young lady, you know all that I can tell you."

"Except the name of my mother?"

"Ah, true—true—she was the daughter of a Spanish merchant, named Mendez. Some people said that she was a Jewess; others, a gipsy; but I never believed them! She must have been a good Christian," added the speaker; "for I have heard her for hours praying in her native tongue over the cradle in which you were sleeping."

Tears chased each other down the cheeks of Martha, on hearing that she had been the object of so much affection. It was soothing to her to know that she had once been loved, even though it was not a memory to her.

"Now," said Mrs. Gurton, rising to depart, "I have said my say. You know all that I can tell you, and it will be your own fault if you suffer Peter Quin to keep you in poverty and misery any longer. If there is anything I can do for you by day or by night, you may command me, and my husband, too, for the matter of that," added the speaker; we have not forgotten that, but for you, our trip yesterday might have ended sadly!"

"I must think—reflect!" muttered the granddaughter of the agent; "for I have no friends to counsel me!"

"But you have that which will procure them!"

Martha looked at her doubtingly.

"Money!" continued the speaker; "at least you can have it—and that is much the same thing! But whatever you do," she added, lowering her voice, as if she feared the echoes of that lonely chamber would repeat her words, "act cautiously—and, above all, suddenly." Never let Peter Quin suspect you meditate raising your hand till you have struck the blow!"

"And why not?" demanded his granddaughter, wishing to feel assured that she perfectly comprehended the nature of her caution.

"Why? Nothing—no reason in particular," answered her visitor, in a tone of affected carelessness; "I merely meant that those who deal with

your grandfather cannot be too much upon their guard!"

CHAPTER XV.

Experience teacheth us
That resolution's a sole help at need.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE information which the weaver's wife had given her respecting the past, so audaciously kept hidden from her by the agent, caused his granddaughter to ponder deeply. For the first time in her life, she felt an inclination to resist the degrading tyranny to which she had for so many years been the drudge—the slave. Neither was the woman's caution forgotten—it weighed like a nightmare upon the heart of the desolate Martha. It implied a suspicion, if not a knowledge of some crime committed by Peter Quin, which she shuddered to speculate upon.

"Would I knew more or less!" she repeated several times to herself during the day; "bad as she is, I would not, even in thought, do him an injustice by supposing —"

She hesitated, and the half-spoken sentence died upon her lips.

When the agent returned, his first inquiry was for the child. The instant he beheld it, he regarded it with a bitter scowl, although he expressed the greatest satisfaction that the captain had succeeded in executing his orders. The terrified infant clung screaming to the bosom of Martha, whom she already recognised with smiles of infantine affection.

"You terrify her!" observed his grand-daughter, drawing Fanny yet closer to her.

"Pooh!" said the old man angrily; "children are not so easily frightened! She will soon get accustomed to my manner!"

Martha was delighted with this response: it implied that for some time at least the little stranger was to remain with them; but she prudently abstained from asking him any questions upon the subject. It was the only way to avoid exciting his suspicions.

His next inquiries were respecting his clients, as he termed them: satisfied that nothing of importance had occurred during his absence, he directed his grand-daughter to prepare his supper, and retired to see that everything was safe in the office.

Satisfied, apparently, with the examination, he returned in unusual good humor, made a hearty meal, and even carried his extravagance so far as to open a bottle of wine, a luxury he rarely indulged in.

Suddenly looking up, he noticed that Martha—who was seated near the fire-place with Fanny, who had fallen asleep upon her lap—had her eyes fixed upon him with an expression which he had never noticed before.

"What in the fiend's name," he exclaimed, "is the fool staring at?"

"I was thinking," replied the poor girl, "how closely this infant's fate resembles mine!"

"How so?"

"We neither of us are ever likely to learn the name of the mother who bore us!"

"Will not mine content you?" demanded the aged ruffian, with a sneer; "many would only be too glad to bear it—to stand as near to me as you do in blood as well as affection!"

At the word "affection" his granddaughter gave a sickly smile. It was little of affection that she had ever known during her solitary existence.

A sudden suspicion crossed the brain of Peter Quin.

"You have had a visitor" he said, eyeing her sternly.

"I might have had!" answered Martha, warily; "but, thank heaven, I kept the chain between us! The captain, when he brought the infant, tried by surprise, entreaty, and at last by menaces, to enter the house; he talked of his love for me—but the bait was too palpable for me to catch at! He must have suspected," she added, "that you were from home."

"Not unlikely—not unlikely!" repeated the agent, musingly; "that's his game, is it? We shall see—we shall see!"

The sinister smile which accompanied the half-muttered words made his granddaughter shudder. She recollected the watch and the paper, and doubted not that the thoughts of the speaker reverted to them.

"You are not angry with me?" she observed, submissively.

"No—no!" observed the old man, sharply; "you acted rightly in keeping him on the outside of the door; and still more wisely in telling me what had

taken place! The captain is a fine gentleman—a bold fellow, likely to catch a woman's fancy—earns a great deal of money, too, in his way! So, if you really like him, I don't see why.”

Although Martha knew that this was merely a ruse to sound her inclination, she could not repress the feeling of disgust and horror which the idea of her entertaining a thought of the ruffian conjured up.

“You mean it as a jest!” she said; “but it is a cruel one! I shall never, with your consent, become the wife of any man!”

“I am not so sure of that!” interrupted Peter.

“Be that as it may,” she continued, “I would a thousand times rather die than wed the man you name—for there is no pollution in the grave!”

“Well—well!” muttered the agent, in a satisfied tone—for he felt convinced that he had nothing to fear from the courtship of the captain—“it has not come to that yet! He shall annoy you no more!”

“You do not know him!”

“You do not know me!” replied the old man, fiercely; “or the means by which I work my ends! I am old, feeble—my body bent—and my limbs totter as I walk the street; but my brain is young—active as ever! If I have no longer the lion's strength, I at least possess the serpent's craft. No being,” he continued, in a tone of triumph—for the wine had made him unusually garrulous—“ever crossed my path, that I did not find some means to remove him!”

Martha turned very pale. She remembered the half-spoken hints of the weaver's wife, and thought of her dead mother. A sickening sensation came over her. She looked towards the door, as if she would have fled from the room.

“Well!” he exclaimed, “what ails you now? You could not appear more frightened if you were caged with a tiger!”

“Nothing, grandfather—nothing!” she faltered, making a violent effort to appear collected; “you forget that for five days I have been left alone—and solitude breeds strange fancies! My nights have been sleepless, and my days lonely and wretched? I would have given something to have heard even the sound of your voice: and yet I have seldom heard it,” she added, with a sigh, “unless in accents of harshness and reproach!”

“Your own fault!” grumbled the agent; “you are so infernally like your mother!”

“Is that a crime?” demanded Martha.

“Well, no—not exactly a crime; but I had rather you had been like any one else! Like most of her sex, she was wayward and obstinate—thwarted me, and—there, let us change the subject. I hate to speak or think of her!”

For several minutes the old man sat with his eyes gloomily fixed upon the table. Suddenly, as if stung by some painful recollection, he poured out a tumbler of wine, drained it off, dashed the glass underneath the grate, and left the room.

For more than an hour afterwards his granddaughter heard him pacing up and down the office.

“Would to heaven!” she murmured, “that the woman had spoken plain, or been dumb for ever! What a life henceforth must be mine! The suspicion of a crime I dare not name will haunt me like a shadow! God!” she added, wildly, and half speaking aloud; “to pass long years to come alone with him—to hear the stealthy, solitary step—to catch the eyes of the man glaring on me who murdered—I shall go mad—mad,” she repeated, “if I continue to think of it!”

The wretched woman felt that she had excited the suspicions of her grandfather. She remembered the caution of Mrs. Gurton, and came to the conclusion that the utmost circumspection alone could dissipate them.

With this intention, she carefully replaced the fragments of the repeat, as if nothing unusual had occurred, extinguished the fire remaining in the grate, lit her candle, and retired for the night, bearing the still sleeping infant with her.

As she entered her room, she heard the door of the office below cautiously opened. She knew that the agent was listening: the unhappy woman longed to bar the door of her chamber, but dared not, lest he should hear her.

It was well that Martha did not give way to her terrors—for during the night she heard the latch of her bed-room door gently raised. It was evidently done with the intention of ascertaining whether it had been bolted or not—for instantly afterwards she detected the footsteps of her grandfather moving cautiously away.

From that night, the suspicion that her mother had been foully dealt with became a rooted conviction;

and yet the following day she met the man she looked upon as a murderer with her usual cold, apathetic demeanor. What could she do—alone in the world—no proof—no friend to aid or counsel her?

Three years passed on, and the orphan Fanny still continued an inmate of the agent's house. Scarcely a day elapsed that the old man, who noticed with singular dissatisfaction the strong affection which existed between his grand-daughter and the child, did not threaten to send the “brat” away.

Martha got so used to the menace at last, that it ceased to alarm her. She was no longer the desolate, submissive being of her early days: she had something to love and live for—love had given her strength; and she mentally vowed, as she gazed upon the child so strangely confided to her care, that not even her grandfather's resolve should separate them.

She had yet to learn the length to which he was capable of being urged by his evil nature. Although his strength had abandoned him, and he was so weak that an infant might have mastered him, the brain of Peter Quin was healthy and active as ever.

Whatever his original intentions were in keeping Fanny under his roof, they had long ceased to actuate him. Probably the hatred he entertained to the unoffending child induced the old man to abandon them, and he began to look upon her as an incumbrance.

It was little that her protectress knew—but that little she taught the child. There was something touching in the sight of the affectionate woman gathering up the backs of letters and such scraps of paper as she could find in the office, to set her pupil writing lessons upon. She even carried her desire so far as to entreat her grandfather to purchase a copy-book for her; but the fury with which her request was received prevented her ever repeating it.

Money of her own she had not.

Although unable to clothe her little favorite, except in the veriest rags, Martha kept her scrupulously neat. If her frock was patched, it was clean; as for bonnet or shoes, she had neither. Many a weary night had the affectionate woman laid awake, pondering in her mind how she might procure them: accident enabled her at last to gratify her wish—but little did she dream the misery it would occasion her.

One morning, during breakfast, the agent informed her that he expected a gentleman to call, whom she was at once to show into the office.

“But how am I to know him?” she inquired.

“Most likely he will give you his name,” replied the old man; “it is Foster, the great lawyer from the Inner Temple. Why, what are you staring and looking so surprised at?”

“I—nothing! only that you generally do not receive such visitors!” observed his grand-daughter, evasively—for she had recognised the name as that of the gentleman referred to in the paper in the cabinet.

“How do you know what sort of visitors I receive?” demanded Peter, sharply; “you think I am growing old! You presume—but I shall live years—years,” he added, “to plague you; and even when I do die, may find means to disappoint you of my money!”

“I do not think of it!” replied Martha. “Money! I scarcely know its use!”

“It's a lie! You do think of it—you dream of it!” exclaimed the wretched man; “I have seen you watching my steps as they became more feeble—counting the days I have to live! but I am not old here!” he continued, touching his forehead, sarcastically; “young—young as ever! I shall bury you yet! and send the brat you hope to enrich when I am gone to the workhouse!”

“God forgive you for that thought,” answered Martha, roused by a feeling of indignation from her usual submissive manner; “is it not enough to have blighted my whole existence, but you would destroy hers?”

“Insolent!” said the agent, with a burst of fury; “I have kept you both too long from charity!”

This was more than even the patience of the long-suffering martyr could endure. She had long ceased to care or feel for herself—but she had now some one to love and to protect; for the first time she forgot the prudence and the restraint of years.

“Charity!” she repeated; “does not the word blister your tongue? You know that it is false—you know that the fortune you have robbed me of was ample!”

The countenance of Peter Quin underwent a sudden change. The pupils of his small grey eyes

contracted as he fixed them upon her with an ironical expression.

“Pray proceed!” he said.

“I have been patient, where others would have braved you!” continued his granddaughter; “for I remembered the tie of blood between us—do not force me to forget it!”

“Have you finished?” demanded the old man. “If you have, hear me! That brat quits my house this very day.”

He pointed as he spoke to the terrified Fanny, who clung to the side of her protectress to hide herself from the fierce, vindictive looks of the speaker.

“And if she does,” replied Martha, calmly, “I will go with her.”

“Where?”

The friendless, desolate creature clasped her hands and burst into tears. Where could she go—without one friend in the world, or a shilling? Who would receive or shelter her?

“Where?” repeated the agent, with a chuckle, for he doubted not that he had humbled her at last. “Minion, you thought to brave me! Ha, ha! I'll wring your very heart for this.”

There was a knocking at the door.

“Answer it,” he added.

“Pardon!” exclaimed the wretched woman, sinking on her knees and attempting to grasp the withered hand of her tyrant, which he impatiently drew from her; “promise me that you will not separate us; she is the only tie that binds me to existence. I will be humble as a child—work, drudge, without complaining—only promise me that she shall remain!”

“Well, well,” said the old man, affecting to appear moved—“we shall see. Go!” he repeated, “it is the visitor I expect.”

Taking the weeping Fanny with her, Martha left the room, and presently returned, ushering in the expected visitor, Mr. Foster, lawyer, of the Inner Temple, a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with a benevolent but shrewd cast of countenance, apparently about fifty years of age.

After an hour had elapsed, the bell of the parlor rang, and Martha, hastily drying her tears, answered it.

“Do you know Parliament street?” inquired the lawyer.

“The street at the foot of the bridge, to the left,” said the agent, in a harsh tone.

She answered in the affirmative.

“Go, then,” said Mr. Foster, “to No. 17—you will see parchments and books in the window: you cannot mistake the shop. Give this note, and be careful of the papers they send in return.”

Anxious to give her grandfather no further cause of offence, the poor creature hastily put on her faded shawl and bonnet, and ran, rather than walked, to execute her commission. When she returned, she was quite out of breath.

“Thank you!” said the gentleman, with a smile; “quite correct,” he added, after examining the packet she had handed to him; “that will do.” As she left the room, she heard Peter Quin mutter something about stamps.

The business being concluded, doubtless to the satisfaction of both parties, Mr. Foster left the house. Martha, as usual, let him out: as she closed the door, the gentleman slipped half a sovereign into her hands. It was the first time in her life she had ever possessed such a sum of money of her own. Her joy was unbounded, for it enabled her to put her long-cherished wish into execution, of providing, shoes, &c., for her adopted child; but weeks elapsed before she ventured to carry out her intention, so great was her terror of her tyrant.

Peter Quin was one of those cold, calculating men, whose blows are never seen, but felt; he loved to brood over his plans in silence; like the viper, he was slow in gathering his venom—but its effects were equally deadly.

When Martha trusted that his anger had blown over, she ventured on her meditated purchase. The old man smiled bitterly the first time he saw the infant object of his hatred attired in her new frock and shoes; and he sarcastically demanded where the money for such a piece of foolish extravagance came from.

His granddaughter tremblingly explained.

“Humph!” muttered the agent. “Foster is a fool, who has more money than wit; but I suppose he charged it to his client's account—and you might have expended it more wisely than upon that brat, who has eaten my bread too long! But I have no time,” he added, “to think either of her or you at present! I must go to the city, and take Miles with me. Send for him!”

Miles was the name of the man who conducted the lodging-house adjoining. For years he had been the tool and factotum of his employer, who valued him as such men value the ready instrument of any act of villany. Like most of his dependents, he was completely in the power of the agent, who frequently vented his spleen by reminding him that he could hang him whenever he chose. Miles had a good memory, and never forgot his threats.

Shortly afterwards they left the house together. Martha saw them depart with pleasure: she imagined that Peter had forgotten his former menace respecting the orphan Fanny.

CHAPTER XVI.

Oh, there is danger
When a villain smiles. SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the agent returned from his visit to the city, he appeared in great good humor; ostentatiously counted several notes in the presence of his grand-daughter; then thrust them, with an air of satisfaction, into one of his capacious pockets. Had Martha seen more of the world, she would at once have suspected him. To any one but herself, the scene would have appeared over-acted.

"Sit down!" said the old man; "we must have some talk together. You need not be afraid," he added, as the anxious woman silently obeyed him; "it's not about the child you are so infatuated with that I am going to speak."

Martha drew Fanny upon her knees and kissed her.

"I have been thinking," continued the hypocrite, "that I am not so young as I was; my health as well as strength is failing. The best of us, I suspect, have but a queer account to make up; in short, I am resolved to strike a balance with the world, and quit this place."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the poor girl; "I have never known a happy hour in it."

A scowl flitted for an instant over the harsh features of her grandfather, but disappeared as quickly as it came. He was a finished actor, and it was his cue to appear if not amiable, at least less harsh than usual.

"I have heard of a place a few miles from town. To-morrow I am going to visit it—so let me have breakfast an hour earlier. Since you have not been happy here, you can have but little regret at leaving."

"None!" exclaimed Martha, eagerly; "for there is no solitude so dreadful as the sense of loneliness in the midst of our fellow creatures! In this gloomy place I am haunted by a thousand terrors! I sometimes imagine that I see pale faces glaring at me from the walls, or in the dimly-lighted chamber where I sleep! One might almost imagine some crime had been committed there!"

Had the speaker been less excited by the hope of quitting the house which from childhood had been a prison rather than a home to her, she must have noticed how the countenance of Peter Quin turned pale when she alluded to some crime having been perpetrated in the place.

"Besides," she continued, "I shall see the green fields and flowers of which I have heard so much—listen to the music of the birds—breathe the pure air of heaven! Yes," she added, with a smile; "I shall feel happy—truly happy—when I depart from here."

"Very well," observed the agent, drily; in ten days we both leave."

"We both leave!" repeated Martha, looking at him imploringly; "both! And Fanny—the poor, motherless child—she will accompany us? You do not mean to separate me from her?"

"You will have enough to do in your new home without her—"

"Grandfather," said the poor creature, interrupting him, "unsay those cruel words: it is the first favor I ever asked of you. You know that I would rather remain here a thousand times than part with her. If my faults have been many, they have been those of ignorance; and my pleasures," she added, "have at least been few!"

"That's true," said the old man, apparently struck by the truth of the observation; "therefore, you may keep the brat, since you so ardently desire it; but remember, that for the future I expect no repining—no grumbling. It is not often," he added, "that I change my resolution; but for once—well there—I have said it."

Martha was all joy and gratitude: for the first time in her life, she felt something approaching to a sentiment of kindness towards her grandfather. Little did this poor deceived dupe imagine that the hypocrite was only acting a part with her.

A weight, a cloud, which for weeks had hung like a shadow over her, disappeared from her heart; it was like a ray of sunshine peering through the dreary fogs of November, or the first flower of spring too long delayed. Frequently during the rest of the day, when the cold eye of the agent was no longer upon her, she clasped the little orphan to her bosom, and covered her innocent cheek with kisses.

Few would have imagined how deep the fountain of sympathy and affection which was concealed under her usually calm, subdued exterior.

As an early hour the following morning, the chaise which Peter Quin had ordered drove up to the door, he bade Martha adieu in a tone of unusual cordiality—nay, even carried his duplicity so far as to pat her *protégé* upon the head, as the child stood holding by the gown of her protectress in the passage, to see him depart.

"He has some heart!" thought the poor deceived creature, with a feeling of gratitude; "it is not all of clay!"

Martha began picturing to herself the happiness of a life in the country—the pure air, the green fields—so different from the close, stifling neighborhood from which she had scarcely stirred during her monotonous existence. How Fanny, too, she thought, would enjoy them. She fancied that she saw the child sporting in the balmy sunshine, drawing health and strength from the invigorating atmosphere.

Her brief reveries were interrupted by a knock at the door.

It was the driver of the chaise.

"The old gentleman has forgotten a packet upon the table in the office," said the man, "he bade me tell you bring it to him."

There was nothing to excite the suspicions of the forlorn being, who was sufficiently acquainted with the nature of Peter Quin's affairs to understand that he might not wish that a stranger even for an instant should hold any papers belonging to him in his possession.

"Directly!" she exclaimed.

"He is in a deuce of a hurry," observed the driver; one would imagine it contained half the notes in the Bank of England."

"Where is he?"

"Only at the foot of the bridge."

Martha entered the office, and discovered upon the desk a packet carefully sealed. In her anxiety to please her persecutor, she did not wait even to put on her bonnet or shawl.

"I shall be back in an instant, darling," she said, kissing the child; "wait for me at the door; but mind, no further."

Following the rapid steps of the messenger, she speedily reached the bridge, where Peter Quin was quietly waiting in the chaise; a satirical smile played for an instant on his thin, shrivelled lips, as he saw her approaching without Fanny in her arms; he saw that his artifice had succeeded.

Muttering something like thanks, he thrust the packet into his pocket, observing that he should not return till evening.

"Have tea ready," he added; "and let me see—"

"There is cold meat in the house," interrupted his granddaughter, impatiently—for she had begun to feel anxious respecting Fanny.

The old man decided at last upon what he would have when he came back. The important point settled, his granddaughter started on her return. She had not proceeded many yards before he called her back, under pretence of giving her some charge respecting the house.

All this was merely to gain time for the execution of the heartless vengeance he had long brooded over.

"You may go now," he said, with a sinister sneer; "I have no wish to detain you any longer."

That sneer excited the suspicions of Martha. Without a word of adieu, she hastened back to the home from which she had been so cleverly lured. The child was no longer there; every room was explored. She called upon her in the most endearing accents—but no voice replied to her. All was silent, except the beatings of her own desolate heart: she almost heard them.

"Monster!" she exclaimed, sinking into a chair, and bursting into a passionate flood of tears—"life had one solace—and he has torn it from me! Fool that I was to be deceived—to trust my treasure an instant from my sight! Lost—lost to me for ever!"

How frequently do we see the most timid natures undergo a sudden and complete change. The parent bird, which flies at the approach of the hawk, becomes bold when she has her young ones to defend.

The heart of the agent's granddaughter experienced one of those sudden revulsions which turn the plastic clay to granite.

"It is the moment for action," she said drying her tears with the corner of her checked apron; "not for grief. I shall have time enough to lament her in the sad hours of the future. Fool!" she repeated bitterly; "fool, to be so duped—warned as I was, too, by one who knew his evil nature!"

This was in allusion to the caution which the weaver's wife had given her—that if ever the tyranny of Peter Quin drove her to a rupture, whatever she resolved to do she could do so suddenly.

The traces of grief upon the mourner's features gradually gave way to an expression of cold and settled determination. After having fully decided upon the means she would pursue, she rose from her seat in the kitchen and secured the street door; that done, she entered the little parlor, raised the trap beneath the desk, and possessed herself of the keys of the cabinet, as well as a species of register which Peter Quin kept of the various transactions in which he had been engaged.

"I can hang the villain, if I choose," she murmured, after having hastily glanced over a few of the pages; "he shall restore to me my darling, or—God help me," she added, with a shudder, as reflection interposed and prevented the completion of the sentence; "to what extremities do not our evil passions drive us?"

Every drawer and recess in the old cabinet was scrupulously examined: there were bonds, bills, and securities whose destruction would have rejoiced the heart of many an unfortunate creditor or spendthrift heir. Martha thought but little of these; although strongly tempted to secure the watch and paper—which evidently were connected in some way with the mystery of the orphan's birth—she prudently abstained; it would have placed her in the power of her oppressor. In the act of closing one of the drawers, she fancied that the side of the cabinet into which it fitted was of a different thickness from the corresponding one; a more minute examination convinced her that she was right. After a long and tedious search, she at last discovered the means of opening a secret depository, artfully contrived in the thickness of the cabinet work.

It contained two papers, labelled, in the handwriting of Peter Quin, "To be destroyed before my death."

One was a letter from his son, imploring him to act justly by his widow and orphan.

"Justly!" repeated Martha, bitterly; "as well might he have recommended the dove to the mercy of the vulture—the lamb to the pity of the wolf! His own son, too!"

The second paper was a document of far greater importance—the will of her mother—bequeathing her to the guardianship of Gabriel Mendez, her brother, a Spanish merchant in the city. There was a singular clause, by which the testatrix stipulated that, on attaining the age of twenty-one, her daughter should obtain the royal leave to assume the name of Mendez, instead of Quin.

We need not inform our readers how the agent succeeded in suppressing the will of his daughter-in-law; his son's had been proved at his death—so that the old man's object must have been merely to retain the right of guardianship which he had so cruelly abused over his grand-daughter; the property, interest and principal it was impossible for him to touch, unless by forgery—which in the days of George III. was invariably punished by death.

It would be difficult to describe the varied emotions of Martha Quin as she perused and re-perused the proofs of her grandfather's cupidity and cruelty. She was rich—and yet her days had been passed in the most abject poverty and wretchedness. She understood at last why she had been systematically secluded from the world—kept in ignorance of its usages; her youth withered like a weed in some dank vault or den, which the genial rain and sunshine never reached.

"He shall give her back to me!" she exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, as she secured the papers, with the private register of Peter Quin; "and disgorge his ill-gotten wealth! How the fiend he has served will yell to see the crushed serpent writhing in impotent fury—his fangs drawn, his venom hurtless!"

At first she thought of seeking a temporary shelter with the weaver and his family—but a little reflection convinced her that they were not the sort of people to protect her from the machinations of the agent; her ideas next reverted to the lawyer in the Inner Temple: the mild manner in which he had spoken to her, and his appearance, had in-

spired the desolate creature with a certain degree of confidence.

Still she resolved to await the return of her grandfather, to learn, if possible, something of the fate of Fanny, in whom her affections were so centred, that she would willingly have resigned every thing to obtain her restoration.

"I must be guarded with him," she said, "and meet art with art!"

When Peter Quin returned, he was astonished at the calm with which Martha received him: he had expected to find her in tears—possibly to listen to her reproaches or entreaties: they would have been music to him—for, like most men who have committed a crime, he hated her whom he had so cruelly injured. Instead of which he found his tea prepared for him, and not a word either of complaint or expostulation.

The meal passed in silence, which he broke, when he had concluded, by sarcastically observing how very quiet the place appeared.

"It will be more so soon?" was the reply; "since I, too, shall leave it!"

"You? Bah!"

"I am serious!"

"And where will you go to?" demanded the aged ruffian, with a chuckle.

"To seek my child! Heaven will guide me! It is time, grandfather, that we clearly understood each other!"

There was something in the tone of the speaker which aroused the worst passions of Peter's nature. It was not exactly defiance, but the consciousness of power, which it expressed. He felt disappointed, too, at her firmness: he had counted on her tears.

"It is time that you understood me!" he exclaimed, striking his clenched hand upon the table. "The brat is gone where you will never see or hear of her again! I have taken my measures too well for that! I generally find the means of removing those who cross my path!" he added, with a leer.

It was the second time he had made that boast. Martha thought of her mother, and the vague hints which the weaver's wife had thrown out respecting her early death; but, instead of intimidating her, it filled her heart with additional courage and energy.

"Where is she?" she demanded.

"Perhaps at the bottom of the Thames!" replied the old man, brutally; "perhaps sold to the gipsies! Where, you will never learn!"

"No—no!" said the horror-stricken woman; "bad as you are, you would not have a second murder on your soul?"

Peter turned very pale, and his eye rested for an instant upon a knife remaining on the table.

"Restore her to me!" exclaimed the speaker, "as you value the rest of your miserable days! I am desperate, and armed with a power you dream not of! If a hair of that child's head has been harmed, monster, I will break the tie of blood between us, and drag you to the scaffold!"

"Are you mad?"

"No! I have recovered my senses!"

"And is this the reward of my charity?"

"Charity!" repeated his grand-daughter, contemptuously; "that lie will no longer serve your turn! I have learnt the nature of my claims upon the fortune of which you have despoiled me: the law will wring from your iron clutch the wealth of my dead father! But what law or justice," she continued, in a tone of agony, "can give me back my blighted youth—the degradation and misery you have inflicted? But I waste time in appealing to one whose heart is so hardened by avarice and cruelty—the thunderbolt alone could reach it!"

Decided on holding no further parley with him, but to quit home whilst it was still in her power, Martha caught up her bonnet and shawl.

"You shall not stir!" roared the agent, foaming with passion.

Without heeding him, she continued to arrange her dress, keeping a wary eye the while on his movements.

Peter Quin felt seriously alarmed. Conscience, or rather his terrors, told him that it was an affair of life and death. Unobserved, as he thought, by the now thoroughly incensed victim of his tyranny, he possessed himself of the knife, and rose from his chair; the table, fortunately, was between them.

"Shame, old man!" said his grand-daughter; "would you murder me as you did my unhappy mother?"

Had the ruffian been struck by a sudden paralysis, it could not have produced a more marked change than her words. With every nerve unstrung, he sank back into his seat, and the weapon fell from his hand. Bitterly did he curse his failing strength;

but, as he frequently boasted, his brain was as active as ever.

"Send for Miles!" he said.

Martha smiled derisively.

"He shall bring Fanny back to you! I swear it!"

"By what oath?" demanded the woman, in a tone which told him it was no longer possible for him to dupe her. "I know of none which you have not already broken! Send for Miles!" she repeated; "that the ruffian may assist you to strangle me! I should have but a poor chance of ever quitting these walls with life, if the ready tool of your crimes were here to aid you!"

Peter Quin gnashed his teeth, and cursed with impotent fury. Bitterly did he regret that he had not long since removed her from his path. It was retribution doubly galling to feel himself crushed by the being he had for so many years regarded with contempt, considered as a mere drudge—a thing to trample and vent his spleen upon.

Desperate were the efforts which he made to rise from his chair. He felt as if spell-bound. The excitement and terror of the disclosure had so completely overwhelmed him, that he was deprived of the little strength time had left him.

"You have hitherto found me truthful!" said his grand-daughter, approaching him; "listen to my words; perhaps they are the last you will ever hear from me! If Fanny is not given into the hands of those I send by to-morrow, at noon, by every law which you have violated, you shall answer at the bar of human justice for your crimes!"

Without waiting for a reply, she left the room, and instantly quitted the house. The rain was falling in torrents, but she heeded it not; any shelter appeared preferable to the den of crime she had quitted. Of the first passenger she met she inquired the way to the Temple—for, strange to say, though she had lived all her life in London, she was as ignorant of its localities as the greatest stranger.

When Peter Quin had sufficiently recovered from the paroxysm into which anger and fear had thrown him to quit his seat, he tottered rather than walked into the passage, and secured the street door. Satisfied that he was safe for awhile at least from interruption, he next made his way into the office, and examined his secret recess. The key of the cabinet was there, but the register of his crimes was gone.

"Curse her!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands; "curse her! She has me in her power! It was no idle boast that she would drag me to the scaffold! But I must see further—know the full extent of my danger—and then reflect on the means of parrying it!"

The state in which he found the cabinet completed his dismay. The secret recess, as well as every drawer, had been ransacked. The will and letter were both gone. Still he could not comprehend how Martha's suspicions had been excited respecting the means of her mother's death. Whether guilty or not, it was a secret which he firmly believed confined to his own breast. He had quite forgotten the weaver's wife who had attended her.

More than once, in his despair, he thought of ending his dishonored life; but, like most tyrannical, vindictive men, he was a coward. Fearful as the present was, the grave appeared but the commencement of a more terrible future. Imagination pictured to him the cold, damp cell in Newgate—the trial—the hangman's gripe—and he shuddered and wept like a child.

For the first time in his life, he bitterly regretted having given way to the indulgence of his evil passions. What was the presence of the child he hated, compared to the agony he now endured?

As she said, he was completely in the power of his outraged grandchild. For many years he had regularly forged the power of attorney which enabled him to receive the dividends of her large fortune in the funds and India Stock; and, but for the necessity of her signing the transfer books, would long since have secured possession of the principal.

His only hope was, that Miles might not have executed his instructions: he had only half hinted his wishes to the wretch. In his impatience, the guilty man prayed for morning—either to confirm or dissipate his fears. With the child once more in his power, he felt that he might make terms with the deeply incensed Martha. It was his last chance. He was too old to fly. Besides, the blow was so sudden, that it left him no time to realise his ill-gotten fortune: and what would life be to him without the idol he worshipped, and for which he had sinned.

There was yet another chance which he calculated upon. Where would Martha, ignorant as she was

of the would—poor and friendless—find means to pursue her claims or carry her menaces into execution against a man whose resources both of purse and craft were all but unlimited.

"I have been terrified too easily!" muttered the agent, as he at last made up his mind to snatch a few hours of repose; "let me once get her beneath my roof again, and—we shall see! I seldom lose deal twice!"

With this reflection, he threw himself upon his bed—but not to sleep. His brain was troubled. Pale faces appeared glaring upon him through the half-drawn curtains. He drew his head beneath the coverlid, and tried to shut them from his sight in vain.

"Why should I tremble so?" he exclaimed, half aloud; "I have seen them often in my dreams: these are but waking ones!"

One countenance more hideous than the rest particularly terrified him: it appeared fierce and menacing.

"It must be the hangman's!" he thought; "I wonder if ever we shall become acquainted!"

The question was one which Time, that resolver of most riddles, alone could answer.

Sleep fell upon the weary eyelids of the old man at last. He closed them, muttering to himself curses upon the grandchild whom he had so cruelly wronged, and words implying a resolution to have back the register she had taken at any price.

When our readers reflect that it contained the details of the dark transactions in which he had been engaged, they will not wonder that the loss of it was the last thing in his thoughts as he sank to sleep, and the first when he awoke the following morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

Are not our laws alike for high and low?
Or shall we bind the poor man in his fetters,
And let the rich go revel in his crimes?

THOMSON.

MR. FOSTER had remained at his office in the Inner Temple till a much later hour than usual on the night Martha Quin escaped from the house of her grandfather. The affair on which the worthy lawyer was engaged being a most important one, he had given strict orders not to be disturbed on any pretence whatever.

"Indeed—indeed, sir, but I must speak with him!" exclaimed a female voice, in reply to the reiterated assurances of the head clerk, that his principal was no longer in chambers.

"Call in the morning, I tell you!" replied the man, at the same time attempting to close the half-open door, which he continued to hold in his hand.

"Impossible! I have no shelter for the night! For pity's sake, let me see your master, only for an instant!"

The plaintive tone in which the request was uttered, attracted the attention of a youth about thirteen years of age, who for the last two hours had been sitting listlessly at his desk, drawing caricatures upon the title-page of a volume of "Blackstone's Commentaries," which was lying before him.

"Who is it, Griffiths?" he demanded, but without moving from his seat.

"Some mad woman, I believe!" answered the man, impatiently. "I can't get rid of her!"

"I am not mad!" exclaimed Martha—for the suppliant was no other than the grand-daughter of the agent—"although I have endured enough to make me so! If Mr. Foster has indeed left here, tell me, for pity's sake, where I can find him!"

"Number fourteen, Portland Street," said the head clerk, at the same time winking to his subordinates, who evidently thought it a good joke to send the poor creature in the pitiless rain upon a fruitless errand.

"Thank you, sir!" murmured the female, humbly.

Mr. Griffiths had nearly closed the door, when the youth who had just spoken jumped from his stool and caught the handle in his hand.

"Why, it is raining cats and dogs!" he exclaimed, in a tone of reproach, at the same time throwing the door wide open.

As the speaker was the only son of his employer, the head clerk did not dare to resent it: shrugging his shoulders, to intimate that he washed his hands of the affair, he slowly returned to his desk.

"Come in, my good woman!" continued the speaker; "I fear it is impossible that you can see my father to-night; but in the morning—"

"I shall be dead by that time!" sobbed Martha, as she stood at the entrance of the office, the rain dripping from her thin garments.

The sympathy of Clement Foster was excited; he

knew that the orders given by his father were strict—but then they had not been issued personally to himself.

"If your business is really so important!" he said—then hesitated, fearing that he had gone too far.

"Mr. Foster is here!" exclaimed the woman, eagerly; "you are young, have a kind heart—falsehood is a stranger to your lips; you would not see me the sport of your companions! Tell your father that the grand-daughter of Peter Quin—he will remember the name—entreats to see him for a few minutes. I have only the thanks of a wretched, forlorn creature to offer you," she added, "for the service!"

"I'll earn them!" replied the youth, with a benevolent smile. "They shall be my first fee, and I trust the last!"

From which speech it was evident that the speaker had no great love for the profession which it was the wish of his father he should follow.

"I thought I left orders, Clement," said Mr. Foster, as the youth gently opened the door of his private room, "not to be disturbed!"

"I am certain you will pardon me, when you learn the reason!" replied his son; "it is the first client whose cause I have undertaken!"

The lawyer smiled, and the speaker at once proceeded to explain the motive for his intrusion: the visit of Martha, her wretched appearance, and earnest entreaty to see him but for a few minutes.

"The old story, I suppose!" exclaimed Mr. Foster, when he had concluded; "charity!"

"I do not think it is!" observed Clement; "though evidently very poor, she has neither the air nor manners of a mendicant! If you can spare a few minutes, I really wish that you would see her—for she has deeply interested me! Stay!" he added, recollecting himself; "she bade me say that she was the grand-daughter of Peter Quin!"

"Peter Quin!" repeated his father, with surprise. "Yes; I am certain that was the name she mentioned."

"I will see her!" said the lawyer. "As she is your first client, Clem, it would be scarcely fair to refuse her! Show her in!"

The boy had not waited to hear the concluding order; but, the instant his father said that he would see the object of his solicitude, opened the door of the office, and beckoned her to approach.

When Mr. Foster raised his eyes and recognised, as he imagined, the servant of the agent and money-lender, the first impression was that she had imposed upon his son, by asserting herself to be the grand-daughter instead of the domestic of a man known to be so wealthy as Peter Quin.

"What is your name, my good woman?" he demanded, in a tone which was anything but encouraging to his visitor.

"Martha Quin, sir!"

"You persist in claiming him as your grand-father, then?"

"Would to heaven," exclaimed the poor woman, fervently, "that any blood rather than his ran in my veins!" My childhood would not have been desolate—my youth blighted thus! Poverty has no shame—I could have borne it cheerfully; but the inheritance of an evil name is indeed a misfortune!"

The brows of the lawyer unbent: he began to think that he had judged too hastily.

"I took you for his servant!" he observed in a milder tone.

"I was his servant!" interrupted Martha; "but I have broken my chain! I was his drudge—his slave; but that is past: these rags, my wretched appearance, prove how he repaid me! Not content with degrading me," she added, "for years, he has robbed me of a large inheritance; and this night, had I not fled, would have added murder to the long list of his crimes!"

"These are fearful charges!" said Mr. Foster, gravely; "and, if false, you must be one of the most wicked as well as artful of your sex!"

"And if true?"

"The most outraged and oppressed!"

Martha drew from her bosom the will and letter, and placed them, without one word of comment, in the hands of the speaker—who, after motioning to her to take a seat, began to peruse them. As he proceeded, the doubts he had entertained vanished. Still one thing puzzled him: he could not comprehend what advantage Peter Quin had gained beyond the gratification of his hate by suppressing them. He was far from suspecting the forgeries he had committed.

"Have you ever signed any papers," he demanded, "since you became of age?"

"Never."

"Ever been to the bank, or other public establishment, with your grandfather, and written your name in any book?"

"I never left the house with him, unless when a child, in my life!" replied his visitor.

"What induced you to consult me?" said Mr. Foster.

"Despair!" exclaimed the agent's grand-daughter. "The first time I saw you, you spoke to me with kindness; and I thought you might take an interest in a poor, friendless creature, who had no other hope!"

"Have you told me all?" inquired the gentleman.

Martha hesitated, and looked first at the door and then at Clement Foster, who, during the conversation, had remained in the office.

"Leave us, Clem," said his father, "and tell Griffiths not to leave till I have spoken with him!"

As soon as they were alone, his client explained to him how she had been driven to the step she had taken by the cruelty and treachery of Peter Quin in depriving her of her adopted child.

At the words "adopted child," the lawyer smiled. Martha perfectly understood the doubt which his smile conveyed, but forbore to explain how the infant had been brought to the house by the ruffian whom her grandfather had employed to steal it. Her desire was to obtain possession of her darling—to have her near her—to prove a mother to her; not to afford the least clue which might lead to her restoration to her real parents.

A long and interesting conversation took place between them, at the termination of which Mr. Foster undertook to conduct her cause against the agent.

"He shall disgorge the wealth," he said, of which he has deprived you; especially if, as I begin to suspect, he has obtained it by means which place his life in your power!"

"I care not for the money!" said Martha; "it is my child I want! To know that she is safe—to hear her voice—to feel her little arms clasped once more around my neck—for she loves me," she added, "dearly—dearly!"

"And I doubt not that you have merited her affection!" replied the lawyer, with a benevolent smile. "You cannot return, after what has passed, to the house of the agent!"

"Never!" said his client, firmly.

"Where do you intend to pass the night? Have you any friends?"

"Neither friends nor money!"

"In that case, I must act for you!" observed Mr. Foster, ringing the bell.

It was answered by his son.

"Send one of the clerks," continued the speaker, "for a hackney coach, and accompany this young lady—who will remain my guest for some days—to Portland street! Direct the housekeeper to prepare her room as quickly as possible, and give strict orders that no one is admitted to see her till my return!"

Never in his life had the youth been so surprised. Had he received such directions from any lips but his father's, he would have hesitated to execute them.

"Bless you!" exclaimed Martha, gratefully. "Had all our fellow-creatures hearts like yours, the world would be much better!"

"The world is a very good world!" answered the lawyer; "it has its dark and sunny side; unfortunately, your path in life has hitherto been in the former! You persist in your resolution?" he added, lowering his tone.

"To the last extremity!" exclaimed his client, impatiently. "If Fanny is not restored to me by the hour I name, the register of his misdeeds shall be placed in the hands of justice!"

There was a smile and a half-suppressed titter in the outer office.

Clement Foster led the strange client—as the clerks afterwards designated the agent's grand-daughter—to the coach which had been sent for; and one or two of the juniors began to indulge in all sorts of impertinent speculations as to the fee she had paid, till Griffiths began to get impatient.

"When you have seen as much of the profession as I have," he said, "you will know that clients in fine clothes are not those who pay the best! She is the grand-daughter of Peter Quin!"

"And who is Peter Quin?" demanded the clerks, with a sneer.

"Who he is no one can tell!" replied the old man; "but one thing is certain, he is worth a million, at the very least!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The waters shine like a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing on the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the land-hills shakes with the mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er the young earthquake's birth.
BYRON.

THE night on which Martha Quin fled from her home was, as we stated in the preceding chapter, a most rude and boisterous one. The rain fell with that deep, steady, sullen splash which gave little hope of its cessation. The streets were deserted by all but those wretched, homeless wanderers whom misery or vice had left no refuge to fly to. Here and there, by the dim light of the lamps, an unfortunate wanderer might have been discovered, shivering under the shelter of some friendly archway or passage, secure from the pitiless shower, but exposed to the keen blasts of November's icy breath—which, like the merciless creditor pursues its debtors—who vainly fled before it, or sat crouching in their rags.

Poor humanity—how bitterly its vices and errors sometimes are atoned!

The last stroke of eleven had just struck from the church of St. Paul's with a lazy, booming sound, as sad as if the clapper had been muffled in a pall, when a man, clad in an old velvet shooting jacket, his hat drawn closely over his brows, turned the corner of Charing Cross, and directed his steps down the Strand. So rapid were his strides, that the child which he dragged rather than led by the hand could scarcely keep pace with him.

The infant was plainly but neatly clad; a profusion of light auburn hair escaped from the faded handkerchief which had been tied over her innocent head—a poor protection against such a storm; her neck and arms were bare, and she shivered either from cold or terror.

"Take me back!" she sobbed; "pray take me back! Indeed I can walk no further!"

"Another word, and I'll twist your neck!" exclaimed the ruffian, with a curse; "it's quite bad enough to be exposed to such weather as this, without being annoyed by your whining!"

The little sufferer obeyed him—not another word escaped her lips; half-suppressed sobs alone indicated her terror and distress.

"The arches are close at hand," observed the man, "we shall soon be able to get under cover."

This brief conversation—if conversation it may be called—took place just as the speakers passed the narrow lane leading to Hungerford Market—a very different building from the Hungerford Market of the present day. Something in the tone of the speaker, more than words themselves, attracted the attention of a man, who had taken shelter under one of the porches of the old fashioned corner shop, he thrust his head out to observe them, at the same time muttering half aloud:

"She is very pretty—make an excellent sylph! What can the fellow be going to do with her?"

By this time Miles and Fanny had turned down the arches running under the Adelphi towards the Thames. The man hesitated no longer; but giving his coat an additional button, and turning up the cuffs of his sleeves, he dashed after them with a celerity which evinced that, whatever his intentions, he was serious in them.

Peter Quin's instructions to the ready instrument of his hatred to the innocent child were, to dispose of the brat in such a way that neither he nor any one else would ever be plagued with it again. With his usual cunning, he had entered into no detail—it was not necessary; he knew his man—a hint was sufficient.

As they approached the gloomy arch—which like a grave yawned to receive them—the child hesitated and drew back.

"What ails you?" demanded the ruffian; "you complained of the rain just now."

"I don't mind the rain," sobbed Fanny. "I'll not cry any more. I'll be good—indeed I will—but pray don't take me there!"

Despite her struggles, Miles—to whom the locality was well known—succeeded in dragging her down the winding labyrinth of arches, till they reached the termination looking upon the Thames. The tide was just turning, and the waters roared angrily as they rushed with fearful rapidity on their way to Old London Bridge. Not a star was to be seen, but the flashes of lightning which occasionally rent the sable veil of night lit for an instant the horrors of the scene—and all was dark again. The man seated himself upon a stone at the entrance of the archway, and drew his intended victim toward him. Her little arms and hands were cold as those of a corpse.

"Let me say my prayers!" murmured Fanny.

"Prayers!" repeated Miles, with a sneer; "to be sure you shall, my dear—I like children to say their prayers. There—place your hands in mine—that will do."

With his left hand he grasped those of the infant whilst with his right he removed the handkerchief from her head, and began to bind her arms. He was a man of precaution, and did everything he undertook in a methodical manner; assistance on such a night he considered quite out of the question—still she might struggle, or be washed ashore by the current.

"Have you finished?" he said.

"Don't kill me! pray don't kill me!" sobbed the infant.

"Kill you! What nonsense! Why should I kill you?" said the fellow, in a mocking tone, at the same time lifting her in his arms, with the intention of precipitating her into the river.

"The very thing I should like to know!" exclaimed a voice near him; "in fact, I was about to put the same question myself."

Miles started, and replaced Fanny upon the ground; at the same instant a broad flash of lightning revealed to him the presence of the speaker, who was standing within a few feet of the river. It was the same man who had watched him from the porch of the shop at the corner of the lane leading to the market. He had taken a different turn in the vaults from the one Miles had pursued, and thus came upon him unawares.

The child saw and heard him too. No sooner did her little feet touch the ground, than she ran to him, exclaiming, in an agony of terror:

"Take me home—oh, take me home!"

"Where is your home?" demanded the stranger, kindly.

"She has no home," observed Miles, in a sullen tone; "we are both strangers in London."

"Yet you seem well acquainted with this place."

The detected ruffian muttered something about his having once before taken shelter there.

"And what were you about to do with this infant?"

"To do with her! why, nothing."

"Hear arms are bound," added the stranger, feeling them.

"Why, yes—that was to prevent her running away."

"Swimming away, you mean," said the querist.

"With you I have nothing to do."

"The better for yourself, perhaps," observed Miles.

"But the child I most certainly shall not leave with you."

"You won't!"

"No!"

"We shall see!" exclaimed the baffled murderer, at the same time springing towards the spot whence the voice proceeded—for the place was now so dark that he had no other clue to guide him.

He had a knife in his hand, and struck at random in every direction. It was in vain that he cursed and swore: the low, sullen echoes of the vaults alone replied to him. He paused, and placed his ear to the ground, to listen if he could detect the sound of retreating footsteps—but in vain.

A cold shudder seized him; he began to suspect whether the being who had so providentially stepped in between him and his victim was a creature of this world—human, like himself.

"If you are a man, speak," roared Miles.

There was a dead silence.

"If a devil, answer me," added the speaker.

"What would you?" demanded a voice, which sounded as if it came from the crown of the arch above—an illusion common in most vaulted passages of any considerable length.

"What are you going to do with the child?"

"You will never see it again."

"Who are you?"

"You named me when you called upon me. Besides, you have served me long enough to know me. Some call me Beelzebub—others Astorath. I have almost as many names as you have crimes!"

"Bah!" exclaimed the ruffian, whose superstitious fears had gradually vanished; "I am not such a fool as to believe that. Although you have so many names, you are not clever enough to tell mine!"

"It has been written, Miles, in my book for years, and the account scored against it is a long one. We shall soon meet again."

The loud, unearthly laugh which rang through the vaults alarmed the wretch even more than the knowledge of his name, which the fiend, real or pretended, had pronounced. Terror struck him speechless. Suddenly he recollected that he had

the means of procuring a light in his pocket: to draw forth a phosphorus bottle and ignite the sheet of an old newspaper was the work of an instant.

Several times he ran wildly to and fro, flashing the blazing mass of flame above his head—not a creature was to be seen.

Suddenly it burnt out, and the place became darker than before.

If, instead of directing his eyes to the vault from whence he imagined the voice to have proceeded, Miles had directed his researches to the mind which previous tides had left upon the ground, he might have detected the impression of feet from which the shoes had been removed, and so comprehended why he had been unable to detect the sound of the stranger's receding steps.

The courage of which Miles boasted was merely that brute courage which certain animals possess even in a greater degree than man. His superstitious fears aroused, it failed him, and he stood trembling like a child—the darkness appalled him. In the hoarse sound of the roaring waters which rolled rapidly past the entrance to the archway, he fancied that he heard voices accusing him of murder. Like a guilty wretch he fled the spot, and only began to draw his breath freely when he once more emerged into the Strand. The dim lamps, the rain, which continued to fall in torrents, were a relief to him—he felt that he was once more in the world.

(On his way home he reflected that it would never do to inform Peter Quin of the extraordinary manner in which his intentions had been defeated. In the first place, the old man would not believe him; in the next, he should lose the promised reward of his crime. He determined, therefore, to let him think that his desires had been accomplished—that the innocent object of his hatred had rejoined her kindred cherubs in a better world.)

One circumstance at times shook his belief in the supernatural character of the being who had interfered in so singular a manner between him and his victim. He could not comprehend why the fiend should prevent the completion of a crime which must have placed, according to all human calculation, both himself and his employer still further in his power. Eventually he came to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, the devil was not so black as he is generally represented.

In the present instance, we have no doubt that our readers will agree that Miles, for once in his life, was right.

In a large, dimly-lighted room, in Drury lane, was seated a female in deep mourning, apparently thirty years of age, but in reality much younger. Her features, which still retained traces of considerable beauty, were worn by sorrow and excitement. Perhaps want, too, had contributed its share to the ravages which had deprived her complexion of its brilliancy—her form of its graceful outline. The woman was busily engaged in sewing spangles and tinsel ornaments upon a light gauze dress, such as dancers and actresses wear in the exercise of their precarious profession. At every pause in the rain she raised her large black eyes from her work, and listened attentively, as if expecting some one—paused, and then resumed her employment.

A harlequin's costume, masks, a Spanish hat and feather, with various indescribable articles, technically known to actors by the name of properties, were either scattered about the room or hung upon pegs behind the door, directly opposite to which was a bed, and by the side of the bed a child's cot; it was empty.

"What a night!" muttered the dancer. "I wish Harry would return. The place appears doubly lonely without him and —"

A half-suppressed sob prevented the completion of the sentence. The poor creature thought of the child—her only one—whom she had lately lost, and a solitary tear fell upon one of the spangles she was sewing upon her dress.

Spangles and tears. Such is too often an emblem of the fate of those who take the stage as a profession: bread to-day—starvation to-morrow; forced to dress the face in smiles whilst the heart is ashes and the pocket empty. Not that such was absolutely the case with Signor Du Bast or his wife—they had reached a certain standing. During the season both were engaged at the Italian Opera; at Christmas they figured in the pantomimes, and gained something by teaching: so that they looked upon themselves as fortunate in comparison with many in their vocation.

The husband had left home at an early hour in the evening, to arrange with the manager of one of the minor theatres for the forthcoming pantomime, and to settle the terms of their engagement. As the hour advanced, the wife became more and more

uneasy, and every five minutes raised her eyes from the tinsel finery to the little old fashioned clock, ticking monotonously over the mantel-piece.

Suddenly the ticking ceased—a sort of grumbling noise ensued, followed by a dull stroke upon the bell of the time-piece; which feat accomplished, it went on tick-tacking as drowsily and sedately as before.

It was one o'clock.

The female rose from her seat, carefully gathered up her work, and put it away; she was evidently uneasy at the lateness of the hour.

"Something must have occurred," she said. "I will seek him! And yet, should he return and find me absent! No—no! patience—patience!"

There was a fresh gust of wind, which caused the sashes of the windows to rattle, and the rain dashed against them like an angry bailiff roaring for admittance. The fury of the blast at last exhausted itself and died away, moaning, as with a human voice, round the gables and chimneys of the house.

"Heaven help those," thought the dancer, "who on such a night have neither food nor shelter. We have at least both—and if Harry would only return!"

There was a footfall upon the stairs; the affectionate wife knew it instantly, and threw open the door, to admit her husband.

"Where have you been?" she anxiously demanded. And oh, Harry—Harry! she added, bursting into tears, "whom have you there?"

The question was caused by the appearance of a child about the age of the one she had so lately lost, which the drenched harlequin held closely pressed to his bosom. A hundred times had he brought his own tired infant, at an hour equally late, from the theatre, asleep in his arms. No wonder that the sight of the little stranger revived her sorrows.

"I can scarcely tell you, Carry," replied the man, placing his burthen upon the ground. The manner in which I came by her was singular enough."

"Why, her arms are bound!" exclaimed his wife, drawing the child towards her, and loosening the handkerchief.

"I had no time to untie them."

"And she is wet through—wet to the skin!" she added. "You shall tell me your adventure, Harry, by-and-by; it would be a sin and shame to suffer the poor little creature—who reminds me of our own lost darling—to remain in this state."

"Or me either," replied her husband, with a smile—for he felt delighted with the interest which his wife appeared to take in the little stranger; "and suppose you warm up the broth we left at dinner. I dare say she can eat some—and I am sure I can! Don't be alarmed at my fit of extravagance," he added; "made an excellent engagement—two pounds fifteen per week, and six weeks certain."

He forgot there was a quarter's rent to pay—and the mind of his wife was too much occupied with sad thoughts to remind him.

Whilst Signor Du Bast was changing his clothes behind the curtains of the bed, the woman had stripped the cold and shivering infant before the fire, and dressed her in a frock and trowsers which had been worn by her own lost child. No sooner did she behold her in them than the feelings of the desolate mother gave way; she prest her convulsively to her breast, and then sobbed passionately.

"The child, wondering at her tears endeavored to console her.

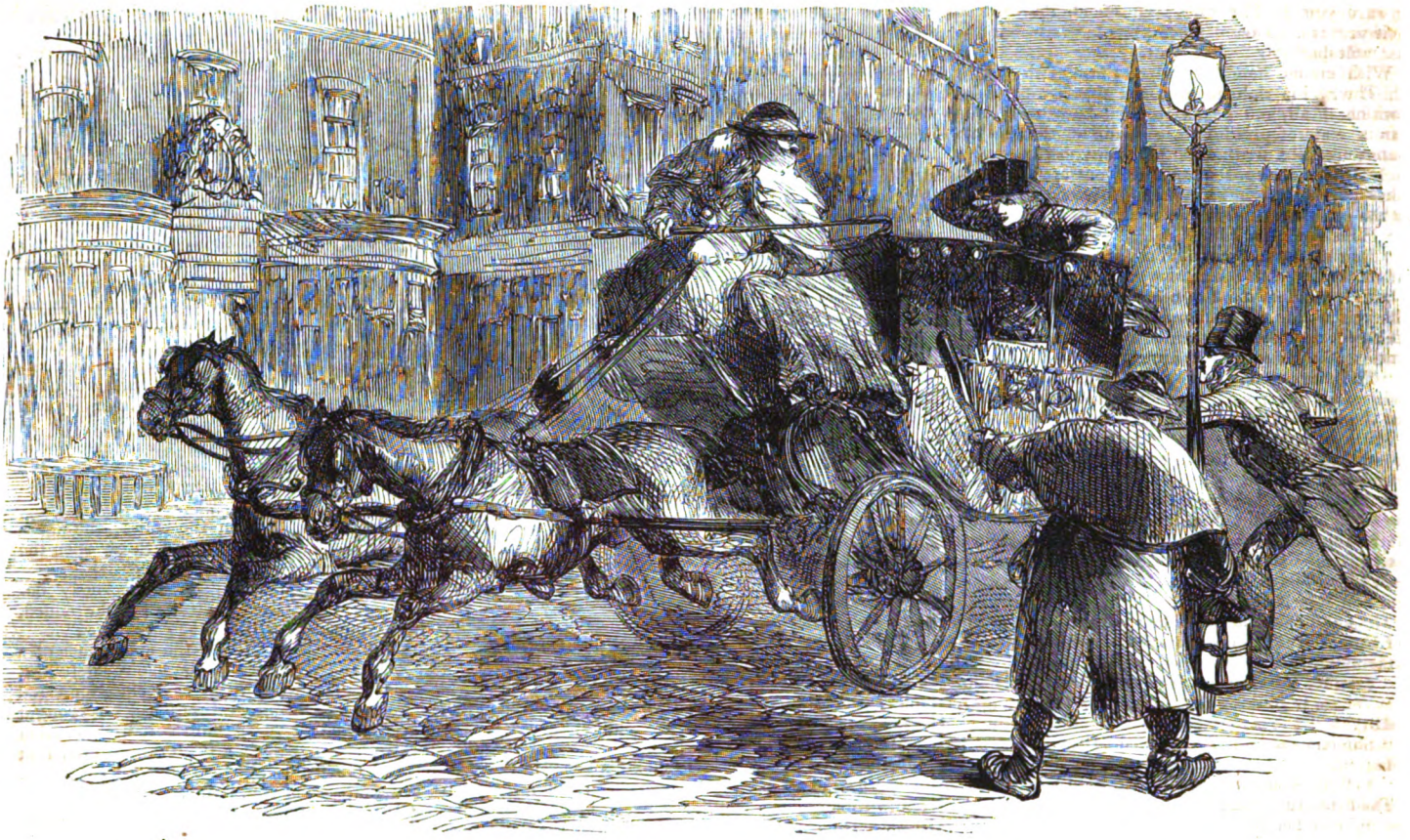
"Don't cry," she said; "I cannot bear to see you cry. Indeed I will be very good. Mamma sometimes cries, but not so often as she used to do."

"And who is your mamma, my love?" demanded the woman.

Fanny could only tell her that she was her mamma, and that they lived in a house near a church—for she often used to hear the bells; but could neither tell the name of the street nor that of her parent.

On hearing his wife's sighs, the dancer hastily completed his toilet. Poor fellow! he had no great choice of wardrobe—the only suit he possessed was the one drenched by the rain; he had been compelled, therefore, to borrow from his theatrical wardrobe.

Over a pair of tights, to which here and there a solitary spangle still adhered, he had drawn a pair of russet boots, made in the fashion of Charles I., and replaced his frock coat by a faded crimson velvet jacket, which had figured in many a ballet at the Opera. He was a tall, but slight man, exceedingly well made, and possessed of a handsome, good-humored countenance, in which the prevailing expression was great good nature; the lines which indicated deep feeling were absent: cast as his lot



THE ABDUCTION OF FANNY.

was in the world, it was fortunate for himself that it was so.

"Come, Carry!" he said in an affectionate tone, at the same time drawing her to him; "you must not give way to these feelings, for my sake! Had you married a rich man, as your friends wished you, instead of a poor dancer, you could not have saved her!"

"I know that, Harry!" replied his wife; "it is weak—foolish! But in that frock she looked so like—that I could not —"

Here a fresh burst of tears interrupted her speech. "You are cold!" she added, after a pause, during which she had successfully struggled to recover her composure.

"Oh, never mind me!" observed the good-natured fellow; "think only of yourself!"

Without heeding his advice, Carry—as he called her—set to arranging the table. The remains of their dinner, which had been carefully put by for the next day, were brought out—the broth placed upon the fire to warm. In a few minutes, it sent forth a savory steam from the humble board.

"Eat, pet!" said the man, placing a cupful before Fanny—who, without waiting for a second invitation, began to feed heartily.

By this time the heat of the fire had dried her hair, which had hung in long, damp masses, when he first brought her into the room. It now fell in thick ringlets over her neck and shoulders. Her cheeks, lately so pale with cold and terror, were flushed with the return of health. As the signor gazed upon her with an eye of admiration, he observed, in a tone of professional admiration:

"What a lovely fairy she would make!"

"Not more so than our dear child!" said his wife, reproachfully.

"Certainly not, my love!" hastily answered the dancer, who knew how susceptible jealous is the mother's heart; "but since we have lost our own sweet girl, let us be grateful to heaven for the consolation it has sent! Put her to bed," he added, in a whisper; "she seems tired and sleepy! Poor thing! when I recollect the horrors she has gone through, I don't wonder at it!"

"Horrors?" repeated the female.

Her husband shrugged his shoulders and emphatically declared that a month's rehearsal of a pantomime was nothing to them. He even carried his pity so far as to hint that they would make an excellent subject for a serious ballet.

The curiosity of Signora Du Bast—for such was her professional name—was aroused; and yet she could not resist returning to imprint a second kiss

upon the brow of the sleeping Fanny, who occupied the no longer deserted cot at the side of the bed: the signor observed the action with a smile. With his practical philosophy, he well knew that it was much better to occupy the heart than permit it to collapse for want of a tenant.

As soon as his wife had resumed her seat by the fireplace, he proceeded to relate to her his adventure, and the means by which he had rescued Fanny from the tender mercy of Miles.

"The monster!" exclaimed the woman, indignantly; "how did you learn his name?"

"From the child. I asked her under the arches!" replied the dancer; "and it enabled me to frighten the rascal out of his wits; but she knows nothing more!"

"Most likely she will be reclaimed!" observed the female, with a sigh.

"I do not think so!" answered her husband; "in my opinion, she is the child of poor people, who have already too many mouths to provide for! You saw with what eagerness she partook of our humble meal? Her clothes, though neat and clean, are of the very coarsest materials! No, no!" he added; "I have no fear that any one will claim her!"

"If they should," said his wife, "we must give her up!"

"Certainly!"

"I could never," added the female, "have it on my conscience to keep an infant from its mother! I have not forgotten the pangs I felt when heaven deprived me of my own! But I would rather a hundred times it were dead, than left in ignorance of its fate!"

The signor thought so, too; and it was finally settled between them, that if by accident the little stranger should remain unclaimed, they should adopt her as their own. But under any circumstances they resolved not to give it up, till well assured that it would be kindly treated, and the mystery of the horrible attempt upon its life had been fully explained.

The worthy couple need not have distressed themselves by these resolutions and anticipations. Many years were doomed to elapse before they heard any inquiries after the lost child.

As a matter of precaution, the dancer, at the request of his wife, wrote a full account of the manner in which he had rescued her—the reason to suppose that the name of the ruffian who would have murdered her was Miles.

This document, together with the clothes she wore and the handkerchief which bound her hands,

were carefully placed at the bottom of an old trunk, chiefly filled with theatrical costumes and properties.

CHAPTER XIX.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us. SHAKESPEARE.

PETER QUIN arose the following morning from his broken slumbers; never had daylight been more welcome to him. For the first time for years his self-confidence was shaken: he felt as if a net were gradually closing around him, from whose meshes it was scarcely possible he could escape. His chief hope lay in the friendless position of his granddaughter—the improbability of her finding friends either to assist or counsel her—and the chance that, driven to despair, exposed to the inclemency of the night, she had been rash enough to seek an asylum in suicide.

With this charitable hope, he committed the extravagance of purchasing one of the daily papers, and hastily hunted over the columns which contained the list of accidents and offences.

"No—no!" he muttered, shaking his head with an expression of disappointment; "the fool has not had the courage to drown herself—no such good luck!"

Little did he imagine that Martha, for the first time in her life, at the very moment he made this unnatural observation, was seated at the well-appointed table of Mr. Foster, talking over with him the steps to be pursued in order to establish her claim to the fortune of which he had so long deprived her.

Peter's first visitor was his confederate, Miles. The fellow had fully made up his mind to the tale he was to tell, and resolved that nothing should shake him.

"Well!" demanded the old man, in a sharp, angry tone, "what are you come for?"

"You know!" replied the ruffian with a leer; "I have executed your orders!"

"Orders! I gave you none!"

"Wishes, then!" continued his visitor. "I know you never speak out plainly what you desire! You only let drop just sufficient not to compromise yourself! I wonder," he added, "you should be so suspicious—and with an old friend, too! It doesn't look well, Mr. Quin, and hurts one's feelings!"

"Feelings!" repeated the agent, in a tone of mingled contempt and impatience; "it is the first time I ever heard that reptiles had any!"

"Why, what are you so angry about?" exclaimed the man, with a look of surprise. "Ain't I done as

you desired? The brat," he added, lowering his voice, "is disposed of!"

"Respectably?" said his employer.

"Of course!"

The ruffian accompanied the words with a leer which at any other time would have won a laugh from Peter Quin. To his surprise, the old man answered him with more than usual seriousness.

"I have changed my mind," he said, "respecting her! Martha has made such a fuss about the child, that—in short, I wish you to bring her back again!"

"From where?"

"From the party you have entrusted her to!"

Miles reflected for an instant before he answered him: he at last came to the conclusion that it was merely a ruse to test his fidelity in the execution of his orders, or an excuse to avoid payment of the reward he had promised him.

"Come, gov'nor," he said, "no larking!"

"I am not in a fit humor for larking, as you call it!" growled Peter, at the same time casting on him a look of fury. "I tell you I have changed my mind—that I want the child back here! Now do you understand me?"

"I don't know as I do!" answered the man; "first you say one thing, then another! Yesterday I was to place her where she would never be heard on again! To day I am to bring her back to you! Can't make you out!"

"Where is she?"

"A good deal beyond London Bridge by this time, I should say!" replied the ruffian, with a grin, "at the rate the tide was a runnin'!"

Despite his desire to re-possess himself of Fanny, as a peace-offering between himself and granddaughter, the agent could not repress a smile of satisfaction at hearing the fate of the object of his hatred.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you threw the child into the Thames?" he exclaimed.

"I? Of course not!" replied Miles, who had observed the momentary smile and expression of the old man's features—from which he concluded that all was right again; "likely I should say *such a thing*—and to you, too! She travelled that way by boat—that's all!"

The speaker began laughing at his own wit; but the laugh gradually subsided into a growl, as the features of the agent relapsed once more into their stern expression. He began to fear that something really had gone wrong.

"I am glad," said Peter Quin, "that you have not been so precipitate as I feared! The brat must be found again!"

Miles shook his head, as much as to say that it was impossible.

"I tell you she must," repeated the old man, with a burst of passion. "I seldom jest—and this time you will find me terribly in earnest. Answer me," he continued, seizing the fellow by the wrist; "and truly, as you value your soul—pehawl! your neck, I mean! Is the brat dead?"

"No!" replied the ruffian; "she is not! I know this is only a trick to try me—but I don't care. You shall hear the truth since you wish it."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the grandfather of Martha, with a sigh, which proved how greatly the intelligence had relieved him; "it has been more merciful to me than I have been to myself. Now, then, proceed," he added; "explain yourself, and remember that the first lie I detect you in, prepares the rope for your neck."

Miles proceeded at once to give him a circumstantial account of everything that had occurred. How, on his departure the preceding day, he had secured the child—kept her concealed in the cellar of his own house till night—when he had taken her to the arches under the Adelphi, with the intention, as he candidly confessed, of ridding himself of his charge. He next described the manner in which she had been rescued.

When he had concluded, the two men continued to regard each other for several minutes in silence. Peter Quin had listened to many strange confidences in his time—but this appeared the strangest of all. His first impression was to treat it as a clumsy attempt to impose upon his credulity and superstition; but the deep earnestness with which the man narrated his adventure, strange and improbable as it appeared, staggered him.

"And do you expect me to believe this tissue of improbabilities?" he demanded.

"No!" replied Miles, striking his clenched fist, with an air of vexation, upon the table; "and I was a fool for telling you—but it is true, for all that."

"You must find her," said the old man, sternly.

"How?"

"That is your affair—not mine," was the answer to his very natural question. "Mark me," continued the speaker; "more than I can explain depends upon my having the brat once more in my power; it may be that the very next day I may repeat my first directions to dispose of her—but of that hereafter. You have managed the affair most clumsily, and must take the consequences."

"It is a hard skein you have given me to unravel, master," observed Miles, in a sullen tone; "but I must do my best. How long will you give me?"

"Till ten to-night."

"Make it twelve," said the man; "such a track as I must follow is not to be traced by daylight. Only two hours more."

"Till twelve be it then," answered Peter; "but don't think to escape if you deceive me. Were you to fly to the ends of the earth, I should find the means to reach you! The law, Miles," he added, in a significant tone, "has a long arm."

"I know that," muttered his tool, spitefully; "but it may reach more than me at last."

"Do you threaten, rascal?"

"No—I only advise," answered the fellow, in a more humble tone; "you know that you are not dealing fairly by me. I have risked my neck for you a dozen times at least, and been poorly paid into the bargain. It's not my fault that you have changed your mind respecting the brat—would I had never seen her."

His employer mentally repeated the wish. It was agreed that, if successful, the man should give a signal, by tapping three times on the outside of the parlor shutter—on hearing which, the agent was to open the door, and admit him.

His last words to him were, "Bring her back, and the reward I promised you shall be doubled."

Miles gave a sinister smile, as he left the house, and retired to the adjoining domicile. His first question on entering, was for the man known amongst the frequenters of the place as the captain; and he appeared particularly disappointed when told that he had not yet arrived. It was past mid-day when he came. On his arrival, the two worthies had a long and private conversation together.

"I can't attend to business to-day," observed the agent to Mr. Foster, to whom he had half opened the door of his den; "I am ill—occupied."

"You will make me an exception," was the reply.

"I make no exceptions!" continued the old man, testily; "I have already advanced upon the estate of your client more money than it is worth! But if he likes to sell, I don't mind another five thousand, or even six."

"By which generous offer you would gain at least fifty thousand pounds," observed the lawyer; "really money-lending must be a very profitable business. I think I must take to it. But, large as your profits are, I think I can offer you more."

The temptation of a considerable gain was too much for the avaricious nature of Peter Quin, to withstand; he at once opened the door, and invited the speaker to follow him into his office.

"Are we alone?" inquired Mr. Foster, as soon as they were seated.

"Quite. Why do you ask?"

"Simply because what I have to say must be heard at present by no ears but yours. You had better fasten the outward door."

"It is fastened!" exclaimed the agent, wondering at a precaution which from any person less respectable would have excited his suspicions—knowing that he was alone in the house; "so we may as well proceed at once to business, although my poor head is scarcely clear enough—for I have passed a miserable night!"

"That I can readily believe!" observed his visitor.

The agent began to feel puzzled: he could not understand why the speaker should be so ready to believe that he had passed a miserable night.

"You are very odd in your replies!" he said; "or else my brain is not as clear as usual! But come—let us proceed—first tell me the name of your client?"

He drew his memorandum-book before him, and prepared, as was his custom, to note down the name and proposition which he expected to be submitted to him.

"Martha Quin?"

The pen dropped from the hand of her grandfather as suddenly as if he had been struck with the palsy.

"The grand-daughter," resumed the lawyer, "whom for years you have deprived of fortune—whom you have reared in ignorance—treated as your drudge—your servant—taunted daily with eat-

ing the bread of charity—with being the object of your bounty!"

"Where is she?" demanded the agent, partially recovering from his surprise.

"Where you cannot reach her!" replied Mr. Foster; "even if you were mad enough to make the attempt! You see I know whom I am dealing with! Where there is neither honor nor feeling, delicacy is superfluous. Listen to the conditions on which your life may yet be spared!"

"My life!" repeated Peter Quin, in a tone of affected indignation; "you go too far, sir!"

"I fear I have," said the lawyer, sternly, "in lending myself, even indirectly, to the compromise of a felony, which the law punishes with death! I have seen," he continued, "the power of attorney by which you have regularly drawn the interest of the large sum in the funds and other securities!"

The old man hung his head and groaned; not from shame or remorse—but disappointed rage and avarice. The vulture forced to disgorge its prey—the wolf to give freedom to the lamb, were the fittest types of his feelings at that moment.

"Well!" he muttered; "the conditions! Conditions from her!"

"The immediate repayment of the sums you have drawn in her name—which can be easily done by transferring the mortgages you hold on the estate you just alluded to: they will about cover them!"

"Continue!" screamed the agent.

"That you retire at once from London, and the not over-respectable transactions in which you are engaged!"

"Is that the last?"

"No!" replied Mr. Foster; "the last and most important is yet to come! The child which your grand-daughter adopted, and loves as her own, must be restored—that failing, all other conditions are useless!"

"She would hang me, I suppose?"

"With as little remorse as I would!" was the cool reply.

"Monster—unnatural monster!" exclaimed Peter Quin; "no respect for grey hairs or the ties of blood!"

"Have you respected them?" demanded the lawyer sternly. "As we sow, so we reap! No man ever yet violated the moral or natural law, that in time did not fearfully avenge itself. Of the tie between my client and the child I allude to I am ignorant. She has assured me that it is not hers—and I believe her!"

The wretched old man gave a cynical smile: it would be some consolation, he thought, if he could blast the reputation of his grand-daughter in the opinion of her legal adviser and only friend.

"Did she carry her hypocrisy so far as to tell you that?" he said.

"And more!" continued Mr. Foster; "perhaps she saw by my countenance that I was not convinced—for she added, that she possessed certain memoranda in your handwriting, which would prove at any time, if necessary, how the infant first came under her care!"

"Has she shown them?" eagerly demanded her grandfather.

"Not yet!"

His visitor was an acute observer, and he noticed that the fallen man breathed more freely on hearing that he had not seen them: all of which tended to confirm him in the opinion he entertained of the truthfulness of Martha's statements.

"What answer am I to take back?" he asked.

"That I will reflect upon it, and to-morrow—"

"Your reflections must be made in Newgate, then!" replied the man of law; "for the instant I leave this house an affidavit will be made. I need not remind you that a warrant once issued, your fate will be beyond the control either of your grand-daughter or myself!"

Peter Quin felt that he was completely in the toils. He had rapidly revolved every circumstance over in his mind, but discovered no loop-hole to escape. Bitterly did he curse his fatuity in not having removed Martha from his path.

"I yield," he said, "to all that she demands; the money shall be paid!"

"And the child?"

"Restored to her to-morrow!"

"That will not do!" observed Mr. Foster; "it is the only point upon which my instructions are precise! I cannot return without her!"

"Can I annihilate time and space?" demanded the agent, frantically—for his adversary was pushing him to his last intrenchments. "I have sent the child away, and cannot whistle her back again!"

"Sent her away?" repeated his visitor, fixing his eyes upon him sternly.

"Do you suppose I have murdered her?"

The lawyer looked as if he thought him capable of such a crime.

Peter Quin broke into a sneering laugh.

"How little do you know the world!" he exclaimed; "men of calculation never commit unnecessary crimes! The brat's life is as precious to me as to the unnatural wretch who calls herself my grandchild! And shall I tell you why? It is gold to me—gold!" he repeated, "for which I have lived and toiled!"

"And sinned!" observed Mr. Foster, calmly.

"Ay, and sinned!" continued the old man. "Judge, therefore, if I should kill the bird that brought me such golden eggs! I removed her for two reasons: first, that it answered my purpose to do so; secondly, to punish Martha for her disobedience! The tables are turned, it seems—I am in her power—she has escaped from mine! By the time I name, her idol shall be restored to her!"

His visitor reflected that he should gain nothing by refusing the delay: it was one of those cases in which it was as dangerous to recede as to advance—for the delinquent once delivered into the hands of justice, it would no longer be in his power to make terms with him: from a feeling of revenge, the aged ruffian might conceal to the last the place of her retreat. His agents would be silent for their own sakes—and so all clue to the recovery of the infant escape him; added to which, he naturally argued that Peter Quin was not the man to commit a crime merely for the pleasure of the deed.

"I consent," he said, after a pause; "but remember," he continued, seeing that the eyes of the agent twinkled with joy, "that not a moment's delay beyond the hour you name will be accorded!"

"It will be sufficient," was the dry response.

"Attempt not to escape—for other eyes than mine will be upon you!"

"Doubtless!"

"The first movement to excite suspicion of your intention to do so, and you are lost!" said the messenger of his grand-daughter, rising to take his departure; "I am one of those who never threaten twice!"

"I hear you!" exclaimed Peter Quin, impatiently; "you need not fear my keeping faith with you—a man with the gallows staring him in the face does not play with the opportunity of escape! I must have some pledge," he added, "that the child restored, Martha will not abuse the hold she has upon me!"

"You have my word for that," replied the lawyer, well knowing that his client, in the strength of her affection for her adopted child, would consent to any arrangement to insure her being restored to her once more.

The old man shrugged his shoulders doubtfully. He had little faith in moral pledges—he had violated too many during his career of crime. Had he been in a position to make terms instead of receiving them, he would have exacted more solid securities.

"I need not tell you," observed Mr. Foster, as he quitted the office, "that this affair must be terminated at once—it admits neither of shuffling nor delay! At present I have only the moral proof of your guilt—the material ones will soon be in my possession—and then —"

"And then!" repeated Peter Quin, fixing his eyes anxiously upon him.

"I shall be compelled to do what all your life you seem to have neglected—my duty!"

With these words he left the agent to the tortments of his own reflections—conscience he had none.

No sooner was he alone, than the wretched man gave way to the passion and despair it had cost him so great an effort to repress in the presence of his visitor. Barred in his den—secure alike from observation and intrusion, he cast himself upon the ground, tore his white hair in impotent fury, muttering the bitterest curses.

"My gold! my hard-earned gold!" he shrieked; "she would deprive me of it! Would that I could pour it molten down her throat! Oh, for the strength of other years—for a few days—a few more hours' delay! I'd find some means to baffle this accursed lawyer, and the idiot who has set him on to plague me! Idiot!" he repeated, through his clenched teeth; "it is I who have been the idiot, to keep a venomous serpent at my hearth, deeming it a harmless worm! Rightly served—rightly served! She should have followed her —"

The word died unspoken upon his lips—even in the solitude of his office he feared to utter it. Peter Quin had no conscience—but, like most men who have stained their souls with crime, he had many terrors.

One hope remained—true, it was but a slender one; and it was just possible that his agent, Miles, had spoken the truth respecting the infant—that Providence, by some unlooked-for interposition, had snatched it from the death he had intended; if so, it would not be impossible to recover her. As for the rest, the arrangement might be made easily enough. The old man was sufficiently rich to pay back—principal and interest—the fortune of his grand-daughter, who could then legally transfer to him the stock both in the Bank and India House standing in her name.

He groaned with anguish as he mentally calculated the sum.

"Not a penny more!" he exclaimed; "never shall she inherit a shilling of my money! Since I cannot take it with me when I die, I'll bequeath it to found an hospital for fools—or to the poor," he added bitterly; "the poor, whom through life I have so loathed and hated."

Then came the appalling doubt whether the ruffian he had employed had not deceived him—whether, to gain time for escape, he had not lulled him with a promise it was no longer in his power to fulfil.

"If he has," thought Peter Quin, "let him look to it. I will show him the same mercy Martha extends to me—we will swing together."

The hardened villain felt a secret consolation in the idea that, if compelled to render an account of his crimes at the bar of human justice, he should not suffer alone; and yet the man he contemplated dragging to destruction with him had served him a hundred times with fidelity.

Wisely has it been observed, that there is no friendship in crime.

CHAPTER XX.

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then, murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves!

SHAKESPEARE.

PETER QUIN passed the rest of the day in solitude and reflection, with only his own evil thoughts to keep him company; against every visitor his door remained barred; he was in no humor to treat of other people's affairs whilst his own remained in such a critical position. With a spiteful smile he watched more than one client turn with an air of disappointment from the house; the annoyance he inflicted consoled him.

During the hours of daylight the old man supported the sense of loneliness with comparative indifference; but when the dark shadows of night began to fall, they brought with them recollections and feelings which even in the bustle and occupation of the world, too frequently arise like memories from the grave, to accuse us.

It is a solitary thing to be alone upon the waters—in the desert—or to stand upon the hill-top, far from the hum of human life—the heavens above—the dark, waving forests below and around us; the dwellings of our fellow creatures so far off, that the smoke which curls from their distant hearths is dimly visible in the horizon. But it is far more lonely to sit the only occupant of a deserted home—no living creature near you—watching with gnawing impatience the sluggish dial, whose tardy hand is still far from pointing to the promised hour.

It was no small part of the agent's punishment that he felt all this. A hundred times he asked himself if Miles would return—and if he did, whether he would have been successful: a momentous question, when he reflected that his life depended upon the answer. More than once he started with impatience as a step approached the house, listened and muttered a curse as it died away.

"The villain has deceived me!" he muttered; "and I shall hang alone!"

Alone! such was the burthen of his regret. He had no remorse for the past—no regret for the crimes he had committed—no repentance.

Some natures are like the rock—they may be shivered by the thunderbolt, but not melted; and Peter Quin was one of these. He had hated the world—lived in defiance of its laws—and felt himself an ill-used person, that they should avenge his misdeeds at last. Thus he wasted the few brief fleeting hours left him for repentance—atoneement for most of his evil actions was beyond his power.

The sense of solitude at length became so oppressive that he rose from his seat and began to pace the apartment. The wretched man tottered rather

than walked; no wonder that his steps were feeble—he had not tasted food since the preceding day.

"I have saved others in a position as perilous as mine," he thought. Then he consoled himself by reflecting on the vengeance he would inflict upon his grand-daughter, should his tool succeed in recovering the child; for he felt that, the infant in his power, he might make what terms he pleased—obtain possession of the proofs—everything which compromised him, and defy her.

"I'll wring her heart!" he muttered.

Till the old man discovered the intense affection she felt for her adopted child, he never suspected that she had one.

The signal he had so long and impatiently expected was heard at last—three taps upon the shutter. The expression of despondency upon the wrinkled features of the agent changed to a smile of intense satisfaction—almost of triumph—as he listened to them. With an alacrity which would have surprised him, had he given himself time to reflect, he hastened to the door—which, as usual, he only partially opened.

"Have you succeeded?" he demanded.

"Can't you see I have?" replied Miles, who held what appeared to be an infant in his arms, closely muffled in a shawl; "quick!" he added; "I have been followed! I can hear their steps!"

Peter Quin forgot his wonted caution, and at once admitted him.

"Quick—bring me a light!" whispered the fellow to his employer, who was replacing the chain.

"This way!" said the old man, hastening into the office; "I have a lamp here!"

Miles took advantage of his eagerness, and unhooked the fastening from the door, then darted towards the little parlour, just as Peter Quin was returning to ascertain the cause of his delay.

"I wonder you don't burn a light in the passage!" observed the ruffian, in a cheerful tone; "it is infernally dark!"

"All the better, Miles—all the better!" answered the master of the house, with a chuckle: "I want no curious eyes to pry into my habitation! But where is she? Let me see the brat!"

"Don't be impatient! You will see her soon enough!"

"What mean you?"

"That we must have a little quiet talk together!" exclaimed the man in an insolent tone, at the same time throwing himself into a chair at the far end of the room; "it is time, I think, that we came to a settlement!"

A suspicion of the truth flashed upon the agent. With a desperate clutch, he seized the burthen which the speaker still continued to hold in his arms, and tore aside the shawl. It covered a bundle of rags merely, which the fellow had artfully dressed up to deceive him.

"Villain!" exclaimed the disappointed Peter, pale with passion; "you shall swing for this!"

"One of us at least will!" coolly observed the man, without attempting to stir from his seat; "I can't do impossibilities! I have searched east and west, north and south—all of no use!"

"And you have returned to tell me so?"

"Of course I have! A gentleman always keeps his word!"

The mocking tone in which this was uttered warned the agent of his danger: with an activity which his visitor must have thought infinitely amusing—for he laughed heartily at the effort—the old man sprang towards the door, evidently with the intention of calling assistance. As his hand touched the handle it opened, and the captain made his appearance.

"Don't agitate yourself, friend Peter!" said the new comer; "remember you are no longer young!"

"But very sprightly!" added his confederate, with a grin.

"The night air is bad for you!" observed the first.

"And you look uncommon delicate just now!" chimed in his companion. "Why, you are as white as a chicken!"

Peter Quin felt assured that neither of the ruffians would have dared to proceed to such extremities had not his death been first resolved on. He was unarmed, old and feeble, yet his presence of mind did not desert him: fancying that he heard the footsteps of some passengers in the street, he began to utter loud cries of "Murder" and "Thieves!" They were soon stopped: the men whom he had so long held in subjection and treated as his slaves both sprang upon him, and whilst one pinioned his arms, the other dexterously thrust a gag into his mouth.

"Shall I tie his hands behind him?" whispered Miles.

The captain nodded assent.

"You have often threatened to hang us," said the latter, as soon as he found that his victim was no longer capable either of giving an alarm or of offering the least resistance; "now we have never threatened—men of action seldom do; but we intend to hang you—and although you are undeserving of such an honour, with our own hands!"

The eyes of the agent rolled fearfully, and he made a desperate effort to speak: a low, inarticulate sound, something like the hissing of a snake, was all that issued from his lips.

"Dispatch!" exclaimed the captain.

"No hurry!" replied his accomplice, deliberately drawing a coil of rope from his pocket; "we have plenty of time before us! Why make a toil of a pleasure?"

In the centre of the ceiling was a strong iron hook, from which at one time a chandelier or lamp had doubtless been suspended. Miles drew the table directly under it, and mounted, to try whether it would bear the weight of the agent: satisfied that it would answer the purpose, he descended, and, approaching Peter Quin, whose feelings—if they could be judged from the ghastly expression of his countenance—must have been horrible, began to loosen his cravat.

"I am not a regular *valet de chambre*!" he observed, with a leer, as he undid the knot; "but you'll excuse it, for old acquaintance sake—it won't happen again!"

The ruffian seemed to take a fiend like pleasure in prolonging the mental torture of his former tyrant: it was with the coolest deliberation that he removed the neckerchief, which he carefully folded and placed upon a chair, exclaiming at the same time: "Everything in its place!"

"I wonder how Starlight Will felt," he whispered in the ear of the old man, "as he mounted the gallows to which you sent him? He was a true pal! I promised him that I would serve you out if ever I had an opportunity—and I have kept my word!"

The captain shrugged his shoulders impatiently; he was a philosophical rather than a poetical villain; and, so that he disposed of his enemy, cared little for prolonging his sufferings.

"Shall I get his keys?" said the speaker.

"Afterwards!" hastily answered his companion.

"I begin to feel sick of this!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Miles; "you forget how he would have grinned if he had succeeded in hanging us!"

The reflection stifled every sentiment of pity or remorse in the heart of the desperate man, whom a sense of mutual danger had led to become the confederate of the speaker in his bold design—he permitted the horrible scene to continue, without further observation or remonstrance.

"It's a great pity you have not a better audience!" said the murderer, as he placed the rope round the neck of Peter Quin, "but it's very select—so that must content you! Steady—steady!" he added, as the old man reeled with terror; "the time for dancing ain't begun yet!"

With the assistance of his companion, Miles mounted the agent upon the table, passed the end of the rope through the hook, and made it fast. That done, they both descended, leaving their victim standing alone.

"Throw your handkerchief over his face—curse you!" whispered the captain.

"Can't; it'd spoil the fun!"

The next instant the table was withdrawn, and the guilty man launched into the presence of that Judge from whose fiat there is no appeal. When the last struggle was over, and an inanimate corpse hung vibrating before them, the eyes of the murderers met; each started at the sight of the pale face of the other—the sense of danger and the thirst of revenge which had hitherto supported them was gone.

"He deserved it!" said Miles, in an under tone, as if to justify, not to his companion, but to himself, the crime they had committed.

"It was true; but the speaker was no less an assassin. It is a question whether man has a right, under any circumstances, to punish his fellow-man by death. We have already discovered that schools are better than gaols; perhaps we shall one day arrive at the conclusion that solitude is a severer sentence than death.

Their crime—like most crimes—was doomed to be only partially successful. It is true they gratified their hatred; but the proofs which Peter Quin held of their misdeeds—the possession of which he had so imprudently boasted would at any time enable him to hang them—escaped their search. In vain they ransacked the pockets of the deceased: no-

where could they discover the key of the cabinet—where they suspected they were concealed—and the lock was so ingeniously contrived, that it defied even their experience to pick it. Break it open they did not dare—since it was necessary to their safety that the old man's death should appear the result of suicide.

"He has outwitted us!" muttered Miles, despondingly; "it's all your fault! I would have had the key beforehand—only you —"

"No reproaches!" replied the captain, interrupting him. "Perhaps, after all, the things are not of the importance we imagine! The proofs which, whilst he lived and was capable of appearing against us, might have sent us to the gallows, are comparatively valueless now!"

Before leaving the house, the speaker who had far more presence of mind than his companion, proceeded to arrange the room so as to give everything the appearance of a suicide; the table was reversed, as though Peter Quin had kicked it from under him, and the cord which pinioned his arms removed.

"I think that will do!" he said, glancing around.

"Yes—yes! Let us leave the place!"

"How?"

"By the roof!" answered Miles; you don't know half the dodges the old fox was up to! He could at any time communicate with the adjoining house, although we had no means of reaching him! This way—you will see!"

Everything being settled in the office, they groped their way in the dark to the agent's bed-room, in the ceiling of which was a trap door, fastened down by a strong iron chain on the inside. This they raised, and stepped out upon the roof.

"There!" observed the leader, as he let fall the trap; "they will never suspect that any one escaped from the house that way!"

"Never!" said the captain, breathing more freely. "What have you there?" he demanded, pointing to the bundle which his confederate in crime carried in his arms, and which was nothing else than the figure Miles had dressed up to deceive Peter Quin into the belief that he had brought Fanny back to him.

The fellow explained the use he had made of it, and ended by observing, "that it had been but a poor night's work, after all, since they had only half succeeded."

"That," observed his companion, "depends upon the use we make of it; at any rate, it has given us time—and time is often success. Whilst he lived," he continued, "I felt that I walked the world with a rope round my neck and the shadow of the hangman at my heels. Do you know, I have often wondered whether the old rascal were really human or not: he had more cunning than a lawyer—more cant than a priest!"

The first streaks of day began to appear in the east, and from their elevated position they could hear the tread of footsteps in the streets below—probably workmen hastening to their daily labor.

Miles observed that it was time to turn in. "Why, what are you thinking of?" he added, seeing that his companion was lost in reflection.

"I am thinking what has become of his granddaughter."

"Of Martha?"

The captain nodded in the affirmative.

"It's my belief the girl has bolted!" replied the former, with a knowing look; "and has taken with her something that would have done for the old man what he so often threatened to do to us! He wouldn't have been so anxious to get back the child else. Perhaps, after all," he added, "it was her own!"

None knew better than the man who had stolen Fanny from Farnsfield how unfounded was the surmise of the speaker; but he had no wish to make others as wise as himself. He replied by observing, "that the death of her grandfather would doubtless make her very rich."

"Very!" said Miles; "a capital match for some one—and she'll want a husband! My Bet," he added, in a tone as if he were weighing the pros and cons, "is so infernally jealous, or else — No! it would never do; but you might try—she'd jump at you! But do come in!" he continued, in a tone of impatience; "St. Margaret's has just struck five! It will soon be daylight—we can talk matters over in the morning!"

The captain hesitated no longer, but followed him over the roof, till they reached a similar trap door to the one from which they had quitted the house of Peter Quin.

"You know your room!" whispered the speaker—for he did not wish any of his lodgers to suspect that he had been absent so late an hour.

"Yes—yes!"

"In the morning, then!"

So saying, the two murderers shook hands and parted. When Miles descended the following day, and inquired for the captain, he was told, to his surprise, that he had left the house at least two hours before.

Years elapsed before they met again.

When Mr. Foster presented himself at the house of the agent, the following morning, he found, to his surprise, that the shutters were closed; he knocked repeatedly, but no one answered him. His first suspicion was that, unable to restore the child, the old man had fled, in the hope of secreting himself from justice.

"The old monster!" he murmured; "I was a fool to be duped by him!"

And then he knocked again.

His perseverance soon collected a crowd of idlers round the door; none could give him any intelligence respecting the master of the house. One facetious fellow observed that in all probability he was gone on a visit to a certain gentleman whose name is not usually pronounced in polite circles.

"I dare say," said a woman who was standing in the crowd, "that Miles can tell you: if any one knows his whereabouts he is sure to do!"

"And who is Miles?" inquired the lawyer.

It was explained that it was the man who kept the lodging-house.

"Ain't the least idea!" replied Miles, in reply to the question which Mr. Foster addressed to him; "I've my own business to mind, without attending to his!"

"Very possibly, my good man!" quietly observed the gentleman; "but as I am quite willing to pay for any information you may afford me—"

"At the word 'pay,' Miles's better-half bustled forward; she was a stout, red-faced, virago-looking personage, who used to boast that she could cackle in the ken, chaff a flash cove, or puzzle a beak as well as the best of her customers.

"He won't out all yesterday!" she exclaimed; "that I know—for I saw him closing the crib!"

One of the bystanders good-naturedly interpreted her meaning to the lawyer, who found the technicalities of his profession much less difficult to understand than Bet's classics.

"He must have left home this morning, then?" he observed; a supposition which the tinman who lived opposite negated, by declaring that he had been at work since six o'clock, and must have seen him.

Mr. Foster proceeded at once to the nearest police office, and speedily returned with such assistance as enabled him to ascertain whether his suspicions were well founded or not. With great difficulty one of the iron-lined shutters were forced open—the door had resisted every effort.

"Curse me!" exclaimed the officer who first entered the room, "if Peter Quin has not hanged himself!"

Miles smiled as he heard the words: they sounded like a pledge of security to him.

There was a general shout from the mob around the door. Such was the detestation the wretched man had been held in, that his hanging himself appeared a fitting termination of his career; several observed that he had cheated the gallows only to give Satan his own at last.

Inexpressibly shocked at the discovery, Mr. Foster, after giving the officers strict orders not to quit the place till his return, left to consult with his client.

CHAPTER XXI

Wealth comes too late to gladden the lone heart.
Whose spring hath fled and borne no beauteous flower—
Whose leaves have fallen ere summer's breath hath faded.
OLD PLAY.

THE death of Peter Quin—which justice, hoodwinked by the cunning device of his murderers, falsely attributed to suicide—rendered all legal proceedings on the part of his granddaughter unnecessary. She was the undoubted heiress of his wealth, which, when his affairs were wound up—as they were at last by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Foster—was found to exceed the calculations even of those who knew him, his parsimonious habits, his unscrupulous speculations.

The agent had pandered to the vices and passions of humanity, and his harvest had been a golden one.

Martha felt bewildered when informed by the lawyer that she was mistress of a fortune which placed everything life affords, save happiness, within her reach—that she might command luxury, pleasure—all that earth worships, and finds ashes.

The poor desolate creature would have given them all for one kiss from the innocent child whose affec-

tion had proved the solitary ray of sunshine which had gladdened her existence; but with the death of the old man every clue was lost. The hope of recovering her appeared so vague, so faint, that even her adviser ceased to allude to it.

About ten days after the funeral, which was conducted as privately as possible, the heiress, accompanied by the lawyer, visited the house where she had passed so many wretched years. It had remained under the guard of the police, to the great disappointment of Miles, who had calculated on securing certain papers which placed him at the mercy of the agent—they were the incentive of his crime.

A crowd of curious idlers gathered round the door as the carriage of Mr. Foster drove up. The neighbors scarcely recognised Martha in her elegant but simple mourning—so different from the old russet stuff gown and faded shawl she had hitherto appeared in.

Some thought that she appeared proud; others observed that she would make the old man's money fly now that she was the mistress of his fortune. Could they have read her feelings, they would not have envied her.

"Courage!" said her companion, as she sank, overcome with emotion, upon one of the rickety chairs.

"If she were only here," sobbed his client, "I could be happy. I would have strewed her path with flowers, and asked no other joy than witnessing her happiness. You wonder at my tears," she added; "that this fortune, which the world so envies, does not flush my cheek with pride, my heart with joy; and yet you have children—beings whom you love—for whom you toil, and glory in the sacrifice!"

"True!" observed Mr. Foster.

"What could replace them in your affection, if violence or crime deprived you of them?"

"Not the wealth of worlds!"

"And yet!" exclaimed Martha, "you cannot understand me!"

"You forget there is this difference—they are my children," said the man of law; "and nature —"

"She was my child!" interrupted the unhappy woman, impatiently; "not as you suppose—for I have read your thoughts—by blood, but by affection! Till I knew her, I knew not what love was! Could I but find her!" she added, wringing her hands; "could I but find her! Then wealth would indeed be welcome to me!"

"It has its duties as well as its pleasures!" observed her adviser, gravely; "and the latter are seldom permanent if we neglect the former! When I reflect on the solitary existence you have hitherto led, I can perfectly comprehend the strength of your affection for this child. The only thing I cannot understand is the mystery you made of its birth!"

Martha colored deeply: for many reasons she had decided on keeping secret even from the man who had so disinterestedly befriended her, the manner in which Fanny had first been placed under her care. Never would she afford the least clue by which her adopted child might be traced and reclaimed by her family, should she succeed in recovering her.

She had one hope which she had not revealed even to the lawyer.

"This visit is painful—exceedingly painful—to me," she replied; "there is something in the very atmosphere of the place which chills me. Have you seen that the seals are undisturbed upon the cabinet above? My wish is, that it should be removed with them unbroken to my residence? I have not the courage," she added, with an involuntary shudder, "to examine it here?"

Mr. Foster left the office to examine the chamber of Peter Quin, and assure himself that the cabinet was in the condition in which he had left it. The instant she was alone, Martha raised the boards beneath the desk, and secured not only the keys, but a mass of papers and letters, most of them labelled in the handwriting of her grandfather.

One by one she arranged the packets in an empty box, which she had discovered in one corner of the office, and directed it to be placed in the carriage.

Before the lawyer returned, the board was restored to its usual place.

"The seals are untouched," he said, as he entered the room; "and directly Griffiths arrives he shall see the cabinet conveyed to Harley street"—the house of now the wealthy Martha. "I believe," added the gentleman, "there are several persons whom you appointed to meet you here—tenants, and —"

"There are two whom I wish to see in private!" observed his client. "Miles, the man who keeps the house next door —"

"He is waiting."

"And a woman named Nancy Bright—or rather Mrs. Gurton: she was the faithful servant of my poor mother."

"I will send her to you," said Mr. Foster. "I am aware of your benevolent intentions towards her, and have drawn up the bond as you directed!"

He placed it on the table. Martha read it twice carefully over, and signed her name—the speaker witnessed it.

When the weaver's wife entered the office, she could scarce restrain the expression of her joy at beholding the daughter of her former mistress restored, as she said, to the enjoyment of her own.

"I have a debt of gratitude to pay," observed Martha.

"Debt!" repeated the woman; "you owe me nothing! It's true, the old villa—hem—that your grandfather," she added, correcting herself, "by concealing your poor mother's will, robbed me of the marks of her bounty! I wish that had been the worst of his crimes. God forgive him—he had a sad end, with all his riches!"

"Her hearer shuddered—perhaps in her heart she was far from feeling convinced that Peter Quin had died a suicide: she trusted not—for his sake, she trusted not.

"The reparation is late!" she observed, giving her the bond she had just signed; "but I can only atone—not recall the past. This will secure you competence for the rest of your life."

It was some time before the woman could understand the intention of the speaker: when she did, the expression of her gratitude changed from tears to smiles. Fifty pounds a year to one in her position was wealth.

"You are worthy of your dear mother!" she said, drying her eyes. "The young ones shall go to school now—Dick shall be apprenticed—and — Oh, bless you—bless you! Send for me by night or day, if ever you think I can be of use to you! I would die to serve you! Have you discovered —"

"Hush!" interrupted Martha, placing her finger on her lip; "he is dead, and let his fearful secrets rest with him! The grave places a barrier between all human judgment? Let us hope that your suspicions are unfounded!"

The weaver's wife shook her head doubtfully. Nothing could remove the strong conviction she entertained that her former mistress had been unfairly dealt with. True, she had no proof; but suspicions, under some circumstances, are stronger than proofs. Once more expressing her thanks to Martha, she quitted the house, impatient to make her husband and children acquainted with their good fortune.

When Miles was introduced, he entered the room with that forced confident air which guilt sometimes attempts to mask its terrors. The ruffian even went so far as to hold out his hand. He had for so many years been accustomed to treat her with coarse equality, that he scarcely comprehended the difference between them.

Peter Quin's granddaughter did not want for tact—she affected not to notice his impertinence. Besides, she had other motives for not quarrelling with him.

"You were in my grandfather's confidence?" she observed, fixing her eyes upon his countenance.

"His confidence, Martha—that is, Miss Martha," stammered the man. "I thought you knew the old man better than that. He employed many—myself, Bet, the captain, and Fogle Jem; but he trusted no one."

"Where is the man you name?"

"Which one?" demanded Miles, with a certain degree of hesitation.

"The one you call the captain!" answered the woman, sternly; "it was from his hands I received my child, and he doubtless was employed to tear her from me. Do not trifle with me," she added, "my wrongs have made me dangerous—I am no longer the patient, suffering creature you once knew, but armed with the means to crush those who have injured me."

The assassin trembled, and began to feel that, in compassing the death of the agent, instead of obtaining his liberty, he had merely changed masters.

"I am equally prepared," continued the speaker, "to reward those who serve me."

"By all that is holy," exclaimed Miles, "I have not seen the captain since—since —"

He hesitated—something whispered him that it would be dangerous to name the exact day.

"Since when?" inquired Martha, curiously.

"I am trying to recollect the time," replied the man; "but certainly not since the death of your grandfather! You may believe me! What interest can I possibly have to deceive you? Besides," he added, gradually recovering courage, "I wanted to speak with him on my own account! I have sought him in all his old haunts—none of his pals have seen him! Something singular must have occurred!"

"And his chamber?" said the woman.

"Is just as he left it—not a thing has been disturbed! All I noticed was, that a quantity of papers had been burnt by him the last night he slept at my house! The grate was full of ashes!"

"You must find him," observed Martha, after a pause.

Miles shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

"Did you examine the ashes in the grate?" she continued. "Yes, I am sure you did—for you have the cunning of the serpent as well as the ferocity of the tiger! Was there no clue by which he can be traced?"

The fellow gave a knowing smile: perhaps he saw in the question some trait of her grandfather's calculating spirit. Thrusting his hand into a side pocket, he drew forth a greasy memorandum book. Between two of the leaves were three fragments of paper, partly reduced to ashes: he placed them on the desk before her.

"There," he observed, "are the proofs that I have not deceived you, and that I know nothing of the captain's hiding-place. If he only knew," he added, with an impertinent leer upon his countenance, "how impatient you were to see him, he would fly on the wings of —"

The look of surprise with which the heiress regarded him cut short the fellow's speech. He stammered and hesitated.

"The wings of what? Pray continue, said Martha, bitterly.

"Impatience, Martha—that is, Miss Martha, I mean! Lord bless you, you are not the only young lady in the world who desires to see the captain."

"Indeed!"

Miles was no stranger to the project which his confederate had once entertained of becoming the husband of Peter Quin's granddaughter, who he imagined would only be too happy to bestow her hand and fortune upon the handsome, reckless adventurer. As to her anxiety about the child, although he knew her to be fond of it, he considered it merely a pretence to disguise her real intentions. Hitherto the prospect of such an alliance had been a matter of indifference to him; now he ardently desired it, as a pledge of security for the past, which began seriously to disquiet him.

Martha partly read his thoughts, and, thinking it might serve her purpose, did not choose to disabuse him.

"Whatever my motive," she said, "it is not to you I shall account for it; it is sufficient that I am anxious to find him!"

Miles pointed to the half-consumed fragments of paper still lying on the desk before her. She began to examine them attentively. They evidently formed part of a letter—the part merely contained the words, "—ly Grange," and the date, "November 1st;" the second, "return directly;" the third, "days to live"—the number of days, and the name of the party whose expected death was thus announced, were wanting.

Martha would have given much for the fragment which connected them. Faint as was the clue, she determined to preserve it—affection clings to the last hope.

"I shall keep these!" she observed.

The man looked disappointed—for they suddenly attained a considerable value in his estimation when he found that the heiress intended to retain them.

"I may trust to your generosity, I suppose?"

"I'll tell you how far you may trust to my generosity!" replied the woman; "for three months longer I will permit you to inhabit the house you occupy rent free—at the end of which time it must be given up. More: I will even assist you with the means to follow an honest calling—instead of casting you upon the world with which you have been so long at war. But to this favor I annex one condition!"

Miles thought not of conditions. At the announcement that he was to give up the house, his coarse, bloated features became livid with rage; it was with the utmost difficulty he sufficiently mastered his passion to observe that he was prepared to pay any reasonable rent.

"No!" said the heiress.

"You can't get a better tenant!"

"I do not intend to let it!" replied the heiress;

"it has been the shelter of the wicked and desperate too long! It is but little good I can do in the world—but that little I will attempt! It is my intention to pull both this and the adjoining house down," she added, "and erect a school for the neglected children in this miserable neighborhood!"

The ruffian, who had hitherto been standing near the desk, staggered rather than walked to one of the rickety old chairs in the office. He trembled violently and sank into it.

"Pull it down!" he repeated.

"And why not?" demanded Martha, with surprise.

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" muttered Miles, partially recovering himself; "only if you do pull it down, you must give up all hope of ever hearing of the captain again: it is not in this neighborhood that he will ever show his face! No—no!" he added, "you will not pull it down! To be sure you are the mistress now the old man is gone—but his name is yours! You will think twice of it!"

The woman shuddered: she partially guessed the cause alike of his terror and the confidence he expressed that she would permit the house to stand.

"Shut them up, if you will!" he continued; "turn me and Bet into the streets! I dare say we shan't starve! But, for your own sake —"

"Enough!" said the heiress, who wished to avoid everything like the appearance of confidence between them. "I will reflect before I decide. I have other property in the neighborhood which might answer as well!"

"Better!" said Miles, eagerly; "there is the house the Gurtons live in!"

"Instead of thinking of my projects, think of yourself!" interrupted Martha; "use every means to find the man I seek, and rely on my liberality!"

"What if I fail?" demanded the man.

"It will depend upon your future conduct how I shall treat you!" she answered. "Should you be fortunate enough to obtain the information I desire, a note, addressed to me, at the chambers of Mr. Foster, Inner Temple, will be sure to reach me."

"Why not at your own house, Miss Martha?"

"Simply because I do not intend to intrust you with the knowledge where I reside!" replied the woman. "I know you, and wish to sleep in peace! Now leave me! Serve me faithfully, and rely upon my gratitude; but if I find that you deceive me, you will have no enemy in the world more bitter than Martha Quin!"

"Curse her!" muttered the ruffian, as he left the house; "the old fellow was bad enough, but she is ten times more difficult to deal with: no hold—no grip on her! If she'd only marry the captain, it would be all right—but if he don't turn up —!"

A low whistle completed the sentence.

When his better half—we might say his two-thirds, for Bet was a human mountain of flesh and bone—heard the result of the interview, woman-like, she wanted to return to see the heiress herself, and tell her, in her own expressive language, a bit of her mind: an imprudence which her husband with some difficulty persuaded her against.

"Let her alone!" he said; "she is dangerous to meddle with!"

Disappointed and spiritless, Martha returned to her home, taking with her the papers and packets which she had discovered in the recess, intending to examine them at her leisure. Towards nightfall, Griffiths, Mr. Foster's head clerk, arrived with the cabinet. The little man was now as cringing and obsequious as on their first interview he had been overbearing and supercilious. Like the rest of the world, he knew the value of wealth.

"Any further commands, Miss Quin?" he inquired, in a bland tone of voice, after having seen the cabinet—which he doubted not contained plate and an incalculable amount of treasure, carefully bestowed.

"None!" replied Martha, carelessly; "I shall see your master in the morning!"

It was not intentionally that the heiress employed the word "master"—but in ignorance of the *usage du monde*. She was too humble in mind willingly to tread upon a worm.

Mr. Griffiths, who was dressed in his very best black, colored deeply. His vanity was wounded, and he mentally set her down as a person of little or no discrimination. Had it been one of the junior clerks, instead of himself to whom the word had been addressed, he would have enjoyed the joke exceedingly. Still he evinced no inclination to quit the elegantly furnished room in which Martha was sitting. Perhaps he contrasted it with the dingy rooms on the third floor which he had inhabited for the last twenty years in Bouverie street.

"This is a very nice house!" he observed.

His mistress raised her eyes.

"And very elegantly furnished!" he continued. "You have taste—great taste; and yet I fear, Miss Quin, you must feel lonely at times in it! In fact, I might say very lonely!"

"Yes—yes!" muttered the heiress, impatiently.

"I should only be too happy," continued the persevering little man, without being in the least ruffled by her evident desire to get rid of him, "to call occasionally—as a friend! I am a bachelor," he added, with a smile; "and my evenings are generally disengaged! There could be no scandal at our time of life!"

Martha rose from her seat with a gesture of superb disdain—which forcibly reminded the clerk of Mrs. Siddons, who was then in her zenith—and pointed to the door. It was not the man's presumption which shocked her—it was his meanness. He slunk out of the room with an air very much resembling that of a cur which had been chidden, muttering as he went an audible curse upon what he was pleased to call "the pride of the upstart."

Mr. Griffiths was not the only person in the world who console their wounded vanity by attributing the disdain with which they are treated to the pride instead of the contempt of those with whom they come in contact. From that day, Mr. Foster's client had one enemy the more.

"I was happier in my poverty!" sighed the lonely mistress of so much wealth, as she calmly re-seated herself; "it at least screened me from insult! The bold villainy of the captain was less offensive than the cringing baseness of that man! Love!" she repeated, with a bitter laugh; "as if any one but my own darling child could ever love the withered, wretched Martha!"

CHAPTER XXII.

In shabby state they strut, in tattered robe,
The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe;
No high conceals their moderate wishes raise,
Content with humble profit, humble praise.
Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare.
The strolling pageant hero treads on air;
Pleased for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

CHURCHILL.

It is time that we returned to the child—destined, as our readers have doubtless ere this suspected, to prove the heroine of our story. They assisted, as it were, at her birth, and cannot, we are assured, feel indifferent to her progress in the path of life: to some an Eden strewn with flowers; to others, a thorny wilderness, which lacerates the heart.

Fanny—for the signora and her husband had not attempted to change her name, which, *par parenthèse*, the little stranger perfectly recollected—made such rapid progress under the tuition of the dancer—who insisted upon her calling him papa—that by the time the pantomime was to be produced, she was sufficiently advanced to appear with the group of children who, in the opening scene, were to burst from a bed of flowers, and offer their tribute to the fair queen.

The moment the dancer first saw her, he declared that she would make an admirable sylph. The ease with which she acquired the various attitudes and steps—the grace with which she executed them—joined to her uncommon loveliness of person, promised to realise his prediction. The signor and his wife both began to love her for her docility and affectionate manner.

To Fanny the change was like that of a being entering on a fresh existence. She was no longer afraid to lift her voice, lest she should rouse the anger of Peter Quin. She had companions—children of her own age—the pupils of her new parents. Still she had not forgotten Martha—the recollection of whose kind voice and gentle manner would often return, check her sunny smiles, and dim her blue eyes with tears.

"You are good—very good!" she would say to the actor's wife, who at such moments would take her upon her knee, and endeavor to console her; "and I love you dearly! But you are not my own mamma!"

"And who and where is your own mamma, my love?"

The question was useless—the memory of the child went no further.

Christmas at last arrived—merry Christmas to those whom it unites with friends, the circle of whose affections has been dispersed by misfortune, or broken by the hand of death; sad Christmas to the being who stands alone in the world, with only memories and regrets.

The important night arrived on which Fanny was to make her first appearance upon the stage—to enter on a career which the good pity and the pre-

judiced condemn. The theatre was crowded; the boxes with sedate citizens and their happy families—the pit with clerks, shopkeepers' assistants, and that modescrpt race comprised under the class of idlers—the gallery with those happy little wretches who for weeks past had been saving their pence to enjoy one day of pleasure and excitement—the sons of toil and poverty.

Behind the scenes all was hurry and confusion; the master-carpenter hallooed to his subordinates—the call-boy ran here and there, bewildered with the importance of his task, whilst the property man kept moving and replacing the various tricks which incumbered the wings, anxious for their safety. Everyone felt his honor engaged for the success of the pantomime; as for the tragedy—*Hamlet*—no one seemed to care a jot how that went—unless it was Theophilus Snarle, the leading man, who had appeared and disappeared in the character of the melancholy Dane at Convent Garden; on the strength of which he insisted on being announced wherever he condescended to appear as a star.

As the manager had foretold, the fairy garden proved a blaze of triumph: half a dozen rose-buds, not much larger than so many red cabbages, unfolded their leaves, and permitted the same number of children, whose tender limbs had been cramped for the last half hour, to emerge from their hiding-places and form a group round the centre trap, through which the Queen of Beauty rose in a shell which might have puzzled the most learned conchologist in Europe to class: it had more colors than the rainbow, and eyes in its valves like those which glitter in the tail of Juno's favorite bird.

When Fanny, suspended by wires, descended from the flies and placed a crown upon the brow of the signora, the beauty and graceful movements of the child drew down thunders of applause; the enthusiasm was at its height.

"Bless her!" murmured the delighted woman to herself.

"I knew it would take!" thought her husband—who, as the valorous knight, was kneeling before her in his strip dress, ready to change to harlequin at the touch of her wand; "ten bob more, at least!"

This was in allusion to the salary which he expected to draw from the services of his pupil.

The wire was loosened from the waist of the floating sprite, who, descending to earth, danced a *pas seul*. At every step her hair floated like a cloud of gold over her shoulders. At its termination there was a fresh burst of applause, accompanied by cries of "Bravo!" and several sixpences and shillings, which a party of sailors in the pit threw upon the stage.

At the end of the pantomime, which was announced for repetition every night until further notice, by the gratified Alfred Bounce, all was congratulation; the clown, who, overcome by his exertions, lay panting on the stage, shook hands with the pantaloons. The harlequin caught up his adopted child and kissed her.

"Capital! Excellent! Run for six weeks at least!" were the only exclamations heard.

When the treasurer of the establishment—Mr. Feather-tongue—who would have been an excellent low comedian, but for an unfortunate lisp, which condemned him to a less prominent position in the profession—offered Signor Du Bast the usual shilling for the services of Fanny, it was rejected with contempt.

"Do you compare my daughter and pupil," demanded the tired harlequin, in the tone of a man who felt that for six weeks at least her services were indispensable, "with supers and ballet girls?"

"Certainly not!" lisped the prompter; "but it's the thal!"

"I'll see Bounce myself upon the subject?" observed the signor, cutting short the conversation; "she shan't appear again till something is settled!"

Before leaving the theatre, the dancer had an interview with the manager: the latter knew his interests, and Fanny was engaged at the extraordinary sum of twelve shillings per week, which, with his usual dexterity, Bounce retrenched, by reducing the number of supers and girls in the ballet.

For three weeks all was smooth and prosperous in the theatre: if the actors murmured, they murmured low—for their salaries were paid; the lisp-ing treasurer no longer skulked from wing to wing when his avocations called him behind the scenes, for fear of being pestered for arrears, which he had no funds to pay—but met the company face to face.

It is a sad truth, that the stage carpenters—on whom the lives of pantomimists depend—are never so careless as during a run of success. At the commencement of the fourth week of the pantomime—at the moment that harlequin was supposed to leap



THE ATTACK UPON SALLY CARROLL.

through the moon those who had to catch him were absent. The consequence was, he fell with fearful violence upon the stage. His disappearance ought to have closed the scene.

Whilst Alfred Bounce, *Esquire*, was giving directions to his subordinate and drudge, a very different scene was taking place in the green room—the poor dancer was dying. Both the surgeons who had been called in had pronounced his case to be hopeless—the *vertebra* was broken.

The poor fellow lay extended at full length upon the sofa—to raise him was out of the question; one arm was thrown around the neck of his wife, who, in her spangled dress, was sobbing convulsively upon her knee by his side; her tears had washed the rouge from her cheeks, leaving a patch here and there, which contrasted painfully with their ghastly paleness. Little Fanny was clinging to her, vainly attempting to console her adopted parent: she was too young to feel the full weight of the misfortune which had befallen them. At a distance were the two surgeons, and yet further, near the door, a group of actors and actresses—some in their tinsel finery, others muffled in shabby cloaks and coats, ready to return home after the performance.

To do them justice, there was sympathy in the hearts and eyes of all. Whatever else may be laid to their charge, the wandering children of Thespis are at least exempt from the sin of indifference to the sufferings of the members of their nomadic tribe. Let an accident occur in a theatre, or an unfortunate actor pass through the town, their mite is freely given, frequently at the expense of their next day's dinner.

When we speak of actors, we do not include managers—they are a race apart.

"Don't weep, Carry—don't weep!" whispered the dying man; "your friends will be kind to you when I am gone! You will quit this precarious life, and return to your home! Home!" he repeated; "comfort—respect—no fear for the morrow—no dread of cold and hunger!"

"I never felt them, Harry!" replied his wife, tenderly; "for they were shared with you! Gentlemen," she added, turning to the surgeons, "is there no hope? Can nothing be done to save him?"

A mournful silence answered her—the poor creature wrung her hands despairingly.

Signor du Bast gradually became weaker. It was evident to all but his wife that his last moments were fast approaching. She, with a woman's fondness, clung to hope, when all else was hopeless. It was so hard to lose him—her only stay on earth

—the lover of her youth—the husband for whom she had sacrificed home, friends, station; with whom she had endured every variety of misery except unkindness.

"They will get up a benefit for you, Carry!" were almost the last words he uttered; "and that will enable you and Fan to hold on till the Opera opens; but you had better return to your friends, and don't forget the poor fellow who loved you dearly—very dearly! I know I ought not to have taken you from a comfortable home, to follow a fate like mine; but God bless you! you never reproached me, even when we wanted bread!"

The sufferer prayed—actors do sometimes pray, however bigots may reproach them to the contrary—prayed for his wife and adopted child. Long before daylight he had ceased to exist.

We must draw a veil over the agonies of the forlorn creature he had left behind. She was assisted more dead than alive—an old cloak wrapped over her spangled finery—to a hackney-coach. The body of her husband was placed beside her—she would not separate from his remains—and conveyed to her solitary lodging in Drury Lane. One of the actresses and the friendly clown accompanied her.

Signor Du Bast was buried in the churchyard in the Waterloo Road. The manager and most of the company followed him to his last resting-place. The former, to mark his indignation at the culpable carelessness of the carpenters, on the following Saturday fined them their week's salary, and put the money in *his own pocket*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lands mortgaged may return, and more esteem'd,
But honesty once pawned, is ne'er redeem'd.

MIDDLETON.

ABOUT a month after her visit to the old house in Westminster, Martha Quin received a note from Mr. Foster, informing her that her tenant Miles had called twice at the office in the Inner Temple, and appeared most anxious to see her. The writer added, that he had appointed a meeting for the following day, at twelve o'clock.

The anxious woman was punctual to the minute—the hope of obtaining some clue to her adopted child scarcely permitted her to rest: she felt that life without her was but a weary pilgrimage, with all her wealth. Her heart was like one of those rare plants that bloom but once, producing but one solitary flower—her love for Fanny was that flower.

Miles entered the room where Martha was waiting to receive him, with a hang-dog sort of look.

He had very much the air of a cur who, having failed its master's bidding, expected to be beaten.

"You have failed!" said the heiress of Peter Quin, sternly.

"It has not been my fault!" replied the man, in a humble tone. "I have sought high and low—been to all his haunts—questioned his old pals! My opinion is, he has left the country!"

The speaker mentally ejaculated the wish that he had been enabled to leave it, too—for since the death of the agent he had lived in a state of continual alarm: it was not his conscience which disturbed him, but his terrors.

"You trifle with me!" observed the woman.

"And what should I gain by that?" demanded the fellow, raising his eyes, and boldly meeting her gaze; "money? Have you not promised to reward me amply? Safety? I am more likely to maintain it by serving than betraying you?"

There was a natural logic in his conclusions which shook the suspicions of Martha. Miles had appealed to his interests—and she believed him. Had he uttered one word of honor or fidelity, she would have turned from him with scorn.

"How long have you known the captain?" she inquired.

"About fifteen years, Martha—that is Miss—I beg—"

"Call me Martha—anything!" exclaimed the female, interrupting him; "and answer me quickly—for I will not give you time to hatch a lie! Where did you first meet him?"

"At Southwell!"

"On what occasion?"

"I was sent down by your grandfather to obtain a certain leaf from the register of the church. The captain, who was then little more than a boy, joined me there. Being young and agile as a cat, he mounted the window of the sacristy, opened the door—and—and we did the job between us!"

Martha was satisfied. She knew that for once the man had spoken the truth.

"For a long time he was employed by the governor," continued Miles, "who kept a tight hand on him; but he grew tired of that, and started business on his own account—became one of the most desperate highwaymen and housebreakers in London!"

"And murderers!" interrupted the woman.

To be continued.

SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.



OMAR'S INTERVIEW WITH THE BEAUTIFUL SELINA.

OMAR, A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO PIECES OF GOLD.

Continued from Part II.

THE morning was breaking over the Croatian hills, when two horsemen descended a somewhat steep slope that led towards the little village of Plaski. This village was about thirty miles distant from Carlstadt; and as this space had been accomplished during the comparatively brief interval between the midnight and the dawn of a beautiful June day—amid the passes too, of a wild mountainous district—it must be evident to the reader that the travellers had urged their good steeds to the quickest pace.

We need hardly say that these horsemen were Theodore Lattos and his follower Manfred. Strong emotions swelled up in the breast of the young Croat, as from that slope from which he was descending, he looked down into the village which was that of his birth, and whither he was now proceeding to bid a hasty farewell to those who were near and dear to him, and from whom he was about to part, perhaps, for ever!

Theodore's eye embraced a view of buildings and scenes whose associations were historically descriptive of many of the antecedent circumstances of his own young life. There was the small, but well-built and comfortable farm-house which had belonged to his family for generations back, and where he himself was born. A little farther off was the still smaller but more modern looking house in which his father—a half-pay lieutenant in the army, and magistrate in the village—had lived for several years happy and respected, after his retirement from the military service, and when, on his return to the farm, he took away the wife whom he had left there, during his absence in the wars. There, too, was the churchyard, where rested the remains of that father and that mother; and Theodore felt as if he were looking through a mist while contemplating the hallowed spot—for the tears were in his eyes. In the next little dwelling near the church—where the clematis climbed upon the trellis-work, and countless roses bloomed over the portico, dwelt Theodore's uncle, his father's only surviving brother, and who exercised the functions of a minister or Greek priest at that village-temple. A little further on was a long, low, white, barrack-looking edifice—the military normal school of the

district—where Theodore was first educated, before he was removed to the highest military school of Tuam, near Carlstadt; but his eyes were speedily reverted to the farm-house, where he remembered the kind care of an affectionate old grandshire bestowed upon himself and his mother, while his father was absent in the wars; and it was towards this place of his birth that Theodore now bent his way, followed by Manfred.

In a few minutes our young hero was embraced in the arms of a man some three or four years older than himself, and who, on seeing him alight at the gate, had sprung forth from the homestead to bid him welcome. For this was Theodore's brother Joseph—his only brother—and to whom the heritage of the farm had descended.

Theodore's tale was soon told; and the warm-hearted Joseph Lattos—who had at first hoped that Theodore was come to pay a previously expected visit during some six weeks' or two months' leave of absence—was cruelly disappointed and afflicted on learning that so far from being enabled to tarry, the youthful adventurer must depart with all suitable speed, lest the Ban's emissaries from Carlstadt might have been despatched in pursuit and should seek him there. It was useless for Joseph Lattos to offer his younger brother a home; for thenceforth no home within the wide range of the Austrian Empire could he hope to find!

Joseph Lattos had been married upwards of a year; the offspring of this union was a son, now about two months old; and when Theodore had embraced his sister-in-law—a comely, genteel looking woman—he flew with an uncle's pride to imprint a kiss upon the countenance of the sleeping babe in its cradle.

"It would have been my joy to watch thy progress and growth, dear child," said Theodore, as he thus bent over his infant nephew; "but, alas! heaven has decreed it otherwise. I must go forth into the wide world as an exile from my native land—perhaps never to return!"

"Why these strange and desponding words?—what, my dear boy, can have happened?" asked a venerable man, in a clerical garb, who entered the little parlor of the farm house at the instant.

Theodore flew into the arms of his uncle Lattos, the venerable Greek priest; and to him also the tale of everything which had occurred at Carlstadt was speedily narrated. The aged minister was profoundly affected; but he deemed it consistent with his sacerdotal character to administer such consolations as suggested themselves,—especially bidding his youthful nephew put the fullest faith in heaven. Well-meant suggestions were offered

by Theodore's afflicted relatives, of petitions to the Ban or even to the Emperor himself: but our young hero gratefully though proudly rejected all the proposals that started for consideration.

"No," he said, "never shall an appeal for mercy be made to the Austrian tyrants by me or on my behalf! I accept my destiny: I go forth into the world to seek my fortune elsewhere, I may succeed—and my family may yet be proud of me."—and for an instant the lightnings of a presaging animation flashed from Theodore's dark eyes. "But I may fail," he added, as his countenance and voice grew suddenly mournful; "and in some corner of the earth, afar from my native land, I may find a premature, a humble, and a nameless grave!"

"But whither will you go, dear brother?" asked Joseph Lattos, in a broken voice.

"I know not," responded Theodore. "But let us not sadden more than we can help, these last moments that we have to be together!—let us cheer up as much as hearts under such circumstances as these, can be soothed in the present and have hope in the future!"

Again did the priest interpose his consolatory ministrations: but again did Joseph Lattos ask, "Whither, dearest brother, will you go?"

"Wheresoever the service of my sword will be accepted," replied the brave young Croat.

"And you will write to us?" said Joseph, with affectionate urgency: you will send us tidings of your progress from time to time?"

"I will endeavor to do so," answered Theodore: "but such correspondence must be conducted with caution. Look you, my dear brother! A man who seeks new fortunes, must renounce the world with a new name: or else his identity with the invidious of past evil fortunes will prove but as a drag-chain."

"What, Theodore!" exclaimed the venerable priest reproachfully: "you would abandon that family name which, if humble, has still never been disgraced!"

"No, uncle—it has never been disgraced!" returned Theodore: "for there is no disgrace in all that I have done within the last few hours! And yet I must abandon it. Patience—and I will explain! The news of all that has occurred at Carlstadt, will travel far and wide: for it is no mean thing for a Ban—a sort of Prince—a Viceroy at all events, to be smitten down by a subaltern's hand in front of his army. Military disciplinarians blinking the provocation which I received, will regard only the breach of discipline itself which brought upon me a condemnation to die. What monarch—what general—what commander would

receive me into his services under such circumstances? or if having received me in ignorance of what I had done, would not dismiss me the instant the truth became known? Therefore you see, my dear relatives, that it is not exile only to which the miscreant Ban's tyranny is driving me—but it is the renunciation of my very name likewise!"

The old priest, Joseph Lattos, and his wife shed tears, as they recognized all the truth of these representations.

"Therefore you see," continued our young hero; having passed his hand rapidly across his own eyes, "my position will henceforth be a peculiar one—and I must be careful how I entrust letters to the ordinary channels, lest they should be intercepted by the Ban, and lest he in his malignity—for he is bitterly avenging—should use them as a means of blighting whatsoever prospects may hereafter dawn to cheer me. The accursed Austrian rule covers our land with a network of secret treacheries as well as of open despotism. But look you, brother!" suddenly exclaimed Theodore, as a thought struck him.

He drew forth the well-filled purse which Colonel Krokki had presented to him; and taking out two pieces of gold, he marked them both in precisely the same manner with the sharp point of a dagger which he snatched from amidst some weapons that were suspended over the mantel-piece in the parlor.

"Observe!" he continued: "these two pieces of gold bear similar indentations. You keep one, Joseph, and I retain the other. Should at any time a messenger come to proffer you intelligence of an *absent one in whom you are interested*—for such will be the mode of speech I shall put into his mouth—you will ask him for a token; and if he present this piece of gold, which, with the marks I have just made, corresponds so precisely with the piece I leave with you, you will know that he *does* veritably come from me. But if he fail to produce the token, then believe not that he is an emissary of mine!"

Joseph Lattos, half blinded by his tears, consigned the piece of gold to his pocket; and his younger brother, in order to give a sudden change to the conversation, turned abruptly to the cradle—asking, "What name have you bestowed upon your darling here?"

"We have called him Theodore, after you, dear brother," responded Joseph Lattos.

"Then heaven send that I, his uncle," exclaimed our hero, with much emotion, "may some day prove worthy of the love of my little namesake!"

Thus speaking, he again imprinted a kiss upon the countenance of the sleeping child; and then sat down to partake of the substantial repast that was served up. To this the faithful Manfred was admitted; and when it was over, Theodore started up, saying, "Now, my dear relatives, I have tarried nearly two hours beneath this roof—and it is safe for me to delay my departure no longer. The horses are refreshed. Manfred, see that they are in readiness."

Both the worthy Greek priest and Joseph Lattos insisted upon adding, from their own respective purses, to our hero's stock of gold: but he positively refused to receive what he knew they could indeed ill afford. He assured them that he had ample for his wants; but from his brother's store of weapons—and which every Croatian of any substance has in his house—he armed both himself and Manfred with swords and pistols. The farewells were then said—there were embracings, and weepings, and bestowals of blessings, and attempts to give utterance to cheering words—and long did the old priest, and Joseph Lattos, and the young wife stand at the gate waving their kerchiefs in token of adieu to Theodore and the faithful Manfred, as they rode slowly away from the dwelling.

The readers, following the travellers, must suppose that nearly four hours had elapsed since the farm-house at Plaski was quitted by them—it was now about mid-day—and they were already upwards of forty miles distant.

"If my knowledge of this part of the country serve me, Manfred," said Theodore, as they emerged from a deep gorge upon a wide open plain, "it cannot be more than a dozen miles from the frontier of Turkish Croatia. When once the boundary is crossed we shall be safe, and the nearest point at which we can reach it is Novi."

"The sooner the better, sir," answered Manfred, "for now that we have the certainty, after what we saw an hour back, that there are scouring parties out in every direction, it were well to find ourselves in security."

"It was a hard chase we gave those dozen dragoons just now," rejoined Theodore; "but thanks

to our own light weight and the excellence of our steeds, we outstripped them."

"Thanks also, sir," added Manfred, "to our betaking ourselves to that ravine which placed the heights between ourselves and our pursuers."

"Our good horses bore themselves bravely," continued Theodore; "but we have tried them severely over the broken ground of the gorge; and by the time we reach Novi—Hark!" ejaculated Theodore, suddenly interrupting himself, and as suddenly reining in his steed for a moment.

Then he listened with suspended breath, as did his companion also; and the quick glances which they exchanged, told each other, ere their lips uttered a word, that the same idea had smitten them both simultaneously.

"Our pursuers!" ejaculated Theodore: and scarcely were the words spoken, when from the opposite side of the craggy range of heights which bounded the ravine, and which terminated abruptly at the very commencement of the plain, a troop of a dozen Austrian light dragoons broke upon the view of the fugitives.

Away sped the latter across the plain, over which their gallant steeds, as if instinctively aware of their riders' emergency, stretched like greyhounds; and on, came the dragoons, tearing in full pursuit. The sharp crack of several pistols, in quick succession, rang through the air; the bullets whistled by the ears of Theodore and his faithful companion, but harmed them not.

"Spare your own weapons, Manfred!" exclaimed Theodore: "we have no time to reload—we may want them presently!"

Scarcely were the words spoken, when Manfred's horse stumbled in a hole, and fell, pitching its rider to a distance over its head. Manfred regained his feet in an instant: in the twinkling of an eye Theodore Lattos had pulled in his own horse that he might succour his faithful dependant: but this delay appeared to be fatal—for the next moment the two fugitives were surrounded by the Austrian dragoons.

"Keep by me, Manfred—keep close!" exclaimed Theodore to his follower, who, as the reader will understand, had not found time to leap upon his horse again.

"Surrender, Lieutenant Lattos!" cried the officer in command of the squadron.

"Never!" rang forth the clear manly voice of our hero; and his sword glanced like a flash of lightning from its sheath.

The next instant it crossed the weapon of the dragoon officer. Like twisting snakes those brands appeared to intertwine: but with a marvellous rapidity Theodore's sword described a circle above his own head, and then went crashing through the helmet and skull of his opponent, literally cleaving his head in twain. With a savage yell the dragoons closed more completely around young Lattos and Manfred, evidently with the intent to immolate them to their vindictive rage.

But extraordinary was the valor displayed by Theodore Lattos. Coolly intrepid—following with his keen eye the motion of every blade and the level of every pistol—yet exhibiting a marvellous alacrity in defence and in attack, together with the completest mastery over his steed, which he made to curve and wheel, to advance or to fall back, just as circumstances required—Lattos might have appeared to the inexperienced eye to be fighting with all the energy of utter desperation, whereas it was merely a thrilling martial excitement which he felt—a chivalrous glow that was inspiring him to deeds of almost preternatural prowess; and not once for a single instant did he lose his self-possession, his coolness, or his temper.

The combat lasted not for many minutes: it was of a necessity too unequal to be prolonged. Manfred fought with a lion-courage, ably seconding his heroic master; and in less than two minutes four of the dragoons lay dead or dying upon the ground, their riderless horses galloping away across the plain. A fifth had just succumbed to the terrible brand of Theodore, who appeared to bear a charmed life—when a pistol, discharged close by Manfred's head, proved fatal to the brave dependant. Down he fell: but the next instant the dragoon who thus took his life, was stricken from his steed a blood-stained corpse, by the avenging sword of Theodore Lattos. Then, dashing the rows into the flanks of his charger, our hero cut his way through the midst of the surviving dragoons; and from the scene of carnage he sped quick as an arrow shot from a bow.

There were still six dragoons left comparatively unhurt, and therefore in a condition to pursue. Nor were they slow in urging their animals along

in the hope of capturing Theodore Lattos: and the chase would have been one replete with a vivid interest for any observer if such had been near.

"Six miles to Novi!" exclaimed Theodore aloud, as he glanced over his shoulder to ascertain the distance between himself and his pursuers.

He was outstripping them: but by the time a couple more miles were accomplished, the tables were turning, and they were perceptibly gaining upon the fugitive.

"I will turn and face them!" thought Lattos to himself: "I will fight unto the death! Yet why shed more blood? or risk the loss of my own life against these still fearful odds, if my escape can by any possibility be accomplished?"

Intimately acquainted with everything that regards the disposition of horses, Theodore caressed his steed, at the same time speaking to it in that kind and cheerful voice which ever appears to thrill through the courser of real mettle; and the noble animal put forth all its power of swiftness for the last effort. On went the pursued and his pursuers: a couple more miles were accomplished—another glance showed Lattos that the dragoons were gaining upon him—he caressed his steed again—and thus the chase continued.

"We shall have him yet!" exclaimed the dragoons in exultation, as they kept burying their spurs in the bleeding flanks of the chargers that they were thus urging to such marvellous swiftness.

"Ah! by heaven I am safe!" said Lattos to himself, as a group of buildings, suddenly breaking from amidst the trees in the distance, met his view. "One effort more, gallant steed—one effort more!" were the words he cheerily addressed to the animal that he bestrode.

And the effort was made. The intelligent courser appeared fully to understand his master's urgent need; and quick as the wind he flew. On went the pursued Lattos—on thundered the pursuing dragoons! Nearer and nearer to the frontier did they thus rush on; and it seemed as if the very buildings of Novi itself were advancing to meet them, with such magical swiftness did the interval decrease!

"Well done, brave steed!" was now the exulting cry that rang from the lips of Theodore as the frontier was crossed and he slackened the animal's pace on the outskirts of Novi.

He looked back: the dragoons had suddenly reined in their chargers at a pile of stones which marked the boundary between the Turkish and Austrian Empires. They gesticulated with maddened though impotent rage towards Lattos: but he, disdainful to respond by any sign on his own part, walked his horse slowly onward, until he sprang from the noble animal's back in front of the principal hostelry at Novi.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE call to prayer, "God is great!" was echoing from every minaret in Constantinople, when Theodore Lattos entered that imperial city of the Ottomans. It was an hour past mid-day, in the month of July; and the thousand pinnacles of mosques and palaces shone like burnished gold in the effulgence of the sun. Our young hero bestrode the good steed which had done him such service on the day of his escape from the Austrian dragoons; and he had travelled with the noble animal by easy stages through the huge provinces of Bosnia and Roumelia. Six hundred miles had our adventurer thus journeyed, from the frontier town of Novi to the sovereign city of Constantinople, bent upon offering the service of his sword to the Sultan.

And why had Theodore Lattos thus determined to seek employment in a Mahomedan army? It was because the young man entertained a burning hatred against Austria; and the relations of that empire with Turkey, ever more or less unsettled, promised the revival of those hostilities wherein he would gladly play a part against the banded instruments of imperial despotism. This was Theodore's principal reason for aspiring to wield his sword in the employment of the Sultan; but there were other motives at which we may briefly glance. He knew that in the Turkish service promotion was awarded to merit, and that the humblest individual might hope to rise to the loftiest position—inasmuch as no patrician exclusiveness nor hereditary privilege usurped the monopoly of all posts of honor and distinction as the aristocracy does in other countries. Theodore likewise knew that under another name, and absorbed amongst the Moslem population,

his identity with the Croat Theodore Lattos would be lost, and that his proceedings at Carlsbad would thus prove no barrier in his way thenceforth.

It was, as we have said, an hour past noon when Theodore entered the city. Proceeding slowly through the street, he looked out for an inn which from its appearance might seem to combine the two qualities of comfort and economy; and at length making his choice, he alighted at the entrance. Determined not to let the grass grow under his feet, he lost no time in performing his ablutions and cleansing his travel-soiled apparel, so that he might render his appearance as respectable as possible for the purpose which he had in view. Refreshments were speedily partaken of—a glance was then given at his good steed in the stable; and having assured himself that the noble animal was properly cared for, Theodore inquired for a guide to conduct him to the palace of Khosrew Pasha.

This high dignity of the State filled the important office of Seraskier, combining the functions of Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the army. The Turkish hostler to whom Theodore's demand for a guide was addressed, gave utterance to the favorite ejaculation of "Inshallah!" and opened his eyes wide—though not in other respects losing the characteristic gravity of his nation—on hearing the young traveller's request; and the hostler doubtless thought he was a bold young Christian who sought in such toilet submission to the presence of Khosrew Pasha.

"Perhaps," said Theodore, struck by the man's ejaculation and look, "this is not an hour at which the Minister is accessible?"

"On the contrary," answered the Turk, his Highness the Seraskier is most accessible between the afternoon and sunset times of prayer."

"Then why do you seem to hesitate in procuring me a guide?" demanded our hero.

"Simply," responded the hostler, "because methought that if you happened to possess a finer raiment it were as well to assume it for the occasion."

"The small portmanteau," returned Theodore, "which you beheld strapped to my saddle as I alighted at your hostelry, contains all my changes of apparel; and therefore I leave you to judge whether, beyond some articles of linen and other necessities, I possess the means of making very efficient improvements to my toilet."

"Mashallah!" said the Turk, shrugging his shoulders: "it is your own affair."

The man then summoned some underling, whom he ordered to conduct the Christian to the palace of the Seraskier.

Theodore was conducted through many a narrow street where the overhanging frontages of the houses nearly met—through many a wide street where sumptuous buildings were passed—through bazaars teeming with merchandise of all sorts—past the entrances of stately mosques—and amidst a population of Turks, Armenians, Jews, Greeks, and Franks—until at length his guide stopped short, indicating a marble gateway, on each side of which stood a sentinel in the picturesque military costume established by the reigning Sultan Mahmoud. Theodore felt convinced he should be enabled to find his way back again to the tavern: he accordingly dismissed his guide with a suitable recompense—and boldly advanced towards the gate of the Seraskier's palace.

Theodore's acquaintance with military duties forbade him to address himself to the sentinels; and he passed unquestioned into a small court-yard, where he was accosted by a black slave, filling the office of porter.

"Whom do you seek?" inquired this functionary gravely, but with perfect civility.

"His Highness Khosrew Pasha," was Theodore's response, given with all the frank ingenuous confidence of youth. "I would fain have speech of the illustrious Minister."

"His highness holds a levee of the military dignitaries to-day," rejoined the black; "and none else can be admitted into his presence."

"But after the levee?" said Theodore: and producing a gold coin, he displayed it with a certain significance to the eyes of the slave.

"If you were to multiply them a hundred fold," was this individual's answer, "I could not gratify your wish to-day."

"And to-morrow?" inquired Theodore, somewhat disappointed.

"Ah, to-morrow!—we shall see!"—rejoined the slave, with characteristic caution: for neither the Turks nor any persons in their employment ever rashly pledge themselves for the future, even though it be but for a few hours.

Our hero retraced his way towards the tavern, his heart and his step both a little less buoyant perhaps than they were on issuing forth: but as youth is not the period for despondency, he soon reassured himself with the hope that he should prove more successful on the morrow. The morrow came: another visit to Khosrew Pasha's palace—and again the impossibility of obtaining admission to his Highness. Day after day did the young Croat perseveringly attend at the same place—but still without success. Thus a fortnight passed; and Theodore was no further advanced towards the realization of his aims than on the first day when he set foot in Constantinople. On the other hand, he was gradually yielding to despondency: for even a letter which he had written to the Seraskier's secretary remained unanswered. In that letter he had adopted a fictitious Croatian name, under which he was likewise passing at the tavern where he had taken up his quarters.

And during this fortnight Theodore had not once obtained so much as a glimpse of the great dignity himself: for Khosrew Pasha had been indisposed of late, and kept much within the walls of his own palace. On those occasions when he attended the Divan, or proceeded to Court to pay his homage to the Sultan, he went in a carriage so completely hemmed in by the brilliant staff and the cavalry escort accompanying him, that it was totally impossible for any spectator to approach near the equipage, or to obtain a view of its occupant.

At length, when this fortnight of varying suspense, anxiety, and disappointment had expired, Theodore learnt that Khosrew Pasha was now completely restored to health, and that it was most probable he would pay a visit to an adjacent mosque at the time of evening prayer. It was customary for the great dignitaries of State, on issuing from a place of worship, to receive memorials or petitions when presented to them on the steps of the sacred Mohammedan edifice. Theodore accordingly drew up a brief memorial, setting forth his anxiety to enter the Turkish service, and soliciting the favorable notice of the Seraskier. With this document about his person, our hero proceeded at the sunset hour towards the mosque which Khosrew Pasha was expected to visit, and where a considerable crowd was assembled to do honor to his Highness, who was the most popular of all the Ministers then in power. But again was Theodore Lattos doomed to disappointment—a disappointment in which the gathered spectators likewise shared: for the rumor presently circulated that Khosrew Pasha was prevented by press of business or other circumstances from visiting the mosque on this occasion.

With a profound sigh our young hero disentangled himself from the midst of the crowd; and lost in desponding thought, he wandered slowly away, without heeding a direction in which his unguided footsteps led him. Darkness was closing in around; and when awakening from his reverie, our hero found himself in some quarter of the city with which he was totally unfamiliar. He was threading his way through a very narrow street, which was almost completely deserted, and where no sound met the ear save that of his own footsteps and the barking of some of the countless dogs which infest every thoroughfare of the Ottoman capital.

Theodore proceeded in the hope of encountering some one who would direct him towards the tavern where he lodged—or who, if a poor person, would guide him thither. But this particular street was threaded without affording Theodore an opportunity for obtaining the information that he sought; and on emerging thence, he found himself in the close vicinage of the waters of the Golden Horn. All of a sudden, uproarious shouts of rude drunken merriment burst upon the young Croat's ear; and from a low tavern in the neighborhood, a number of men rushed forth. Their garb denoted them to be sailors; their language indicated to our hero that they were French. They were evidently mariners belonging to some trading vessel, and had come on shore to indulge in that boisterous revelry which sailors are wont to practise, especially after being for some time cooped up within the narrow compass of their own vessel. That species of twilight glimmer which often rests upon a sheet of water, especially in warm climates, displayed the forms of these men about half a-dozen in number; while the light gleaming from the tavern-door, played upon their countenances, which were flushed with intoxication.

Scarcely had this spectacle burst upon Theodore's view, when the hitherto comparatively meaningless ejaculations and shoutings of the French sailors became more significant.

"By heaven, a Turk! an old Turk!" exclaimed one. "Let us make him drink our healths in a bumper!"

"The grey beard shall taste of wine for once in his life," vociferated another, "in spite of the edict of the Prophet!"

"Away with him into the tavern!" shouted a third; and their uproar redoubled.

Theodore had been just on the point of turning away from the neighborhood of the water with a view to retrace his steps and obtain a guide to his lodgings—when the boisterous mirth of the French seamen took this sudden turn. Our hero was scarcely twenty yards off; and with sufficient distinctness he perceived all that was going on. A man in a Turkish costume, having turned the angle of an adjacent street, had thus suddenly found himself in the midst of the Frenchmen—who pounced upon him, with no malicious violence it is true, but still in a manner little suitable to the grave dignity of a Mussulman. His voice—addressing them in their own language—which he evidently well understood—was heard in strong rebuke; but the sailors, full of uproarious glee, and bent upon the diversion which their words had indicated, caught him up in their arms and were hurrying him into the tavern. He remonstrated and struggled; but all would have been in vain, if succor were not at hand.

Theodore Lattos—pitying the elderly Turk's position, and indignant at the outrage sought to be perpetrated against him—dashed into the midst of the French sailors, hurled them aside, and rescued the Mussulman from their grasp. All this was the work of an instant, and was so suddenly executed that the mariners were completely discomfited even before they became aware that there was but a single assailant. Quick as thought, Theodore hurried the greybearded Turk to a little distance—drew his sword—and bade the sailors at their peril renew the attack. The Frenchmen themselves were unarmed; but it is most probable they would have taken this circumstance into little account, and would have rushed forward in a body to the assault, had not one of their officers appeared upon the spot at the instant. In an authoritative tone he commanded them to get to their boat; the habit of obedience proved stronger than the excitement of the present circumstances; and they moved away—but not without audible expressions of regret at being prevented from inflicting a severe chastisement on the stripling who had balked them in their game. Their officer hurried them off in one direction—while Theodore, returning his sword to its sheath, conducted the elderly Turk away in another.

So far as Theodore could judge in the uncertain light which prevailed—or rather in the partial relief which the obscurity of the hour derived from the glimmer of the water—the person whom he had thus rescued was clad in poor apparel, though his demeanor was alike dignified and prepossessing. His age might be a few years past sixty; and his hoary beard gave him a venerable appearance. He had a look of mingled gravity and benevolence; and immediately after his deliverance from the power of the riotous sailors, he had recovered his self-possession with an almost marvellous suddenness. Theodore at once perceived that it could be no ordinary strength of mind which thus so speedily re-established its composure.

The old Turk expressed his gratitude in a few words—but these were perfectly suitable and well-chosen; and he spoke in the French language. Theodore replied, adopting the Turkish tongue.

"Mashallah!" said the old man; "are you not a Frenchman yourself?"

"No," responded Theodore: "I come from a district on the eastern shore of the Adriatic."

"A Dalmatian perhaps? or perhaps a Croatian?" said the Turk, inquiringly.

"Yes—a Croat," rejoined Theodore, "since the truth must be told—but a Croat who detests the Austrian yoke, and who has therefore abjured his native country."

"And wherefore are you in Constantinople?" asked the Turk.

"I came hither with the hope of obtaining employment for my sword in the Sultan's service," rejoined our hero: "but for an entire fortnight have I vainly sought access to the Seraskier."

"No doubt of it!" said the old man: "these great dignitaries of ours are much too inaccessible. But where do you live?—and what brought you into this district at such an hour, for it is a dangerous one after dusk?"

Theodore's explanation was speedily given: he had been disappointed in presenting his memorial on the occasion of the Seraskier's expected visit to the mosque—and he had lost his way.

"You have rendered me a service," answered the old man; "and the only means which I have of testifying my gratitude is to conduct you as far

as the street where your hostelry is situated. Nevertheless, by so doing, I shall not be travelling very far beyond the whereabouts of my own humble habitation."

Theodore expressed his thanks for the venerable Mussulman's kindness; and they walked along together.

"Suffer me, Christian," resumed the Turk, "to advise you not to be altogether down-hearted at the disappointment you have hitherto experienced. Perseverance in this, as well as in other matters, often leads to success. I would that I were enabled to assist you otherwise than by my counsel: but I cannot—for I am a man of a humble position, and possess no interest with great dignitaries. Yet, if my words have any weight, they would have the effect of inducing you to return again and again to the palace of the Seraskier; and it will be hard indeed if you find not an opportunity of presenting your memorial. This is the street where you dwell; and you shall have an old man's prayers for the success of your aims."

Theodore and the venerable Turk parted; and as our young hero slowly continued his way to the tavern, he said within himself, "Yes—I must persevere! What else can I do? Perhaps heaven threw me in the way of this old man that his words should reanimate my breast with hope just at the instant when it was yielding to complete despondency."

Ere Theodore retired to rest, he looked at the gold coin which he had marked at his brother's homestead at Plaski; and he resolved that if fortune should at length smile upon his efforts to obtain a position, he would find some trusty messenger to be the bearer of that coin into Croatia. And now, too, he was painfully reminded of the death of the faithful Manfred, on account of whose loss he had frequently shed tears: for if that kind-hearted soldier was still living, he might under some deep disguise penetrate into Croatia, when the proper time should come, as the bearer of the coin.

Our hero retired to his couch; and his dreams this night were of a more roseate hue than they lately had been: so that when he awoke in the morning, he said to himself, "Assuredly that venerable Turk breathed in my ears words that were the heralds of success!"

In the afternoon, and at the usual hour, Theodore Lattos bent his way to the palace of the Seraskier. He had arranged his apparel with as much nicety as circumstances would permit; and whatsoever was deficient in his travel-worn raiment, was more than compensated for by the elegant figure and military deportment of the youth himself. So doubtless thought many a Turkish beauty, as Theodore passed through the streets; for from behind the folds of the ample white veils bright eyes flung lustrous looks upon him.

He reached the palatial mansion of Khosrew Pasha: he entered the courtyard, and was accosted as usual by the black porter. This individual—whether from habit, or whether in the formal discharge of his duty invariably inquired our hero's business on each occasion that he called, as if totally unmindful that he had seen him before. He accordingly put the same question now.

"I seek an audience of his Highness Khosrew Pasha," was the response.

The slave bowed—and said, "Follow me."

Theodore was conducted through a lofty arched entrance into a vestibule, where the black slave bowed and left him.

Two young pages, in blue semi-military uniforms, with white buttons and lace, and wearing plumed caps instead of either fez or turban—now became our hero's guides. They led him up a spacious marble staircase, where on either side immense vases exhaling rich perfumes, were placed at regular intervals; and the landing being reached, a pair of tall, folding doors fell back at a slight touch imparted to them by the pages' hands. A moderate ante-chamber was now entered; and here several officers in uniforms of varied richness, were collected. Two black slaves in the old fashioned Turkish costume—the large turbans, long caftans, and ample trousers—threw open two gilded portals: Theodore passed on—these doors closed behind him—and as he at once found himself in the presence of a personage seated on a divan, and attended by a still larger number of officers than he had previously seen in the ante-room, our hero bowed low—for he could not doubt that he stood before the Seraskier himself.

The very joy which inspired him at thus finding all his most sanguine hopes realised in an instant, after so tedious an interval of disappointment, produced a certain dizziness of the brain—an effect

which the presence of the high functionary and all his assembled dignitaries would have in itself failed to excite the strong minded Croat. But quickly recovering his self-possession, and raising his eyes after making that graceful bow, he started—he looked again—he swept his hand athwart his countenance, as if to clear his vision; but it was no illusion—it was a reality—and in the Seraskier Khosrew Pasha he recognised the old man whom he had delivered from the riotous French sailors on the preceding night.

CHAPTER V.

THE SERASKIER.

The expression of wild amazement which seized upon our young hero's countenance, caused a smile to appear upon the benevolent features of Khosrew Pasha; and the next instant, on a scarcely perceptible signal being given by his hand, all the high military dignitaries who surrounded him sped from the apartment, disappearing by doors on either side. Theodore was now alone with the Seraskier.

"Approach, young man," said Khosrew Pasha, addressing our hero in a voice of kind reassurance: "I am well pleased at having the opportunity of renewing my thanks for the signal service you rendered me last night. Those dogs of Frenchmen would have dragged me into their tavern and overwhelmed me with insults, so as to have rendered me a laughing-stock and by-word with all rigid and good Mussulmans; but from this indignity you saved me, and I am gratified."

"If I talked somewhat familiarly to your Highness," observed Theodore, "it was that I entertained not the slightest suspicion of any *incognito* existing at the time."

"I know it," rejoined the Seraskier with a smile; "and there was an instant when I was about to reveal myself and bid you wait upon me here to-day, when the phantasy took me to see whether you would follow the counsel proffered, as you thought, by a humble individual, and whether you would persevere in your attendance at my palace. I need not add that I gave orders for your prompt admission in case you should make your appearance."

Theodore Lattos bowed in acknowledgment of this courteous address; and the Seraskier, bidding him be seated on a sofa on the right of the divan, surveyed him for a few moments with a marked and growing interest.

"You are a native of Croatia," resumed Khosrew Pasha, after a pause. "You informed me as much last night; and from something you likewise intimated, I conjectured that you had been in the Austrian service?"

It struck Theodore that the Seraskier looked significantly upon him; and he therefore hesitated what response to make.

"You said last night," observed Khosrew Pasha, with a still more penetrating glance, "*that the truth must be told*. I regard you therefore as a lover of the truth."

"I have spoken no word to your Highness," rejoined Theodore, coloring, "which merits the suspicion of an untruth."

"But you addressed a letter to my secretary," rejoined the Seraskier, "and you signed it with the name of Dubitz."

"I confess, my lord," answered Theodore Lattos, with the color heightening upon his cheeks—but yet with an air of the noblest, manliest frankness, "that I assumed a name which is not really mine own. And yet, as God is my judge! my conscience tells me that I have done nothing to disgrace the name which my father gave me!"

"I know it," interrupted the Seraskier. "Morally you are innocent; but in the eyes of stern military disciplinarians you would be held unpardonably guilty."

"I see that your Highness knows much—perhaps everything!" said our hero; "and if I adopted a feigned name—if I purposed to conceal all that has happened to me elsewhere—"

"You are right!" responded the Seraskier. "Think not for an instant that certain circumstances which have come to my knowledge, will militate against your interests, so far as it lies in my power to advance them."

"Ah! your Highness does indeed know me!" said our hero. "But how—"

"Were you not traced as far as the Turkish frontier?" inquired the Seraskier; "and was it not therefore reasonable that the Ban of Croatia to conclude that you would push your way onward to Constantinople and seek employment in the Ottoman service? That the Ban is bitterly vindictive, I need scarcely inform you; and therefore, perhaps, you are prepared now to learn that he did his best to

blight your hopes and mar your prospects here? He sent forward a messenger, bearing a letter addressed to myself, and filled with the narrative of your exploits—"

"Which he doubtless colored," said Theodore bitterly, "in a manner but little favorable to myself?"

"But you see," responded Khosrew Pasha, "that he has succeeded not in prejudicing me against you. His envoy arrived only this morning; and as the letter contained an accurate description of your personal appearance, I had little difficulty in recognizing the original in my deliverer of last night—while your statements, also of last night, identified you with the memorialist who had used the name of Dubitz."

"Then, perhaps," said Theodore, "it is generally known amongst the dependants of your Highness who I really am?"

"And if it were, what cause have you to blush?" asked the Seraskier. "But it is not so. My secretary is alone, of all my dependants, acquainted with these facts; and he is discretion personified. And now in respect to your aims and aspirations, I am prepared to gratify them. But remember, young man," added Khosrew Pasha, gravely, "remember that in accepting the captaincy which I at once place at your disposal, there is a condition to be fulfilled—"

"I know it my lord," responded Theodore, with a tone and look that suddenly became saddened, after the first flush of joy which the proffer of a captain's commission had excited. "I was not so ignorant of Ottoman customs as to be unprepared for this sacrifice on my part. In a word, I know my lord, that in accepting employment in the service of the Sultan, I must become—"

"and it was with a half-suffocating sigh that the young Croat added—"a renegade from the faith of my forefathers!"

"My lord," interrupted Theodore, "I am prepared to make every sacrifice—even that of creed itself—in order to have an opportunity of some day fighting against the Austrian. This opportunity will doubtless be afforded me in the Sultan's service—and I accept it!"

"You cannot do better, young man," answered Khosrew Pasha, with a deep compassionating look; "for you have sore wrongs to avenge—wrongs more profound," he slowly added, "than those you are already acquainted with!"

"I will not keep you in suspense," said the Seraskier, in a voice of deepening sympathy. "It was discovered that yourself and your companion in flight sought your native village in the first instance—that you obtained weapons there—and a decree of eternal banishment from the Austrian dominions was promulgated against your kith and kindred."

"And whither have they gone?" cried Lattos, in a paroxysm of the wildest anguish.

"My brother—with his wife and child—and my venerable uncle," murmured Lattos, tears trickling down his cheeks, "have been banished from their homes, and sent forth as exiles into the world as a sacrifice to the rage of the miscreant Ban! They are wanderers on the face of the earth—and all through me! Oh, heaven will not allow this huge crime to pass unpunished!" exclaimed Theodore vehemently; "and may that same heaven grant that I may become its avenger!"

There was a momentary pause, during which he dashed away the tears from his eyes; and then he said in a calmer, deeper tone, "My lord, whatsoever scruple previously existed in my breast as to the renunciation of the faith of my forefathers, is gone. From this day forth I adopt your country—your creed—your worship—your rites—any thing, every thing, so that I may sooner or later have the opportunity of drawing my sword against the instruments of the accursed Austrian despotism!"

"Understand me well," said Khosrew Pasha—"understand me well, young man, when I declare that I imparted not this distressing intelligence with a view to disperse your remaining scruples, or rivet your decision to enrol yourself under the banner of the Prophet, and amongst the nations of Osmanlis. But methought that the truth should be made known to you—and that instead of experiencing suspense with regard to your family, you should learn even the worst!"

There was a brief pause, during which Khosrew Pasha, having withdrawn his eyes from the countenance of Theodore Lattos, reflected seriously; and then he said, "Henceforth, my young friend, your fortunes shall be in my keeping; for heaven threw you not in my way last night for a mere ordinary purpose. There is one," he continued, "who is

most dear to me—and to whom I related, on my return last night, the incident which I had experienced and the generous succor I had received from a youthful Christian stranger. The heart of her to whom I allude, is full of grateful feeling; and though contrary to the customs of our country, you shall receive the assurance thereof from her own lips. It is a proof of the regard which I entertain towards you."

Having thus spoken, Khosrew Pasha rose from the divan on which he was seated; and drawing back a velvet curtain with massive gold fringes, he tapped smartly at the door which the drapery thus revealed. A black slave, gorgeously appraised, made his appearance, and bowed profoundly to his master. The latter whispered a few hasty words in his ear; the slave bowed again—and Khosrew, taking Theodore's hand, said "Your resolve is fixed? You accept the service of the Sultan with all its conditions?"

"All!" answered our hero emphatically.

"You renounce your native land—the creed of your forefathers continued Khosrew, "and the very name which you have hitherto borne—you renounce them all?"

"All!" again replied Theodore, as emphatically as at first.

"Henceforth, then," proceeded the Seraskier, "will you bear the name of Omar—and by none other must you be known. You agree to this?—you adopt our habits and our customs, our tenets and our beliefs, our worship and our rites—you adopt them all?"

And the young renegade for the third time answered, "All," with the firmness of an indomitable resolution.

"Then follow whither this slave shall lead," said the old Pasha. "Thou art worthy of all that I have in store for thee!"

Omar—for we must no longer call our hero by the name of Theodore Lettos—bent down and kissed the hand which was presented to him; his own was pressed with a paternal fervor by the Seraskier; and the youthful renegade then hastily followed the black slave through the doorway with the gold-fringed velvet curtain had revealed.

The black led our hero on through a narrow corridor, which terminated in a spacious hall, whence three other passages branched off to different parts of the immense palatial edifice. No one was in this hall save the two who were now traversing it. The black entered the corridor on the opposite side of the quadrangle—Omar still following. This second passage led to a door, which the slave opened; and standing back, made a sign for Omar to proceed. Our hero obeyed, and the door closed behind him,—the black no longer being in his company.

Then upon the view of the renegade burst a scene—the enchanting beauty of which will be described in the next chapter.

To be continued.

A SLAVE TO PLEASURE.—What if a body might have all the pleasures in the world for asking? Who would so unman himself as, by accepting them, to desert his soul, and become a perpetual slave to his senses?

In all differences consider that both you and your enemy are dropping off, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished.

A GRATEFUL mind is always a generous one.

Patent Military Foraging-cart.

Our illustration is a portrait of one of these useful carriages which we believe are in course of construction for the seat of war.

It is in its supposed military capacity that our draughtsman has made a soldier its driver. But though, doubtless, of great service in any country, the seat of war, where carts are seldom to be had, and none that can be relied on to carry great weights—rendering it necessary for government to provide ample cart conveyances for its armies—still it is rather in being a cart for general use that its great value consists; seeing that, besides meeting the wants of the gentleman, the sportsman, and the farmer, it has already commended itself to the emigrant and the colonist, as well as to the tradesman of London for their uses. The patentees state that the peculiar construction of this car enables the horse in working to develop his powers to the fullest extent; whilst that of the springs (which admit of regulation) enables them to sustain almost any weight that can be placed upon them. This construction causes them, when duly adjusted, to spring equally with the greatest weight that the carriage can be expected to bear, and that of one person. The power of regulating the springs also enables the drivers to adapt the power of either spring to the due sustaining of the weight to be carried; so that although the load on one side of the car may be, for example, a full cask, and on the other, an empty one, the proper horizontality of the floor will be preserved.

A Vindication of Freemasonry.

Persons have much to say about the secrets appertaining to freemasonry, which they look upon as a great crime; for they say if it was good and fit to be divulged, why not publish it to the world, and let mankind be benefited thereby? The greatest secret of a mason is to be a good man, and well for us all if we have found out that secret. But that the world may not say selfishness is the motive of freemasons in concealing their art, it need only be observed, in answer, that any person of good character may become a member without favor or exception, which shows masonry to be extensive, and that it is not limited to any particular member, sect, or party. Masonry is not a volatile art; it has regular boundaries and land marks, which none of its members can violate or move.

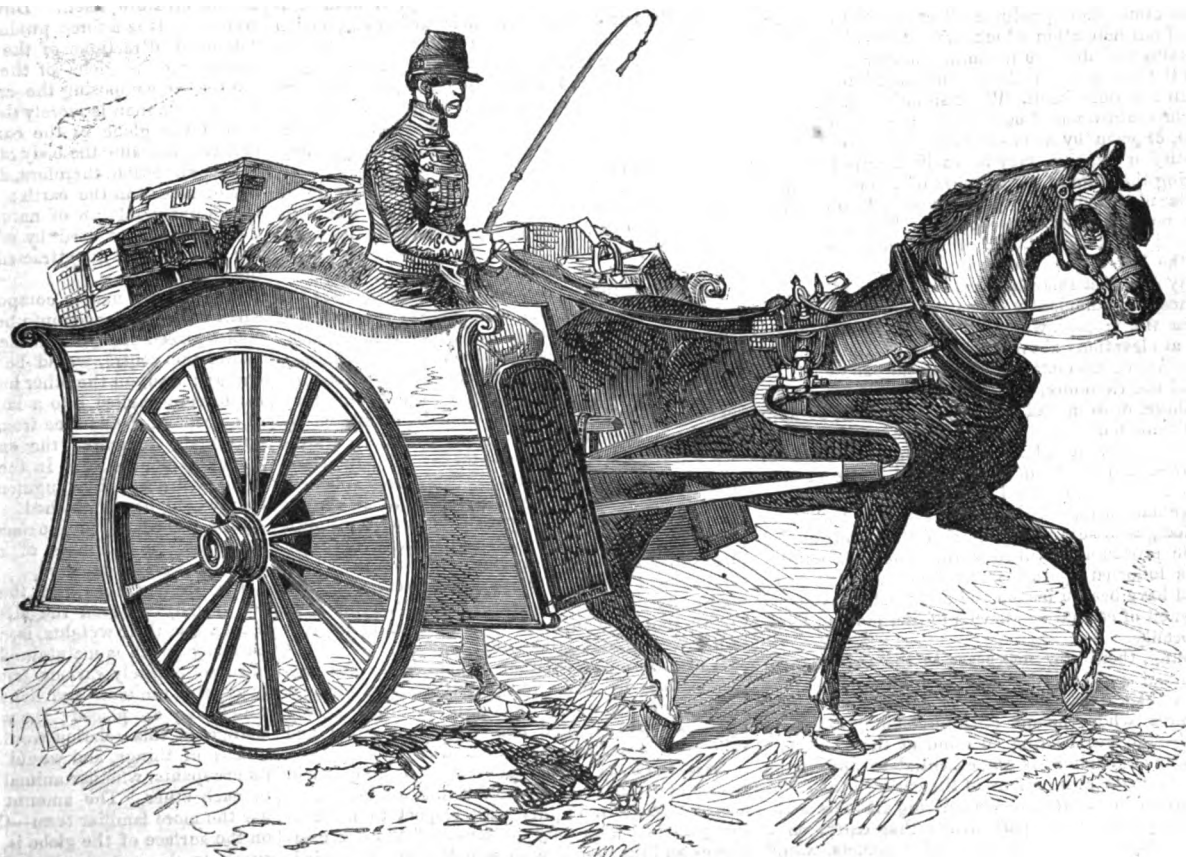
Let us consider what the Almighty himself has said concerning secrecy. He preserves his own

secrets to Himself, never letting any man know what shall happen on the morrow; for could any wise man in past ages tell what should befall us in this age? Numerous instances might be produced to show that secrecy and silence are not only consistent with Scripture, but will also be found most necessary to qualify a man for any business of importance; and this being granted, are not freemasons equal to other men in concealing their honest secrets, which, no threat or intimidation can ever extort from them?

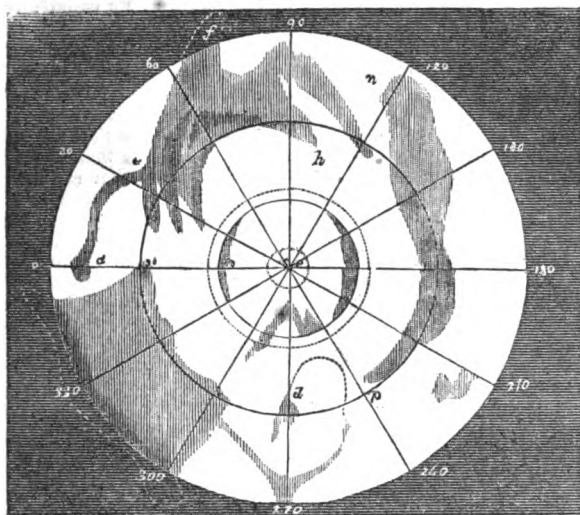
The wise King Solomon says, that "a still tongue shows a wise head," which naturally infers that a man who cannot keep his own counsel is guilty of folly, and that he who refraineth his tongue keepeth his soul. There are many other instances where the virtue of keeping secrets is much spoken of, but the following will suffice for the present occasion. Aristotle was asked, What things appear most difficult to him? He answered, "To be secret and silent." Alexander the Great having received a letter from his mother, after he had read it in the presence of a friend, drew forth his seal, and without speaking, set it upon his friend's lips, intimating thereby, that he in whose bosom a man buries his secrets should have his lips closed from revealing them. King Darius being defeated by Alexander, secreted himself, and no tortures, nor the power of gold, could induce the faithful Brethren, who knew the place where he was hidden, to disclose it to any person. Lycurgus, the celebrated law-giver, made every man keep secret whatever was done or said, for this reason: the Athenians, when they held their assemblies, were accustomed to show every Brother the door at which they entered, as much as to say, "take heed that nothing acted or spoken at this meeting pass from hence." We also further read in the Scriptures that "Whoso discovereth secrets loseth credit, and never shall find a friend." "As for a wound, it may be bound up, and, after reviling, there may be reconciliation; but he that betrayeth secrets is without hope."

ONE of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved, and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from the lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvester of glorious deeds.

VIRTUE is a rich stone, bes. plain set.



PATENT MILITARY FORAGING-CART.



MARS.

THE PLANETS;

ARE THEY INHABITED WORLDS?

CHAPTER II.

Sketch of the Outlines of Continents and Oceans, and the Snow Region of the Polar Circle on the Southern Hemisphere of the Planet Mars, from the observations of Madler.

In the absence of an atmosphere we could have no clouds; day would be one unvaried wearisome glare of the sun. The bright azure sky, so grateful to the sight, is nothing more than the natural color of the air reflected to the eye. The air which fills a room is not perceived to be blue only because it is not present in sufficient quantity to excite in the eye any perception of its color; just as a glass of sea-water seems translucent and colorless, while the same water viewed through a considerable depth, appears with its proper hue of green.

When we look up, therefore, through forty miles of air, we behold that fluid of its proper tint of blue. In the absence of the atmosphere the great vault of the heavens would present one unvaried and eternal black, the stars dimly twinkling here and there, the whole forming a most funeral contrast with the bright orb which would be seen holding its solitary course through this eternal expanse of darkness.

The atmosphere produces effects on the temperature of our habitation which are not less important. It retains and diffuses warmth, whether proceeding from the sun above, or from sources of internal heat within the globe itself. What situation with respect to temperature we should be placed in by its absence, or even by a considerable diminution of its quantity or density, may be easily inferred by considering the state of those parts of the earth which are placed at such an altitude as to leave below them a large portion of the atmosphere. The summits of lofty ridges, such as those of the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayah, are examples of this. No intensity of direct solar heat can compensate for the absence of a sufficiently dense atmosphere, and even within the tropics, water cannot exist in a liquid form at elevations above 14,000 feet. The summits of the Andes are clothed in everlasting snow.

Had we, therefore, been unprovided with an atmosphere, or even had our atmosphere been so rare and attenuated as it is at an elevation of three miles (scarcely one-tenth of its whole height), the waters of our oceans would have been solid. Vegetation could never have existed, and in spite of the light and genial warmth of the sun—in spite of the grateful changes of season—in spite of the beautiful and simple provision by which spring succeeds winter, and is followed by summer and autumn, the earth would have been a barren and arid waste, enveloped in a shell of eternal ice, devoid of life, motion, form, and beauty.

Seeing, then, how necessary to the existence of an animal and vegetable world an atmosphere is—how indispensable its presence is to a society of creatures whose means of intercommunication is sound—and yet bearing in mind at the same time that this atmosphere is not essential to any of the great mechanical functions of the earth in the economy of the solar system—considering also that without its presence the part which that earth, as a whole, performs in the society of the planets, would be the same as it now is—can we come to any other conclusion than that this atmosphere was cast around the earth expressly with a view to the well-

being of its occupants—to afford them a genial warmth—to give them diffused and gentle light—to convey the varieties of sound—to promote and facilitate social felicity, by supplying the means of intercommunication by language—to preserve the seas liquid—and supplying propitious winds to stimulate the intercourse of nations and knit together the races of beings who occupy its most distant points by the kindly bonds of reciprocal beneficence? If, then, such be admitted to be some among the many of the purposes and uses of our atmosphere, the question whether other planets, in situations resembling ours, are occupied by similar beings, must be materially influenced by the result of an investigation as to whether or not these planets are supplied with like atmospheres.

Telescopic observations have most clearly and satisfactorily answered this question. The atmospheres around the planets are as palpable to sight as the clouds which float on our own.

Venus and Mercury are enveloped in thick atmospheres: in the former the air is especially conspicuous, nay, we can even see the morning and evening twilight in that distant world. The atmosphere of Mars is likewise apparent. We see the clouds floating on it.

The ascertained existence of clouds in the planets proves more than the mere presence of atmospheres upon them. An atmosphere is necessary to support clouds, but must not be identified with them. Clouds are no more parts of the atmosphere than the mud and sand which float in a turbid river are parts of its waters. Water is converted into vapor by the agency of the sun and wind. This vapor, when it escapes from the surface of the liquid, is generally lighter, bulk for bulk, than that part of the atmosphere contiguous to it. It rises into more exalted regions, where, by the agency of cold, and by electricity, it is made to resume its liquid state, but in such minute particles that it floats and forms those semi-opaque masses called clouds. Clouds are, then, in fact, water existing in a very minute state of mechanical division, and affected in peculiar ways by electricity.

When these particles are caused to coalesce into drops or spherules of water—an effect which may arise from temperature or electricity, or both combined—their weight renders their further suspension impossible, and they descend to the surface in the form of rain: or if the cold be so great as to congeal the particles before they coalesce into globules, they descend in the form of snow: or, finally, if by the sudden evolution of heat caused by electrical influences their solidification is effected in drops, they come down in the form of hail.

Thus wherever the existence of clouds is made manifest, there water must exist; there evaporation must go on; there electricity, with its train of kindred phenomena must reign; there rain must fall; there hail and snow must descend.

That healthful and refreshing winds agitates the atmospheres of the group of worlds in the centre of which our sun presides, and of which it is the common bond—that showers refresh their surfaces—that their climates and seasons are modified by evaporation—that their continents are bounded by seas and oceans—that intercourse is facilitated by winds which convert the surfaces of their waters into highroads for nations—these and a thousand other consequences of what has been here explained, all tending to one conclusion—that these various globes are placed in the system for the same purpose as the earth—that they are, in fact, the dwellings of beings in all respects, even from their lowest physical wants to their highest social advantages, like ourselves, crowd upon the mind so thickly that we can scarcely give them expression in a clear and intelligible order.

It may be asked whether by immediate observation we may not perceive the geographical surfaces of the planets, so as to declare by direct survey their divisions of land and water, mountain and valley, and other varieties of surface.

Even the most superficial view of the subject will render apparent some great difficulties which must obstruct such an inquiry with respect to most of the planets. The very presence of those atmospheres and the clouds with which they are loaded, offers a serious obstruction to any observations having for their object to ascertain the geographical character of their surfaces. The great distance of

some of them is a formidable obstacle to such an inquiry; still, where some peculiar circumstances favor the observation, something has been done in this investigation.

Venus and Mars, the two planets in the system which come nearest to the path of the Earth, are evidently the most eligible objects for such an inquiry, and sufficient has been ascertained, especially with regard to the latter planet, to draw very closely indeed the ties of analogy by which the planets are associated with the earth.

The existence of continents and oceans, and even the configuration of their outlines has been clearly traced on Mars. The snow which covers his polar regions during the winter, has been distinctly seen, and has even been observed partially to dissolve and disappear under the influence of the summer heat. The clouds with which Venus and Mercury are so constantly enveloped, combined with other obstructions, peculiar to the positions of these planets, have rendered like observations respecting them impracticable. It has, nevertheless, been ascertained that their surface, like that of the Earth, is marked by mountain-chains of great elevation.

In tracing the analogies which prove the suitability of the planets for habitable globes, and which connect them by ties of kindred with the earth, one of the most important and interesting, is dependent upon the quantity of matter composing these planets, compared with their volumes or bulks. Let us see how this affects the condition of the organised creatures that dwell upon them.

All organised beings, whether animal or vegetable, are endowed with a certain limited amount of bodily strength. In the case of animals, which have powers of locomotion, this strength is regulated with reference to their weight, and the extent and quantity of motion necessary for their well-being on the surface of the globe. The structure of every animal is such, in the first place, as to give it strength to support and move its own body; but this is not enough—it must have a further amount of disposable force to enable it to supply its own wants by the pursuit of its prey—by the collection of its food—by the erection of its dwelling; and, in general, by its labor in the supply of its physical wants. In the case of vegetables, the strength must be sufficient to support its weight, and resist those external disturbances to which it is exposed—such as the action of winds and other natural effects. But what, let us ask, regulates this necessary quantity of strength? What is the chief resistance which it has to overcome? We answer, mainly the weight of the creature itself. But again; what is this weight? It is a force produced by what? By the combined attractions of the whole mass of matter composing the globe of the earth, exercised upon the matter composing the creature itself; thus the weight of a man is merely the amount of the attraction of the globe of the earth exercised upon the matter composing the body of the man. The amount of this attraction, therefore, depends upon the quantity of matter in the earth; but not on that alone. It is a universal law of nature, that the energy of the attraction exerted by matter is increased with the proximity of the attracted body to the centre of the attracted mass.

Now, if the matter composing the globe of the earth were condensed into half its present bulk, all bodies placed upon the surface, being proportionally nearer the centre, would be attracted with greater energy; and, on the other hand, if the matter of the earth were swelled into a larger bulk, the distance of objects on the surface from the centre being proportionally increased, the energy of the attraction would be diminished. In the one case, the weights of all bodies would be augmented; and in the other, they would be diminished. The weights, then, of bodies placed on the surface of the earth, depend conjointly on the mass of matter composing the earth, and on its density.

It is evident, then, that the adaptation which we see usually between the strength of animals and plants, and their weights, is, in reality, an exquisite harmony which is maintained between the strength of these infinitely various tribes of organised creatures, and the mass and density of the globe upon which they are placed; the slightest disturbance or change in this relation would utterly derange the fitness of things, and would render the globe and its occupants, whether animal or vegetable, unsuited to each other. The amount of attraction—or, to use the more familiar term—the weight of the body on the surface of the globe is, then, an index, so to speak, to the organisation of the creatures placed upon the globe.

If we would, then, inquire respecting the probable organisation of the dwellers upon the planets,

one of the means of our inquiry would be to ascertain what would be the weights of bodies upon their surfaces. Physical science enables us perfectly to accomplish this. The masses of matter composing all the planets have been discovered with a great degree of precision. Their magnitudes have also been measured. Now, to ascertain the weights of bodies placed upon the surface of any of them, it is only necessary to consider their masses and their magnitudes. The weight of a body placed upon any planet is greater or less, *ceteris paribus*, than the weight of a body placed upon the earth, just in proportion as the mass of matter in the planet is greater or less than the mass of matter in the earth. If the distance from the surface to the centre of the planet be double the corresponding distance in the case of the earth, then the weight of bodies upon its surface would, on that account alone, be four times less than in the case of the earth. But if, at the same time, the mass of matter in the planet were sixteen times greater than the mass of matter in the earth, then the weight of bodies on the planet, on that account alone, would be sixteen times greater.

The solar system consists of the sun, a globe of stupendous magnitude, maintaining a position, relatively fixed in the centre, and thirty-three planets revolving round it in paths which do not differ sensibly from concentric circles.

These thirty-three planets are characterised by very striking differences in relative position and in magnitude, and have, in relation to these differences, been classed in three groups.

The inner group consists of four: Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars. They are all included within a circle of 150,000,000 of miles radius, described round the sun as a centre, the distance of the earth being nearly 100,000,000 of miles.

The circumstances attending these globes, their mutual analogies, and the probability, if not the moral certainty, that they are the habitations of organised tribes, similar to those which inhabit the earth, having been very fully explained, we propose now to explain the circumstances which attend another of these groups.

The manner in which the thirty-three planets are distributed around the sun is represented in fig. 1. The relative distances are there represented as nearly as is practicable on their real scale. Twenty-five of the entire number of planets are crowded together at a distance from the sun about two and a half times greater than that of the earth. These constitute a group apart, characterised by some very curious circumstances, which we shall explain hereafter.

The four outer planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, form the other group which we now propose to examine.

The relative distances of these bodies from the sun, from each other, and from the earth, are exhibited in the diagram (fig. 1), where the fifth part of an inch represents one hundred millions of miles. The distance of Jupiter from the sun on the plan being an inch, its real distance is, in round numbers, five hundred millions of miles. That of Saturn being 1 8-10ths inch, that of Uranus 3 6-10ths inches, and that of Neptune 5 5-10ths inches, the actual distances of these three planets are 900, 1,800, and 2,800 millions of miles respectively, all the distances being, as before expressed, in round numbers.

When it is considered that the apparent magni-

tude of the sun, and the intensity of its light and heat, decrease in a very high proportion as its distance is augmented, it will be evident that that body, considered as the means of illumination and warmth, must minister to these several globes extremely different quantities of those necessary physical principles. It has been already stated that the apparent diameter of the sun's disc is less in exactly the same proportion as the distance of the observer from that luminary is greater. Since, therefore, the distances of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are severally five, nine, eighteen, and 28 times the earth's distance, the apparent diameters of the sun's disc, as seen from them, will be 1-5th, 1-9th, 1-18th, and 1-28th of its diameter, as seen from the earth.

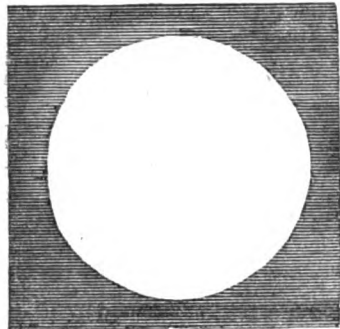


Fig. 2.

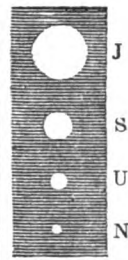


Fig. 3.

are as the squares of their diameters, it would follow that the solar light and heat at Jupiter is 25 times, at Saturn 81 times, at Uranus 324 times, and at Neptune 784 times less than at the earth.*

In considering the question of the habitability of these globes, it might appear from these numbers that the illuminating and heating power of the sun would be so diminished by distance as to be incompatible with the existence of organised races, at least on the more distant of those planets. It must, however, be considered that the illuminating power of the sun would be the same as at the earth, if only the pupils of the eyes were enlarged in the same ratio as the apparent superficial magnitude of the sun's disk is diminished, or that the same effect would be produced by a proportionally increased sensibility of the retina.

In like manner, the diminished calorific power of the sun's rays proceeding from their diminished density might be compensated by modified atmospheric conditions, just as we find with the same density of the solar rays all climates in ascending on tropical mountains to various altitudes from the level of the sea to the line of perpetual snow.

These points have been already so fully developed and explained, that we need not here further insist upon them.

It is apparent, therefore, that so far as the vastness of their distances from the sun, compared with that of the earth, affects the illumination and warmth supplied to them, there are no

If the white circle E (Fig. 2) be imagined to represent the apparent disk of the sun, as it is seen by an inhabitant of the earth, then J (Fig. 3) will represent its appearance to an inhabitant of Jupiter, S its appearance to an inhabitant of Saturn, U to an inhabitant of Uranus, and N to an inhabitant of Neptune.

The light and heat which it would supply to each of these planets would be in the exact proportion of the apparent surface of the solar disc, and since the areas of circles

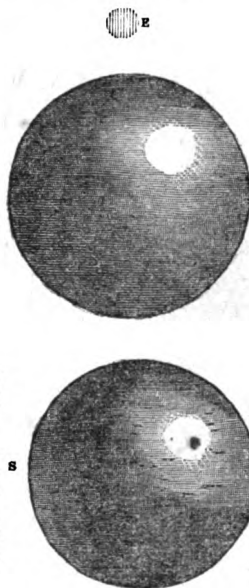


Fig. 4.

grounds for concluding that they may not be the habitations of races organised in a manner not differing in any important respect from those which inhabit the earth.

One of the most striking circumstances in which the group of planets now under consideration differ from the earth and the other three which form the terrestrial, or inner group, is their great comparative magnitude. The actual diameter of the earth is, in round numbers, 8000 miles. That of Jupiter is 88,000; that of Saturn 75,000; that of Uranus 35,000, and that of Neptune 37,000 miles. The diameter of Jupiter is therefore 11; that of Saturn 9 1/2, that of Uranus 4 1/3, and that of Neptune 4 1/2 times the diameter of the earth.

But the volumes of bulks of globes being in the proportion of the cubes of their diameters, it follows that the bulk of Jupiter is 1,330 times that of the earth; and that those of Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are respectively 857, 88, and 107 times that of the earth.

To render these vast proportions more clearly perceptible, we have represented them in the annexed figures. If π (Fig. 4) be imagined to represent the globe of the earth, the globe of Jupiter will be represented on the same scale by j , that of Saturn by s , that of Uranus by u , and that of Neptune by n .

If they be inhabited globes analogous to the earth, they will accommodate a population as many times greater than that to which the earth is adapted, as their surfaces are greater than the surface of the earth; and since the surfaces of globes are in the proportion of the squares of the diameters, Jupiter would afford space for habitation 121 times greater than the earth, and Saturn 90 times, Uranus 18 times, and Neptune 23 times greater.

It may, however, be asked whether this vast difference in the magnitude of these globes compared with that of the earth, may not involve some physical consequences incompatible with the supposition of their being habitable globes at all analogous to the earth.

There is but one such consequence at all conceivable. It is that the effects of gravity upon them might be such as to be altogether unfitted for species organised like those of the earth. Thus, upon the earth, the average strength of a man is adapted to support and give freedom of motion and action to a body whose average weight is a hundred and a half; that of a horse to one whose average weight is half a ton, and the like of other animals. The strength of the stalks and trunks of vegetables is in like manner adapted to their weights. In the same manner, the materials of artificial structures have a strength which has like relation to their weights.

If these species, animal and vegetable, and these artificial structures were suddenly transferred to the surface of a planet, on which they would have several hundred times their present weight, the animals would not only be totally incapable of locomotion, but they, as well as the vegetables and artificial structures, would be crushed and crumbled to pieces under the enormous pressure of their own weights.

In discussing this question, it is therefore of the greatest importance to inquire whether the vast dimensions of this group of planets may not cause an increase of weight of bodies placed upon their surfaces so immense as to destroy all analogy to the earth, considered as an inhabited globe.

In answer to this question, it may be replied, that the weight of bodies placed upon the surface of a globe will depend conjointly on the quantity of matter in the globe, and on the distance of the body from its centre, which distance will be the radius or semi-diameter of the globe. The greater the quantity of matter composing the globe, the greater will be the attraction which it will exert upon a body at a given distance from its centre. But this attraction will be less as that distance is increased, in the proportion of the square of the distance.

Now let us apply these principles to the major planets; to Jupiter for example.

The volume of Jupiter, as we have stated, is 1,330 times that of the earth. If it be composed of materials similar to those which compose the earth, its mass or quantity of matter will be 1,330 times greater than that of the earth, and it would consequently exert an attraction 1,330 times greater than terrestrial gravity upon a body at the same distance from its centre.

To be continued.

* These numbers are not the exact ratios, but are near enough for the present illustration. For more precise results, see "Handbook of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy," (3,944).

Indian Pleasure-Boat.

The engraving of the Rajah's Pleasure-Boat, is interesting in illustration of yacht-building, which, since the performances of the *America*, has excited so much attention. This Indian boat is extremely fast; and, from the mode of sailing in use among the Malays (standing on the weather gunwale,) can carry a very large press of canvass.

The term "wave principle," often used, is little understood except by those who have studied naval architecture as a science, although all the fastest ships, whether propelled by sails or steam, in America, and many other States—even in Brazil—have adopted the principle. According to the old principle, it was considered that vessels should be built with the water line nearly straight, the run of the vessel a fine line, and that there should never be a hollow line, except a little in the run of the ship, and that there should on no account be any hollow line in the bow, but that the water lines should be either straight or rather convex. Some years ago, Mr. Scott Russell, and the late Dr. Robinson of Edinburgh, undertook a series of experiments, with the view of ascertaining the form which would enable a vessel to move most quickly through the water. These experiments lasted for years, and established a set of facts which were reduced into new rules, the majority of which were decidedly the reverse of the old rules in ship-building. They began by upsetting the old rule that the length of the vessel should be four times its breadth, as they found that the greater the speed required, the greater should be the length, and that the vessel should be built more of the breadth necessary to stow the requisite cargo. The second great improvement was, that the greatest width of the water line, instead of being before the middle, should be *abaft* the middle of the vessel—in fact, two-fifths from the stern and three-fifths from the bow. The next great improvement was, substituting for broad, bluff, or cod's-head bow, hollow water-lines, called wave-lines, from their particular form; and, also, instead of the old fine run abaft and cutting it away, you might, with advantage, have a fuller line abaft, provided it was fine under the water. By these improvements, the form of the old vessel was nearly reversed. All the fast steam-boats, accomplishing from 16 to 17 miles an hour, are built on this principle; and it will be found, too, that the main points have been attended to in the construction of the yacht *America*, as well as of the *Titania*.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, for character is fate.

Tales of the Brahmins.

THE FEAST OF RAJAHS.

A TRAVELLER in the course of his wanderings in India, visited the city of Allahabad, a place celebrated in the annals of the Mogul dynasty, but now more distinguished for its being one of the permanent stations of the civil establishments attached to the British authority, in the province which has been indebted to the capital for its name.

Following the course of the Ganges, Allahabad is 820 miles from the sea; but the travelling distance from Calcutta is only 550 miles. It stands in latitude 25 deg. 27 min., north; longitude, 81 deg. 50 min., east. The population, exclusive of the garrison, is estimated at not more than 30,000.

"The antiquity of the place," Tennant says, "is supported not only by the tales of ancient tradition, but by large fields of rubbish, which seem to attest its former splendor, as well as its remote origin. The soil, for several miles in the vicinity of the fort, consists of mortar, broken pottery, and brick dust. The straggling huts cover a space of five miles. Nine-tenths of the buildings are of mud, reared upon the foundations of more substantial edifices of brick, which have long since fallen to decay.

Allahabad, however, was once a very important place, for the Emperor Akbar made it one of his favorite residences, and adorned it with many magnificent edifices. The fortress erected by him was one of the many that extended from Lahore to Chunar, on the Ganges, and so secured his empire, from the confines of Persia to the borders of Bengal. In the present day, Allahabad is esteemed by the Hindoos as the king of worshipped places, because it is near to the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. It is one of their popular places of resort; and, standing in perhaps the most favorable situation which India affords for a great city, where it is connected by railroads with Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay—as no doubt it will, in the course of a very few years—there can scarcely be a question that, under the vigorous rule of the British, it will regain more than its ancient importance—probably become the capital of the Anglo-Indian government.

When our friend paid it a visit, he found it in a very squalid condition—it having obtained, even among the natives, the soubriquet of "Fakeerabad," or *beggars abode*. The principal buildings consisted of the fort, the Jumna Musjeed, and the palace of Sultan Khosrew—all of which have been subsequently repaired at the expense of the Indian government.

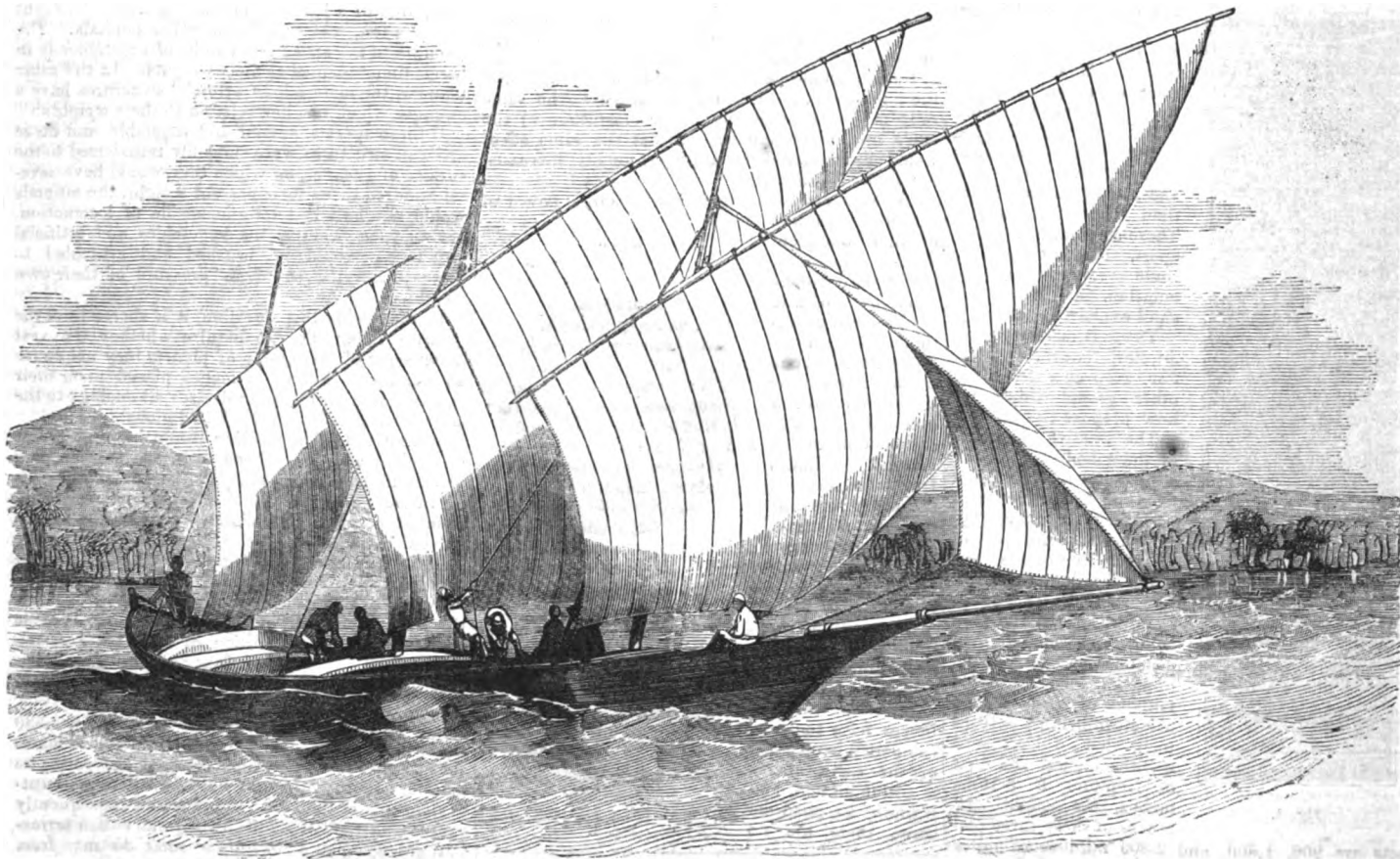
The illustration shows this palace when it flourished as an imperial residence; having, very likely, no less a distinguished occupant than Akbar himself, or his still more illustrious grandfather, the renowned Mahommed Baber.

Bishop Heber, referring to this palace, says: "The finest things in Allahabad, are Sultan Khosrew's serai and garden; the former is a noble quadrangle, with four fine Gothic gateways, surrounded—within an embattled wall—by a range of cloisters, for the accommodation of travellers. The whole is now much dilapidated, but was about to be repaired from the town duties, when, unhappily, the Burmese war arrested this excellent appropriation of an unpopular tax. Adjoining this serai, is a neglected garden, planted with fine old mango trees, in which are three beautiful tombs, raised over two princes and a princess of the imperial family. Each consists of a large terrace, with vaulted apartments beneath it, in the central one of which is a tomb like a stone coffin, richly carved. Above, is a very lofty, circular apartment, covered by a dome, richly painted within and without, carved yet more beautifully. All these are very solemn and striking, rich, but not florid or gaudy."

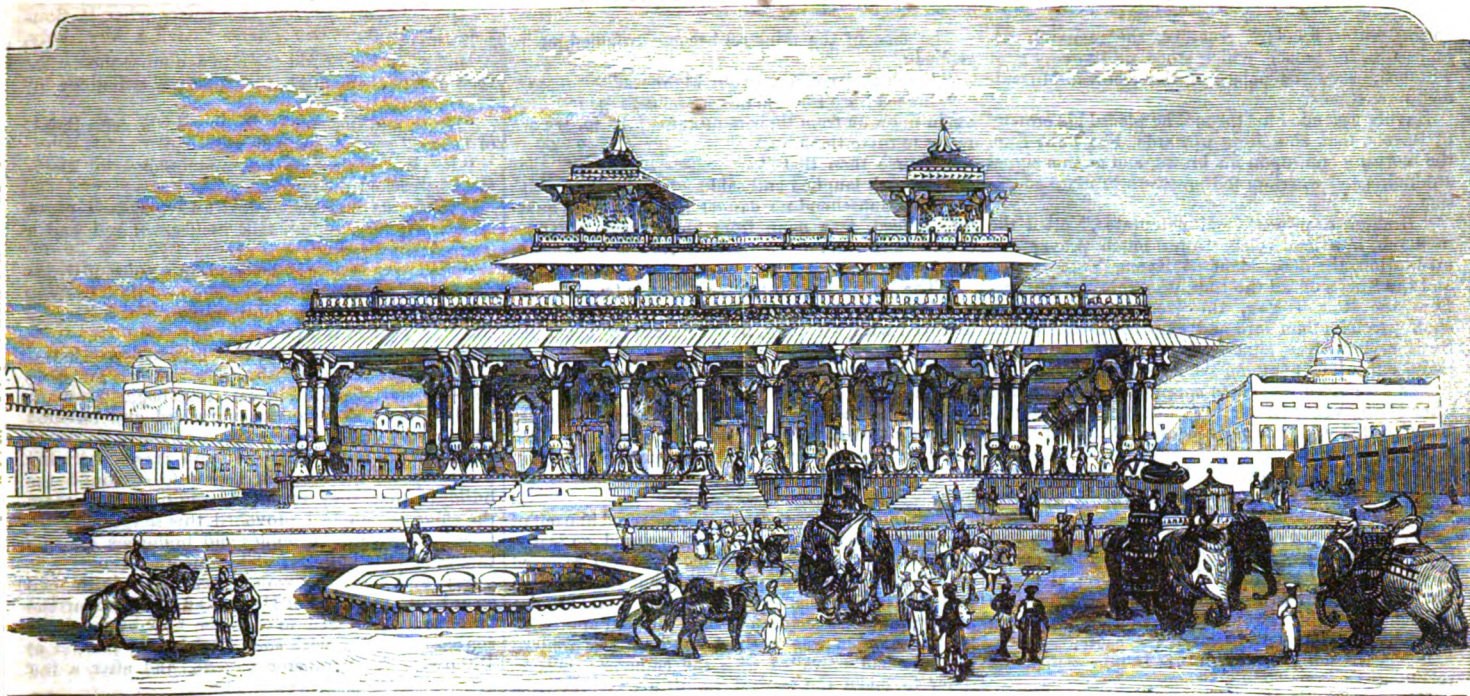
As our traveller surveyed this splendid pile, his fancy reverted to the period when its arcades, supported by beautiful Moorish pillars, were thronged by the great men who sustained the dignity of the Mogul court; when the fountains in the courtyards sparkled and murmured in the blazing sun, and richly-caparisoned elephants marched solemnly round them; while Arab steeds, bearing fierce warriors—probably ferocious Affghans—pranced about, and the whole palace glittered in savage splendor.

Turning to the intelligent Brahmin who acted as his guide, he said:

"The history of India, my learned friend, seems to me a cycle of changes. When I look upon this beautiful palace, from which luxurious emperors once issued commands, that millions obeyed without a murmur, I am reminded that from this very spot, a few centuries ago, the Hindoo Maharajah did precisely the same thing; and now the authority of both has passed away, and a people from a distant island rule the whole territory from Cape Cormorin to the Valley of Cashmere: a people, my friend, who were only sea pirates when Alexander visited these regions, and were sunk in the barbarisms of what we call the middle ages, when, in the year 1000, the great Sultan Mahmoud poured his legions from the north-west, and scoured the plains of India as far as Allahabad, even to Benares,



PLEASURE-BOAT OF THE RAJAH OF JOHORE.



PALACE OF SULTAN KHOSREW, AT ALLAHABAD.

your holiest cities. Hindoos and Mussulmen both seem to have yielded to an inscrutable but invincible destiny."

The Brahmin, with a countenance as passionless as a bronze-visaged idol, answered:

"All things change but the Creator of all things. As he is all, and in all things, and by him are all things, so does he order all things to change but himself."

"A sound Christian doctrine," observed the traveller.

"It is the doctrine of the religion of Brahma," replied the pundit; "and whatever name we give him, he is always the same."

"Do you style Brahma the Deity?"

"Yes, we have no other name for the impalpable essence, beyond the power of our faculties to comprehend, which we call God. Brahma is the Hindoo Great One. But there have been many avatars of God in different lands. You Christians have had one, so have the Mussulmen, and so has every land and every people. There is a spirit in whom God is more especially, and who cometh from God, and is with God, and is likewise God; who hath made known to man the will of God, and the Father of all, whom we call Krishna, and worship as God's image, and believe to be the same as the sun."

"It is a singular worship, but it has undergone many modifications," said the traveller; "the Hindoos in many parts do not worship Surya."*

"No, but they have other emblems for the same active creative power. Behold our monuments and images, do they not all refer to the primary universal agent—life, light, soul, or however else you may choose to symbolise a thing which is, was and must be."

A loud shouting and beating of drums was heard outside the palace walls; and upon the traveller inquiring the cause, the Brahmin said:

"It is the beginning of the festival of Ramayana. If you wish to behold it, I will conduct you to a convenient spot."

The traveller gladly assented, and while on their way to it, the Brahmin, with unctuous gravity, informed him that what he was going to see was another proof of the unchangeable character of the Hindoos and their institutions.

"The festival of Rama," said he, "has been held for more than two thousand years, and in precisely the same manner: so that the incarnation of Brahma must have visited the earth some thousands of years before."†

The traveller was too eager to see the show, to pause to enter into a chronological discussion; so,

while listening to his guide in silence, he was conducted within the lines formed by Sepoy soldiers, and placed opposite the awning, in the principal street, under which the performance was going on. That consisted of a Hindoo drama, of which the chief characters were played by children. Rama, his brother Luchmun, and his betrothed wife, Seeta, were children about twelve years old. Each of the boys had a gilt bow in his left hand, and a sabre in his right; their naked bodies were almost covered with ornaments and tinsel; they had high, tinsel crowns on their heads, their foreheads and bodies were spotted with charcoal, and altogether they perfectly resembled the statues of Hindoo deities—

Except that of their eyes alone,
The twinkle showed they were not of stone.

Seeta wore a gorgeous veil of flimsy finery. The action of the play consisted of Seeta being stolen away by Ravana and his attendant evil spirits, and Rama and Luchmun going into the jungle in search of her. Huniman, the famous general of the monkeys, proffers his assistance; and the next scene disclosed a first and unsuccessful attack of Rama and his army on the fortress of the gigantic ravisher. The fortress was an inclosure of bamboos, covered with paper, and painted with doors and windows, within which was a frightful paper giant, fifteen feet high, with ten or twelve arms, each grasping either a sword, an arrow, a bow, a battle-axe, or a spear. The brothers, in a splendid palkee, were conducting the retreat of their army; the divine Huniman, as naked and almost as hairy as the animal he represented, was gambolling before them, with a long tail tied round his waist, a mask to represent the head of a baboon, and two great painted clubs in his hands. His army followed—a number of men, with similar tails and masks, their bodies dyed with indigo, and also armed with clubs.

"Rama and Bacchus are one!" exclaimed the traveller to himself. "Here we have Bacchus, his brother Ampellus, the Satyrs, and the great Pan commanding them. I wonder whether the Greek fable is a copy of the Indian! I am afraid it is, and that if we were too curiously to inquire into a number of other things, we should have to part with many a cherished conviction as well as classic tradition."

As the pageant had now concluded, the Brahmin informed him that there yet remained three days of festival before Seeta's release, purification, and remarriage to her hero-lover. The pundit, however, did not state that, although the show was then a very innocent one, in "the good old times" before the British police was established, there prevailed a hideous practice, which shows the Hindoo superstition in a shocking light.

The poor children who had been thus feasted, honored, and made to contribute to the popular amusement, were always poisoned in the sweetmeats given them on the last day of the performances, that it might be said their spirits were ab-

sorbed into the deities whom they had represented. Nothing of this sort can now be done. The children, instead of being brought for the purpose from a distance, by the priests, are the children of neighbors, whose prior and subsequent history is known; and Rama and Seeta now grow old, like other boys and girls.

"What do you think of what you have seen of our Hindoo drama?" inquired the Brahmin.

"It has its moral," was the reply. "But it is the same story which has been told from age to age in every country, and among every people. The giant Ravana is tyranny—or, rather, power grown cruel and licentious; Seeta and Luchmun are the oppressed people; Rama is the patriot, and Huniman, the monkey warrior, represents wisdom or cunning. But, considering that this drama has been played in India for, as you say, upwards of two thousand years, and I do not the least doubt it—I say, considering that, I much wonder that the people have been so blind to the lesson it teaches as to submit so passively, so mechanically, as they have done, to foreign invaders and domination. The Mussulman tyranny was a dreadful one—the most detestable that could possibly be imposed on the liberties and consciences of any people; yet it endured for upwards of six centuries, and was only broken at last by decay, produced by internal dissensions."

The Brahmin sighed, as he said:

"Alas! treachery and ambition can pull down a good house as well as build up a bad one. If you have no objection I will tell you how it came to pass that the followers of the Gentile avator, Mahomet, acquired empire in the land of the Indi."

The traveller cheerfully acquiesced; and, after each had partaken of some refreshments in the abode of the Priest, the latter told the following story—which, it may be mentioned, is based, in all its leading details, on authenticated history.

THE FEAST OF RAJAHAS.

Toward the close of the twelfth century of the Christian era, the present city of Allahabad was a Hindoo one of much celebrity, being called Prayag, which means the sacred confluence of the Jumna and Ganges. Benares and the holy cities, as they were called, were in possession of the Maharajah, or Emperor of India, who at that time was Jyehund Rathore, whose capital was Kanojee. This monarch had a magnificent kingdom, and was very popular. All the other rajahs paid him homage, and he was of so tolerant a disposition, that many natives of Persia and Tartary were engaged in his service.

But it appears that as Jyehund waxed older, he was not satisfied with an implied supremacy over the reigning monarchs of India, but insisted upon its acknowledgment in due form.

He called a meeting of Brahmins and warriors, at Prayag, where there was a holy bathing-place; and after the whole court had passed in solemn procession through the subterranean temple, and touched the sacred tree, and drunk out of the sacred

* The sun-Bishop Heber says: "Traits of resemblance to the history of our Lord are in fact to be found in the midst of all the uncleanness and folly in the popular legends respecting Krishna."

† The brothers Bala Rama and Krishna flourished, it is supposed, about 3,000 years ago. Rama is the Indian Hercules. He was a warrior, and, together with his brother Krishna, subjugated nearly the whole of India.

spring within its dark recesses, the monarch adjourned to his palace, which stood on the very spot where the accursed palace of the accursed Mussulmen now stands.

Having ascended his throne, he placed his crown* of jewels, that shot light upwards, like light from the morning sun, upon his brows, and at this signal Brahmans and warriors fell prostrate in mute adoration.

"Brahmins, princes, and potentates," cried the monarch, in a loud voice, "after much prayer and meditation, the descendant of Rama, Yom, Surya, and the Surya of all the Indi, has resolved to perform the Raisoo Yag, the great sacrifice which shall proclaim him lord and emperor of the world. Scatter yourselves, heralds, far and wide, and command our rajahs to attend the solemn feast!"

The assembled multitude sprang to their feet, and after giving vent to their joy in deafening acclamations, retired with low obeisances. A cloud of Brahmans encircled the monarch, and he was conducted to the temple of the dead forked tree, to invoke the strength of Brahma, as Rama, his great ancestor had done before him.

When the news of this royal determination had been spread abroad, all the rajahs of India—even those from the Indus to the Brahmapootra, and from the Cow's Mouth, in the snow-capped Himalaya, to the solemn temple of the Black Bull in Tanjore—cheerfully hastened to assist at the sacred ceremonial. Pithowra, the rajah of Delhi, alone was rebellious.

When the royal mandate reached him, he was at the head of his body guards, exercising them in the great enclosure behind the gardens of his palace.

Pithowra was in the full flush and vigor of manhood. Thirty summers had not passed over his head, and yet he had seven times overthrown the Moslems in as many pitched battles. On the last occasion he had vanquished a hundred thousand Turkish, Persian, and Affghan cavalry, led in person by the renowned Mahommed Ghouri, the conqueror of Lahore, and pursued them, with prodigious slaughter, for forty miles. No wonder, then, that he was esteemed as the mightiest warrior and bulwark of India, or that his undaunted courage should be accompanied by unconquerable pride.

When the herald approached, bearing a splendid present from the emperor, the youthful and strikingly handsome rajah reined in his foaming steed, and, bowing his head, received the envoy from the descendant of Rama with profound respect. The herald fell on his knees, and, while thus prostrate, said:

"Jychund, the lord and emperor of the Indi, the master of the world, the invincible and illustrious, the light of heaven, Surya sends greeting."

"How!" exclaimed the rajah, instantly covering his head; "Surya, didst thou say?"

"Even so—Jychund is the Sun of the World!" The wrath of Pithowra blazed terrifically, but restraining himself, he said:

"There is only one Surya, and that is Pithowra, in whose veins flows the golden blood and life of Krishnu, the chief manifestation of the power of Brahma!"

The herald, unintimidated, performed his office, and then the anger of the rajah rolled forth in terrific volumes. He heaped every kind of execration on the head of the Rajah of Kanojee—as he styled the emperor—and then, as his fury exhausted itself, he assumed a tone of scorn, and, as he dismissed the herald, tauntingly exclaimed:

"Let the son of Rama befool himself as he may. The feast of rajahs is not complete without the son of Krishnu—and Pithowra is too great to grace the sacrilegious ambition of an upstart by his presence! Begone! Pithowra defies and contemns Jychund and all his race, and all his mockeries!"

As eastern sovereigns, when ruffled, were apt to forget the difference between an ambassador and a vile paria, the herald hastily retired from the illustrious presence of the descendant of Krishnu, and rode out of the city as swiftly as his fleet Arab steed could bear him.

The Rajah of Delhi, being naturally as magnanimous as hasty, soon dismissed the circumstance from his consideration, and busied himself in perfecting the discipline of his army, and directing the government of his kingdom.

This serenity was not to continue long. A minstrel arrived, and the rajah asked him what news there was abroad.

The face of the minstrel became troubled, as he replied:

"Much that concerns your highness."

"Indeed! are the Ghiznians about to pour down again upon us from their mountains? If so, we are ready to drive them back!"

"Worse than that?"

The rajah laughed and said:

"As I apprehend no danger from any other quarter—indeed, fear none from any—speak, Chanda, openly, and reserve thy poetical riddles for another day."

"The Maharajah!" answered Chanda tremblingly.

"What of him?" asked the rajah, carelessly, as he toyed with the long, flowing locks of his Cashmarian favorite.

"He has appointed a day for the Raisoo Yag!"

"The old fool!"

"And he has sworn that your highness shall be present either in person or by deputy."

"Ah! proceed good Chanda—proceed! Nay, never turn so pale: your person is as sacred as our own."

The minstrel, thus encouraged, delivered himself of the astounding intelligence, that Jychund, on learning how his envoy had been received, had resolved on leading an army against Delhi; but the courtiers represented that such an undertaking would require a long time for execution—while the hour appointed for the sacrifice was near at hand. Their remonstrances had prevailed with the emperor; but, in order to make the festival as little incomplete as possible by the absence of Pithowra, they had made an effigy of him in gold, and intended to give it the office of porter at the gate.

It has been stated that Pithowra was hot-tempered; but on this occasion he never uttered a word; yet everybody could perceive that he was choking with rage, and that, had the throat of the fair damsel by his side been in his grasp, instead of her thick hair, she would inevitably have supped that night with Seraswatti herself.

After a dreadful pause, during which the ladies of the zenana trembled like frightened birds, the rajah said, in a husky voice:

"We thank you, Chanda: your news is worthy ten crores of rupees; but, as we have not so much to spare in these stirring times, thou shalt have a chain of gold, and an office about our person!"

So saying, the rajah gathered his robe about his chest, and strode out of the apartment. The ladies evaporated in a whirlwind of gause and dazzling-white ankles, and the minstrel, picking up his cittern, hurried to a less dangerous part of the palace.

In the meantime, the preparations for the Raisoo Yag had proceeded with such order and energy, that, when the appointed day arrived, it was found that due provision had been made for every portion of the ceremony.

An effigy of gold, attired in the costume of a rajah, stood at the palace entrance, holding in its hand a formidable key; and, by some curious contrivance, it inclined its head obsequiously to every guest as he entered. It would be too tedious to enter into all the details of this memorable sacrifice. To describe the countless number of self-tortured devotees, or the sacrifice of the thousand virgins, or the largeness and magnificence of the gifts to the emperor, or the unprecedented success of the Rumayuna spectacle, or the omens vouchsafed on the occasion by Brahma himself, would require volumes: therefore, O traveller, I must hurry you on to the last day—the day of the 'Feast of Rajahs.'

Ten thousand guests were assembled in the hall of audience, and twice ten thousand goblets of wine sparkled on the tables: for, on that day, as well as on many other days, Hindoos are allowed to indulge in libations in honor of the vicereagents of heaven. The flesh of the goat and of the birds of the air they may eat, but not the flesh of the oxen.

All went merrily in the hall, for fire was in every eye, and joy on every lip; and, after a thousand cocks had been sacrificed, to appease the infernal gods, the herald proclaimed the sovereign will.

"Honor, glory, and a long and peaceful reign to the Surya!"

This was received with acclamation.

"Confusion to his enemies!"

So was this.

"May he ascend to Swenga, and not go down to Narac, when Yamen calls him?"

This was boisterously echoed.

"If fate wills his soul should stay on earth, may it not enter an unclean animal, or a vegetable, or a mineral!"

* Swenga is the first heaven; Narac, the region of serpents.

So was this.

But when the herald came to denounce the emperor's personal enemies, the applause redoubled in vehemence.

"Death and disgrace to Pithowra, the false Rajah of Delhi!" screamed the herald.

"He is a paria: he worships the obscene Mari-tale!" shrieked the guests.

The shouts had scarce died away, when a guest arose. He was young, tall, handsome, and had a death-dealing eye.

"Pithowra is here!" he cried, in a voice of thunder, as he waved above his head a sword of flaming brightness, and at one blow smote off the head of the rajah nearest to him.

This was the signal for five hundred warriors—sober and terrible as Krishnu, the prophet and soldier—to start from their seats, and begin the work of slaughter. The guests, surprised and terrified fell an easy prey to the swords of the exasperated guards of the Rajah of Delhi; and it was not until the troops of the emperor began to surround the building that they retreated, carrying with them the effigy which had provoked this sanguinary retaliation. Of rajahs, nobles and brahmans, above a thousand fell that day. The emperor escaped unhurt; and next day would have carried fire and sword into the heart of Delhi, had not his courtiers prevailed upon him to consider how unequal the contest would be with such a celebrated general as Pithowra. The emperor paused, and after a few moments' reflection, cried out:

"We will marry our daughter to the Rajah of Malwal, and with our united forces, we will bear down upon the murderer, like a mountain rolled by the hands of the gods of the winds and the waters!"

This was a wise resolution, and was warmly approved by the courtiers; and the emperor, after ordering a purification of his durbar, departed to announce his intention to the peerless Aileen, his daughter.

That priceless and incomparable pearl of beauties was a tall girl, with a full, rounded figure, the limbs and gait of an Amazon, the eye of an eagle, but the soft lips of Suradevi, and cheeks as smooth and delicate as the peach in its ripened beauty. She was also as accomplished in mind as person, being a proficient in the Hindostanee, Persian and Talmul languages, besides having a knowledge of half a score of Indian dialects. She had heard of the exploits of Pithowra, and that, acting on a warm imagination, which had previously been touched by glowing descriptions of the beauty of his person and the heroism of his character, had created within her a violent prepossession in his favor. Therefore, when her august parent entered the zenana unannounced, as was his custom, and found her, as usual, splendidly attired, and made known to her his errand, he was inexpressibly surprised to find her obstinately averse to his proposed disposition of her hand.

"The Rajah of Malwal is rich!" urged the emperor.

"He is old and ugly!" was the tart reply.

"I have promised," rejoined the emperor.

"I have not!" responded his daughter.

Rather ruffled, the emperor said, angrily:

"Am I not your father?"

"Yes; and in that assurance, I am satisfied you have my happiness at heart!"

Somewhat mollified by this answer, the emperor took a seat, and deigned to explain to his daughter the awkward position in which he was placed.

"The blood of my subjects, of my allies, of my friends, must be avenged," said he; "and, as I cannot carry war into the territories of that fiend Pithowra, without assistance, you must, you see, marry the Rajah of Malwal."

"I will neither marry the Rajah of Malwal, nor will I be made the instrument of inflicting any injury on the Rajah of Delhi!" was Aileen's resolute reply to this parental mode of reasoning.

"Not injure the Rajah of Delhi?" exclaimed the emperor.

"No!"

"He is a murderer—an assassin!"

"He is valiant—he is a hero!"

The emperor sprang to his feet as nimbly as if he had been stung by a *nagao* (cobra di capello,) and heaped upon his daughter such a torrent of reproaches, that she became exasperated into the utterance of divers undutiful retorts, and finally avowed a fixed and rooted passion for the Rajah of Delhi.

"I love him!" she passionately exclaimed. "His valor is magnificent, and if he did slay your minions—would he have cleared your court of the vermin—"

* The solar nimbus is common to Indian, Persian, Grecian, and Christian representations of sacred or royal personages. Its use in India has been traced as far back as the days of Noah.

they deserved it. Nay, they deserved more: they should have died by less illustrious hands. Parias should have hacked them to pieces!"

The emperor was staggered, but not subdued, by this burst of passion. He gave the princess three days to consider, and, at the end of that time, she seemed as resolute as ever. He expelled her from his harem, and had her closely confined in a separate palace, where she was subjected to many hardships and indignities. But, despite them all, she remained firm. She had set her woman's heart on a certain purpose, and neither force nor guile should make her swerve from her adopted line of action.

Such an extraordinary circumstance soon obtained the most extensive publicity. Of course it was wafted to the ears of Pithowra, and he immediately fell desperately in love with the maiden: not more on account of her charms—which, although he had not seen them, he had heard extravagantly praised—than the romantic generosity of her passion for him, the enemy of her father. And thus it happened that a prince and a princess, known to each other only by repute, conceived for each other an affection which actually acquired more force and tenacity through the unparalleled obstacles that not only opposed its gratification, but actually prevented its mutual avowal. Each was ignorant that the passion was reciprocated.

Pithowra was so constituted, that he could not despair. Like his fabled ancestor, he never set but to rise again in renewed brilliancy. Knowing the talent for intrigue possessed by the minstrels who wandered from court to court, he summoned Chanda to his presence, and candidly explained the novel difficulty into which he had been plunged.

The minstrel sympathized with the rajah as readily as if he had been the mighty Cama himself; and, after divers consultations, to the intense regret of all the fashionable people in Delhi, one day he disappeared. The loss was irreparable; for, in that age, a minstrel filled the place now occupied by books, songs, instrumental music, newspapers, and gossiping tea-parties. However, he had vanished, and, for a whole month, Pithowra was sad and gloomy. The whisper ran through the court that Surya was in a state of eclipse.

The Princess Aileen endured the restraint which had been put upon her previously limited freedom, with firmness. A gentle languor had crept over her senses, and, while revelling in delightful day-dreams of love, her maiden heart was soothed by the delicious lull—which had fallen upon her soul; and which, as a foretaste of joy, steals upon the senses of all of us some time in our lives, like incense wafted from the far-off future. In the evening she would gaze upon the sky, and in the twinkling of the stars read her love and its destiny. While thus occupied one evening, she heard music beneath the lattice at which she stood, and, as she listened, a rich voice trilled a sweet Indian lay. The burthen of it was, that an "Indian prince was dying for the bird which had sought his nest, and until he could see the silken fringe shut softly on her starry eyes, he would know no rest."

Aileen's pulse fluttered with delicious fear. Had Pithowra heard of her love for him, and what did he think of her?

The minstrel sang a bolder lay. It was of a prince as handsome in person as he was dauntless in war; it compared him to Agnyasthra hurling his thunderbolts from the Himalaya to the plains of India, and then represented him as resting in gloom and solitude, pierced to the heart by one of Cama's flower-wreathed shafts. Aileen could not be mistaken—it was a messenger from Pithowra. Love is daring, and she spoke. The minstrel replied:

"The gold of Delhi is in the eyes of the guard. Listen, lady to the song of Chanda, the messenger of Pithowra."

He then, in glowing terms, described the burning love of the rajah for the beautiful Aileen, his rage and distraction at her cruel imprisonment, and his determination to risk life and kingdom in the attempt to effect her deliverance. The princess returned an agreeable answer, and thus a correspondence between the lovers was opened and maintained, in despite of the vigilance of the emperor and the hundred thousand troops he had drawn round the sacred city.

Pithowra, disdaining to try what peaceful mediation could effect, one dark night accompanied Chanda as one of his attendants, and pleaded his affection in person. Aileen returned it with ardor, and, in the morning, the emperor found the officer of the guards, and some score of sentinels, cut to pieces, and the cage of his daughter empty.

He would have gone mad, had not a wily cour-

tier suggested that he might revenge himself by calling in foreign assistance.

"By the Ring of Justice I will!" he cried. "I will form a league with the Turk, the Persian, even the robber bands of Scinde and Guzerat, but I will be avenged!"

"Call in Mahommed, the Sultan of Ghizni," suggested a noble.

The fatal advice was taken, and the emperor entered into a league with the common enemy of India.

Pithowra was so wholly engrossed with his lovely bride, that the foe had entered his kingdom ere he could tear himself from her arms. But when he did so, he was once again the soldier. All his valor, however, proved fruitless. The hardy warriors of Khorassan, and the fierce chivalry of Arabia, united to the forces of Jychund, were too powerful for him to offer an effectual resistance. In the battle which ensued, on the plains of Tanassar, victory deserted him, and Mahommed and Jychund entered Delhi in triumph.

"Alas!" concluded the Brahmin; "the infidel took such a violent fancy to the fertile plains, rich valleys, and opulent cities of India, that he shortly afterwards turned his arms against Jychund himself, and, having easily overthrown him, became master of the largest and most wealthy provinces in Hindostan. He levelled Prayag to the ground; and, having built another city on its site, which he adorned with many palaces and mosques, he commanded it to be called ALLAHABAD, or the Lord's Abode—as if the Divinity could be said to reside among infidels. But the followers of the avator of the Arabs founded a powerful empire, which, in after ages, descended to the grandchildren of the savage Mogul, Timour: and thus was established that mighty monarchy, which the world now, as if in mockery of its nothingness, permits to be styled, by heraldic right, the dominions of the Great Mogul. As for Pithowra and his wife, Aileen, some accounts state that he was slain in the battle, and she was transferred to the harem of the Ghiznian conqueror; but another and more probable account is, that he was taken prisoner, and, having made terms with Mahommed, was allowed to retire to the mountains of Nepaul, and take the beautiful Aileen with him. Most certain it is, that among Ghoora tribes there is a tradition, that centuries ago they were governed by a mighty chief, who had only one wife, whom he loved so dearly, that when she died he took his abode in a mountain-hut by her tomb, and offered himself as a living sacrifice to the Judge of departed souls."

A LADY FREEMASON.—The Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female ever initiated into Freemasonry. How she obtained this honor, we shall lay before our readers: Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting, and it is said that never were the Masonic duties more rigidly performed than by them. Previous to the initiation of a gentleman into the order, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used for lodge purposes. This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part. The young lady having heard the voice of the Freemasons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all, to see this mystery, so long and so secretly locked up from public view, she had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and witnessed the ceremony. Curiosity satisfied, fear at once took possession of her mind. There was no mode of escape, except through the very room in which the ceremony was being enacted, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way, and with light but trembling step, gliding along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and, gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, the Tyler with his drawn sword. A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the lodge, who rushed to the door, and finding Miss St. Leger had witnessed the ceremony, their rage was excessive. A consultation was held, and it was deemed advisable to initiate her, in preference to binding her by any ordinary oath—the obligation being so peculiarly impressive to a right and well-disposed mind. She consented, and became a member of that noble and ancient order; but little did they think that the member so strangely received into the craft would afterwards reflect the greatest lustre on the annals of masonry.

COMPANIONSHIP.—Antisthenes used to wonder at those who were curious in buying but an earthen dish, to see that it had no cracks nor inconveniences, and yet would be careless in the choice of friends—to take them with the *flaws of vice*. Surely a man's companion is a second genius to sway him to the right or bad.

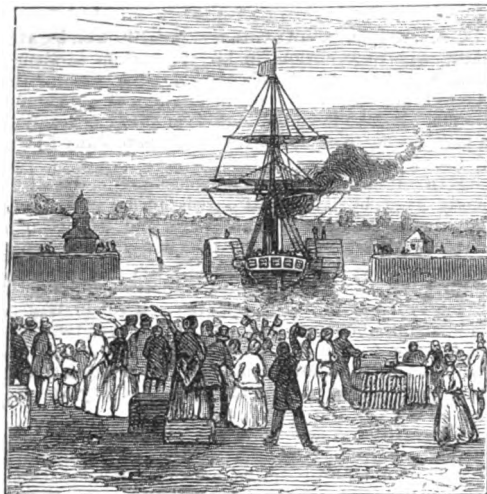
MARRIAGE.—The age of marriage cannot be directly fixed by laws; but legislation by prescribing the minimum age of marriage, and the age of majority, does exercise a considerable influence on great numbers of the people directly, and on all indirectly. It becomes the custom or the fashion not to marry below the age of majority. Thus in England about 9,000 young persons of the age of twenty and under twenty-one married in the year 1851; while about 139,000 married in the four years after they were of age, as it is called, or in the years of age 21-25.

DOMESTIC UNION.—It is one of the greatest of domestic blessings to be a member of an united family, and nothing can be more mischievous than to let any root of bitterness spring up amongst those who ought to cultivate this union. With these views I have always been anxious, in our own family, over which it has pleased God to place me, that we should put the most liberal construction upon each other's conduct; that we should not do or say anything to disturb our mutual affection and good will; and that, whenever anything that might interrupt our harmony should arise, we should endeavor, as much as possible, to reunite, and to remove the cause of misunderstanding.

DEATH OF MISS FERRIER.—The name of Miss Ferrier, author of three well known Scottish novels, "Marriage," "Destiny," and "The Inheritance," must be added to the obituary of the past. She was the daughter of a legal gentleman in Edinburgh, intimately acquainted with the Scotts—was commemorated as a "sister spirit" by the author of "Waverley," in one of his early prefaces or leave-takings—and has honorable mention in Lockhart's Life of the Poet, as a trusted and honored friend who waited on him during the latter part of his decaying life. Miss Ferrier appears to have been an authoress by chance rather than habit; for the three tales named above are, so far as we are aware, the only works by her which have been published. In spite of the character given to them by their homely nationality, they remind us of Miss Burney's novels, by their humor, by the spirit of their dialogue, and by the manner in which they keep alive the irritation of suspense, through the agency of vulgar and unpleasant personages. Like Miss Burney's novels, Miss Ferrier's have the merit of being carefully wrought and distinct in the impressions they leave behind them. They contain persons—not ideas and principles dressed up.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—A marvellous discovery is announced by one of the Paris newspapers—nothing less than the power of producing instantaneously copies of engravings, lithographs, and printed pages, with such minute exactitude that the most searching investigation, even by a microscope, cannot distinguish them from the originals. The *modus operandi* is not described, and is, in fact, it is stated, kept a profound secret by the inventor, who is a M. Boyer, of Nimes; but it seems to resemble the operation of lithography. As a specimen of his art, M. Boyer is represented to have produced in less than a quarter of an hour, a reproduction of a sheet, containing, 1, a page of a Latin book, published in 1625; 2, a design from the Illustrated London News, of April, 1854; 3, a page from a recently printed biography; 4, a page of a book printed in 1503; 5, an engraving of the facade of a palace; 6, a specimen of gothic characters. All these were, it is alleged, imitated with such extraordinary minuteness, that neither the eye nor the microscope could detect the difference of a letter, a line, or a spot, between them and the originals. A great number of copies can, we are told, be struck off from the stone employed, and the expense is alleged to be extremely small, 50 per cent. at least, for printed works, and more for engravings. If there be no exaggeration in what is stated, M. Boyer's discovery will effect an extraordinary revolution in the printing and engraving professions; with it neither print nor book can possibly be protected from piracy. It is not denied that he has already produced fac-similes of rare old engravings and books.

A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart is the sun and moon; or rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly.



DEPARTURE OF THE MAIL.

Oberland Mail Route to India.

AN opinion still obtains that the intercourse of Europe with India is of modern date. This we will endeavor, in a few words, to show is erroneous. True it is, that the modern appliances to the intercourse have completely changed its character; having made it rather a pleasure-trip than a long and tedious journey, beset, as it originally was, by almost innumerable and insurmountable difficulties and dangers.

The researches into ancient history which have of late years engaged the attention of so many men of ability, have satisfactorily shown that, at an early period, probably long before the time of Homer, communication had been opened by the inhabitants of Europe with the far East. It seems that the trade was carried on chiefly through the instrumentality of the Arabians. These either opened a trade by sea with India and the countries beyond India, or received into their ports traders and navigators from those countries, who brought to the Persian Gulf, or to the Red Sea, cinnamon, cloves, and other spices, with the various commodities that were the productions of the Indian continent or isles, and that were not grown or produced in any country West of the Indian Ocean. This trade with the East, which was afterwards much more widely extended by the conquests of Alexander the Great, may not in those early ages have been very considerable; but it is quite certain that it existed. Some of the materials still found in Egypt, which contributed to the preservation of the mummies, were never grown in any other countries than India and the islands contiguous to it. It is conjectured that there was, even in those early times, a communication between India and Asia Minor, and even the north-eastern parts of Europe, by land, and, by means of successive caravans, through Tartary or Persia; but this was probably a very small trade compared with that which was carried on by sea, and still less is known about it.

When the Romans became masters of Egypt, Phœnicia, and Syria, they continued to receive the commodities of the East as they had long been in the custom of receiving them, making scarcely an effort to acquire any knowledge of the remote countries from which those productions originally came. But as they became more luxurious under the imperial Cæsars, there was a vastly increased consumption of the productions of the East. Their curiosity began now to be excited, and this was greatly increased by an accident. During the reign of the Emperor Claudius, as a freedman of Annus Plocamus was in the act of collecting tribute to the Romans on the coast of Sabœa (Arabia Felix), he was carried out to sea, and wafted by the monsoon right across the Indian Ocean to the island of Tapobane, or Ceylon. He was there kindly treated, and the king of the country furnished him with a vessel of more commodious size than that in which he had so unexpectedly made his voyage across the ocean. The King of Tapobane also sent four ambassadors with the freedman to the Roman emperor, and a rajah, or chief, to manage the vessel.

Another inducement—more powerful, if possible, than the love of gain, or mere curiosity—now began to exert itself towards a more perfect and constant intercourse with the East. Even before the Christian religion was firmly established in the West,

missionaries of the Gospel began to find their way to India. Their course was not so difficult as might at first be imagined. The Egyptians, and particularly the people of the Thebais, were distinguished for their enthusiastic zeal for the new faith they had embraced: churches and monasteries were built in the desert, Christian colonies began to be established on either side of the Red Sea, and the great seaports which traded with India were in many cases filled with Christians, and ruled by Christian magistrates. In some instances, merchants, shipmasters, and crews, must all have been converts, and, as such, anxious to disseminate the "glad tidings of salvation." Some of these Arabians had already formed considerable settlements in Ceylon, and in various places on the Malabar coast. If a zealous monk put himself on board a Christian ship in the Red Sea, he might be sure of respect and kind treatment on his voyage, and of a welcome at the end of it from countrymen and co-religionists.

Alfred the Great—so distinguished above all his contemporaries for his love of geographical science—having, by means, probably, of some of these persevering travellers, learned that there were colonies of Christians settled on the coast of Malabar, resolved to send an embassy to them. "In the year 883," says the concise Saxon Chronicle, "Alfred sent Sighelm and Athelstane to Rome, and likewise to the shrine of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew in India, with the alms which he had vowed." William of Malmesbury relates the story of this early English mission to India in his two works, the "Gestis Pontificum Anglorum," and the "Gestis Regum Anglorum." In the latter work it is thus given:—"King Alfred, being intent on benefiting the church, confirmed what his father had statuted, and sent many gifts beyond sea unto Rome, and unto St. Thomas, in India. His legate in the business was Sighelm, Bishop of Shireburn, who, with great prosperity (which is to be wondered at in our age), penetrated into India; whence returning, he brought with him exotic and splendid gems and aromatic liquors, of which that soil is very productive."

Some of the tales of the early travellers into India are of a very extraordinary character; they made full use of the traveller's privilege, "to draw the long bow." When they wrote books of their travels, they crowded their pages with descriptions of monsters, or with tales of pigmies and giants—

"The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Rubruquis, although generally truth-telling, occasionally relates some incredible stories. He appears, on one occasion, to have been deluded by a Chinese priest he met at the court of the Grand Khan. Being struck with the bright red of this Chinese priest's dress, he inquired how and where the color was procured. The priest told him that on certain high craggy rocks in the east of Cathay, there dwelt certain creatures like men, not above a cubic high, and all hairy, who leap rather than walk, and dwell in inaccessible caves; that those who go to hunt them carry some spirituous liquor, which they leave in holes in the rocks, and then hide themselves; that the little fellows come out from their holes, and having tasted the liquor, cry out "Chin, chin!" on which multitudes gather together and drink till they are drunk, and fall asleep; that then the hunters come and bind them, after which they draw a few drops of blood from the veins of their necks, and let them go free; and that this blood of the little people is the brightest and most precious dye. Friar Bacon repeats this story, and does so apparently without any doubt of its authenticity. But the minutest account of these monkey-men was afterwards given by that very hyperbolic knight of St. Albans, Sir John Mandeville.

Marco Polo, unquestionably the greatest traveller of the middle ages, when he trusts to hearsay reports, gives a few marvellous stories about the people of Kashmir, who were to him unknown. He says they are adepts beyond all others in the art of magic, inasmuch that they can make their deaf and dumb idols to speak, can obscure the day, and perform many other miracles. The great desert of Kobi—called by the Mongol Tartars the Hungry Desert, and by the Chinese the Sea of Sand—is described by Marco:—"It is asserted as a well-known fact," says he, "that this desert is the abode of many evil spirits, which amuse travellers, to their destruction, with most extraordinary delusions. If, during the day time, any person remain behind on the road, either when overtaken by sleep or otherwise, until the caravan has passed a hill, and is no longer in sight, they unexpectedly hear themselves

called by their names, and in a tone of voice to which they are accustomed. Supposing the call to proceed from their companions, they are led away by it from the direct road, and not knowing in what direction to go, are left to perish. In the night-time they are persuaded they hear the march of a large cavalcade, and concluding the noise to be that of the footsteps of their own party, they direct theirs to the quarter from whence it seems to proceed; but upon the breaking of day they find they have been misled, and drawn into some perilous situation. Sometimes, likewise, during the day these spirits assume the appearance of their travelling companions, who address them by name, and endeavor to conduct them out of the proper road. It is said also that some persons, in their course across the desert, have seen what appeared to them to be a body of armed men advancing towards them, and, apprehensive of being attacked and plundered, have taken to flight. Losing by this means the right path, and ignorant of the direction they should take to regain it, they have perished miserably of hunger. Marvellous, indeed, and almost passing belief, are the stories related of these spirits of the desert, which are said at times to fill the air with the sounds of all kinds of musical instruments, and also of drums and clash of arms; obliging the travellers to close their line of march, and to proceed in more compact order. Such are the excessive troubles and dangers that must unavoidably be encountered in the passage of this desert." Our Venetian says, that in the mountains of Sumatra are found men with tails a span in length, like the tail of the dog, but not covered with hair. He adds, that they always dwell in the mountains, and never inhabit the towns. We will give one more of this traveller's tales. Describing Madagascar, Marco introduces that monstrous bird, the rukh or roc. "The people of the island report that at a certain season of the year an extraordinary kind of bird, which they call a rukh, makes its appearance from the southern region. In form it resembles the eagle, but it is incomparably greater in size; being so large and strong as to seize an elephant with its talons, and to lift it into the air, from whence it lets it fall to the ground, in order that when dead it may prey upon the carcase. Persons who have seen this bird assert that when the wings are spread they measure sixteen paces in extent, from point to point, and that the feathers are eight paces in length, and thick in proportion."

Up to the year 1840, when the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company was incorporated by royal charter, the journey from England to India, *via* the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, was accomplished with great difficulty, and was attended by many delays. The trip to Alexandria could only be made in small, slow-sailing merchant ships; the journey thence to Suez was accomplished on donkeys or camels, and the traveller was entirely dependent upon chance for a passage down the Red Sea to India. Several attempts were made between 1823 and 1840 to improve these modes of travelling, and establish a regular line of communication; but, unfortunately, they were unsuccessful. At length the Peninsular Company (thenceforward "The Peninsular and Oriental Company") undertook the matter, under very uninviting circumstances. It was computed that at least nine vessels were requisite—the largest of them of 600 tons burthen; that probably only ten passengers would proceed by each opportunity; and that a few boxes and bags would be found capable of holding all the correspondence between India and the mother country. The cost of the nine vessels was estimated at \$1,000,000; the annual expense of their equipment, fuel, &c., at \$615,000; and the returns not more than \$375,000. Yet, in the face of this discouraging estimate (prepared for another company which never came to maturity) the undertaking was commenced; and so popular has the route become, from the regularity, facility, and comparative economy with which it is accomplished, that the Peninsular and Oriental Company is now one of the most prosperous companies in Europe. It has twenty-three vessels, thirteen of which average 1800 tons burthen, and 500 horse power; not less than 100 ladies and gentlemen are accommodated as passengers; the mails consist of 200 boxes and bags, weighing about four tons; and the profits of the company amounted in one year to \$500,000. The public advantages of the enterprise are very great. Distance has been in a degree annihilated, the time occupied in the communication between England and India has been shortened by nearly three months, and the commercial relations of the two empires have been immensely multiplied.

Having thus slightly glanced at the connection that has existed, more or less, from a very early

period to the present moment, between Europe and the East, we proceed now to offer a brief description of the various places that are seen, or touched at, on the voyage out.

The town of Southampton is built on an elevated gravelly piece of ground, lying at the head or northern extremity of the bay, called the Southampton Water, being flanked on the one side by the river Itchin, and on the other by the Test or Auton, which fall severally into the north-east and the north-west corners of the bay. The most conspicuous object which the town presents, when viewed from a distance, is a modern building which has been erected over the site of the keep of the old castle. The town, which no doubt took its origin from the castle, appears to have sprung up in the Saxon times. Some three or four centuries ago it was a place of great opulence and importance, sustained by an active trade, principally in wine, with France and Portugal. Since the commencement of the seventeenth century, however, its commercial consequence has much decayed; but it is still a large and flourishing town, containing nearly 25,000 inhabitants. Its situation, overlooking the sea to the south, and a very rich country, abounding in water and woodland scenery, in all other directions, is one of great beauty.

At Southampton is a curious relic of ancient architecture, crossing the principal street of the town, called the High Street, or English Street, at the point where the town is considered to terminate, and the suburbs to commence. It is one of the gates of the wall by which the town was formerly surrounded, and is known by the name of the Bar Gate. Among the decorations on the north front of this gate are two figures, said by tradition to represent the famous hero of romance, Sir Bevis of Hampton, and the giant Ascapard, whom he slew in single combat:

"This giant was mighty and strong,
And full thirty feet was long.
He was bristled like a sow;
A foot he had between each brow;
His lips were great, and hung aside,
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man;
His staff was a young oak,—
Hard and heavy was his stroke."

From Southampton Docks the steamer destined for Alexandria takes its departure. The docks were constructed in 1842, in connection with the South-Western Railway. They are spacious, commodious, and well adapted for the splendid vessels that depart thence to the West Indies, America, &c.

The 20th of the month has arrived, and the steamer is about to start for Alexandria:

"Come, all hands ahoy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go."

The steamer has now arrived in the Solent—the narrow channel separating the Isle of Wight from the mainland.

The last spot on the British shores seen from the deck of the outward-bound steamer is the Needles—vast masses of fantastically shaped rock.

The skirts only of "Biscay's sleepless bay" are passed in the outward trip. Its shores are exceedingly uninviting, being of a rocky and sandy character, with a background of rude, unpicturesque hills.

The portion of the Portuguese coast that first occurs is a small cluster of rocks called the Burlings or Burlingas. As we advance, the high ground of Cintra comes in view; the vessel, however, does not often approach sufficiently near to allow it to be seen with advantage.

Cintra is, without doubt, the most delightful spot in Europe. It contains every variety of the beautiful in nature and art. Amidst rocks, cataracts, and precipices, palaces and gardens arise. Convents are erected on stupendous heights, which are clothed with magnificent cork trees and mountain moss. Everywhere the green tints of the orange tree greet the eye, diversified by the foliage of the pale willow and the rich vine.

The mouth of the noble river Tagus, on which Lisbon is built, next comes in view. Numerous vessels, sailing under different flags, are constantly entering into, or departing from, the river, and great varieties of boats ply at the mouth for fishing purposes, or the chances of employment.

We catch now a glimpse of Cape St. Vincent, a "scene of vanished war." This cape, the southwestern point of Portugal, is a fine striking headland, with an isolated and now deserted convent on the top, looking down on the Atlantic. The shores are rocky, barren, and steep. Cape St. Vincent has become one of the landmarks of British history, on account of the brilliant victory obtained over the Spanish fleet in 1797 by Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent.

Next comes Cape Trafalgar, the scene of the greatest victory, and the glorious death of Nelson, 'Britannia's god of war.'

Tarifa, a place situated near the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, is believed to have been a settlement of the Phœnicians, but derives its present name from Tarik, who first led the Moors into Spain. It claims notice entirely from the military operations of which it was the scene, during the Peninsular war, especially the memorable siege which it sustained towards the close of 1811.

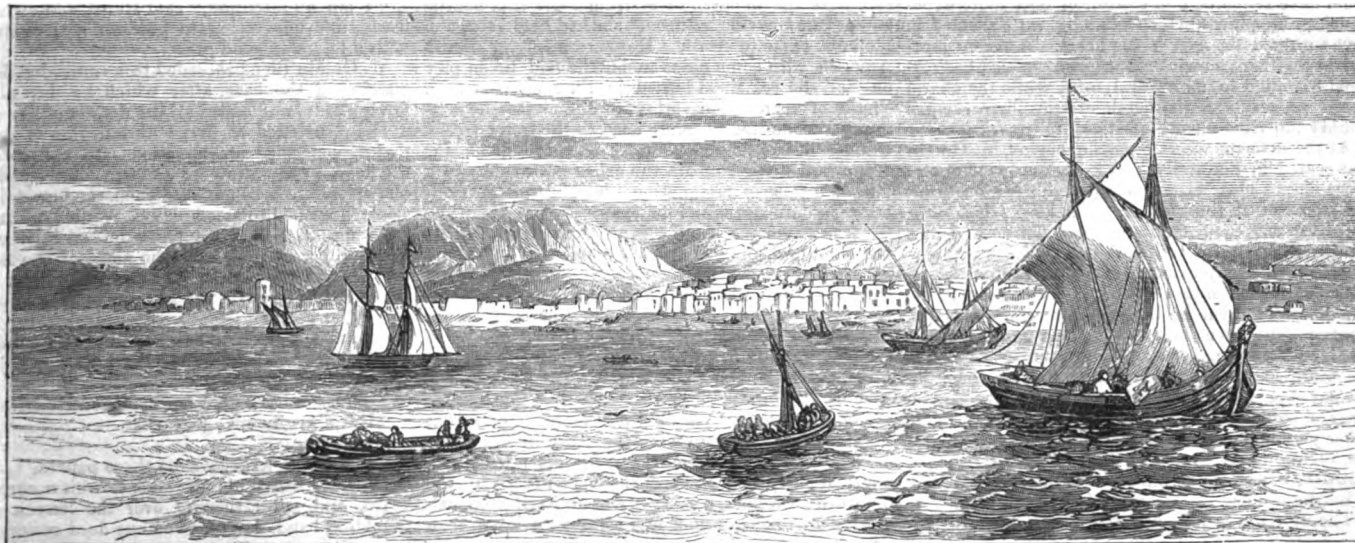
In the middle of October, Colonel Skerret was appointed to the command of the garrison at Tarifa, with about 1200 men under him; and in a few days the force was increased by 900 Spaniards and about 100 cavalry. The French force sent against the place, consisting of 11,000 men, with 18 pieces of cannon, under the command of Marshal Victor, took possession of the surrounding hills on the 19th December. By the following night the town was closely invested. By daybreak on the 24th, the French had brought their approaches within 400 yards, immediately opposite the north-east tower. On the night between Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, the French broke ground opposite the east tower at 400 yards distance, and on the following night they strengthened their approaches at all points, and advanced 150 yards nearer to the east and north-east towers. At both points they opened a fire from a number of wall-pieces, and fired musketry and wall-pieces through pyramids of earth-sacks from the summit of one of the hills. Thence they poured their bullets over the whole town; but every bullet had not its billet, for the men were so well covered that little hurt was done. The fire of the garrison was equally brisk and more successful. It was not, however, possible to prevent the enemy from advancing in works, carried on upon the perfect rules of art; and in case it should be found im-

possible to maintain Tarifa, final arrangements were made for the order of retreat.

A heavy fire was opened on the 20th from two of the enemy's batteries: and by the evening a breach, about five feet wide, was made to the right of the Retiro Tower. The eastern tower was as yet untouched, but the enemy approached it by sap within fifty yards. The glorious spirit which animated the men was manifested upon an occasion which now occurred, and which might have led to the worst consequences. One of the artillery officers spiked two guns; the troops were exceedingly indignant when it was whispered among them, and they expressed their discontent at the apprehension of being made to abandon the town, without having a fair set-to with the enemy. Copons, the Spanish general, also appeared highly enraged when he was informed of what had been done; and the temper which both Spaniards and English displayed at this circumstance taught them how well each might rely upon the other in this their common cause.

The next day, by ten in the morning, the breach had been enlarged to twenty-three yards, and about noon a flag of truce arrived. General Leval, who commanded the besieging troops, summoned the governor, saying, "that the defence made by the fortress under his command had sufficiently established that fair name which is the basis of military honor; that in a few hours the breach would be practicable, and that the same honor which had prompted him to resistance, imposed it now as a duty upon him to spare the lives of a whole population, whose fate was in his hands, rather than see them buried amid the ruins of their town." General Copons answered in these words: "When you propose to the governor of this fortress to admit a capitulation, because the breach will shortly be practicable, you certainly do not know that I am here. When the breach shall be absolutely practicable, you will find me upon it, at the head of my troops, to defend it. There we will negotiate."

Preparations were now made on both sides for the assault, and at eight on the following morning the enemy advanced from their trenches in every direction. Two thousand of their men moved by the bed of the river Salado, in front of the breach; the 87th regiment flanked the breach to the north and south, leaving two companies in reserve to bayonet the assailants if they should leap the wall. This, however, was not much to be apprehended, for the town is built in a hollow, and in that part the wall on the inside was fourteen feet lower than on the out. The breach opened into a narrow street, which had been barricaded on each side, and was well flanked, and secured with *chateaux de frize*, for which the iron balconies, commonly used in Spanish towns, furnished ready and excellent materials. When Colonel (now Lord) Gough saw them advancing, he drew his sword, threw away the scabbard, and ordered his band to strike up the Irish air of "Garry Owen." The men immediately cheered and opened their fire. The 47th, who lined a wall which descended from the south-east tower, and flanked the enemy's columns, did the same; and the carnage made among the enemy was such, that they halted for a moment, as if dismayed, then ran to the edge of the breach. This they saw was impracticable, and hurrying off under the wall, they made a dash at the portcullis. Here the barricade was impenetrable, and finding themselves in a situation where courage



TARIFA.

could be of no avail, and where they were brought down by hundreds, they fled. Colonel Gough, seeing them fly, bade his band strike up "St. Patrick's Day," and the men were so inspirited, that it was scarcely possible to restrain them from pursuing the fugitives up to their very trenches. "Colonel," said one of the 87th—the regiment which took the eagle at Barrosa—"colonel, I only want to teach 'em what it is to attack the *Aiglers*."

The enemy suffered severely in their flight; hand-grenades from the houses were thrown upon those who fled by the wall, in the hope of security, and a six-pounder on the north-east tower flanked them. The two leading officers of the column remained under the wall, and were taken prisoners. A flag of truce was soon sent, to ask permission to bury the dead. About 600 had fallen. On the part of the garrison ten only were killed and seventeen wounded.

On the night of the 3d of January, 1812, the French retreated during the darkness. When the morning of the 4th opened, nothing but their rear-guard was in sight. Their loss, altogether, has been computed at not less than 2500 men.

One Heart and Two Wives.

BY REGINALD VERNON.

Of all the eminent practitioners belonging to the bar at Colmar, no one was held in greater esteem than Anthony Garain. Not only was he remarkable for good sense, profound knowledge, and that peculiar eloquence that springs from a warm heart—but his incontestible superiority over his brethren of the bar, was due to the scrupulous conscientiousness that guided his every thought and action. Others might equal him in learning or in eloquence, but no person entertained such lofty notions of the sacred obligation of performing his duty. Indeed many traits were current among the public, showing that the old lawyer carried his notions of honesty to a length almost bordering on romance. Thus he was known to have indemnified a client because he fancied he had not pleaded his cause with sufficient skill; another time he had borne the costs of cancelling an agreement, because there was some flaw in the indentures, owing to no fault of his; and in several cases he had paid the costs, when he had advised the parties to go to law, and they had lost their suit. In short, he was one of those exceptionable characters, whose refined delicacy leads them to hold themselves responsible not only for their faults but also for their involuntary errors.

The reward of this almost fanatical worship of honor, in this worthy man's case, had been not only the esteem of his fellow citizens, but that serenity and inward peace, without which success is but a vain gratification. Deprived by death of the wife he loved, M. Garain was at last happy in his daughter, whose devoted affection, and excellent qualities, could at least console him for his loss. Octaire had grown up under her father's eyes, knowing no other happiness but what centred in him, until the day when the father's claims yielded to those of a husband. Beloved by the man whom she would have chosen amongst all others, Octaire's marriage completed the old lawyer's earthly happiness.

Henri Darviere, the bridegroom, was indeed one of those rare beings who command one's confidence without making a single profession. Sorely tried as he had been by political persecutions, nothing short of the fascinations of this ardently coveted union, could have rendered him capable of once more experiencing happiness, which his long exile seemed to have withered for ever in his heart. A recent journey to Switzerland with his beloved Octaire had restored his mind to its natural tone, while the charm of the scenery and the bustle of travelling, seemed to have imparted a fresh elasticity to his spirits.

At the moment when our tale begins, M. Garain was seated in his study, and in the midst of one of those fits of abstraction that occasionally interrupt the labors of all thinking minds, his eyes had wandered towards the portraits of his daughter and son-in-law, which had been hung opposite his writing-table but the day before. He was contemplating with quiet emotion those two radiant countenances, and followed them in thought not only across the frontiers, but even into the regions of the future, when suddenly recollecting that the present claimed his more immediate attention, he forcibly shook off his day dreams, and turned his attention towards a mass of paper that lay strewed over his writing-table. After perusing several of these with an absent air, his attention was riveted by a short note written in Spanish, but which he managed to make out, thanks to having studied Don Quixote in his youth.

The note ran as follows:—

"A stranger who can scarcely speak two words of French, is desirous of entrusting an important cause to a lawyer of known probity and activity. She was advised to apply to M. Garain, who it was said, understands a little Spanish. She entreats him to receive her without a moment's delay, and to listen to her. The matter at stake is one of life or death to her. INEZ."

This note had been penned in one of the hotels of the town, and bore the date of that day. M. Garain was just taking up his pen to indite a reply, when he heard the sound of voices in the next room, and in another moment the door was opened abruptly, and a young woman dressed in black stood on the threshold.

The junior clerk who was following her with a half-frightened look, now stammered forth:—"DONNA INEZ CORDOVA."

The old lawyer rose and bowed, saying:—"Madam, I was about to write to you," while he showed the paper he held in his hand.

"You—Senior Garain?" asked the Spanish lady, trying to find words to express her meaning.

He bowed his head affirmatively.

"Then you—ready to listen?" said she, in an animated tone. "I speak bad—but you listen all the better. You speak Spanish?"

"I used formerly to understand a few words," said the old man, "but I have forgotten nearly all I once knew."

"Never mind—me speak, if you patient."

He had offered the stranger a chair, and she had sank into it, and now seemed intent on composing her ideas. The lawyer took advantage of this pause to examine the lady's countenance.

Senora Cordova had evidently been handsome, but her emaciated features and drooping form gave token of long mental suffering. There was an expression half violent, half wild, that occasionally flashed from her dark eyes, and betrayed the restless nature of a woman who had not the slightest command over her passions.

After a short silence she looked full at her host, as if she would fain have read his inmost thoughts, and then began a long story, partly in Spanish and partly in broken French, which M. Garain was at first quite unable to understand. By degrees, however, and from the frequent repetition of the same words, aided by his fair client's tone and gestures, her meaning became more intelligible, and by dint of a number of questions, and no small amount of trouble, the old lawyer began to understand half of what she said, and to guess the remainder.

The Spanish lady's confessions formed a very sad and somewhat romantic tale. She had fallen violently in love with a young man, who had been taken ill by chance at her mother's, and she had inveigled him into a marriage, contracted, on his part, less by choice than from gratitude. The results of such an union might have been easily foreseen. Inez's headlong passion could not put up with the young man's quiet affection; her exaggerated sentiments were perpetually bursting forth into reproaches and jealous ravings, and, unable to bear such continual agitations, she at length determined to rid herself of them by putting an end to her existence. She wrote a letter to her husband, informing him that he was free, and having thus broken the last ties that bound her to the earth, the unhappy woman fled from home, resolved to take the first opportunity of embracing death. But, even in the midst of her insane projects, the love of life had prevailed in spite of herself. At the moment of starting for "that bourne whence no traveller returns," she had held back, and preferred exile to death. Having sailed for South America with some pious nuns who had taken pity on her, she remained buried in their convent for a couple of years, endeavoring to submit to the self-imposed condition of being dead to the outer world. But the effort proved vain. The same flame was still smouldering beneath the ashes. Unable to attain to a state of resignation, she had suddenly left her sepulchre and sailed for Spain—but he whom she left was no longer there. More than ever bent on pursuing him, she had spent a whole year in tracing his steps from the Tagus to the Pyrenees, and from the Alps to the Adriatic. At length she had traced him to the Rhine. He whom she was seeking for was now in France, to her certain knowledge—only how to find him was the difficulty—and it was for this purpose that she had come to claim the assistance of M. Garain.

She had brought with her all the documents that could assist him by proving the truth of her story. Moved by the sight of her tears, the old lawyer promised to help her—indeed, the very excess of the unfortunate woman's passion was in itself well calculated to touch even a more stubborn heart than

his. And when he gazed upon her withered features, he felt grateful that his daughter had undergone no such trials, and shook the stranger's hand with paternal kindness, while he said, in a gentle tone, "Be calm, Senora—with the help of Providence we shall, I trust, find him whom you ought never to have left. But in order that your return may give him unalloyed happiness, you must endeavor to meet him in a calmer and more indulgent spirit. An affection that only brings uneasiness to its object instead of bestowing happiness, is not a wholesome affection. Try and cool down this feverish state of effervescence—receive thankfully what heaven sends you, and do not crave for more. A heart that is insatiable is at the same time ungrateful to Providence."

"Me understand," said the Spanish lady, in her broken language, while she pressed the hand of her kind adviser; "he happy first, me happy afterwards."

M. Garain smiled his approval; and after a few encouraging words, and the promise to examine the papers she entrusted him with that same evening, he conducted her across the garden to the outer gate of his residence.

The day was now waning, and the last beams of the setting sun were gilding the window panes, and sparkling amongst the leaves, while the evening breeze wafted a delightful smell of hyacinths and narcissuses as it swept across the flower beds. M. Garain involuntarily slackened his pace as he returned, and his feet seemed to carry him to the avenue of lime trees that formed his favorite promenade. Just as he reached it, the sound of a silver laugh rang in his ears, while a slight figure bounded from the honeysuckle arbor that closed the avenue, and in another moment Octaire, who, together with her husband, was lying in wait to surprise him, had rushed into her father's arms.

Each of his children now took hold of a hand, and all three walked up and down the avenue. They had a great deal to say to each other—the young folks related the details of their charming trip, while the father multiplied his questions, till night had completely set in, and M. Garain remembered that a parent's affection must not render him forgetful of a lawyer's duties, and he proposed returning in-doors.

"By the bye, Henri," said he, "you have arrived just in time to be of great assistance to me. You know Spanish extremely well?"

"About as well as Frenchmen ever knew a foreign language," replied Henri.

"Well, that will do," continued the lawyer. "All I want of you is to help me to make out the meaning of some papers that have just been brought to me. It is now some thirty years since I translated Certantes, and I am afraid I am but a poor Spaniard. But you will throw light upon the subject I am convinced."

It was only on her father's assurance of the pressing nature of the business, that Octaire was willing to consent to Henri's being pressed into legal service on the very night of their arrival. M. Garain promised, however, he would not detain him long; and the father and son-in-law repaired to his study, while Octaire went up stairs to unpack her trunks.

At the sight of the voluminous bundle of papers left by the stranger, Darviere could scarcely restrain an exclamation.

"Do not be alarmed," said M. Garain, smiling; "we will only glance at the papers—only, first of all, I must explain the case."

"I am all attention," said Henri, somewhat listlessly, like one trying to perform a tiresome duty with a tolerable good grace.

M. Garain then proceeded to a somewhat lengthy opening of the case, after which he described the foreign lady, and added all the details of her story.

Henri listened at first with a degree of coldness that ill-concealed his impatience to "throw law to the dogs," and return to Octaire; but by degrees his attention became awakened, and certain particulars seemed to startle him. With eyes intently fixed on M. Garain, he hung on every word with increasing agitation, until the name of the Spanish lady seemed the climax that made him utter an exclamation of horror.

"What is the matter?" asked M. Garain.

"Inez Cordova!" repeated the young man, gasping for breath; "did you say Inez Cordova?"

"That is her name."

"And you have seen her?" asked Henri.

"But a few hours ago."

"And living?"

"It was she who gave me these papers."

Darviere seized the documents with a convulsive grasp, and, after turning over the leaves with a trembling hand, he perceived one deed covered with

Spanish stamps, when she started back with so agonizing a cry, that M. Garain's blood ran cold. He hastily took up the deed in turn, when he found it to be a marriage certificate, headed by the names of Inez Cordova and Henri Darviere!

There was a momentary pause, during which these two men appeared thunderstruck, and insensible to each other's presence. The old lawyer was the first to recover his composure, and his mind soon became clear enough to grasp the whole state of the case.

When exiled from France, Henri Darviere, on taking refuge in Spain, had nearly fallen a victim to the frightful epidemic that had ravaged Barcelona but a short time previously. Abandoned in a dying state, he owed his life to the devoted care of a woman whom he had married out of gratitude, but who had subsequently died. This much had been related by Henri to Octaire's father, before the marriage, but the old lawyer had never inquired into any further particulars, as all recollections of the past seemed painful to his son-in-law. He now saw at a glance, that Henri had believed Inez to be dead, and that he had been perfectly justified in contracting a second marriage.

When their looks at length met, M. Garain opened his arms, and embraced the young man affectionately.

"Thank you—thank you, father," stammered forth the distracted Henri; "at least you do not doubt my honor, and you see at once that my error was not a crime."

"No," said the lawyer, mournfully, "but a misfortune—an irreparable misfortune."

"Why so?"

"Our whole existence will be changed, Henri, and the knowledge of the truth will impose new duties upon us."

"My duty," cried the young man, "is to remain your son."

"But here is a wife who has prior claims to your heart!"

"Then we must escape from her—your daughter and I will fly from hence, and seek some obscure retreat, where no one will know of the chain I leave behind me."

"But you will drag that chain with you—since your conscience will know of its existence," observed the old man, "and however far you may fly you cannot deceive yourself into forgetting, that there exists in the world a being who has a right to your protection, whom you vowed to cherish, and whom you have despoiled of her lawful claims. Hitherto you were innocent, because you were ignorant—but henceforward you would become guilty."

"What! sacrifice my happiness to these hated ties," exclaimed Henri, half beside himself; "no—do not hope any such thing. I will not exchange the calm delights of a mutual affection, for the stormy life I used to lead. If the dead arise from their graves to claim my peace and happiness—I cry avant! I know not the dead!"

M. Garain attempted in vain to reason with him; Henri went on inveighing against all mankind and even providence, until, overwhelmed by his anguish, passion gave way to tears. He then appealed to the lawyer's paternal feelings—and entreated him to spare his daughter the pangs of such a separation; hoping that the equity of the judge would be outweighed by the tenderness of the father. M. Garain felt his firmness giving way, when he rose much agitated, and pale as death, saying, "Enough, Henri—do not tempt me! It would be unworthy of you to profit by my weakness. We both require time to collect our thoughts, and to-morrow we will discuss this dreadful question. Only, I entreat you, let not Octaire suspect anything to-night—let us spare her a few hours longer." When, seeing Henri was about to protest, he added: "which God and our prudence may perhaps prolong! You cannot doubt of my goodwill, my dear son, but leave me now to my reflections."

The old lawyer spent a night of anguish. Placed in the dreadful alternative of sacrificing either his affections or his duty, he remained several hours in a state of painful perplexity, which made his very brain reel beneath his contending emotions. At one moment Henri's reasoning seemed sound, and he thought him justified in not giving way to prior claims, merely on the score of their priority—but then again he recollected the law, whose devoted high priest he had always proved himself to be; and he bowed his head to receive a blow he felt was inevitable. Then some faint hope would again creep into his heart, which reason failed entirely to convince. Octaire's blighted happiness put all his arguments to flight. After all, was not his daughter's

happiness the great aim, nay, the duty of his life! Why should the Senora's rights be more precious to him than her! And what were mere legal rights against which the heart of one of the parties so loudly protested? Was the happiness of two human beings to be sacrificed to mere chance? And could Donna Inez really expect to be happy with Henri on renewing their ties as violently as she had severed them? Inez knew nothing of this second marriage—and the young couple might escape; nay, the proofs of her marriage were in his hands, and he might cancel them—yes! he held his daughter's life or death within his grasp!

The old lawyer wiped away the drops of cold perspiration that stood on his brow, and remained a long while with his head buried in his hands. The feelings of the father were at first so vehement, as to out-tongue even the pleadings of conscience—but, by degrees, those of the man and the magistrate obtained a hearing, when pushing away the fatal paper with a convulsive movement, he rose, and leaned against the wall. His heart seemed about to burst in his bosom, and he hid his face in his hands, as if the better to concentrate his thoughts. Presently his arms dropped down—the verdict was pronounced in his inmost soul—his eyes were tearless, and his lips compressed, but his features wore the dignified expression of conscious rectitude. On looking around him, he perceived it was daylight, and after consulting the clock, he sent word to his daughter that he wished to speak to her.

The greatest fear was to find Henri with her, when he was informed, much to his relief that the latter had left the house at early dawn. He too had spent a dreadful night, without being able to come to any settled resolution. Toward morning, however, he relied upon his state of feverish lethargy, and resolved to put an end to such intolerable suspense, by facing the worst at once.

Having learnt the day before, the name of the hotel at which Donna Inez Cordova had put up, he repaired thither at once, and asked to see the Spanish lady, who nearly fainted at the sight of him. Having come prepared for a scene, Henri bore the first outburst of her impassioned nature with tolerable firmness. After giving Inez time to recover her composure, he told her how chance had led to his seeing the papers entrusted to M. Garain, and how he had thus learnt her arrival in Colmar. The fair Spaniard listened to him with gasping breath. She had sunk on her knees before him, and was looking at him with a kind of ecstasy, with clasped hands and upraised eyes. Darviere endeavored to allay her feverish excitement, by insisting on her rising.

"No—let me ask forgiveness at your feet," answered she, in Spanish; "forgiveness for having deserted you—and tell me—oh tell me—that you did not curse me."

"A coward alone would curse the dead," muttered Henri.

The Senora started.

"True—true," continued she; "you thought me dead—and who knows if you did not rejoice at the idea—and if my return does not rob you of your cherished independence?"

She looked at him with a searching gaze, while his head drooped, and he remained silent.

"Then it is but too true!" continued she, clasping her hands in despair; "you had looked upon our union as forever cancelled—"

"Whose fault is it if I did?" asked Henri, bitterly. "Was it I who sought for deliverance?"

"But you have profited by it, no doubt?" said Inez, still gazing on him fixedly.

"Suppose I have, madam? Did you not authorize me to do so, by disappearing so abruptly? Did you think a man's destiny a mere shuttlecock, to be tossed about for your amusement—and that, after giving him back his liberty, you could come and claim it again, without even enquiring whether it is still his to dispose of?"

"What do I hear?" shrieked Inez, half distracted.

"I say," resumed Henri, "that you took such pains to deceive me on the subject of your supposed death, that I returned to France, with heart and hand entirely free, and being too young to devote myself to eternal widowhood—"

"Gracious heavens! what next?" cried she.

"Why—I married again!"

Inez uttered a scream as she started to her feet. Even her most painful misgivings had never gone to such a length as this. But she quickly shook off the torpor of despondency, to defend her rights with the savage energy of a selfish passion. What cared she for this second marriage, which could not can-

cel her prior claims? Henri belonged to her, and nothing should separate them in future. Tears, entreaties, and arguments were alike in vain; inflexible she was and inflexible would she remain. Nay, she declared in the egotistical vehemence of her passion, that she had rather Henri were unhappy with her, than happy with another woman—that she would follow him everywhere—that he was her lawful property, and that she would defend her own either by fair means or foul, in the teeth of the universe.

Half stunned by these outbreaks of her selfish love, and having vainly endeavored to get heard, Henri at length rose with an angry gesture, and was about to leave her, when one of the servants of the hotel entered the room and handed him a letter.

On perceiving the address to be in M. Garain's hand, Henri turned pale, and hastily tearing open the envelope, he read as follows:

"According to my promise, I have turned the matter over in my thoughts since yesterday, and the result of my reflections has been to show me my duty more clearly than ever. This morning I went up to speak to Octaire, who though surprised at your having gone out so early, had as yet not the slightest suspicion of anything wrong. Having led her to speak of her married happiness, I asked her as playfully as I could, whether she would give all she had to ensure its prolongation. She smiled assent. Would she give her youth and beauty? Aye, she would—but would she sacrifice her duty? She turned pale at this question, and asked me what I meant. I then unfolded as gently as I could the dreadful misfortune that has fallen upon us. I dare not describe the terrible effects of my revelations—thank God! however, she withstood this tremendous shock, and thanks to my entreaties and consolations, she is now somewhat calmer, and it is by her desire that I am writing to you. She at once felt what was due to Donna Inez, to you, and to herself; and that of the two marriages contracted by so fatal a mistake, it was the second one that must be broken off; and by the time you receive this letter we shall be far away from Colmar."

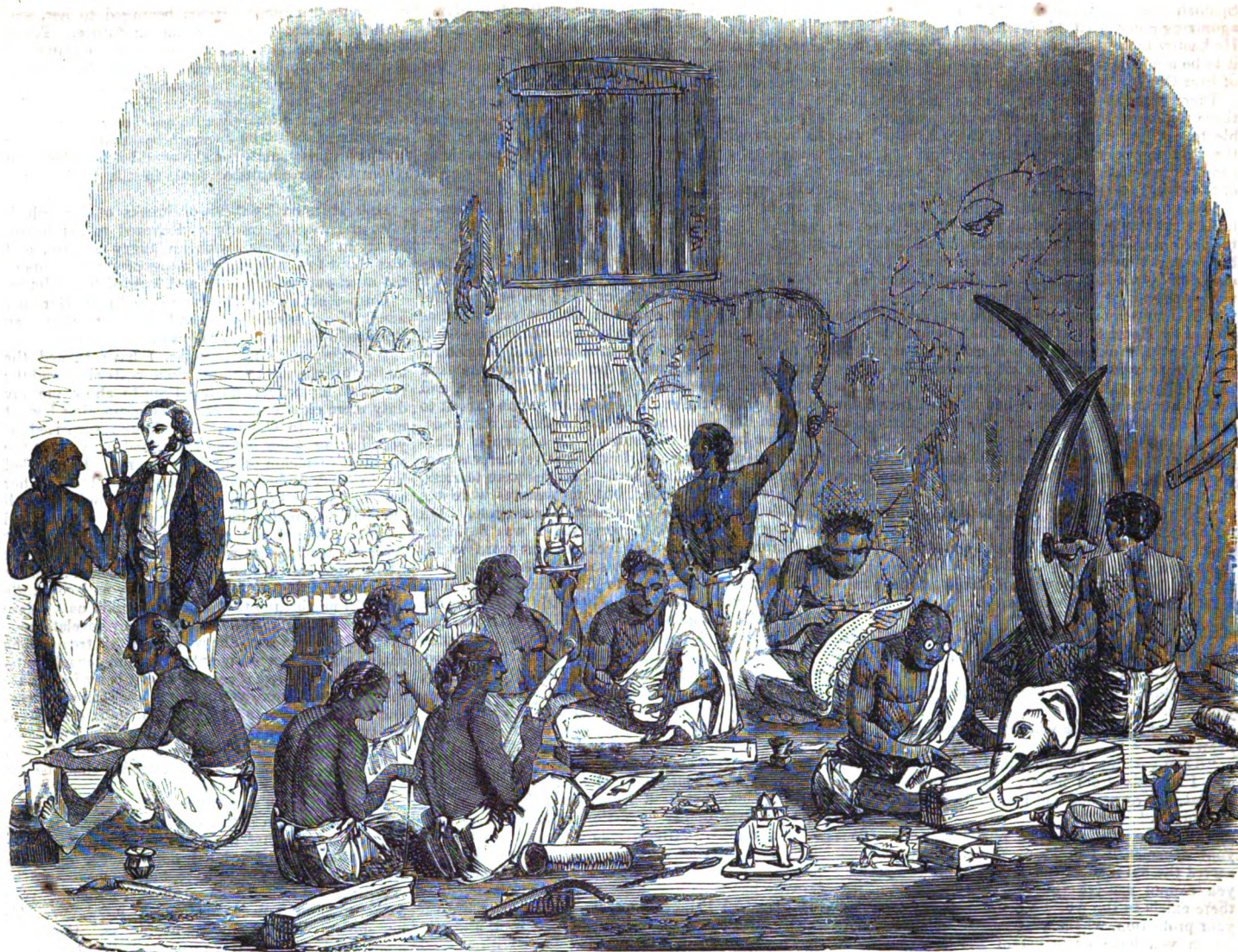
"I need not tell you, my dear friend, how agonizing this separation is to us. The widow, for I can call her by no other name, who resigns her claims upon you, has desired me not to close my letter without entreating of you to take courage and be resigned, and of her who is about to resume your name, to show both tenderness and indulgence. To her she entrusts your future happiness. If you are happy, she will endeavor to forget the past, and will forbear complaining."

Inez had perused the letter over Henri's shoulder, and the further she read the more deeply had she been moved. She could not help comparing her tyrannical and selfish love to so disinterested and generous an attachment, and subdued by such greatness of mind, which she felt incapable of imitating, she seized the old lawyer's letter, and kneeling down she pressed her lips upon it with as much respect as she would have kissed a crucifix, saying, in a broken voice: "Alas! you were living amongst angels, and I have dragged you down to the region of fallen spirits!"

Three years after these events had taken place, two travellers were seated under the verandah of an inn, in the little village of Aioro, and watching the sun as it was setting behind the misty summits of the mountains. Although time had marked his passage on the features of both, though so different in age, it was easy to recognise in them two of the principal personages of our tale—namely, M. Garain and his daughter Octaire. Since the dreadful event that had overthrown her happiness, the widowed wife had travelled with her father throughout Germany and a portion of Italy, but without being for a moment beguiled of her inconsolable grief. She bore it, however, with a dignified resignation that was extremely touching.

The two travellers had arrived the day before at Aioro, where they were detained by the impossibility of obtaining a *vetturino*, and they were the more annoyed at this mischance, as the inn was at that moment the scene of dismal preparations for a death that was momentarily expected. A strange lady who had arrived that same morning, and was not expected to outlive the night, had taken a fancy to have the rooms occupied by the old lawyer and his daughter, who had readily consented, at the innkeeper's request, to satisfy her dying wishes, and had allowed their baggage to be carried to the floor above. This removal had just been effected, and they were going to take possession of their new lodgings, when a servant hastened to inform them that the sick lady wished to see them.

"To see us!" said M. Garain, much surprised,



INDIAN IVORY-CARVING.—IVORY-CUTTERS AT BERHAMPOOR, BENGAL.

"surely there must be some mistake—she cannot wish to see strangers."

"She knows your honor," said the servant, "for just now on seeing your name on one of the trunks she uttered a scream, and said she wanted to speak to you and the young lady. Pray come sir; for the doctor says there is no time to lose."

The old lawyer exchanged looks with his daughter, and they followed the servant, unable to guess what could be wanted of them.

She led them to the end of a long passage, and pushing open a door, ushered them into a bedroom, where the closely-drawn curtains admitted but a feeble light. A white form lay motionless under the canopy of a vast bed, while a man was standing with his head leaning against one of the posts.

M. Garain and Octaire could not at first distinguish the objects before them; but on a nearer approach they stopped short and uttered a scream.

The old lawyer had recognised in the motionless form on whom death had already set his seal, Senora Inez Cordova, while his daughter had recognised Henri in the stranger who was hiding his face.

The dying woman opened her eyes, and started, while a faint streak of red tinged her cheeks, and making a sign to Octaire to draw near, she said: "Come—it is God's own hand who has brought you hither!" Then perceiving the young woman hesitated to approach—"What need you fear?" added she, with more animation, "do you not see that all is over with me? God has punished me as I deserved. I cared neither for your happiness nor for Henri's when I took him from you, I only thought of mine—yet I have never enjoyed a moment's happiness. And now I perceive that to deserve happiness we ought always be ready to sacrifice it—and that affection unaccompanied by devotedness, is a curse, not a gift, to whomsoever is the object of so selfish a passion. I have learnt it at my cost, but too late, alas! to do me any good."

And as she spoke, tears dropped slowly down her livid cheeks. Henri bent over her, and would have spoken words of comfort, but she made him a sign to desist.

"I have but a short time left," said she, "and but little strength; let both be employed to repair as far as possible the mischief I have done."

Then turning to Octaire, she commended Henri's happiness to her keeping in most touching terms.

"In a few minutes," said she, "he will be free—and this time it will be for the good of all. The ties I severed may be renewed. Then, in consideration of present happiness, forgive me for the tears I have caused you to shed!—and be happy without bearing ill-will to my memory, as you will be free of all remorse."

She added many more touching reflections, which Henri and Octaire listened to as they knelt on each side of her pillow, and when she felt life to be ebbing away, she joined their hands and pressed them to her lips as she breathed her last.

It was not until some months after, that M. Garain and his children returned to Colmar. Nobody knew of the tremendous storm that had threatened to shipwreck the young couple's happiness, and it was thought they returned from a long journey into foreign countries. But this severe ordeal had only tightened the bonds of love and esteem that united these three choice spirits, for it had taught them how much uprightness, fortitude, and devotedness they all three respectively harbored in the depths of their hearts.

Indian Ivory Carving.

We have been favored by a correspondent at Berhampoor with the accompanying examples of ingenuity in ivory carving. One of the illustrations shows the interior of the room, with the Berhampoor ivory workers engaged upon the manufacture of various articles. The walls of this room, it will be perceived, are covered with charcoal sketches of the various parts of the elephant, camel, &c., to guide the workmen.

The second Engraving represents the workmen taking lessons in correct carving, the living animal being their model. The elephant is in constant attendance, to enable the workmen to turn out as correct representations of the noble animal as possible.

The subjects already carved are numerous, consisting of elephants, camels, bullocks, boats, palanquins, tigers, carts, a set of chessmen representing the figures from Layard's "Nineveh;" puzzles, letters, and a variety of minor articles.

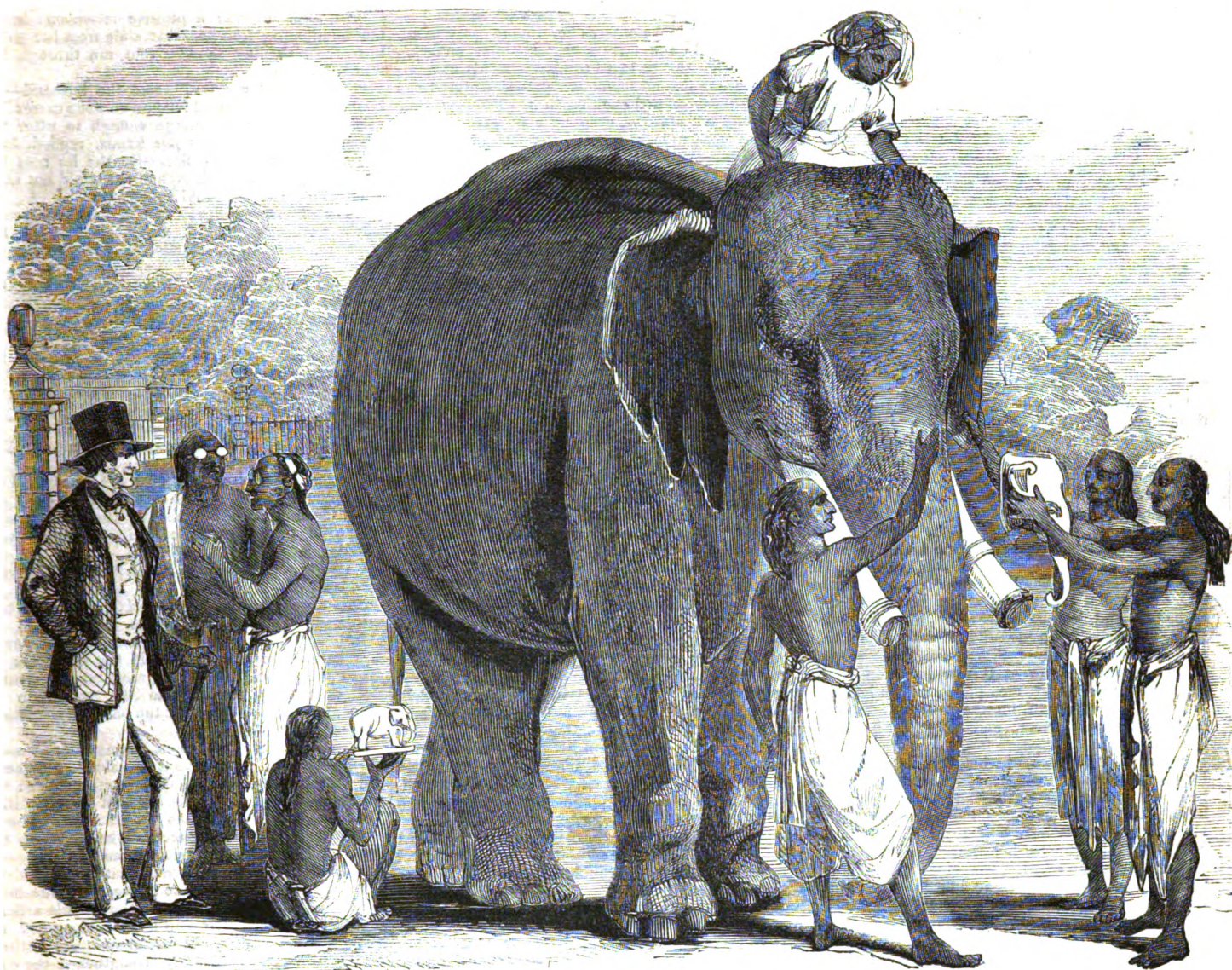
It would doubtless amuse many people in America if they could see the rough and primitive tools with which such minute and beautiful work is turned out; and more would it astonish artisans and others to witness the use the workmen make of their feet, which to them are equal to an extra pair of hands, the feet being constantly called into play even to picking up their tools when beyond the immediate reach of their hands.

The ivory carving trade at Berhampoor, the produce of which requires to be seen in Europe to be highly appreciated, has only existed for about fifty years; it having been introduced by an Englishman, whose name at the present day is doubtful. Before his time, a few ivory carvers were attached to the Newab's court at Moorshedabad, eight miles from Berhampoor. Their work was, it is supposed, confined to ornamenting elephant howdahs, couches, and furniture. The present workmen amount to twenty-six in number, five of whom are considered sirdars, or chief workmen, who can draw their patterns and carve from them; the remainder are merely workmen. The several carvers are Bengalese, and can carve anything, however elaborate, of which a drawing or model is furnished.

The whole of the ivory work is at present under the guidance and superintendence of an officer in the army.

For some reason or other unexplained, the French Zouaves contrive to bear about with them a sort of menagerie. The favorite animal is the cat, which is perched philosophically on their shoulders while they fire, and is wholly impassive to the whistling of rifle-balls, the thunder of artillery, or the bursting of a shell. The affection is mutual, and is a very curious incident to military life.

The love of money has led many to ruin; as the fear of death to suicide.



INDIAN IVORY-CARVING.—IVORY-CUTTERS AT BERHAMPOOR, BENGAL.

The Double Marriage.

CHAPTER I.—THE MEETING.

As a lady, evidently of high rank, was stepping into her carriage one summer's day, a girl—or rather a child—for she was just hovering on the confines of sweet girlhood—arrested her attention, by exclaiming in an exquisitely sweet voice:

"Strawberries—fine strawberries! Do buy some, lady?"

The lady withdrew her foot from the carriage step, and gazed earnestly at the speaker. She was perhaps thirteen or fourteen years of age, but being of a delicate frame and short in stature, appeared younger. She was remarkably pretty, having the most beautiful face imaginable, with eyes of a dark violet blue, that drooped heavily beneath their long, black, and curling lashes.

The lady, after looking at the child as if she would have read her like a written page, sighed heavily, and, selecting a few strawberries in her gloved hand, dropped a gold coin in the girl's basket, and then entered her carriage and was driven home.

The strawberry-girl regarded the glittering sovereign—for such the coin was—in an ecstasy of delight, and then tripped joyously away, to minister to the wants of her aged and poverty-stricken grandparents.

The lady was whirled away to a fashionable mansion, and in the evening, when the big summer drops pattered on the pavement, she was alone, a prey to the keenest anxiety. For years she had not seen one who held the key to her heart, and that night she expected him.

The storm had increased, and through the window, which opened upon a garden, might be seen the dark sway of branches tossed by the roaring wind and blackened with the gathering night. The rain poured down in sheets, and beat upon the spacious roof like the rattle of artillery.

Kate Herbert—for that was her real name—saw nothing of the storm—or if she did the wildness and gloom seemed but a portion of the tumult in her own heart. Yet how still and calm she was—that strange being! At length the chain of iron thought seemed broken; she turned towards the bed, laid her hand gently down upon the quilt, and gazed at the faded colors till some string in her proud heart gave way, and sinking down, with her face buried in the scant pillows, she wept like a child. Every limb in her body began to tremble. The bed shook under her, and notwithstanding the stormy elements, the noise of her bitter sobs filled the room. The voice of her grief was soon broken by another sound—the sound of passionate kisses lavished upon the pillows, the quilt, and the homespun linen upon the bed. She looked at them through her tears; she smoothed them out with her trembling hands; she laid her cheek against them lovingly, as a punished child will sometimes caress the very garments of a mother whose forgiveness it craves; yet in all this you saw that this strange, almost insane excitement was not usual to the woman—that she was not one to yield her strength to a light passion—and this made her grief the more touching. You felt that if such storms often swept across her path of life, she did not bow herself to them without a fierce struggle.

She lay upon the bed, weeping and faint with exhausted emotion, when the sound of a closing door rang through the building.

Presently her servant entered, and announced the anticipated visitor as Mr Francis Herbert.

This gentleman had reached the middle age—at least was fast approaching it; and on a close scrutiny, his features gave indication of more advanced years than the truth would justify; for his life had been one that seldom leaves the brow smooth or the mouth perfectly flexible. Still, to a casual observer, Herbert was a noble looking and elegant man. The

dark gloss and luxuriance of his hair was in nothing impaired by the few threads of silver that began to make themselves visible; his forehead was high, broad, and white; his teeth perfect, and though his lips were somewhat heavy, the smile that at rare intervals stole over them was full of wily fascination, wicked, but indescribably alluring.

The lady was one of those women who, being somewhat above the common size, generally have superb proportions. Her eyes were violet, fringed by magnificent lashes; but there was in them always a look of indescribable agony.

The gentleman—one of the most dissipated characters that could be found in the fashionable circles—was puzzled by the adventure. He had been invited to meet a lady clandestinely, and his natural daring and love of intrigue had induced him to plunge into the affair with alacrity. The appearance of the room into which he was ushered, however, somewhat damped his ardor.

"Some waiting-maid or governess!" he thought, with a sensation of angry scorn—for Herbert was fastidious even in his vices.

When he turned to look upon his companion, all the arrogant contempt which the thought had given to his face still remained there. But the lady could not have seen it distinctly—for she stood, with her veil of black lace, so heavily embroidered that no feature could be recognised through it, grasped in her hand, as if reluctant to fling it aside. She evidently trembled from head to foot; and even through the heavy folds of her veil, he felt the thrilling intensity of the gaze she fixed upon him.

The look of scornful disappointment left his face; there was something imposing in the presence of this strange being that crushed his suspicions and his sneers at once. Enough of personal beauty was revealed in the superb proportions of her form to make him more anxious for a view of her face. He advanced towards her eagerly, but still throwing an

expression of tender respect into his look and manner. They stood face to face—she lifted her veil.

He started, and a look of bewilderment came upon his face. Those features were familiar—so familiar that every nerve in his strong frame seemed to quiver under the partial recognition.

He knew her at last! You could see it in the look of keen surprise—in the color as it crept from his lips—in the ashy pallor of his cheek. It was not often that this strong man was taken by surprise. His self-possession was marvellous at all times; but now even the lady did not seem more profoundly agitated. She was the first to speak. Her voice was clear, and full of sweetness.

"You know me, Francis?"

"Yes!" he said, after a brief struggle, and drawing a deep breath; "yes!"

She looked at him: her large eyes grew misty with tenderness, and yet there was a proud reserve about her as if she waited for him to say more. She was keenly hurt that he answered her only with a brief "Yes!"

"It is many years since we met!" she said at length, and in a low voice.

"Yes—many years!" was his cold reply. "I thought you dead!"

"And mourned for me! Oh, Herbert, for the love of heaven, say that I was mourned when you thought me dead!"

Herbert smiled. Oh, that cruel smile! It pierced that proud woman's heart like the sting of a venomous insect; she seemed withered by its influence. He was gratified—gratified that his smile could still make that haughty being cower and tremble. He was rapidly gaining command over himself. Quick in association of ideas, even while he was smiling he had begun to calculate. Selfish, haughty, cruel, with a heart fearful in the might of its passion—yet seldom gaining mastery over nerves that seemed spun from steel—even at this trying moment he could reason and plan. That power seldom left him. With all his evil might, he was cautious. Now he resolved to learn more, and deal warily as he learned.

"And if I did mourn, of what avail was it, Kate?" He uttered the name on purpose, knowing that, unless she were marvellously changed, it would stir her heart to yield more certain signs of his power. He was not mistaken. The tears swelled to her eyes—she half extended her arms.

Again he was pleased. The chain of his power had not been severed. Years might have rusted but not broken it: thus he calculated—for he could reason now, before that beautiful, passionate being, coldly as a mathematician in his closet. The dismay of her first appearance, disappeared with the moment.

"Oh, had I but known it! Had I but dreamed that you cared for me in the least!" cried the poor lady, falling into one of the hard chairs, and pressing a hand to her forehead.

"What then, Kate—what then?"

He took her hand in his. She lifted her eyes—a flood of mournful tenderness clouded them.

"What then, Francis?"

"Yes, what then? How would any knowledge of my feelings have affected your destiny?"

"How! Did I not love—worship—idolise? Oh, heavens, how I did love you, Francis!"

Her hands were clasped passionately; a glorious light broke through the mist of her unshed tears.

"But you abandoned me?"

"Abandoned you! Oh, Francis!"

"Well, we will not recriminate—let us leave the past for a moment. It has not been so pleasant that we should wish to dwell upon it!"

"Pleasant! Oh, what a bitter, bitter past it has been to me!"

"But the present. If you and I can talk of any thing, it must be that! Where have you been so many years?"

"You know—you know! Why ask the cruel question?" she answered.

"True, we were not to speak of the past!"

"And yet it must be, before we part!" she said, gently; "else how can we understand the present?"

"True enough; perhaps it is as well to swallow the dose at once, as we shall probably never meet again!"

She cast upon him a wild upbraiding look. The speech was intended to wound her—and it did. That man was not content with making victims—he loved to tease and torture them. He sat down in one of the chairs, and drew it nearer to her.

"Now," he said, "tell me all your history since we parted—your motive for coming here!"

She lifted her eyes to his, and smiled with mournful bitterness; the task that she had imposed

upon herself was a terrible one. She had resolved to open her heart—to tell the whole harrowing, mournful truth—but her courage died in his presence. She could not force her lips to speak at all.

He smiled; the torture that she was suffering pleased him—for he loved to play with his victims; and the anguish of shame which she endured had something novel and exciting in it. For some time he would not aid her, even by a question, but he really wished to learn a portion of her history—for during the last three years he had lost all trace of her; and there might be something in the events of those three years to affect his interest. It was his policy, however, to appear ignorant of all that had transpired.

But she was silent; her ideas seemed paralysed. How many times she had fancied this meeting—with what eloquence she had pleaded to him—how plausible were the excuses that arose in her mind! And now where had they fled? The very power of speech seemed abandoning her. She almost longed for some taunting word—another cold sneer—at least they would have stung her into eloquence; but that dull, quiet silence chained up her faculties. She sat gazing on the floor, mute and pale; and he remained in his seat coldly regarding her.

At length he eagerly said:

"Why did you abandon your husband?"

She started, her eye kindled, and the fiery blood flashed into her cheek.

"I did not abandon my husband! He left me!"

"For a journey—but for a journey!" was the calm reply.

"It drove me wild—I was not myself—suspicious, such suspicions haunted me! I thought, I believed—nay, believe now—that you wished me to go—that you longed to get rid of me—nay, that you encouraged—I cannot frame words for the thought even now! He had lent you money—large sums—Francis in the name of heaven, tell me that it was not for this I was left alone in debt and helpless! Say that you did not yourself thrust me into that terrible temptation!"

She laid her hand upon his arm and grasped it hard; her eyes searched his to the soul. He smiled; her hand dropped, her countenance fell, and oh, such bitter disappointment broke through her voice!

"It has been the vulture preying on my heart ever since! A word would have torn it away, but you will not take the trouble even to deceive me! You smile—only smile!"

"I only smile at the absurdity of your suspicion!"

She looked up eagerly, but without doubt in her face. She panted to believe him, but lacked the necessary faith.

"I asked him to deny this on his death-bed, and he could not!"

"Then he is dead?" was the quick rejoinder.

"He is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead!" she answered in a low voice.

"And the daughter, his heiress?"

"She, too, is dead!"

He longed to ask another question. His eyes absolutely gleamed with eagerness, but his self-control was wonderful. A direct question might expose the unutterable meanness of his hope. He must obtain what he panted to know by circuitous means.

"And you stayed by him to the last?"

She turned upon him a sharp and penetrating look. He felt the whole force of her glance, and assumed an expression well calculated to deceive a much less excitable observer.

"I thought," he said, "that you had been living in retirement—that you left the noble villain without public disgrace! It was a great satisfaction for me to know this!"

"I did leave him! I did live in retirement—toiled for my own bread; by wrestling with poverty I strove to win back some portion of content!"

"Yet you were with him when he died!"

"It was a mournful death-bed! He sent for me, and I went! Oh, it was a mournful death-bed!"

Tears rolled down her cheeks; she covered her face with both hands.

"I had been the governess of his daughter—her nurse in the last sickness!"

"And to be a governess to this young lady you abandoned your own child—only to be governess! Can you say to me, Kate, that it was only to be a governess to this young lady?"

There was feeling in his voice—something of stern dignity; perhaps at the moment he did feel: she thought so, and it gave her hope.

She had not removed her hands—they still covered her face—and a faint murmur only broke through

the fingers—oh, what cowards sin makes of us! That poor woman dared not tell the truth—she shrank from uttering a positive falsehood; hence the humiliating murmur that stole from her pallid lips—the sickening shudder that ran through her frame.

"You do not answer!" said the husband—for Herbert was her husband; "you do not answer!"

She had gathered courage enough to utter the falsehood, and, dropping her hands, replied, in a firm voice—disagreeably firm—for the lie cost her proud spirit a terrible effort, and she could not utter it as naturally as he would have done:

"Yes—I can answer! It was to be the young lady's governess that I went—only to be her governess—penniless, abandoned, what else could I do?"

He did not believe her. In his soul he knew that she was not speaking the truth; but there was something yet to learn, and in the end it might be policy to feign a belief which he could not feel.

"So, after wasting youth and talent on his daughter—paling your beauty over her death-bed and his—this pitiful man could leave you to poverty and toil! Did he expect that I would receive you again, after that suspicious desertion?"

"No—no! The wild thought was mine! You once loved me, Francis!"

The tears were swelling in her eyes again. Few men could have resisted the look of those eyes, the sweet pleading of her voice—for the contrast with her usual imperious pride had something very touching in it.

"You were very beautiful then!" he said, "very beautiful!"

"And am I so much changed?" she answered, with a smile of gentle sweetness.

In his secret heart he thought the splendid creature handsomer than ever. If the freshness of youth was gone, there were grace, maturity, intellect, everything requisite to the perfection of womanhood, in exchange for the one lost attraction. But had she any money?

He looked around the room, hoping to draw some conclusion from the objects it contained. The scrutiny was followed by a faint start of surprise: the hard carpet, the bureau, the bed—all were familiar. They had been the humble furniture that his wife had received from her parents when he drew her from her cottage home. How came they there—so well kept, so neatly arranged in that high chamber? Was she a governess in some wealthy household, furnishing her own room with the humble articles that had once been their own household goods? He glanced at her dress. It was simple, and entirely without ornament: this only strengthened the conclusion to which he was fast arriving. He remembered the marble vestibule through which they had reached the staircase—the caution used in admitting him to the house. Everything gave proof that she would be an incumbrance to him. She saw that he was regarding the patchwork quilt that covered the bed: the tears began to fall from her eyes.

"Do you remember, Francis, we used it first when our darling was a baby? Have you ever seen her since—since?"

He dropped her hand and stood up; his whole manner changed.

"Do not mention her, wretched, unnatural mother! Is she not impoverished, abandoned? Can you make atonement for this!"

"No—no! I never hoped it—I feel keenly as you can how impossible it is! Oh, that I had the power!"

These words were enough: he had arrived at the certainty that she was penniless.

"Now let this scene have an end! It can do no good for us to meet again, or to dwell upon things that are unchangeable! You have sought this interview, and it is over! It must never be repeated!"

She started up, and gazed at him in wild surprise.

"You do not mean it!" she faltered, making an effort to smile away her terror; "your looks but a moment since—your words! You have not so trifled with me, Francis!"

He was gone: she followed him to the door—her voice died away—she staggered back with a faint wail, and fell senseless across the bed.

Poor Kate! Like all women who have erred, she had still a heart for the man she had first loved. Wedded to an unprincipled man of fashionable life, for the mere sake of her marvellous beauty—for her father was a humble farmer in a remote country district—she was soon flung aside. Temptation was thrown in her way, and, leaving her child—a little girl—with her parents, she fled to the continent,

where she had resided for many years. But she had bitter retaliation in store for her cruel and infamous husband. Unknown to her, another was secretly entangling him in the net which his vices had woven.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

KATE HERBERT was rich—immensely rich. Known in the metropolis as the Countess Pascala, she was celebrated for the magnificent parties she gave. Her last was a ball, on a scale of splendor rarely excelled in a ducal mansion. To this Herbert contrived to get himself invited—at least so he thought; but in reality his wife had so managed it that he was led to entertain that supposition.

The rooms were dazzling. The silken curtains that divided the picture-gallery from the reception-rooms, were drawn back; thus a vista was formed, down which the eye wandered till the perspective lost itself in the star-lighted masses of foliage; and on entering the first drawing-room, which was flooded with gas-light, a scene was presented that no European palace could rival, save in extent. Each of the tall, stained windows had a corresponding recess, filled with mirrors that multiplied and reflected back every beautiful object within its range. Fresco paintings gleamed from the ceiling, but so delicately managed and inwrought in the light, golden scrolls, that all over-gorgeousness was avoided. Each room possessed distinct colors, and had its own style of ornament; but natural contrasts were so strictly maintained, and harmonies so managed, that the rooms, when all thrown open, presented one brilliant whole that might have been studied like the work of a great artist, and always found to present new beauties.

The guests rapidly arrived; and Herbert, leaning on the arm of a well-known exquisite, was patiently listening to his praises of the beauty of their hostess.

"She is the most superb woman in town, and a widow, too! What a chance for you, Herbert!"

"Point out this womanly phenomenon to me. I have not seen her yet!"

"Oh, wait till the crowd leaves us an opening! There, the music strikes up—they are off for the waltz! Now you have a good view; isn't she superb?"

For one moment a cloud came over Herbert's eyes. He swept his gloved hand over them, and now he saw clearly.

"Which—which is the countess?" he said, in a sharp voice, that almost startled the young exquisite out of his propriety.

"Why, how dull you are! As if there ever existed another woman on earth to be mistaken for her."

"Is that the woman?" questioned Herbert, almost extending his arm towards a lady dressed as Ceres, who stood near the door of an adjoining room.

"Of course it is! Come, let me present you, while there is a chance—though how the deuce you got here without a previous introduction I cannot tell! Come—she is looking this way!"

"Not yet!" answered Herbert, drawing aside, where he was less liable to observation.

"Why, how strangely you look all at once. Caught with the first glance, eh?" persisted his tormentor.

Herbert attempted to smile, but his lips refused to move. He would have spoken, but for once speech left him.

"Come, come—I am engaged for the next polka!"

"Excuse me!" answered Herbert, drawing his proud figure to its full height; "I was only jesting; the Countess Pascala and I are old acquaintances."

And now, with a fiend at his heart and fire in his eye, Francis Herbert stood regarding his wife.

Kate had given this ball for a purpose. It was here, surrounded by all the pomp and state secured by position and immense wealth, that she intended once more to meet her husband. What hidden motive lay in the depths of her mind could scarcely be known. Perhaps—for love like hers will descend to strange humiliations—she expected to win back a gleam of his old tenderness by the magnificence which she knew he loved so well. Perhaps she really intended to startle him by her queenly presence, load him with scornful reproaches, and so separate for ever.

The character of Ceres, in which she appeared, was peculiarly adapted to the perfection of her beauty and the natural grace of her person. In order to increase the magnificence of this costume, she had ordered all her jewels to be re-set in wreaths, bouquets and clusters, adapted to the character; and as Herbert gazed upon her from the distance, his eyes were absolutely dazzled with flashes of rainbow light that followed every movement of her person.

Her over-skirt of fine Brussels point was gathered

up in soft clouds from the amber satin dress, by clusters of fruit, grass, and leaves, all of precious stones. Cherries the size of life, cut from glowing carbuncles; grapes in amethyst clusters, or amber-hued, from the Oriental topaz; stems of ruby currants; crab-apples, cut from the red coral of Naples; with wheat-ears barbed with gold, and set thick with diamond grain; all mingled with leaves and bending grass, lighted with emeralds, were grouped among the gossamer lace, whence the light came darting forth with a thousand sunset glories.

Her fair, round arms were exposed almost to the shoulder, when a quantity of soft lace, that fell like a mist across her bosom, was gathered up with clusters of fruit-like jewels. Her hair, arranged after the fashion of a Greek statue, flowed back from the head in waves and ringlets, and was crowned by a garland of jewels that shot rays of tinted light through all the golden tresses. The choicest jewels she possessed had been reserved for this garland, wreathed in both fruit and flowers. Here diamond fuchsias, veined with rubies, and forget-me-nots of turquoise, each with a yellow pearl at the heart, were grouped with diamond wheat-ears and stems of currants, some heavy with ruby fruit, others beset with yellow diamonds. The grape-leaves that fell around her temples were green with emeralds, and a single cluster of cherries, formed from carbuncles, that seemed to have a drop of wine floating at the heart, drooped over her white forehead. Great diamond drops were scattered like dew over these dazzling clusters, and fell away down the ringlets of her hair.

Herbert's resolution was taken. Self-possessed and, but for a wild brilliancy of the eyes and a slight paleness about the mouth, tranquil as if they had parted but yesterday, he moved down the room.

Kate had just made some laughing reply to a gentleman who stood near her, when she saw Herbert approach. She gave a faint start; her eye flashed, and, drawing her form to its full height, she stood with curved lips and burning cheeks, ready to receive her husband. He came down the room, slowly moving forward with his usual noiseless grace. He paused now and then as the crowd pressed upon him, and it was a full minute after she first saw him before he approached her near enough to speak.

"My dear lady, I shall never forgive myself for coming so late!" he said, reaching forth his hand. "Why did not your invitations say at once that we were invited to paradise?"

For one moment Kate turned pale and lost her self-possession. The audacious coolness of the man astonished her. She had expected to take him by surprise, and promised herself the enjoyment of his confusion; but before his speech was finished the blood rushed to her cheek, her lips grew red again, and her eyes seemed showering fire into his. He had taken her hand while speaking, and pressed it gently, but with a meaning that roused all the pride of her nature.

Did he hope to practise his old arts upon her? Was she a school-girl to be won back by pressure of the hand and frothy compliments to her dwelling? The crafty man had mistaken her for once. She withdrew her hand with a laugh.

"So you are ignorant that the goddess of plenty reigned here?"

There was a meaning in the light words, and for an instant Herbert's audacious eyes fell beneath the glance of her's; but he recovered himself with a breath.

"The character is badly chosen! I could have selected a better?"

"What, pray—what would you have selected?" she asked with breathless haste.

He stooped forward, and, with a smile upon his lips, as if he had been uttering a compliment, whispered:

"A Niobe!"

The tone in which this was uttered, more than the words, stung her.

She drew back with a suddenness that scattered the light like sunbeams from her jewelled garland.

"Everything that Niobe loved turned to stone! In that we are alike!" she said in a suppressed voice, that trembled with feeling.

He bent his head, and was about to answer in the same under-tone, but she drew back with a low, defiant laugh.

"No—no! It is a sad character, and I have long since done with tears!" she answered, turning to a gay group that had gathered around her. What say you, gentlemen—our friend here prefers a mournful character: do I look like a woman who ever weeps?"

"Not unless the angels weep!" answered one of the group.

"Angels do weep when they leave the homes assigned to them!" whispered Herbert, again bending towards her; "and it is fitting that they should!"

She did not recoil that time. His words rather stung her in to strength, and strange to say, Herbert seemed less hateful to her while uttering these covert reproaches, than his first adroit compliment had rendered him. A retort was on her lip, but that instant a group came in from the dancing saloon, laughing and full of excitement.

During the remainder of the evening he had no other opportunity of addressing her, and for hours he was a prey to the most intense anxiety. He had that day deluded a young heiress into marriage, and had committed forgery for a large amount on Coutts. With this money and his young wife, he had determined on passing the remainder of his days in France or Italy; but the appearance of his wife and her evident immense wealth embarrassed him. He guessed correctly the source from which it had come, but he wished to grasp it and reduce her to beggary.

It was over at last. The saloon, the banquet-hall, the conservatory, sleeping in the moonlight, shed from many a sculptured vase—all were deserted. Wax candles flared and went out in their silver sockets; garlands grew dim and shadowy in the diminished light; half a dozen yawning footmen glided about, extinguishing wax-lights and turning off gas; but they seemed ghost-like and dreary, wandering through the vast mansion.

But Kate Herbert felt no fatigue; she saw nothing of the gloom that was so rapidly spreading over the splendor of her mansion. Her boudoir was still lighted by those two pearl-like lamps. It was a dim, luxurious twilight, that seemed hazy with the perfume, stealing up from a dozen snowy vases scattered through the dressing-room, the bed-chamber, and the boudoir. The doors connecting these apartments were ajar, but closed enough to conceal one room from the other.

Kate entered the boudoir. Her step was imperious—her cheek burning. Pride, anger, and haughty scorn swelled in her bosom, as she seated herself to wait. One of those mysterious revulsions of feeling that are so frequent to a passionate and ill-disciplined nature had swept over her heart. For the first time in her life, she felt disposed to sting the foot that had trampled so ruthlessly upon her. In that moment all the strong love of a life-time seemed kindling into fiery hate.

It was one of those hours when we defy destiny—defy our own souls. A few hours earlier, and she could not have met him thus, with scorn on her brow, rebellion in her heart. A few hours after she might repent in tears; but now she waited his approach without a thrill of pleasure or of fear. The very memory of former tenderness filled her with self-contempt. The marble Flora stood over her: crimson roses and heliotrope had been mingled with the sculptured lilies in its hand. A few hours before she had stolen away from her guests, to place these blossoms among the marble counterfeits—for they breathed his favorite perfume; now she sickened as the fragrance floated over her, and tearing them from the statue, tossed them amid a bed of coals still burning in the silver grate.

She did not go back to the couch, but remained upon the ermine rug, with one arm resting upon the jutting marble of the mantel piece. No footstep could be heard in that sumptuously-carpeted house, but the proud spirit within her seemed to know when he stole softly forth from the conservatory, and approached the room where she was waiting.

Herbert was self-possessed: he had a game to play more intricate, more difficult than his experience had yet coped with—but this only excited his intellect.

But she also was self-possessed—and this took him by surprise. He moved towards the grate, and leaned his elbow on the mantel-piece directly opposite her. She had a superb fan, half open, against her bosom: it was fringed deep with the gorgeous plumage of some tropical bird, but no tumult of the heart stirred a feather. She held it there, as she had often done that evening, when homage floated around her, gracefully and quietly waiting to be addressed. This mood was one he had not expected: it deranged all his premeditated plan of attack. Instead of reproaching him with that passionate anger which pants for reconciliation, she was silent.

"Kate!" The name was uttered in a voice that no heart that had loved the speaker could entirely resist. A faint shiver and an irregular breath were perceptibly ruffling, as it were, the plumage of her fan; but the proud woman only bent her head.

"Was it delicate—was it honorable—to deceive your husband thus?" he said; "to grant him one interview after so many years, and then conceal yourself from his search under this disguise?"

"Was I to seek you, that your foot might be planted on my heart once more? Was I to offer my bosom to the serpent-fang again and again? Have you forgotten our interview in the chamber overhead—that chamber where I had hoarded everything connected with the only happy months you ever permitted me to know—so full of precious memories? I thought they would touch even your heart!"

He attempted to speak, but she would not permit him.

"I did not know you, notwithstanding past experience! Your heart has blacker shades than I imagined! Not up there—not among objects holy from association with my child—should I have taken you—but here—here!" Do not these things betoken great wealth?"

A scornful smile curved her lips, and she glanced around the boudoir.

There was one word in this speech that Herbert seized upon.

"Your child, Kate! Great heaven! would you exclude me from all share, even in the love of our child!"

Even this did not soften her, though she was fearfully moved at the mention of her lost infant. He saw this, and his manner instantly changed.

"Why should I plead with you? Why waste words thus?" he said, casting aside all affectation of tenderness. "You are my wife—lawfully married—the mother of my child! If you have property, by the laws of this land that property is mine! I plead no longer, madam! Being the master of this house, if it is yours, my province is to command! Tell me, then—this wealth, for which people give their idol, Countess Pascala, so much credit—this mansion—are they real? Are they yours—and therefore mine?"

The scorn that broke over Kate's face was absolutely sublime.

"Yes!" she said; "this wealth is mine; yours, if the law makes it so! But listen—then say if you will use it!"

She bent forward; her lips and cheek were pale as death, but across the snow of her forehead a crimson flush came and went, like an arrow shooting back and again.

"You asked me that night, in the room above, if I had lived as the governess of that man's daughter—the governess only: I answered 'yes; a governess only!' It was false! Every pound of the thousands I possess comes from this man: he bequeathed them on his death-bed, that I might not again become your slave!"

The haughty air gave way as she uttered this confession; her limbs trembled so violently that she was obliged to lean on the mantel-piece to keep from sinking to the floor. Pride, that treacherous demon, left her then, helpless as a child.

"This," said Herbert, with a stern, clear enunciation—"this in no way interferes with my claim on the property. Were it double, that would be poor atonement for the outrage to my affections—the disgrace upon my name."

She did not speak, but listened in breathless silence, trying to comprehend the moral enormity before her, with a confused sense that even yet she had not fathomed the black depths of his heart.

Herbert had paused, thinking that she would answer; but as she remained silent, he spoke again, still calmly, and with measured intonation.

"But that which you have confessed becomes important in another sense. If the law gives me your property, it also enables me to divest it of the only incumbrance that would be unpleasant! Your confession, madam, entitles me to a divorce!"

"You would not—oh, heavens, no!" gasped the wretched woman.

"Now you seem natural! Now you are meek again!" he said, with a laugh that cut to the heart.

"So you thought to dazzle me with your wealth—wither me with haughty pride! Fool—miserable fool!"

"Mercy—mercy! Will no one save me from this man?" shrieked the wretched woman, flinging her clasped hands wildly upwards.

Herbert was about to speak again, something fearfully bitter—you could see it in the curve of his lip; but her cry had reached other ears, and while the taunt was yet unspoken. Kate's devoted, long-tried servant entered the boudoir. Herbert gazed upon him in utter amazement—for he advanced directly towards Kate, and, taking the clasped hands she held out in both his, led her to the couch, trembling,

and so faint that she was incapable of uttering a word.

"What is this? How came you here fellow?" said Herbert, the moment he could break from the astonishment occasioned by the presence of John Brown.

"My mistress called for help, and I came!" was the steady answer.

"Your mistress! Where—who?"

"This lady—your first wife! The other——"

"Villain! who are you?"

John looked into his master's eyes with a calm stare.

"Look at me, Mr. Herbert! I have grown since you saw me at old Mr. White's! No doubt you have forgotten the awkward boy who tended your horse and pointed out the best trout-streams for you? But I—I shall never forget! No angry looks—no frowns, sir! The rocks we climbed together would feel them more than I do!"

"Go on—go on—I would learn more!" said Herbert, paling fearfully about the mouth. "You have been a spy in my service!"

"Yes—a spy—a keeper of your most dangerous secrets! I read the letter from Ireland! There is a check for ten thousand, which I can lay my hand on at any moment—you comprehend! I saw it written! I saw it pass from your hand to his! I was in the back room! Villain—I am your master."

The pallor spread up from Herbert's mouth to his temples, leaving a dusky ring around his eyes. For the first time in his life, this man of evil and stern will was terrified. Yet wrath was stronger in his heart than fear, even then. His white lips curled in fierce disdain. He turned towards Kate, who lay with her face buried in the silken pillows, conscious of nothing but her own unutterable wretchedness. She did not feel the fiendish glance that he cast upon her; but John saw it, and his grey eyes kindled, till they seem black as midnight.

Kate walked from the room like one in a dream.

"Now," said Brown, "I have no words to throw away, and you will need them to defend yourself. You have committed, within the last twenty-four hours, two crimes against the law. You have married a woman, knowing your wife to be alive. I am the witness—I, her playmate when she was a little girl—her protector and faithful servant in the trouble and sin which you heaped upon her after she was a woman! I went with her to the hotel that night—I witnessed all—all—to the scene last evening. Let that pass—for it *should* pass, rather than have her history connected with yours before the world! But another crime! This forged check—this attempt to ruin a warm-hearted and honest a boy as ever lived! In this her name cannot, from necessity, appear; for this you shall suffer to the extent of the law; for this you shall live year after year in prison—not from revenge, mark—but that she—Kate—may breathe in peace! Leave this house, sir, quietly—for I must not have a felon arrested beneath her roof! Go anywhere you like for a few hours; not to the hotel, for White is waiting in your chamber with an officer; not to ferry or steam-boat, in hopes of escaping—men are placed everywhere to stop you; but till noon you are safe from arrest!"

He left the house.

During one of his rambles in an obscure quarter of the city, he had discovered the squalid residence of poor old White, his aged wife and their grandchild—his child—her child—the sweet little strawberry girl who had attracted the attention of the grand countess at the opening of our narrative.

After Herbert had deserted Kate, she fled also, and when from time to time the most injurious reports about her began to circulate around the rustic home of her youth, the pride of the old couple took alarm, and they felt that they could not hold up their heads among their neighbors again. White disposed of his little farm, and with the proceeds came to the metropolis, hoping one day to meet his erring daughter. His search was fruitless, and when his little stock of money had disappeared, he and his wife would have starved, but for the energy of his sweet grandchild.

Herbert, with lightning-like rapidity, thought that the possession of the child would save him from the consequences of his crime—Kate would give all her wealth to clasp her child once more to her bosom.

Proceeding with a rapid step to the neighborhood, he entered the hovel with an air of fierce determination. Old Mr. White turned pale, and the grandmother and child clung to each other, terrified.

"Have you forgotten me?" he said.

"No!" gasped the old man; "no!"

Herbert was about to speak again, when the old

man waved his hand, and quietly requested his wife and grandchild to leave the room.

Then Herbert began to play his game. He was persevering and plausible at first; with promises of wealth and protestations of kindness he endeavored to induce the poor old man to render up the child. When this failed he became irritated, and with fiercer passions attempted to intimidate the feeble being whom he had already wronged almost beyond all human forgiveness. The old man said little—for he was terrified and weak as a child; but his refusal to yield up the little girl was decided.

"If the law takes her away, I cannot help it!" he said; "but nothing else ever shall!"

Tears rolled down the old man's face as he spoke; but his will had been expressed, and the man who came to despoil him saw that it was immovable.

Despairing at last, and fiercely desperate, Herbert rushed from the room. Kate and her grandmother, who were in the passage, shrank against the wall, for the pallor of his face was frightful. He did not appear to see them, but quickly went through the outer door. Here stood two men, arm-in-arm, ready to follow him. He turned back, and retraced his steps with a dull, heavy footfall, utterly unlike the elasticity of his usual tread. Further and further back crowded the frightened females. The old man was so exhausted that he could not rise from the chair into which he had fallen. He looked up when Herbert entered the room, and said, beseechingly:

"Oh, let me alone! See how miserable you have made us! Do let us alone!"

"Once more—once more I ask—will you give up the child?"

"No—no!"

A knife lay upon the table, long and sharp—one that Mrs. White had been using in her household work. Herbert's eye had been fixed on the knife while he was speaking. His hand was outstretched towards it before the old man could find voice to answer. Simultaneous with the brief "No," the knife flashed upward, down again, and Herbert fell dead at the old man's feet. Mr. White dropped on his knees, seized the knife, and tore it from the wound. Over his withered hands, over the white vest, down to his feet, gushed the warm blood. It paralysed the old man; he tried to cry aloud, but had no power. A frightful stillness reigned over him; then many persons came rushing into the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIAL OF THE GRANDFATHER.

A MURDER! How eagerly the public drink in the particulars! The news of Herbert's death—or rather murder—for nobody but little Kate and her grandmother believed to the contrary—spread rapidly over the metropolis, and created a great sensation—for Herbert, it was well known, was a great favorite in the fashionable world.

Kate—now his widow—with her old love still strong in her heart, gave way to a burst of passionate grief. She heaped reproaches on herself and servant, and accused the latter of having accelerated his death.

"Then he did not commit ——" The word trembled—for in her heart she accused herself of having goaded him to death.

"It does not appear likely!"

"Do murderers ever escape?" she asked, sharply.

"Sometimes! Money can do anything!"

"And this ——"

"Is poor—miserably poor!"

That same morning Kate drove to the chambers of the most eminent criminal counsel at the bar, and secured his services to co-operate with the counsel for the crown in the prosecution. She thirsted for the life of the prisoner.

The day of trial came, and she was present; but never once until the end of the proceedings did she lift her eyes to the prisoner's face. She was absorbed in the evidence, and as link by link fixed the guilt on the prisoner, she began gradually to throw off the impression that she had in any way been accessory to her husband's death.

The evidence was circumstantial, but strong.

The appearance of little Kate in the witness-box created a profound sensation. Her grand-parent had solemnly adjured her to speak nothing but the truth—and such an injunction with her was sacred.

As she faced the jury, a thrill of sympathy pervaded every bosom.

She was known as the grandchild of the accused, and to possess knowledge that could but deepen the charges against him. This of itself was enough to enlist the generous impulses of a people more keenly

alive than any on earth to the claims and dependencies of womanhood. But the shrinking modesty of her demeanor—the exquisite purity of her loveliness—her youth—the innate refinement that breathed about her like an atmosphere—all conspired to make her an object of generous pity. There was not a face present, even to the officers, that did not exhibit some sign of this feeling when the first view of her features was obtained. The face in which this tender compassion beamed most eloquently was that of the old prisoner. For the first time that day tears came into his eyes; but when her glance was turned upon him a look that pleaded for strength and for pardon, eloquently as eyes ever pleaded to a human soul, the grandfather answered it with a smile that kindled up her pale face as if an angel had passed by, which no one had the power to see, save her and the old man.

She touched her lips to the sacred volume, and turned with a look of angelic obedience towards the judges. When the prosecuting attorney commenced his examination, she answered his questions with a degree of modest dignity that checked any desire he might have felt to excite or annoy her with useless interrogations. Nothing could be more absorbing than the attention paid to every word that dropped from her lips. She spoke low, and faltered a little now and then; but the tones of her voice were so sadly sweet—the tears seemed so close to her eyes without reaching them—that even the judges and the jury leaned forward to catch those tones, rather than break them by a request that she should speak louder.

When she left the box, duty gave way to nature, and she fell into a strong hysterical fit.

The summing up was against the prisoner, and very speedily the awful verdict of guilty was recorded. When the old man was asked the usual question previous to passing sentence, he merely solemnly denied his guilt. His musical voice reached Kate's ear, and then for the first time she looked at him; but no sooner had she done so, than she seemed frozen into stone. The prisoner regarded her with mournful tenderness.

After a moment in which something of doubt mingled with its corpse-like pallor, the face of the woman took an expression of almost terrible affright. Her pale lips quivered; her eyes distended with wild brilliancy. She lifted one hand that shook like an aspen, and swept it across her eyes once, twice, as if to clear their vision. She did not attempt to speak; the sight of that old man chilled her through, body and soul. She seemed freezing into marble.

Presently she arose and left the court, preserving the same strong demeanor. The next morning Kate Herbert stood face to face with her father in the prison cell.

He had been reading, and had laid the old Bible on the bed by his side, as the noise of her approach disturbed him. His steel-mounted spectacles were still before his eyes, dimmed it may be, by traces of tears, shed unconsciously—for he could not distinguish clearly through them; and with a motion so familiar that it made her tremble, he folded them up and placed them within the pages of the book.

She paused motionless, after taking one step into the room, and but for the shiver of her silk dress, which the trembling of her limbs disturbed, as the leaves are shaken in autumn, she might have been a draped statue, her face and hands were so marble like.

The old man looked at her, and she at him. He did not attempt to speak, and a single word died on her lip again and again, without giving forth a sound. At length that one word broke forth, and rushed like an arrow from her heart to his:

"Father!"

It was the first word that her infant lips had ever uttered. The old man was blinded by it. He saw nothing of the stately, pale woman, the gleaming eyes, the rich drapery; but a little girl some twelve months old, seemed to have crept to his knees. He saw the ringlet of soft golden hair, the large blue eyes, the little dimpled shoulder peeping out from its calico dress. He reached forth his hands to press them down upon these pretty shoulders, for the vision was palpable as life. They descended upon the bowed head of the woman—for she had fallen crouching to his feet. He drew those hands back with a moan. The innocent child had vanished—the prostrate woman was there.

"Father!"

He held his hands one instant, quivering like withered leaves over her head, and then dropped them gently down upon her shoulders.

"My daughter!"

Then came a rush of tears, a wild clinging of arms, a shaking of silken garments, and deep sobs, that seemed like the parting of soul and body.

Kate clung to her father. She laid her cold face upon his knees, and drew herself up to his bosom.

"Forgive me—oh, my father, forgive me!"

The old man lifted her gently in his arms, and seated her upon the bed. He took off her bonnet, and smoothed the rich hair it had concealed between his hands.

"And so you have come home again, my child?"

"Home!"

She looked around the cell, and then into the eyes of her father.

"I have given you this home—I, who have sought for you—prayed—prayed, father—not as you pray, but madly, wildly prayed for one look—one word! Pardon—pardon! I have got it—I see it! You pardon me with your eyes, my father! But oh, how wretched I am—I, who gave you a home like this!"

"No—not you, but God!" answered the old man.

"I knew from the first that our Father who is in heaven had not afflicted His servant for nothing! All will be well at last, Kate!"

"But you will die! Even to-day will they sentence you!"

"I know it, and am ready—for now I begin to see how wisely God has willed that the last remnant of an old man's life shall be the restoration of his child!"

"But you are innocent, and they will kill you!"

"They cannot kill more than this old body, my child! Even now it feels the breath of eternity. What though the withered leaf is shaken a moment earlier from its bough?"

Kate held her breath and gazed upon her father, filled with strange awe. The quiet tone, the gentle resignation in his words, tranquillised her like music. She could not realise that he was to die. Her soul was flooded with love; her eyes answered back the holy affection that beamed in his. For that moment she was happy. Her childhood came softly back; she forgot her own sin alike with her father's danger.

"Now," said the old man, "tell me all that I do not know! By what means has God sent you here?"

At these words Kate half arose; all the joy went out from her face; her eyes dropped—the lines about her mouth hardened again. She attempted to look up, failed, and with both hands shrouded her guilty features.

"How much do you know?" she inquired, in a hoarse voice.

Let a veil be drawn over this interview between the erring child and the doomed but innocent parent. The aged mother received back her child with a transport of affection.

He was not strong enough to keep them apart. Their arms were interwoven; they clung together, filling the cell with soft murmurs and smothered sobs. Broken syllables of endearment—all the pathetic language with which heart speaks to heart, in defiance of words, gave power to the scene. Remember, reader, it was a mother meeting her only child—her sinful, erring child—for the first time in years. They met in a prison, with death-shadows all around. Was it wonderful that, forgiving, forgetting, they clung together? or that the turnkey, as he looked in, felt the tears bathing his cheek?

It is a mercy that intense feeling has its limits, else a scene like this might have broken the two hearts that rushed together, as torrents meet in a storm. Their arms unlocked at length, and the two women only held by each other from weakness.

"And this is my child—my little Kate!" said the daughter, turning her eyes upon the young girl, who stood by, troubled and amazed by all she saw.

She bent forward, and would have kissed the girl, but the old man interposed again solemnly, almost sternly.

"Not yet! The lip must be purified, the kiss made holy, which touches the forehead of this innocent one!"

"I will go, father—I will go! This is bitter, but perhaps just! I will go while I have the strength."

Kate left the cell: but it was only to use all the influence of her wealth and position in procuring at least a mitigation of the sentence—but it was useless; all that she could procure was a respite for a fortnight.

That time she devoted to her father, and he spent his last hours in instilling into her mind principles of virtue and purity. They prayed together as they had done in childhood, and the well-spring deep in her heart gushed forth sweetly again. Two days before the one fixed for the execution, the old man—after blessing his wife and children—turned his face to the wall, and with a prayer on his lips fell asleep, and never awoke again. The old woman followed in a few weeks, and then Kate Herbert, abandoning the walks of fashion, wrapped herself up in her intense love for her child, and was never seen or heard of in the metropolis again.

A Turkish Emperor's Fear of Music.

AMID the bright constellations of genius which irradiated the era of the Reformation, Solyman the Second, the Turkish Emperor, claims a distinguished station. The following curious and authentic anecdote records the opinion of this great warrior, that musical sounds had a tendency to enervate the military ardor of a soldier's mind. In the memoirs of M. de la Forêt, ambassador from Francis I. to Solyman, for the purpose of concluding a treaty between these two princes in the year 1543, it is related that the king, designing to gratify his new ally, sent him a band of the most accomplished musicians, imagining such a present worthy the acceptance of the Sultan. Solyman received them with great politeness, and was entertained by them with three different concerts at his palace, in presence of his whole court. He confessed that he was extremely well pleased with the music, but having observed that it tended to enervate his mind, he concluded by his own feelings that it may probably make a still greater impression upon those of his courtiers. He greatly applauded the musicians; nevertheless, apprehensive that music might occasion, in consequence of its establishment, as much disorder in his empire as would be caused by a permission of the use of wine, he sent them back with a handsome reward, after having ordered all their instruments to be broken, with a prohibition against any musicians settling in his dominions under pain of death. Solyman thoroughly believed it to be a stroke of policy in Francis the First, for he told the French ambassador that he imagined his master had sent him this amusement to divert him from the business of war, just as the Greeks presented the Persians with the game of chess to slacken their military ardor.

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.—In referring to what is called mind or instinct of dogs and other animals, full justice, we think, has never been rendered to the Simia or monkey tribe. Their tricks and dexterity have been amusing; but their extraordinary talent, sagacity, and intuitive perception have been, in a measure, slighted by naturalists generally. A monkey, or half baboon, belonging to one of our national vessels, was a remarkable instance of this kind of quickness or perception. Being a favorite, a number was assigned to him to take his grog with the seamen; thus when the hands were called to receive their liquor, they came up by number; the monkey had number four, but in following in Indian file the sailors frequently shoved him out of the ranks, and the sutler would call number three and then number five. After all had drank their liquor, and some four or five hundred had departed, he would sing out the missing number four, when down came the monkey from the rigging the moment his number was called to get his share of the grog, which he would drink out of a tea-cup, take a piece of tobacco from any one offering to put it in his mouth, and ascend the shrouds. A singular circumstance once occurred which strongly marked all the characteristics of human sagacity and passion. The boys, as it was the custom, were "piped for mischief," for play and skylarking, and while amusing themselves, some twenty lads in a ring, the monkey sprang from the rattling in the midst of them. He passed round the ring, looking intently in the face of every boy; at length he stopped full before one, and springing at him, bit him severely in each cheek, his fine teeth passing through the flesh, bringing with it a stream of blood; he then ran up the shrouds. The doctor was immediately sent for, and after applying proper remedies to the wounds, the captain asked the boy what he had done to the monkey. After some hesitation, he admitted that a few weeks since, while swabbing the decks, he had thrown a pail of water over the monkey, who, it seems, postponed his revenge until he could recognise the boy distinctly among all his messmates. This clearly is mind—call it sagacity, or what you please.

TAKING IT IN TURNS.—An apologist for the old system of education, states by way of argument, that the foundation has turned out a great many good scholars. This seems to us both illogical and absurd, for if any scholars deserved turning out, they were surely the bad ones.

A REVOLVING MIND.—We read that a Russian prisoner took a fancy to a Colt's revolver, and purchased one accordingly. It turned out, however, to be a colt that he was not permitted to rear; for in order to restrain the purchaser's fiery nature, it was deemed prudent to take arms out of his hands.

Those who are constrained to solicit for assistance are really to be pitied; those who receive it without, are to be envied; but those who bestow it unasked, are to be admired.

Outlines of Popular Science.

Continued from p. 115.

The tendency of volatile fluids thus to distribute themselves was illustrated by the lecturer very prettily, as follows.—Having taken a wooden tray, about three inches deep and two feet square, Professor Faraday placed in its middle point a piece of sponge, dipped in ether, and from which a heavy, but invisible vapor was continuously given off.

For the purpose of demonstrating this evolution, nothing more is requisite than to bring the flame of a taper successively to each of the corners of the tray, when the vapor will ignite with a flash, and gradually progressing towards the sponge, will set the latter on fire. Here the evolution and distribution of an aeriform substance is made evident. It so happens that the vapor of ether can be readily condensed; hence we simply term it a vapor; had it obstinately resisted condensation, it would have come under the denomination of a gas.

The gradual progression from a vapor, ordinarily so called, to a gas, is beautifully evidenced in the series of the three bodies, iodine, bromine, and chlorine. Iodine is very much like black-lead in appearance; bromine is a red looking fluid, and chlorine is, as we have seen, a gas. Yet the two former may be readily converted into the vaporous, or gaseous state, proving their similarity in this respect with the latter.

Mr. Faraday illustrated the readiness with which iodine might be converted into a gaseous form, by this very pretty experiment. Having suspended a bell-glass over the chimney (Fig. 17.) of a little furnace, a portion of solid iodine was thrown upon the fire of the furnace, when being immediately vaporized, the vapor ascended into the bell-glass, where it might be recognised by its beautiful violet color.

This vapor of iodine requires artificial heat for its creation and maintenance; therefore, it soon condenses on the sides of the glass bell, and hence it is not, according to ordinary expression, a gas. We have described the exact experiment performed by the lecturer; and a very beautiful means of displaying the violet colored vapor of iodine to a class, it is. Perhaps, however, mere chemical amateurs would experience some difficulty in making the necessary arrangements; therefore it may be well to mention, for their advantage, that the peculiar tint of iodine vapor may be exceedingly well displayed on the small scale, by putting a few fragments of crystallized iodine into a hot Florence flask.

The substance, bromine, which, in its general properties, very much resembles iodine and chlorine, naturally occurs as a liquid; thus approaching one step nearer than iodine to the condition of a gas. If a drop of it be put into a hot phial, the latter will at once become pervaded with a beautiful ruby red vapor, the escape of which should be prevented by closing the phial with a cork. Indeed, when operating with chlorine, iodine, or bromine, the young chemist should take especial care not to allow any escape, inasmuch as all these substances, when breathed are exceedingly irritating to the lungs.

But all this is a digression. Let us not forget that our theme at present is oxygen:—chlorine, iodine, and bromine have come in collaterally, and have been treated of indirectly; let us now return to oxygen once more.

We have learned that it is in virtue of oxygen present that atmospheric air supports combustion; we have learned that oxygen is a simple body; and we have learned that chlorate of potash, from which oxygen can be extracted, is not a simple body, but is a compound of oxygen, chlorine, and potassium.

Let us now contemplate the strange power manifested by chemical force or chemical affinity. Oxygen, when separately procured, is always a gas; chlorine ordinarily a gas; yet in chlorate of potash the two are reduced to a solid condition. "No mechanical power known to us could have effected so great a compression—so great a change," remarked Professor Faraday, "as is here the result of chemical force. But," continued the lecturer, "I must tell you all what we mean by chemical force, for I have no right to assume that you understand its meaning until explained to you. First, then," remarked he, "let us begin by asking ourselves what is the meaning of the word force in its most general

acceptation? If I take a nail it is evident that by driving I can force it into this piece of wood lying before me, and whether I use for the driving operation an iron hammer or a brick, or a mass of lead, or a wooden mallet, still the effect is one and the same; in either case the nail is driven into the wood. This gives you the idea of force—of mechanical force—the kind of force with which you are all familiar; but there are other forces besides this, the most extraordinary being chemical force. To illustrate the nature of which, let us appeal to the hammer, (of iron,) the lead, the brick, and the wooden mallet. Beginning with the latter, you all know what would happen if I were to put it into the fire; the mallet, like any other piece of wood similarly circumstanced, would burn; and this burning or combustion is the result and the evidence of a chemical force. We now begin to have some gleaming of the distinction between mechanical and chemical force; whether I use the iron hammer, the wooden mallet, the leaden mass, or the brick, I in every case succeeded in driving my nail, this result being due to the agency of mechanical force; but, as regards chemical force, we shall soon begin to see distinctions. Wood will burn when put into a fire. What will iron do? the iron hammer? It will not burn when thus circumstanced, some of you may think; else why do not iron pokers burn, iron tongs and shovels, or even iron grates? Form no hasty conclusions. I shall presently show you, by proper contrivances, that iron is susceptible of burning even more brilliantly than wood—nay, even a lump of iron will burn in a coal fire, provided the heat applied will be sufficient; and while on this point, let me advise you, the next time you are near a forge, to ask the blacksmith to let you see how well an iron bar can be made to burn at welding heat. When taken in this condition from the fire, it throws off brilliant sparks in every direction, the result of vivid combustion. There are other means besides this of accomplishing the combustion of iron, one of the most simple of which is as follows:—I take a file, and holding the hammer over the flame of a spirit lamp, (the flame of a common candle would do,) I file off some particles, and allow them to fall into the flame of a candle, or, still better, of a spirit-lamp; see how well they burn. In like manner, if I take the sieve as fitted up for the lycodium experiment, and sift some iron or steel filings into the flame of a spirit-lamp, how magnificent is the combustion which ensues."

It appears, then, that following the lecturer's demonstrations, we have clearly proved the fact that iron will burn if it be brought (under proper circumstances) in contact with a supporter of combustion—indeed, will burn even more brilliantly than wood, as our young readers may easily try, by substituting saw-dust instead of iron filings. But what shall we say of lead? Will it burn? Aye, and violently too, as will presently be seen. Let not any chemical tyro think that lead is termed by chemists a combustible, by courtesy, so to speak; that it can be forced to burn after a fashion. On the contrary; give it but the conditions which please it, and lead becomes a ready, a powerful, a violent combustible. "And yet how little do we consider this," remarked the lecturer. "How little do we dream that the metal which we use so extensively for so many purposes; the metal with which we cover our houses, line our chests, sheath our floors, and apply to such a number of domestic ends, is endowed with a powerfully combusive force?" And thus it is. Wonderful are the powers with which all forms of matter are endowed; of these the common observer only sees a few. To the chemist is opened by his experiments a host of new qualities, bespeaking the power, the beneficence of the Deity. Happily, perhaps, these qualities are hidden from the non-instructed gaze. They would oppress with fear and trembling.

Professor Faraday, in order to illustrate the combustibility of lead under proper conditions, did as follows:—He showed to his audience a glass tube, which contained some lead in a very finely-divided state—much finer than it could be made by rasping, or any mechanical means. He now broke off one end of the tube, and poured its contents (that is to say, lead mixed with a little charcoal) on the table, when immediately the lead took fire, and set fire to the charcoal also. Professor Faraday showed this experiment without telling his audience how the lead got into the closed tube, or how the very finely divided state was accomplished. This information was not exactly to the point of his remarks. He desired to illustrate the existence of a power, but did not leave his main subject for the purpose of giving details of an operation. As we are making

thus a working abstract, however, we will, in an appendix to the present report, give full directions for the performance of this very pretty experiment.

Meantime, let us furnish the demonstration of the variety of chemical force with which different bodies are endowed. Wood, iron, lead, are all endowed with the force or power of combustibility, as we have seen. One substance of one form yet remains to be examined, the brick. Now this, try it as we will, is totally incombustible.

The simple experiment of driving a nail into a piece of wood by means of a mallet, an iron hammer, a piece of lead, and a brick respectively, has been the means of showing how all these substances are endowed with one sort of mechanical force, although four variations of chemical force are recognised, one for each substance, as evidenced by the four different peculiarities of combustion. One point, and a very great point of difference between mechanical and chemical force, is this: mechanical force depends on the mass or weight of the substance employed; chemical force, not on the mass or weight, but on a state of very fine division—on a state of little particles. Thus we should in vain try to drive a nail with a particle of iron-filing, although a mass of iron, such as a hammer, drives it easily. On the other hand, a mass of iron does not readily burn, although a particle of iron-filing burns with facility. Again, we have seen that lead, in order to burn, requires to be divided even more finely than any filing can accomplish. Thus we might go through the whole of chemistry, or rather go as far as our brief span of life permits, and prove that chemical force is not exerted between masses, but particles.

Let us, therefore, conclude by telling our young readers how to get finely divided lead into a glass tube closed at both ends!

This seems no easy matter at first glance, but it becomes easy, just as all other things come easy, when we know the way.

Now we suppose most people know how an apple gets into an apple dumpling, although it is stated that this problem even has puzzled some. However, we will suppose our readers universally to be well aware that the apple got in when the dumpling crust was soft dough; which fact being known, they may easily comprehend how lead or anything else may be got into a crust of glass, provided only the glass can be reduced to a state of doughy consistency—a condition most easily effected by means of heat.

To proceed then with our experiment. Procure some goulard-extract, and throw into it some tartaric acid, dissolved in water, until nothing more falls down, or, to use a chemical term, until all is precipitated. That which falls is tartrate of lead. Collect it on a filter of blotting-paper, and set it in a warm place to dry.

Whilst it is drying, proceed as follows:—Procure a piece of English flint glass tube, (which is the sort that most readily melts,) somewhat of this diameter and thickness. A thicker piece, or a tube of larger bore, a young beginner in chemistry could not manage to work. Let the piece be about eight inches long.

Next light the spirit-lamp, having trimmed the wick in such a manner as to yield a good flame. Hold the tube in the flame and near its point, somewhat about three inches from one end of the tube. Whilst the tube is thus exposed to the heat, never allow it to rest for an instant, but keep revolving it, pulling at the same time. Very soon the tube will assume this appearance, which, when observed, the two pieces of the tube (1) and (2) respectively being twisted in reverse directions, and a final pull being given, No. 2 will separate like this—That is to say, closed at one end, open at the other. Allow it to cool. When cold, put in the tartrate of lead, (provided it be quite dry,) and when in, carefully draw out the tube like this—that is to say, permitting a very fine tube to remain at the point (a.) Next apply

the spirit-lamp flame to the tartrate as long as any smoke escapes, by which means the tartrate of lead is what chemists term decomposed, every portion of it except lead and charcoal resulting from the operation being evolved in the gaseous form.

To be continued.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.

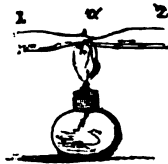


Fig. 19.

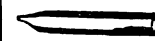


Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.

Practical Instructions in the Art of Photography.

CHAPTER III.

8. **LIGHT**—the agent by which we are enabled to depict nature or art with an accuracy that baffles the most experienced artist—is derived from the sun. True it is that there are other sources of light; but photographers have nothing to do with them—they must only confine their attention to solar light, and the chemical changes it produces.

9. You observe the glorious sun, which

"Was given to quicken slumbering nature,
And lead the seasons' slow vicissitudes
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;"

how it pours forth its beams,

"Dispensing life and light on every side;
Brightening the mountain cataract, dimly spied
Through glittering mist, opening each dew-gemmed flower.
Or touching, in some hamlet, far described,
Its spiral wreaths of smoke that upward tower."

And yet you know little of the nature of a sunbeam. No doubt, you think that you *do* know what a sunbeam is; but we question it—nay, are almost certain that you do not. Ah! we were correct. Well, then, to explain:—A solar beam of light is a bundle of rays,* each of which possesses distinctive characters, both as regards their chemical functions and colors, which you may very easily prove in some respects at present, but more fully hereafter.

10. We have found that a sunbeam is a compound—at least it has been stated that such is the case; for Sir Isaac Newton proved that the white light emitted from the sun is not so simple as it appears, but is composed of the most vivid colors and tints that can be imagined. However, we will examine for ourselves, by performing the beautiful experiment called "Newton's Analysis of Light." [Experiment 1.] You observe that we have a prism (*b c*, Fig. 1), or triangular mass of glass, which is so contrived that it may be adjusted to any angle, or placed in any position we may require. This is not absolutely necessary, because the prism may be held in the hand; but as we wish to have both our hands free, we have arranged the apparatus as you observe. We will now close the shutters of the room, and admit a ray of light either by boring a hole in the shutters or separating them a little. [The ray of light (*a e*, Fig. 1), is admitted into the darkened room by means of a hole (*a*) in the shutter.] You see that the space between the shutter and ourselves is traversed by the sunbeam or ray of light, which appears to cause little particles of dust to dance in the atmosphere of the room. This appearance, however, is due to the illuminating power of the

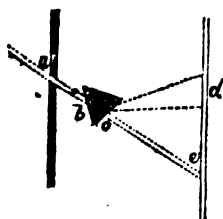


Fig. 1.

sunbeam contrasting with the other darkened or non-illuminated space in the room, as it renders the small particles of dust floating in the air visible; but as the surrounding space is not illuminated by the solar light, we cannot distinguish the floating particles of dust; neither can we do so in the same room when *entirely* lighted, because there is no surrounding dark space to contrast with, or form a background, as it were, to the sunbeam. As soon as the prism (*b c*, Fig. 1) is placed in the path of the sunbeam, so as to allow it to fall on one of its angles (*b*), the ray will be refracted, or bent out of its course, so as to pass towards the back of the prism (as in the line *d*), and not in the same line (*a e*) that it would otherwise have done, had not the prism been interposed. There is another effect, however takes place; for you observe that an elongated delicately-colored image is formed upon the wall (*d e*); and if you stand at a short distance from the prism you will see that these colors are spread out into a triangular form, the base of which is on the wall, and the apex, or point of origin, at the back (*c*) of the prism. We will remove the prism, and observe what takes place. [Does so.] Now, you see that the splendid display of colors upon the wall has disappeared, and a round spot of white light (*e*) is seen below the place occupied by the solar spectrum.

11. The colored image you saw upon the wall is called the *prismatic* or *solar*



Fig. 2.

spectrum, which, according to Sir Isaac Newton, is composed of seven different colors (see Fig. 2). The color at the lower portion of the image, or that nearest to the round white spot (*e*), which appeared on the wall when the prism was removed, is of a red color, and the one at the other end is of a violet color; the whole intermediate parts being occupied by five other colors, and the whole arranged thus:

Top.
Violet.
Indigo.
Blue.
Green.
Yellow.
Orange.
Red.
Bottom.

The red ray is the least, and the violet the most refracted of this chromatic image.* If the spectrum be divided into 360 equal parts, corresponding with the 360 degrees of a circle, the prismatic colors will be found to occupy the following number of parts:

Violet, - - - -	80 parts.
Indigo, - - - -	10 "
Blue, - - - -	60 "
Green, - - - -	60 "
Yellow, - - - -	48 "
Orange, - - - -	27 "
Red, - - - -	45 "
	360

Since Newton's time various experiments have been instituted by many philosophers, who have detected other rays; for instance, a *crimson* or *extreme red* ray has been discovered below the red ray, by examining the solar spectrum through a deep blue glass; and Sir John Herschel observed a *lavender* ray, beyond the violet ray, by throwing the spectrum upon a piece of yellow paper. Mr. Stokes has proved the existence of an extra spectral ray far beyond the violet; but, as we have remarked before, our consideration of light does not extend beyond its practical use to photographers, and therefore we do not intend to discuss the science of optics in the full sense, but merely to become familiar with those facts that will prove serviceable to us in our future researches.

12. Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that white light was composed of seven primary rays, each possessed of a certain degree of refrangibility, or capability of being turned out of its natural course; and he also considered that the color of a ray indicated its angle of refraction. Sir David Brewster has demonstrated that the seven *primary colors*, as Sir Isaac Newton called the rays of the solar spectrum, are not primary, but that only three of them are so—viz., blue, yellow, and red; the rest are compounds of the three primary colors, which form the spectrum by overlapping each other.

13. [Experiment 2.] If we take a disc of cardboard (Fig. 3, and D D, Fig. 4), and divide it into seven parts, each of which is painted with one of the colors of the solar spectrum, and affix it to an axis (*A*, Fig. 4) which passes through a stand, and is caused to revolve very rapidly by pulling a string (*S*) wound around the axis; the colors will blend, so that the impression made upon the retina by one color is not stronger than that made by any of the others. It was thought that white light was the result; but this was proved to be an error by pasting a small strip of white paper across the indigo, blue, or any

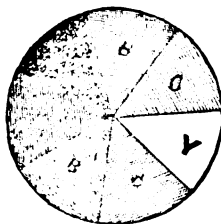


Fig. 3.

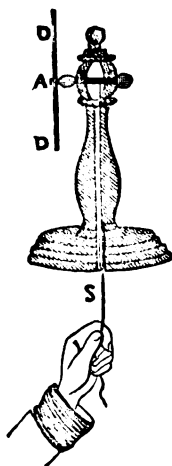


Fig. 4.

* Fraunhofer measured the length of each of these rays with great care, and has stated the following to be the result of his investigations:—

Violet, - - - -	109
Indigo, - - - -	47
Blue, - - - -	48
Green, - - - -	46
Yellow, - - - -	27
Orange, - - - -	27
Red, - - - -	56
Total length, - -	360

other dark-colored segment, when it will be found that the color caused by the revolution of the disc, contrasted with the white paper, is anything but white. Although somewhat out of place, we may remark, that if the electric light be employed to illuminate the disc during its rapid revolutions, the seven colors will be distinctly visible.

To be continued.

THE HOME OF THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."—The entrance-hall at Abbotsford is not very large, but is beautiful, and tastefully hung with armor, antlers, weapons, and interesting relics from many lands. But after the guide pointed to a glass case, which contained the suit of clothes last worn by Sir Walter, I saw nothing beside in this apartment. These brought the picture of the grand old man, worn down and broken before his time, with wondrous vividness before me. I could see him as he tottered about his grounds, or sat in the shade of some favorite tree, with his faithful Willie Laidlaw—the great soul light in his eye dimmed with deepening mists, and his gigantic genius shrunken into a babe's bounded and bewildered capacity. I could see on his worn brow the troubled struggle of memory and thought, in his eyes the faint momentary gleaming of the old inspiration; but by the sweet, mournful smile of his wan lips, I could see—ah! nothing more, for the real tears which rained from my eyes seemed to hide the unreal picture of my fancy. In the beautiful little study in which the great novelist wrote many of his works, I felt the air surcharged with the living magnetism of his genius. So near he seemed, so strangely recent his presence, so inevitable his speedy return, my mind grew bewildered, and my heart beat hurriedly and half expectantly. My very senses obeyed the strong illusion of my excited imagination. I looked towards the door by which he used to enter. I listened, and spoke low. I dared not approach his writing-table and sit in his chair, for fear he might surprise me when he should come in. But, oh, how soon passed over my heart the chill returning wave of recollection, of reason! Gone, gone for ever—dust, dust, these twenty years! The library, drawing and dining-rooms, are very elegant apartments, commanding some charming views. There are several fine pictures, by foreign artists, collected by Sir Walter; but of more interest to me were the family portraits. Of these there are two of the poet, taken in his early boyhood, wonderfully like those painted in his manhood and old age. There is a handsome full-length likeness of the last Sir Walter, and several portraits of his sister, Mrs. Lockhart, whose son is present master of Abbotsford. Of all the weapons curious and memorable in the armory, of all the valuable relics, I was most moved by the sight of the pistols of Napoleon, Rob Roy's gun, and the sword of Montrose.—*Grace Greenwood.*

FRENCH LITERARY WOMEN.—To this day Madame de Sévigné remains the single instance of a woman who is supreme in a class of literature which has engaged the ambition of men; Madame Dacier still reigns the queen of blue-stockings, though women have long studied Greek without shame; Madame de Staël's name still rises first to the lips when we are asked to mention a woman of great intellectual power; Madame Roland is still the unrivalled type of the sagacious and sternly heroic, yet loveable woman; George Sand is the unapproached artist who, to Jean Jacques' eloquence and deep sense of external nature, unites the clear delineation of character and the tragic depth of passion. These great names, which mark different epochs, soar like tall pines amidst a forest of less conspicuous, but no less fascinating, female writers; and beneath these again are spread, like a thicket of hawthorns, eglantines, and honeysuckles, the women who are known rather by what they stimulated men to write than by what they wrote themselves—the women whose tact, wit, and personal radiance created the atmosphere of the *salon* where literature, philosophy, and science, emancipated from the trammels of pedantry and technicality, entered on a brighter stage of existence.

NEW DISCOVERY AT ASSYRIA.—Mr. W. K. Loftus, who is exploring Assyria and the ruins of Babylon, writes from Mossoul:—"I have discovered a palace twenty feet below the level of any that has yet been found, and have disinterred some specimens of the most exquisite Assyrian sculpture. No comparison can be made between the sculptures now discovered and those previously found. The figures are in high relief, and closely resemble nature. The design is full of force and life, the execution wonderful, and the finish of the details carried to perfection."

A justice of the peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.

* A ray of light is the smallest portion of light which can emanate from a luminous body; and although generally represented by a mathematical line, it is really an infinitesimal pyramid.

Indian Impostors and Jugglers.

THE East has long been famous, or rather infamous, for the abundance of people inhabiting it who by greater expertness or sagacity than their neighbors—by the force of legerdemain—have exercised supreme control over the superstitious intellects of those who were not equally expert in sleight of hand, or skilled in the science of chemistry. Some few of these impostors have appeared and vanished without any feasible clue having been ever discovered to the extraordinary and marvellous feats performed by them in the presence of wondering multitudes; others again have held the palm for weeks, and months, and years; but eventually the penetrating sagacity of educated Europeans has unmasked their villainy, and exposed them to the derision and scorn of the more enlightened. By far the greater proportion of the natives, however, persevered in their blind belief that these impostors were possessed of supernatural powers. It is true they never gave to them the attributes of deities, they never actually worshipped them; but they feared them as evil spirits, and under this baneful influence pandered to their wants.

India has been the field of several great impositions; but amongst them none were ever productive of more startling effects than the two I am now about to relate. The first of these was called "THE MAN THAT SAT IN THE AIR," and the time of his appearance and sway was about the year 1833, or thereabouts. Madras was the theatre of this performance.

There was a startling simile made use of by a lunatic, who once issued a fulminating pamphlet against some imaginary enemy, in which he said that if a "buffalo could stand in the air," then he, the lunatic, was contented to acknowledge that he was wrong. Not one whit less startling, and much more to the purpose, was the announcement made in the Madras "Male Asylum Herald," a paper now many years defunct, that Apoosawmy Raghavah, or some such outlandish name, a brahmin of high caste, had undertaken, for a stipulated consideration, to appear before the governor and council, and as many friends and spectators as chose to assemble, seated cross-legged and tailor-fashion, for the space of half an hour in the air!

At first people were inclined to think that the whole matter was a hoax, and that the advertisement had been inserted by some thoughtless wag. That such was not the case, however, very shortly appeared; for in the official gazette a card was issued, inviting civil, military, and medical servants, and indeed all the English gentlemen at the presidency, to assemble at a given hour on a certain day to see a man sit in the air. Now many and many a person well remembered the hoax often played at home of advertising a horse with his head where his tail ought to be, and similar foolish takes-in; but all such mysteries dwindled into insignificance in comparison with the man sitting in the air. Jones, the first judge of the Sudher Dewanee Adawlet, wrote to Smith, the collector of Chinleput, and urged him to be present to witness the novel spectacle. All who could get away from stations within a hundred miles of the presidency hastened to Madras to glut their curiosity; and amongst the whole mass, I really believe that there was barely a single individual who would not sooner have rather believed that the moon, to use a nursery simile, was made of green cheese than credit for a moment the possibility of the brahmin fulfilling his task.

Expectation was on tiptoe; all Madras, from the governor-general down to his meanest palkee-bearer, longed for the hour when this marvellous spectacle was to be revealed to them. When the day at length arrived, the entrance to the governor's gardens was thronged with carriages and horsemen.

A sumptuous breakfast commenced the entertainment, and, whilst the governor and his guests were inside feasting on the fat of the land, the brahmin himself made a light repast off a platter of rice smothered in ghee, winding up with half a dozen red plantains.

By-and-by, the band in front of the government house struck up the national anthem. His excellency and staff, all cocked hats and feathers, with a hundred other officers in the varied and beautiful uniforms of the East India Company, took up their position under an extensive awning, where a detachment of orderlies was perpetually on duty, fanning the guests with huge Indian fans.

With the utmost confidence the brahmin walked into the centre of a space kept open expressly for the purpose, and making a very low salaam to the spectators, he commenced operations. There were only two men in his retinue, but these were Pilewahnas, men of herculean strength and nerve, trained from their infancy to feats of strength, whose sinews almost protruded from their flesh. These came forward and salaamed also; when, having obtained

that completely denuded the pole, revealing to the astounded multitudes the remarkable and extraordinary phenomenon of a man sitting cross-legged in the air. There was no mistake about it; and although old gentlemen took off their spectacles and wiped them again and again, it was only to see the clearer this marvellous apparition.

Only the Brahmin's right hand rested upon the summit of the pole; all the rest of his body was separated from it at more than elbow length, and yet his position was apparently as free and easy as though he were sitting upon the most substantial boards, or the still more substantial earth, in lieu of light and unresisting air. There he sat cross-legged, counting the beads of a rosary in his left hand, and staring unconcernedly with both eyes straight into his excellency's face.

For the first few seconds after the cloth had been removed, the whole mass of spectators seemed too much awe-stricken and astonished even to permit themselves to breathe. As, however, they became convinced that their eyes were looking upon a reality, and not a delusion, the whole air was rent

with acclamations of wonderment and surprise, whilst every European present declared it to be the most complete and the cleverest imposition that had ever been practised in India; nor could the most scientific amongst them surmise for a moment any cause or means, save the most extraordinary nervous agency (and the brahmin looked too feeble to admit of this), which could possibly account for the spectacle; for, as has been already said, only the palm of the right hand rested, and that very gently, on the head of the pole, whilst with every ease and comfort the figure sat cross-legged at more than elbow distance.

Thus this man remained suspended in the air for full half an hour, and he offered to continue as long again, provided the spectators would pay him for it. The English, however, were too anxious to possess themselves of the pole used by him to admit of their brooking any further delay; besides which, from appearances, the man could sit there from morning till night without suffering the slightest inconvenience. Accordingly, it was intimated to the brahmin, that he had earned the promised reward, having accomplished the feat he undertook to perform; so that, making a low salaam with his disengaged hand, he summoned his assistants, who, with the precision of fishermen, flung the sheet over his head, and entering within the secrecy of its folds, took down in an inconceivably short space both pole and man.

The moment the party emerged from under the sheet, government peons seized upon

the governor's permission, they planted a pole firmly in the ground, the top of which might then be eight feet from the surface. Over this they threw a huge sheet, which constituted a species of tent, which tent helped entirely to exclude the operators from the anxious gaze of the spectators. A buzz of expectation passed from mouth to mouth of the multitudes that thronged and squeezed each other in their intense anxiety to witness the result; whilst two sturdy musicians, possessed of more wind and noise than the gift of music, raised hideous blasts upon a miserable horn and a badly-tuned cracked violoncello. The preparations occupied nearly ten minutes; and people who were looking earnestly, could discover that this temporary tent enlarged, as though some bulky body had been introduced, and at the same time materially gained in height.

At length the two Pilewahnas crept out from under the folds of the cloth, and announced to the multitudes that the propitious hour had arrived; whilst, hauling gently at the covering, which was of cloth of fine and light texture, they suddenly gave a jerk

them, and dragged them very unwillingly into the audience-hall. Here the pole was examined by several scientific men; it was struck, sounded, and searched for secret springs; but all in vain; it was evidently as hard and solid as rock. Neither the brahmin nor his assistants carried with them boxes or bags where anything bulky could be concealed, and it was considered impossible that any man could carry about his person sufficient machinery to account for the balancing. One civilian, however, suggested that the person of the brahmin should be searched; but this was unanimously objected to, on the score of its being a breach of faith, as it had been promised him that, owing to his high caste, he should be subjected to nothing that might be construed into an insult to his faith; and, as we all know, the very touch of other people is pollution to the brahmin. Accordingly, he received his promised premium, and withdrew, only to travel into the interior, and reap an immense harvest from the curiosity, credulity, and superstition of the people.



For a period there was nothing heard or talked of but this wonderful "man that sat in the air." Newspapers were full of him; private letters teemed about him; rajahs feted him; residents gave entertainments to witness his marvellous feat; in short, there was not such a great and indisputable lion to be found in India as this man that sat in the air.

The star of his fame thus long continued in the ascendant, till one day a Mr. Conway, a young Madras civilian intimated to the public that he could perform the same ceremony; and then the sage and wise of India were confirmed in their opinion that the feat must be attributable to some wonderful discovery in magnetism. It was, however, nothing of the kind, and Mr. C. published an account which made people wonder how they could ever have been so simple as not to guess at the truth long before.

In the first place, Mr. C. had a seat of brass constructed made of thin, strong brazen rods, in the shape of a right angled triangle. From the narrowest point a stout brass rod passed up as a support for his back, at the summit of which was a cross-bar made to measure the width of the back from shoulder to shoulder. From the right extremity of this cross-bar was extended a curved brass rod, fitting to the arm when in a bent position. This, by means of a stout ring firmly riveted into the end, was fixed upon the top of the pole, and constituted the whole machinery, every bit of which could be taken to pieces and put together. In European costume it was impossible to perform the feat; in the loose folds of an Oriental dress, however, the thing was easy, especially as a false covering extended over the bottom of the seat, corresponding in every respect to the loose wide folds of the Indian trousers.

Hearing that his trick was detected, the brahmin disappeared, leaving the field open for fresh tricksters; nor was it long vacant.

The next notorious impostor who created intense excitement and curiosity ought to have ranked even before the one already recorded, though it must be confessed that the brahmin was fond of an exalted position, whereas the one we are going to write about was very degraded in his aspirations, and very grovelling in his ambition. He undertook to be buried under ground, and to remain there any length of time without food, air, or nourishment of any kind. It was in the year 1838 that this burying faqueer, as he was called, aroused the attention of India by his extraordinary and cat-like tenacity of life under circumstances that would inevitably have destroyed vitality in any ordinary individual. The Hon. W. G. Osborne, military secretary to the mission dispatched to the court of Runjeet Sing, was an eye-witness of the exploits of this singular individual, and we cannot do better than quote a few extracts from the very interesting work of that gentleman.

"The monotony," writes Mr. Osborne, "of our camp life was broken this morning by the arrival of a very celebrated character in the Punjab. He is a faqueer by name, and is held in extraordinary respect by the Sikhs, from his alleged capacity of being able to bury himself alive for any period of time. Captain Wade (now Sir Charles Wade), political agent at Ludhiana, told me that he was present at his exhumation, after an interment of some months; General Ventura having buried him, in the presence of the maharajah and many of his principal sirdars; and as far as I can recollect, these were the particulars as witnessed by General Ventura. After going through a regular course of preparation, which occupied him some days, and the details of which are too disgusting to dilate upon, the faqueer reported himself ready for interment in a vault which had been prepared for the purpose by order of the maharajah. On the appearance of Runjeet and his court he proceeded to the final preparations that were necessary in their presence, and after stopping with wax his ears, and every other orifice through which it was possible for air to enter his body, except his mouth, he was stripped and placed in a linen bag; the last preparation consisted in turning his tongue back, and thus closing the gullet, whereupon he immediately died away into a sort of lethargy. The bag was then closed and sealed with the Runjeet's own seal, and afterwards placed in a small deal box, which was also locked and sealed. The box was then placed in a vault, the earth thrown in and trodden down, a crop of barley sown over the spot, and sentries placed round it. The maharajah was, however, very sceptical on the subject, and twice in the course of the ten months he remained under ground, sent people to dig him up, when he was found to be exactly in the same position, and still in a state of suspended animation.

"At the termination of the ten months, Captain Wade accompanied the maharajah to see him disinterred, who states that he examined him personally and minutely, and was convinced that all animation was perfectly suspended. He saw the locks opened and the seals broken by the maharajah, and the box brought into the open air. The man was then taken out, and on feeling his wrist and heart not the slightest pulsation was perceptible. The first thing towards restoring him to life was the forcing his tongue back to its proper position, which was done with some little difficulty by a person inserting his finger and forcibly pulling it back, and continuing to hold it until it gradually resumed its natural place.

"Captain Wade described the top of his head to have been considerably heated, but all other parts of the body were cool and healthy in appearance. Pouring a quantity of warm water over him constituted the only further measure for his restoration, and in two hours he was as well as ever."

After this well authenticated yet most marvellous case of suspended animation, one is almost disposed not to wonder at the legend of the seven sleepers, for never was there such a mockery of death. The facts have not, that the writer is aware, been explained on true philosophical grounds, but it appears almost incredible that some artifice was not resorted to to sustain vitality through so long and arduous a trial.

With these two examples we may complete the present paper illustrating the subtle ingenuity of the Hindoos, whose national character often exhibits an ability that only wants leading in the right direction to constitute them most useful members of society.

Hans Holbein.

BY LADY J. WHITE JERVIS.

HANS HOLBEIN, born in Basle, in 1498, received no other lessons in his art than those given to him by his father, a mediocre painter, originally from Augsburg, of whose talent there now remain no proofs. Gifted with the happiest disposition, he perfected himself merely by his own efforts, and saw his reputation slowly increase. After having produced several excellent paintings for amateurs, Holbein was employed in painting and decorating public edifices, in which he displayed remarkable talent. He painted a village dance for the fish market at Basle, and decorated the walls of the cemetery of the same town with his famous "Dance of Death"—an ingenious allegory, where he represented every condition of life; kings and shepherds; rich and poor; old and young. He executed, at the same time, for the Town Hall, "The Passion of Jesus," in eight compartments.

Although Holbein painted with his left hand, no style was foreign to him; he cultivated, with equal success, painting in fresco, in distemper, in oils, and even miniatures. He drew in pencil, and his pen-and-ink drawings show rare facility. It is impossible to judge of his life and of his tastes by the style of his painting. How, indeed, could it be imagined that the artist who appears to have had the patience to count all the hairs in the grey head of the famous Erasmus, and of the venerable Thos. More, was a prodigal, careless, joyous companion, and brave, even to temerity? Erasmus, who had allied himself in close friendship with him during his residence at Basle, endeavored to bring him back to a more regular line of conduct, and forwarded to him a copy of his "Praise of Folly." The painter, enchanted with the descriptions of the various kinds of folly traced by the able pen of the Dutch doctor, undertook, in his turn, to represent them in the drawings which he sketched in that copy, and sent it back to his friend.

Some time afterwards, Erasmus persuaded him to go to England. Holbein determined upon this journey all the more willingly in that he had been anxious for a long time to quit his own country. On his arrival in London, with letters of recommendation to the Chancellor More, and with the portrait of Erasmus, their mutual friend, he was received by that minister with great distinction. Henry VIII., a great amateur of painting, having been invited to a fete given by his chancellor, had an opportunity of seeing several paintings by Holbein. He was so struck with the perfection of these works, and expressed so much admiration, that More requested him to accept them. A few days afterwards the chancellor presented the artist to the king, who appointed him his painter, and said to the minister, "I restore to you, with pleasure, the presents which you have made me, since you present to me the artist."

Holbein executed for Henry VIII. several remarkable paintings. The king was so delighted with his talent, his character, and his conversation, that he took a great liking to him, and allowed him perfect freedom of speech. The following anecdote, inserted in the preface to the "Praise of Folly," attests the great protection which painting enjoyed at the court of England. One day, when Holbein had shut himself up alone in his studio, to paint a picture on which he wished to bestow all his care and attention, one of the great nobles of the court wished to force open the door, in order to see him using his brush; Holbein had, at first, recourse to politeness, to excuse himself from opening the door; but the nobleman persevered, and the painter persisted in refusing. At last, wearied by the importunity, he became angry, and, opening the door, seized the nobleman by the shoulders and threw him from the top to the bottom of the stairs, which put him in a miserable plight. The artist, in order to avoid vengeance, leaped out of the window, and ran to implore the protection of the king, to whom he ingeniously related the adventure. The king promised him his pardon, on condition that he should apologise to the courtier; and he had the kindness to retain him with him to give the offended person time to calm his fury. The nobleman, bruised by his fall, and with his face cut and bleeding, had himself carried into the presence of Henry VIII., and demanded justice. The king listened, at first, and tried to induce him to pardon the painter; but, when he observed that his exhortations merely increased this man's animosity, he thus addressed him:—"Sir, I forbid you, as you value your life, to attempt that of my painter; know, that there exists between you two an immense difference; of seven peasants I can easily make seven earls like you; but of seven earls I can never make a Holbein." The nobleman, terrified, threw himself at the feet of the monarch, and promised not only to put an end to his resentment, but also to become the protector of the artist.

The high favor enjoyed by Holbein at the court of England survived that of his worthy Macenas—the unfortunate Sir Thomas More. He painted the portraits not only of the king, the princes and princesses, but also of all the great people of the kingdom; and spent, in foolish extravagance, the immense sums he had obtained from the generosity of his patrons. He died in London, of the plague, in 1554, greatly in debt.

Although Holbein was a very talented man, he neither studied the art with that vivacity of imagination which is admired in the Italian and Spanish artists, nor with that ardent faith which holds the place of genius in some of his fellow-countrymen. He never quitted the ungrateful and prosaic style of reality. It was always with a mathematical exactness—a wonderful precision of imitating nature—that he was enabled to produce the expression and the character of his models.

EMIGRATION TO PALESTINE.—We—*Jewish Chronicle*—are informed of a contemplated emigration in mass to Palestine, the former "Land of Promise." The plan has already been so far matured, that it has been resolved to petition the German Diet for its intercession with the Sublime Porte to grant a tract of land for the above purpose. As far as we can learn, the petition to be laid before the Diet has already received the signatures of three hundred families. This is the more remarkable, since the families thus resolved to leave their fatherland for Palestine are not of the Jewish but of the Christian faith. The subject was broached at the last meeting of the Kirchentag, the leading members of which advised the movers in the matter first to apply to the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, and endeavor to induce them to favor their views, when engaged in settling the terms of a peace and in arranging the affairs of the East in general.

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.—The following, according to the "Almanac of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg," was the population of Russia at the last census, in 1849. The population of Russia in Europe was 60,528,700, and that of the whole of the empire was 56,428,200. It was in 1722, 14,000,000; in 1762, 20,000,000; in 1795, 36,000,000; in 1818, 45,500,000; in 1824, 50,000,000; in 1838, 59,000,000; and in 1842, 62,500,000. These augmentations arise from the conquests of the Crimea, of the Caucasus, Poland, Finland, &c., which additions of territory have more than doubled the extent of the empire in 1772. The augmentation of 4,500,000 between 1818 and 1824 shows an increase of population of one-tenth in six years, and of double in sixty years. At this rate, M. Stchekaloff calculates that in 1892 Russia will have 230,000,000 inhabitants.



The Canary.

THE original home of this bird,—now so well known in every country in Europe, even as far north as Russia and Siberia, and everywhere prized for the beauty of its plumage, its engaging disposition, its admirable song, and its extraordinary docility,—is the Canary Islands, where it breeds on the banks of rivulets. It is said to have been introduced into Europe in the beginning of the sixteenth century, by a ship bound to Leghorn, which foundered near the island of Elba. The birds set at liberty by this accident found the climate so propitious as to breed, and would probably have become at last quite acclimatized, had they not been so diligently sought after by the bird-catchers, that not a single individual is now to be found in the island. It was therefore from Italy that canaries were introduced into the rest of Europe. Their preservation in captivity was rendered at first more difficult, by the fact that very few females were imported. The original color of the bird, was grey, inclining to green on the under part of the body, and, on the whole, not unlike that of the Linnet. But this has undergone so complete a change from domestication, difference of climate, and hybridizing with birds allied in species, that we now have canaries of almost any color. The prevailing hues, however, are grey, yellow, white, blackish, and reddish brown; the mixture of which again gives rise to innumerable varieties. In Italy the canary has bred chiefly with the citral finch and the serin; in northern Europe with the linnet, green finch, and siskin. Were it not a well-established fact that the canary is a native of the islands of the same name, we might reasonably suppose that it descended from some one or more of the species above-mentioned. I have seen a mule between a siskin and a serin, which exactly resembled a green canary, and also the offspring of a female grey canary, in which no trace of their real parentage was discernible.

Those canaries which are blackish grey, or greyish brown on the upper part of the body, like a linnet, and at the lower part greenish yellow, like a green finch, are the commonest and healthiest birds, and have deviated less from the color of the original stock. Their eyes are dark brown. Yellow and white canaries have often red eyes, and are not so strong. The reddish-brown canaries, with greyish brown eyes, are the rarest, and in respect to strength and longevity, occupy an intermediate position between the other two varieties. As, however, the plumage of the canary generally displays more than one of these colors, the bird is valuable in proportion to the regularity with which it is marked. Those, however, in which the body is yellow or white, and the wings, tail, and head—particularly if crested—yellowish dun, are at the present considered the handsomest birds. Next to these are the golden yellow canaries, with black, blue, or blackish grey head, wings, and tail; then, the blackish bird,

with grey or yellow head and collar; next, the yellow canaries, with black or greenish yellow head, which in this case should have a crest. The grey, or almost black canaries, with the yellow breast, and white head and tail, are held in peculiar estimation. Such birds as are irregularly mottled or spotted, as well as those which are uniform in color, are considered of but little value. I may notice here, that it is a mistake to suppose that these varieties of color are produced in canaries and other birds by variety of food; as, in point of fact, the food of wild birds, in which these varieties are not observed, is far less uniform. They may more probably be ascribed to an unnatural habit of life, want of exercise, and the use of artificial diet.

The female is hardly distinguishable from the male, except that the plumage of the latter is generally brighter in color. His head also is rather larger and longer; the body more slender; the neck not so short; and the legs longer and straighter. Another special characteristic is, that the yellow of the temples, and round the eyes, is always brighter than in any other part of the body.

The canary is about the size of a linnet; being five inches in length, of which the tail measures two and a quarter. The beak is five lines in length, strong, pointed, and whitish; the feet are flesh-colored, and eight lines high.



1. LIZARD.

orange stripe surrounded the root of the beak, and a snow white collar encircled the neck. The back was greyish brown, streaked with black; the under part of the body, including the rump, white. The vent, the wings, and the first pen-feathers are white; the rest, as well as the coverts, black, edged with yellow, and having a golden yellow spot in the middle of the wings. The tail was white, with a black spot at the side; the beak white, with a black tip; and the feet also white. The mother of this bird was white, with a greenish grey crest; and it may generally be remarked, that the most beautiful birds are the offspring of a goldfinch and a yellow or white canary.

2. The mule between the canary and the siskin very closely resembles the female siskin, if the offspring of a female green canary. If she be white or yellow, the mule is lighter in color, but still like the siskin in shape.

3. The mule between the canary and the greenfinch closely resembles the next variety.

4. The mule between the canary and the serin finch, if not bred from a female canary, which is either yellow or white, cannot be distinguished from the common grey or green canary, except by its smaller size, and thick short beak.

5. The mule between the canary and the linnet, if bred from a grey canary, can hardly be distinguished from it, except by the length of its tail; if from a yellow or white one, is variegated in color.

The other known mules are less common.

Habitat.—Except in the breeding season, the

mules should be kept in small bell-shaped cages, made of wire, which ought to be not less than one foot in height, and eight inches in diameter, and provided with two perches, placed crosswise, one above the other. The females may either be allowed to range the room with clipped wings, or be confined in a cage of such a size, as to admit of constant and varied motion. This exercise has a great effect in preserving health and strength. In the small cages, adapted for one bird, the seed and water vessels should be placed at the extremities of the lower perch. They should be made of glass, and the seed-trough should be provided on the outside with a covering of some sort, to prevent the bird from scattering its food. For the same reason, the seed-drawers for the larger cages are covered

with an net of fine wire. As cleanliness is the most effectual preventive of many diseases to which this pretty bird is subject, the bottom of the cage should be so constructed as to draw out; and ought to be cleared and strewed with river sand not less than once a week. The



3. JONQUIL.

cage ought never to be left in winter in a room without fire, as these domesticated little foreigners have never been insured to the severity of our climate, though in summer they delight in fresh air. They always sing best in broad sunlight, and when the natural warmth of the day prompts them to take the refreshment of the bath.

Food.—Under this head, the most important, as regards the management of canaries, it may be laid down as a general rule, that the simplest and most natural diet is the best. The best food for canaries is the summer rape seed; that namely, which is sown late in spring; and neither so large nor so black as the winter rape seed, which is sown in autumn. Like linnets, they thrive on this food alone; but it is occasionally advisable, especially in spring, when they are desired to breed, to mix with it a little crushed hemp, canary, and poppy seed. Better still, perhaps, is a mixture of summer rape seed, oats, or oatmeal, and a little millet or canary seed. This is especially adapted for the females, though in winter they are also content with bread, or barley-meal, soaked in milk, if they receive a fresh supply every day. In summer, both sexes



4. MEALY BIRD.

ought to be supplied with green food—cabbage or lettuce leaves, turnip-tops, groundsel, watercress (if well-washed); and in winter, with pieces of sweet apple. As for the mixture of rape seed, millet, hemp seed, canary seed, oats, oatmeal, poppy seed, lettuce seed, linseed, plantain seed, tansy seed, pink seed, sugar, cakes, biscuits, buns, and the like, which some people give to their birds, it is injurious, in every respect. It makes them dainty, weak, disinclined to breed, sickly, and generally kills them at an early age. It is easy enough to accustom these, and other birds, to eat and enjoy whatever comes to table; but in so doing, we only lay the foundation for future disease, and speedy death. While, on the contrary, poor people, who are not acquainted even with the names of many of these delicacies, succeed in rearing and preserving healthy, handsome, and lively birds.

Canaries should be supplied daily with clean water, for drinking and bathing; and they swallow the larger grains of the sand with which their cage is strewed, as an aid to the process of digestion.



2. SPANGLED BACK.

Coffee and its Adulterations.

ALTHOUGH it had long been generally well known that coffee, more than any other article of consumption, was subject to adulteration, yet, until the appearance of the recent articles in the *Lancet*, we had no certain information as to the extent to which this was carried, or the nature of the substances employed. This want of knowledge was owing rather to imaginary, than to any real difficulties connected with the investigation.

It is the peculiar characteristic of all animal and vegetable tissues, that they present a definite structure or organisation: this is partly discernible by ordinary sight, but principally by means of that enlarged vision which the microscope bestows.

The raw coffee-berry is, as is well known, before being fit for use, subjected to a process of roasting, by which it is partially charred, that is, reduced to the condition of charcoal; a process by which it might be supposed that all trace of structure would be completely effaced.

That this was really the case was generally believed, until the contrary was shown in an article on "Coffee and its Adulterations," read by Dr. Hassall, in 1850, before the Botanical Society of London.

So common was this belief, even on the part of scientific men, that four chemists, and others, employed by Government to investigate the matter, reported, that neither by chemistry nor any other means, could the adulteration of coffee with chicory be discovered. Under these circumstances, we conceive that great merit is due to Dr. Hassall, in having succeeded, by means of the microscope, in satisfactorily effecting that which, by others, was deemed to be impossible, and which, in a commercial point of view, is of so much importance.

It is not to the subject of the adulteration of coffee alone that this instrument may be most usefully applied, but to almost every other article of consumption.

Not only do all vegetable substances possess an organisation characteristic of vegetables in general, but this is also different in different plants, and even in different parts of the same plant. Thus the coffee-berry possesses a structure peculiar to itself, and wholly unlike that of any other substance known to be used to adulterate coffee.

In the coffee-berry we notice two distinct structures, an outer and an inner. The outer is thin and membranous, and made up of a layer of elongated cells, placed upon a delicate and transparent lamina.

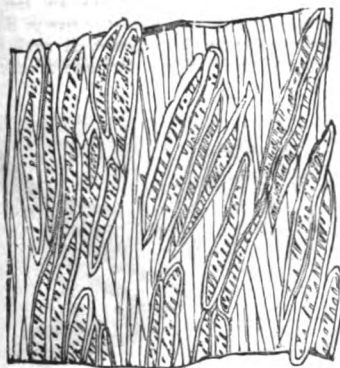


Fig. 1.—A portion of the investing membrane of the coffee-berry, showing its structure.

This membrane, but not its intimate structure, is visible to the naked eye on the surface either of the raw or roasted berry, especially in the groove which runs along the flat surface. It forms but little of the substance of the berry, and contains scarcely any of the active properties of coffee, so that a patent has even been taken out to deprive the berry of this covering.

The principal part of the coffee-berry is made up of minute, angular, and firmly adherent cells, which are only visible by means of the microscope. In thin slices of the raw berry the cells are seen to contain numerous little drops of essential oil, upon which some of the active properties of coffee depend.

Now the roasting destroys neither the membrane nor the substance of the berry, which, indeed, are scarcely altered except in color, and in the diffusion of the drop of oil throughout the cells.

In every sample of genuine coffee, therefore, no other structures than those above described and figured should be discoverable by means of the microscope. If other structures than those detected be present, then we may conclude, with certainty, that the sample is adulterated.

From the extended investigations published in the *Lancet*, it appears that the substances chiefly employed in the adulteration of coffee, are *chicory*, *roasted corn*, (as *wheat* or *rye*), *roasted beans*, and an article called *black jack*, which is an inferior kind of sugar, burnt, and nearly reduced to charcoal.

Although the above are the principal, numerous other substances are not unfrequently used in the adulteration of coffee, as *carrot*, *parsnip*, *mangold-wurzel*, *roasted acorns*, *burnt lentil powder*, *mahogany saw dust*, *used-up tan*, and an *earthy ferruginous coloring-matter* analogous to *Venetian red*.

We shall now inquire how it is that these various substances have come to be used in the adulteration of coffee.



Fig. 2.—Section of unroasted coffee-berry, showing the size and form of the cells, as well as the drops of essential oil contained within the cavities.

If you ask a grocer why he mixes chicory with his coffee, he will tell you that the addition is an improvement to it—that it enriches its flavor, and increases the depth of color and strength of the beverage made from it.

The accuracy of this statement we take leave to deny *in toto*, reserving for the present, the proofs we have to adduce, for our second article will be on Chicory.

The truth, we believe, is just the contrary to that stated: and that chicory, in place of being an improvement to coffee, is really a most injurious addition.

But cheap as chicory is, it is yet not sufficiently so to meet the requirements of some adulterating grocers; and hence a variety of other substances, still cheaper, and still more worthless, as all those enumerated above; namely, *parsnip*, *carrot*, *roasted and damaged corn*, *beans*, *tan*, &c., are not unfrequently employed, and many of them are to be obtained at almost nominal prices.

The article known in the trade by the slang term of *black jack*, is used next in frequency to chicory; it is employed to impart a certain degree of bitterness to the infusion or decoction of coffee, and to give it color and a false appearance of strength.

In reference to the recent use of ground and charred lentils, as a substitute for coffee, we obtain from the *Lancet* the following curious information:—

"An article has lately been introduced into the market, under the attractive title of '*Coffina*,' said to be a '*Turkish plant*,' and to have been found highly nutritious on analysis.

It is in the state of powder, has very much the appearance of coffee in color, a very bitter taste, and emits the odor of lentils.

"On an examination of this powder with the microscope, we find it to consist entirely of a seed, including even the husk, belonging to the natural family, *Leguminosae*.

"Of this worthless, if not pernicious article, no less than eighty tons were offered within the last few days for sale, by a Scotch house, at about \$60 per ton, that is, at less than 3 cents per pound.

"This article, the name of which is borrowed from another substance, of which it does not contain a particle, is not recommended as a substitute for chicory, but to be used with chicory in place of coffee."

Out of the forty-two samples examined, it appeared—

1. That eleven were unadulterated.
2. That the remaining thirty-one samples were adulterated with chicory, which we met with in every proportion, in many cases constituting the chief part of the article.
3. That in two cases only was any other adulteration than that with chicory observed, one consisting of a vegetable substance resembling horse-

chestnut, and the other of some amorphous substance, probably used for coloring.

Reviewing all that has now been adduced, it is clear that the public, and especially the poorer classes, are most extensively and scandalously defrauded in the most important article of consumption, Coffee.

We will conclude these observations with a recipe for making coffee, and with one or two simple directions, capable of being followed by all, for detecting the adulteration to which that article is subject.

Coffee owes much of its flavor and fragrance to certain volatile principles which are in a great measure dissipated by boiling; it is therefore obvious that coffee, to be good, should not be submitted to the action of boiling, since this is destructive of its aroma and delicacy of flavor.

On the other hand, if the beverage be made by simply pouring water upon the coffee, and allowing it to stand at rest for a few minutes, although it will possess the proper smell and flavor, some object that the infusion wants strength, that the coloring and other extensive matters of the coffee are not sufficiently drawn out; and this objection does really to some extent hold good.

By the following simple process, however, the whole of the virtues of the coffee may be obtained.

First, an infusion of the ground coffee should be made in an ordinary coffee-pot; this, after standing there three or four minutes, should be poured off with the exception of the last teacupful or so—this, which contains the whole of the grounds, should be boiled for five minutes, and the decoction, when strained, added to the infusion.

Lastly, each person may ascertain for himself, whether any sample of coffee be adulterated or not, by the following proceeding:—

A pinch of coffee is to be spread out upon a white plate, or better still, a slip of glass, and well moistened with a few drops of water: if the liquid quickly become deeply colored, and if after the lapse of two or three minutes, soft particles, like bread-crumbs can be picked out with the point of the needle, it may safely be concluded that the sample is adulterated. Genuine ground coffee imparts its color but slowly to water, and the fragments, even after prolonged immersion, remain firm and resisting under the point of the needle.

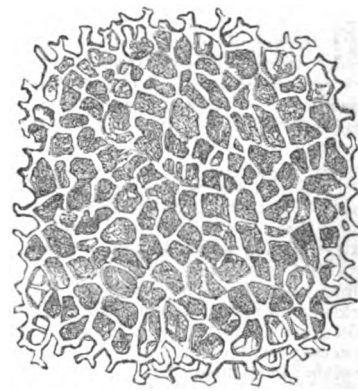


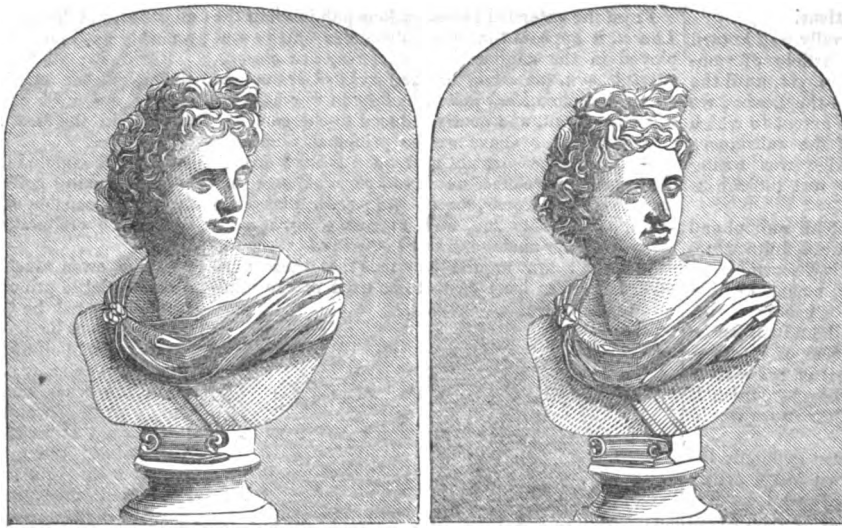
Fig. 3.—A fragment of roasted coffee.

EXERCISE IN THE COUNTRY.—Walking is good; not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbor to neighbor, but stretching out far into the country to the freshest fields, and highest ridges, and quietest lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in Paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face in the commonest highways is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such times to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between its seasons of enjoyment; and every time the sufferer has resolution to go forth to meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise.

A RAY OF LIGHT communicated to the understanding is of more value than a whole volume committed to memory. This is like water in a cistern, which may be exhausted; that is like a fountain yielding a continual supply.

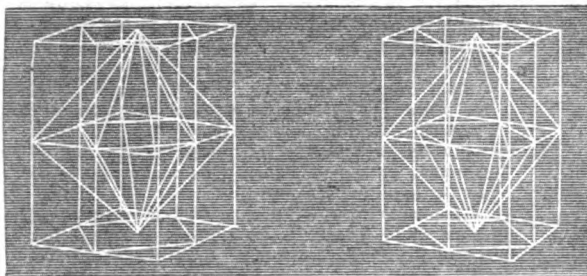
The Stereoscope, Pseudoscope, and Solid Daguerreotypes.

The present day fortunately so abounds in invention, that, no matter how unexpected or curious a discovery may be, it scarcely excites any wonder. Tell people that you can brew lightning in a little crock, and send it for hundreds of miles over land and under sea, they don't quite believe you until they have had a message between New York and Halifax answered; and then they take the whole matter quietly for granted as a thing of course, and go home and think no more about it. Announce that an engraving, showing every detail of an interior of the Exhibition, was engraved from a picture taken in ten ticks of a watch, people smile and look incredulous; but let them stay, watch in hand, and count the seconds while the daguerreo-



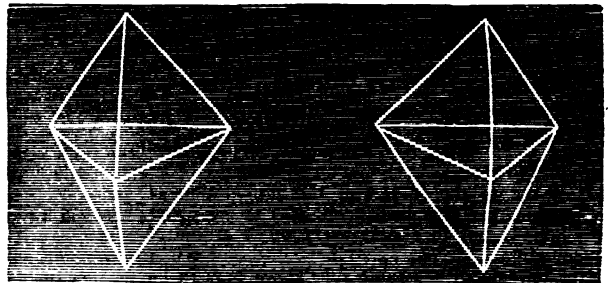
BUSTS, SHOWING THE TRIFLING DIFFERENCE IN PERSPECTIVE NECESSARY TO PRODUCE SOLIDITY.

French chemist, a lady came to him in the lecture-room; she had a question of great moment to ask him. "Did he think it possible that the pictures seen in a camera could be caught and made permanent?" She was anxious to know what he, a man of science, thought on the subject. Her husband had been seized by the idea that he could fix these pictures; day and night he was haunted by the thought; she feared he might be mad. But if a philosopher like M. Dumas thought there was any probability in the notion, it would give her the belief that her husband might still be in his senses. Dumas assured her that, though he saw no way to fix the pictures, enough was known to prevent him from saying it was impossible, and to make it matter worthy of inquiry. The lady's



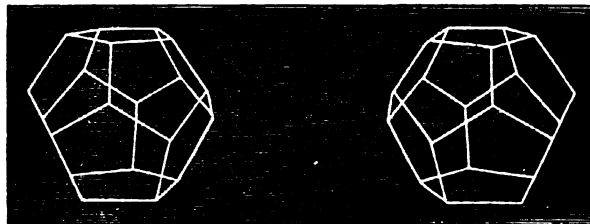
SQUARE PRISMS AND OCTAHEDRONS WITH SQUARE BASES.

side with every step of progress that human intelligence attained. Time was, when it would have gone hard with any one who showed pictures of men and scenes that neither pencil, brush, nor hand had touched; and if, in defence, it had been asserted that the sun itself had traced them, the



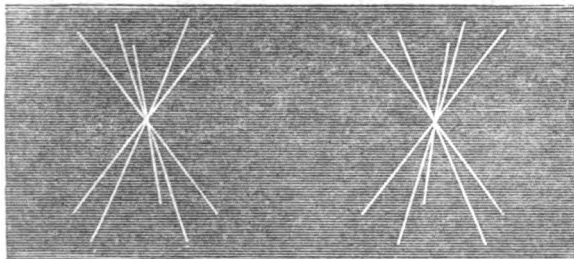
DOUBLE TETRAHEDRON, THE SIDES BEING EQUILATERAL TRIANGLES.

type camera window is open, then show them the picture, and let them on the spot look from it to the reality until they have recognised every minutest particular, they will begin to speculate how cheap should be the picture so instantaneously produced; and with the fact before them, and no cabalistic flourishes or witchcraft doings in the matter, all wonder ceases. True, where discovery cannot so plainly produce its proof, ignorance and presumption, incapacity and unbelief, still find refuge enough



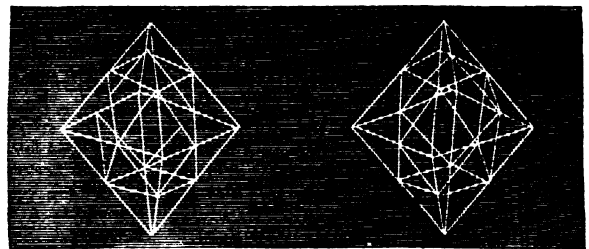
THE REGULAR DODECAHEDRON.

husband was Daguerre, the painter; and some ten years after this conversation with Dumas, he had solved his problem, and taught the world how to make the sun itself fix as pictures everything it shone upon; and this discovery has now enabled us more completely to solve, not merely to the understanding, but to the actual sight of every one, the problem so long the puzzle of philosophers—the use of our two eyes, and how it comes that seeing with two eyes we still see but one of each ob-



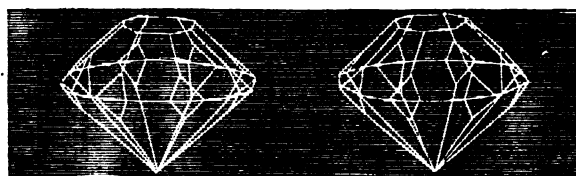
FIVE DIAGONALS OF THE REGULAR DODECAHEDRON.

tortures of the rack would have been had in requisition to force the inventor to confess himself a wizard, and to tell his terms of compact with the devil; and, even in our own time, though we have passed from the demonism, there is a lingering tendency to set down those who go exploring be-



DISSECTION OF A CRYSTAL.

for boastful sneers against laborers in the hidden mines of fact and truth. We have not yet reached the period when all men shall be content to bear announced discoveries, however strange, with patience, or else shall lend their help to working out the truth, or grinding down, atom by atom, the falsehood or fallacy; but we have at all events passed the age when the cloven-foot of some evil spirit was looked for side by

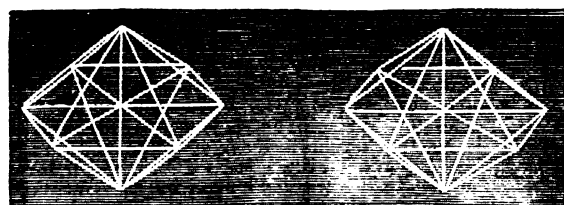


A CUT AMETHYST.

ject. The discovery, however, does more than clear up the scientific difficulty, it opens up a new field of entertainment and instruction, to which our engravings will serve to introduce our readers. But first a word as to the discovery itself.

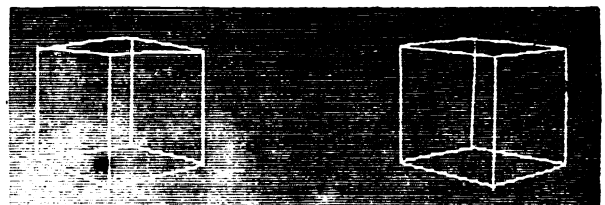
FIRST NOTICE OF THE STEREOSCOPE.

On the 21st of June, 1838, Professor Wheatstone read a paper at the Royal



BIPYRAMIDAL DODECAHEDRON.—NATURAL CRYSTAL OF AMETHYST.

yond the bounds of knowledge as madmen. Almost any one can find instances, but we are content to mention one which has connexion with our present subject. At the close of a lecture by M. Dumas, the well-known



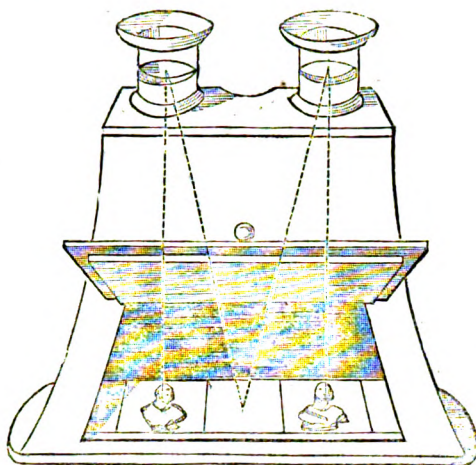
A REGULAR TETRAHEDRON.

Society "on some previously unobserved phenomena of binocular vision" (sight with two eyes); in the course of which, he described an instrument invented by himself, by which two perspective diagrams of the same solid were seen at one view as completely solid as the object itself.

In 1839, Mr. Wheatstone brought his discovery before the British Association, at Newcastle, where it gave rise to a discussion of great interest, in which Sir D. Brewster and Whewell took part, and Sir John Herschel characterised the discovery "as one of the most curious and beautiful for its simplicity in the entire range of experimental optics."

In Germany the subject excited still more interest; it was at once eagerly taken up. The new light thrown upon the subject of double vision engaged the most able physiologists and metaphysicians—Bruecke, Volkman, Morer, Tourtual; and in Geneva, M. Prevost wrote upon the subject.

In the commencement of 1839, the photographic art, upon which Niepce, Talbot, and Da-



REFRACTING STEREOSCOPE

direction towards each other, combine, and thus produce the effect of solidity.

A reflecting stereoscope may be readily constructed from our illustration; and, as a philosophical toy, will afford, perhaps, more amusement, and certainly excite more astonishment, than the well-known kaleidoscope. It simply consists of two pieces of plate glass, two or three inches square, at right angles to each other. The objects, or designs, are fixed on at each extremity of the instrument, at a distance of two or three inches from the reflecting mirrors, care being taken to place each design in its proper position. In our illustrations the designs are intended to be looked at by crossing the vision, or squinting; in using them with the stereoscope their positions must be reversed.

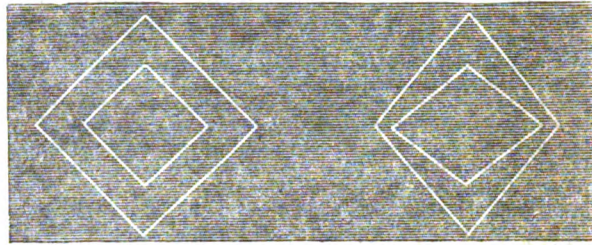
DAQUERREOTYPES FOR BOTH EYES.

But so long as mere drawings by hand were used, it might be held that the effect, however wonderful, was but some trick of art, by which the senses were cheated. But the Daguerreotype admits of no trick; the silvered plate has neither



FRUSTRUM OF CONE.

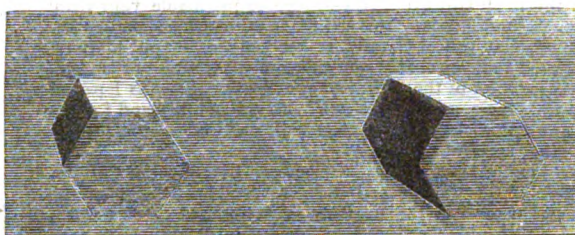
which he called the reflecting stereoscope is shown in our engraving; and it is, on many accounts, the most convenient form, as it allows of every adjustment, and can show pictures of any size. But, for small Daguerreotypes, the refracting or prismatic



TWO INTERSECTING PLANES.

guerre had long been at work, was announced; and Mr. Talbot and Mr. Collen, in the same year, at Mr. Wheatstone's request, prepared photographs of full-sized statues, buildings, and portraits, for the stereoscope.

Mr. Wheatstone's diagrams were proof that small drawings may be made to represent under the stereoscope the complete effect of reality. Two miniatures might be painted, each with one eye, if the artist could attain sufficient accuracy, which, seen by the stereoscope, would be seen as

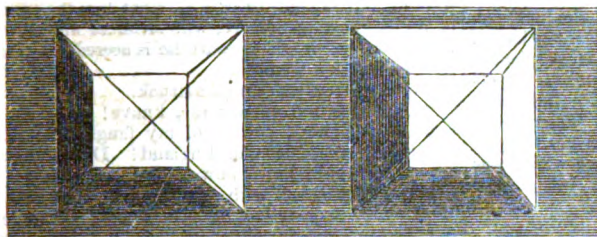


HEXAGONAL PRISM OF EMERALD FROM PERU.

line, nor light, nor shade, but such as the sun gives it: the two plates in the two cameras stand truly for the two eyes, and receive each just such portions of light as each eye receives. There is, therefore, no further room for doubt as to the need for two eyes; we have taken by the Daguerreotype the very picture from each, and have made them tell their secret. Our double vision is but perfect vision.

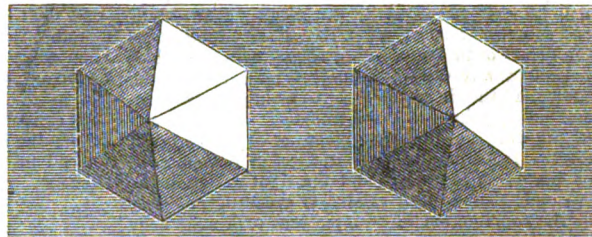
HOW ONE-EYED PEOPLE OBSERVE SOLIDITY.

But here there is need to answer an ob-



FRUSTRUM OF SQUARE PYRAMID.

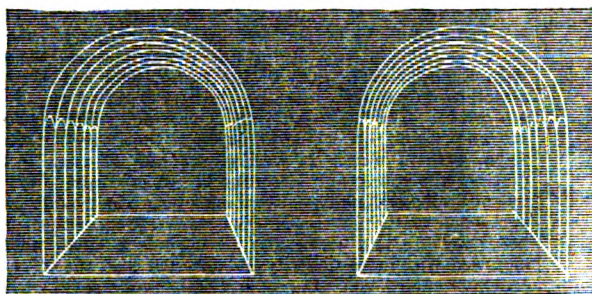
stereoscope (also constructed by Professor Wheatstone) is better adapted. Several ingenious modifications of the instrument have been made by Professor Dove and Sir D. Brewster. The latter, which is most generally in use, as made by M. Soliele, of Paris, has the ap-



HEXAGONAL PYRAMID.

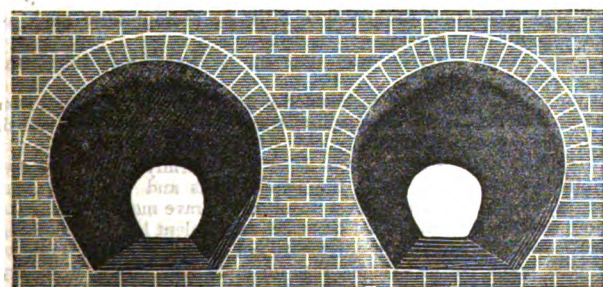
one, and round as life. But these were only illustrations of an important addition to science. A new step was gained in explanation of the phenomenon of sight. It was clear that the inner eye (if we may use the phrase) was furnished with two outer eyes, not merely for the uniformity of the face, nor to puzzle philosophers, but to present an instantaneous perfect vision of the form and position of objects. The one eye, in fact, seeing round one side, the other eye round the other side, and the inner eye having thus brought before it in one and in full solidity the whole object.

The form of the stereoscope, as originally produced by Professor Wheatstone, and



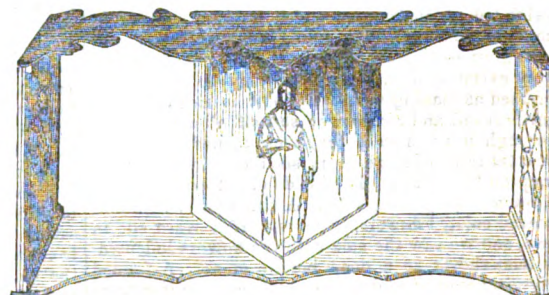
IRON TRELLIS-WORK.

jection. It will be said that persons with one eye nevertheless see distinctly, and see perspective and rotundity. They do so; and there is neither difficulty in the answer nor any refutation in the fact of what we have said as to double vision. One eye alone, judges of the relief of an object, from the accustomed distributions of light and shade, giving perspective appearances, though the perceptions it hence acquires are less vivid than those obtained by means of two eyes. Another curious fact is, that a one-eyed person, when looking at a solid object, is constantly changing the position of the head from side to side: the result of this is, that he is by this means getting



RAILWAY TUNNEL.

pearance of a double opera-glass; and the modification consists in the substitution of quarter lenses for the prisms employed by Mr. Wheatstone; the eye-glasses refract, or, in other words, throw the images out of the direct line to the centre between the eyes; and each image being in this way removed in a



REFLECTING STEREOSCOPE.

the same effect with one eye that is produced by two eyes with the head stationary. With two eyes, as we have before stated, two images from different points of sight are combined to produce solidity; with one eye, and a constant change of its position, two images in like manner are produced; but the combination depends on the curious circumstance of the second impression falling on the retina before the previous impression has escaped. The retention of objects on the retina some time after their removal is a common fact, and known by most persons. A one-eyed person, with the stereoscope, by first looking through one side and then through the other, gets the effect of distance and solidity simply, as we have explained, by the retention of the first picture on the retina.

PICTURES AND DIAGRAMS TO BE SEEN SOLID WITHOUT THE STEREOSCOPE.

The engravings of the bust show the small difference in perspective necessary to produce the effect of solidity. They are fac-similes of a pair of photographic pictures, by Claudet, which, seen through the stereoscope, have in every respect the appearance of the original bust.

Our diagrams of several forms of crystals and geometric solids are illustrations which may be observed without any instrument, to the small amusement of those who for the first time see them, and may be multiplied in almost endless variety. These diagrams are constructed to represent what may be termed right and left-eye views of objects, as we should actually see them with the left or right eye alternately. Take, for example, the railway tunnels, and squint at them: three pictures will present themselves, the central one being a combination of the other two, and producing the effect of a perfectly hollow tunnel; in like manner the other diagrams will combine to form an apparently perfect solid body, presenting all the appearance of a network standing out from the paper. In this case, what is done by the aid of Mr. Wheatstone's instrument, is simply effected by crossing the vision, or squinting. It greatly facilitates the squinting to place the point of a needle held in the hand before the picture, and whilst the eyes continue to regard the needle point, to move it towards the eyes until the pictures coalesce, when three images will be seen, and the middle one, which is the only one seen at once by the two eyes, will have the solid appearance we have described. Some little inconvenience may be experienced at first in getting this curious and remarkable phenomenon, but a little patience and perseverance will overcome the difficulty, and will be well rewarded by the result. Our artistic and scientific readers, when they clearly understand the theory of this beautiful discovery, will be enabled to produce any variety of subjects; for the regular bodies, all that is requisite is to make one drawing, and simply take a reversed transfer. On using any of the drawings we have given, or copies of them, for the reflecting instrument, the left design must be placed in the right, and the right design at the left end. The idea of solidity is evidently produced by the combination of two pictures of a solid body taken from either eye, as from two different points of sight. The perception of distance or perspective Mr. Wheatstone attributes to the same cause; which explains the fact that all paintings or drawings are, in reality, but pictures for one eye, and are seen most like reality when they are looked at with one eye only. We may have distance, dimness, difference of light and shade, but cannot have real roundness and space between and beyond objects, unless each eye has its picture. As it is, our paintings may be said to be a one-sided or one-eyed perspective—the whole landscape or portrait as it would appear to the two eyes is not shown.

PROFESSOR WHEATSTONE'S NEW DISCOVERY, THE PSEUDOSCOPE.

But we have not yet done with the wonders of binocular or two-eyed vision. Professor Wheatstone read a second paper at the Royal Society, and exhibited an instrument which he calls a pseudoscope, on account of its giving false perceptions of all external objects. Some of the illusions were very extraordinary. Its effect may be briefly expressed as making whatever point is nearest seem furthest off, and *vice versa*; so that all objects seen through it seem as if they were turned inside out. A solid terrestrial globe is seen concave, with the map on the inside. The inside of a teacup appears a rounded projecting solid. A china vase, with embossed colored flowers, appears as if it were cut in two, and we saw the side with the flowers indented. A bust shows as a deep hollow mask. A framed picture hanging against the wall seems as if it were

let into the wall; and, in general, objects placed before a wall are seen behind it, as if the wall were a mirror. Other more complicated, and in some cases perplexing, illusions are produced by the instrument, which is very portable, and will, no doubt, from the infinity of its illusions, soon become popular.

Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGENT OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 80.)

So greatly was she incensed, that the prudent minister began to doubt the wisdom of the step he had taken.

"Give orders," she said, bitterly, "to arrest every Spaniard in our dominions: not one exception! mark me, not one!"

"Madam, I —"

"Obey!" interrupted the queen, fiercely, "of course! no need of words! A British Sovereign, who has been insulted, has no need to look far for a minister to vindicate the honor of the crown he serves! The traitor!" she added, bitterly; the double-faced, smooth tongued traitor! but he shall find, if I have the red hair of the lioness"—this was in allusion to one of the ambassador's expressions concerning her—"I am not without its fangs!"

Elizabeth, even as an aged woman, was particularly tenacious of any slight to her personal charms, and affected a girlish, coquettish deportment—which only served to render her ridiculous in the sight of the foreign ambassadors; but at the period of which we at present write, she was in the very prime of life, and not an unhandsome personage!

"However great—however justifiable your royal indignation," observed the secretary, who now began to feel alarmed at her violence, "your majesty, I am sure, will remember what is due to the character of the ambassador of Spain, whom, as I passed the royal closet, I saw with the nobility and foreign ministers, in the great hall, waiting to offer his respectful homage!"

"His homage," exclaimed Elizabeth, scornfully, "in the great hall! 'Tis well! I'll shame the knave in the presence of my court! Not a word, Cecil," she added, with a frown, "even from your lips, my trusty, faithful councillor and friend! I cannot bear it now!"

So saying, with a most unroyal step, she marched, or rather ran, from the apartment in the palace of Hampton, where the above scene had taken place—forgetting in her anger, to take a glance at her attire in the large Venetian mirror which she had been consulting: the surest possible indication of her having entirely lost all control over her temper.

Cecil followed, anticipating the scene which was to ensue.

CHAPTER XLV.

No scandal against Queen Elizabeth, I hope.

THE CRITIC.

The great hall at Hampton Court, which Wolsey had caused to be adorned with rich tapestry from the looms of Arras and Beauvais was crowded with the highest nobility of the realm, who had assembled to pay their morning respects to the virgin queen. The ladies—although court mournings were not yet *de requier*—in imitation of their sovereign, were in black, on account not only of the death of the young and beautiful Queen of Spain, but of the Lady Knollys—Elizabeth's near kinswoman—one of the few females who were promised her friendship, and whose loss she appears to have mourned with more sincerity and affection than she generally entertained towards any of her own sex. But Lady Knollys, not being of the blood royal, and consequently removed from all chance of the succession, was not an object of jealousy to her on the point upon which she appears to have been most susceptible. Amongst her courtiers were the noble Earl of Sussex, her old admirer, Arundel, the favorite, Leicester—who at this time had given up all hope of obtaining her hand—the gallant Raleigh, and the adventurous Drake—names which shed so much lustre on the annals of her reign.

Don Guerran d'Espes, the Spanish ambassador, was also present, little dreaming of the storm about to burst upon him. His excellency was in conversation with Throgmorton, who had just returned from Scotland, when the lord chamberlain, seeing the gentlemen ushers throw open the great doors, and hearing the clank of the partisans borne by the

yeomen of the guard, upon the floor of the ante-chamber, announced, in a loud voice, "Her Majesty the Queen!"

Conversation in an instant was suspended, as Elizabeth—her countenance flushed with rage—entered the apartment. Several of the nobility, who had favors to solicit, or suits to promote, bent the knee as she passed; but the royal virago took no notice of them. She was in no mood for sweet words or hollow promises. Directing her steps towards the great painted window where Don Guerran was standing, she paused directly opposite to him, and eyed him for an instant with a bitter, sarcastic smile. The wily diplomat saw in an instant that he was the object of her anger, but, with habitual self-possession bowed; not a feature moved, although he must have guessed the storm about to break.

"So, sir," she exclaimed, "your master's agent, Alva, has, I hear, laid an embargo on the merchantmen of my subjects! Anon I will send him ships not quite so peaceful in their character! How long is it," she added, haughtily, "since a subject, duke though he is, has arrogated the right to make war upon the ally of his master?"

"Doubtless, madam," replied the minister, calmly, "the proceedings of the duke can be explained! Your harsh conduct to him, touching the treasure destined to pay his troops, and the reception you have afforded to the rebel subjects of the king, his master, who have fled to England, justify him, in his own mind, for the steps he has reluctantly been obliged to take!"

"Let him thank his own cruelty for the latter!" retorted the queen. "As a christian woman, I cannot but feel for those of my persuasion whom he hath persecuted and plundered! As a sovereign, I shall neither ask of the duke, nor the king, his master, how I shall receive those who seek shelter in my dominions—which ever have been, and whilst I live ever shall be, free from the control of any foreign prince! But, thank God," she added, "we are neither unadvised nor unprepared!"

The ambassador replied again by a low bow and somewhat ironical smile. Knowing how the country was divided—the great embarrassment caused to the government of Elizabeth by the presence of the Queen of Scots in her dominions—he was not prepared for the rigorous measures which Elizabeth, with great promptness and courage, had decided upon.

"And pray, Sir Minister," continued her majesty, "tell me—you who are a gallant cavalier—the pink of courtesy and breeding—what does the envoy of a foreign state deserve, who slanders and libels the sovereign to whose court he is accredited—and that sovereign a woman?"

Don Guerran was thunderstruck.

"God's death! answer me, knave! If I am a red-haired lioness, beware of my fangs! Amadis Oriana! to the Queen of England! Did I wear a sword, I should know how to use it—as it is, I must content myself with my woman's sceptre!"

"If your majesty has been insulted," exclaimed the Earl of Sussex, drawing near, "it is for the nobility of England to avenge your quarrel upon this insolent Spaniard!"

The high spirited noble was about to draw his sword, when Cecil, who had followed Elizabeth into the great hall, laid his hand upon his arm and restrained him.

Several other peers, amongst whom were the Dukes of Norfolk and Leicester, drew near to the circle in which the singular scene was being enacted.

"Not so, Sussex," said his royal mistress, gratefully; "we can avenge the double insult offered to us, both as a queen and a woman, without the service of your loyal arm! We have already given orders," she added, in a calmer tone, "for the arrest of every Spaniard in our dominions! If Spain wishes for war, England will not shrink from the contest!"

"Every Spaniard!" repeated the ambassador, seriously; "Your majesty surely forgets one native of that country who must be exempt from such an outrage!"

"And who may he be?" carelessly asked the queen.

"The ambassador of its monarch!" answered Don Guerran, proudly; "my office, madam," he added, "is sacred!"

"And what is mine," firmly demanded the daughter of the Plantagenets and Tudors, "that thou shouldst insult and brave me? or the Duke of Alva, that he writes an insolent letter demanding restitution of treasure not his own? Am I so little, or he so great, that no more ceremony is necessary between us? To your lodging," she added: "those

of my guard will attend you. Fear not, man—they will answer for your safety!"

So saying, she turned upon her heel, and left the discomfited diplomat overwhelmed with confusion and shame at the discovery of the double treachery of which he had been guilty.

On leaving the palace he was arrested by the captain of the royal guard, and conducted to his residence in London, where three gentlemen were appointed to guard him: despite her indignation, Elizabeth not thinking fit to inflict the additional disgrace of sending him, as she at first meditated, to the Tower.

Extraordinary as the step was, it has been considered justified by the treatment which her own minister, Dr. Man, received at the court of Spain; that ridiculous person, in the excess of his Protestant zeal, having thought proper to publish an insolent defiance and challenge to the Pope, whilst accredited to his most Catholic majesty—for which offence he had been banished to a village some miles from the capital.

Although the decision of Elizabeth had been hastily taken, she was too haughty, too confident in the support of her subjects in a war with Spain, to recede. Preparations were commenced and pushed forward with uncommon vigor; every port and arsenal in the kingdom resounded with the note of warlike preparation.

Shortly after the arrest of Don Guerran, the Duke of Alva had the insolence to accredit an envoy to Elizabeth, as if he had been a sovereign prince; but before he could present his credentials, she caused him to be arrested, commanded that he should be shown the great arsenal, and the ships of war which she was building; then had him conveyed to London, separated from his attendants, and kept in strict confinement.

The unfortunate messenger, unable to communicate with the ambassador, employed a Spanish gentleman to present his letter to the queen; but Cecil, who was determined that he should declare the object of his mission before he saw Don Guerran d'Espes, forcibly took possession of the letter, even in the presence-chamber of his sovereign; a step he would never have ventured to take without her previous sanction.

The prospect of a war with Spain was exceedingly popular with the Protestant party throughout the kingdom: so greatly had the impolitic conduct of Philip to his subjects of the reformed church in the Low Countries and the atrocities of his instrument, the infamous Duke of Alva, incensed men's minds against them.

Persecution is the least likely means of crushing a sect or party—the seed which is sown in blood is almost sure to ripen. [To be continued.]

The Ocean.

Continued from Page 103.)

More recently, Professor Forbes has sketched a plan which comprehends the entire waters of the globe. He lays down on a map nine *Homoiozoic belts*, "of which," he observes, "one is unique, central, and equatorial, and four in the northern hemisphere represent as many in the southern." They are not of equal breadth; some include a number of provinces, but the polar, one only. As yet we know but a very small portion of this submarine kingdom, or of its inhabitants; but from what is known, we may proceed to fill up the plan. In this case, again, we trace some relation between the earth and the water; for "the boundaries of these belts on land appear to correspond with the isotherm of the months in which there is the greatest vivacity of animal and vegetable life."

Dr. Hooker makes ten provinces or divisions of marine vegetation, which are briefly:—1. The Northern Ocean, from the pole to the 60th parallel of north latitude; 2. The North Atlantic, between the 40th and 60th parallels, which is the province of the *Delessaria* and *Fucus* proper; 3. The Mediterranean, which is a sub-region of the warmer temperate zone of the Atlantic, lying between the 40th and 23d north parallels; 4. The Tropical Atlantic, in which *Sargassum*, *Rhodometia*, *Corallina*, and *Siphonaea*; 5. The Antarctic American region, from Chili to Cape Horn; 6. The Falkland Islands; 7. The whole circumpolar ocean south of the 60th southern parallel; 8. The Australian and New Zealand province, which is very peculiar, being characterised among other generic forms, by *Cystoseira* and *Fucus*; 9. The Indian Ocean and the Red Sea; and 10, which comprises the Japan and China Seas." This does not include the whole ocean bottom, as there are certain districts to which, as yet, no determinate place has been assigned.

The botany of the sea is not less interesting than other phenomena of the great world of waters. The plants which grow at the surface in the cooler regions, are found at great depths nearer the equator; and as in going up a mountain we find the vegetation of different latitudes at different heights, so do we find the algae of different latitudes as we descend in the ocean; the lowest depth corresponding with the highest latitude. Judging from appearances, sea-plants are more liable to break loose from their place of growth than land-plants. The quantities drifted with the great currents are prodigious. Beds of *Fucus filum*, 15 or 20 miles long, and about 200 yards wide, float in parts of the British Channel and the North Sea, with no other change of place than that caused by the action of the tides. But the most remarkable example of floating weed is that called the Sargasso Sea, in the Atlantic, off the Azores, where a bed of *Fucus natans*, equal in extent to the whole of France, rests upon the water. Owing probably to the action of currents, it remains always in the same place. Columbus fell in with it in his first voyage to America, and it has not been known to shift its position since his day. The early Spanish navigators had such confidence in its steadiness, that they were accustomed to correct their longitude by it. Smaller beds lie off the Bahamas, and others, are met with in the waters of the southern hemisphere.

Marine vegetation resembles in some respects that of mosses and the inferior plants on land; which are not propagated by the formation of fruit and seed, but by the throwing off of spores. Although some of the algae have root, stem, and leaves, their functions are found, on examination, to differ from those of land plants; and from these down to the *Desmidiaceae* and *Diatomaceae*, which are simple, being little more than an isolated cell, the variety is great. Algae constitute by far the largest proportion of sea weeds, those which are not algae being very few, and their wide diffusion is doubtless intended to furnish food for the animal life which swarms in every part of the ocean; turtles are greedy devourers of algae. Vegetation so abundant serves to bring the constituents of sea-water into a condition to support the life of organised beings. These weeds, too, fix carbon in their structure: cell after cell grows, oxygen is given off, and the great world of waters is thereby purified. The process, as described by Dr. Harvey, is an interesting illustration of one of nature's important workings. He says: "Wherever an extensive surface of shallow water, whether fresh or salt, is exposed to the air, confervæ and allied algae multiply quickly. Every pool, every stagnant ditch, is soon filled with their green silken threads. These threads cannot grow without emitting oxygen. If you examine such a pool on a sunny day, you may trace the beads of oxygen on the submerged threads, or see the gas collect in bubbles where the threads present a dense mass. It is continually passing off into the air while the confervæ vegetate, and this vegetation usually continues vigorous—one species succeeding another as it dies out, as long as the pool remains. And when on the drying up of the land, the confervæ die, their bodies, which are scarcely more than membranous skins filled with fluid, shrivel up, and are either carried away by the wind, or form a papery film over the exposed surface of the ground. In neither case do they breed noxious airs by their decomposition. All their life long, they have conferred a positive benefit on the atmosphere; and at their death they at least do no injury. The amount of benefit derived from each individual is indeed minute, but the aggregate is vast when we take into account the many extensive surfaces of water dispersed over the world, which are thus kept pure, and made subservient to a healthy state of the atmosphere. It is not only vast, but it is worthy of Him who has appointed to even the meanest of His creatures something to do for the good of His creation."

In the temperate zones there is a difference in the color of algae in summer and winter, which does not take place where a steady climate prevails. Naturalists have classed them as Chlorosperms, Melanosperms, and Rhodosperms—green, olive and red. As a rule, the grass-green are found in the shallowest water; but the *Caulerpa*, and others of the *Siphonaea*, which grow at great depths, are not less bright than those near the surface. The olive colored are mostly met with on shores, where they are exposed to the sun and air in the intervals of ebb and flow of the tide. They generally form dense forest like belts at the low water line, and some few straggle beyond that line; but the red are most abundant in the deeper parts of the sea, being most intense in the deepest water, and becoming

pale, from carmine to straw color, if exposed to full light in shallow pools. Some are dark purple; and they not only lose their color, but lose the power of secreting the dark substance with which they are dyed when brought to the light. Most of the algae reflect the prismatic colors, and it is to their presence in the water that the metallic lustre of the waves is often due. The dark purple leaves of the *Chondrus crispus* are tipped with other colors, and may be seen far down in the depths glittering like sapphires or emeralds. The forms of the fronds, too, are not less beautiful than their colors; the diversity is astonishing. Some which grow in the Gulf of Mexico and on the coast of Australia, resemble lace of exquisite pattern and texture, the effect being produced by myriads of minute leaflets growing one into the other.

In the polar regions, algae are minute and microscopic; but as soon as the margin of the ice is passed, the fucus begins to appear wherever there are rocks which favor its growth. It does not grow on sand, and, in consequence, the sea furnishes a parallel to the land, for beneath its waters there are vast deserts as bare and lifeless as the dreary solitudes of Sahara. Their extent makes them an effectual barrier to distribution, and species are found on one side of these sandy wastes which never appear on the other.

The *Laminariae* are the largest of the algae; some have stems as large as those of trees, which on the shores of the Falkland Islands are often mistaken for driftwood. This species belongs properly to the circumpolar latitudes, but the cold Pacific current carries many specimens to the shores of Chili and Peru, where they grow not far from the equator. It includes the tangle, sea-colander, oar-weed, and devil's apron. Mr. Harvey states, that on the north-west of America the *Nereocystis* grows with a "stem measuring 300 feet in length, which bears at its summit a huge air-vessel, 6 or 7 feet long, shaped like a great cask, and ending in a tuft of upwards of fifty forked leaves, each of which is from 30 to 40 feet in length." The use of this terminal appendage is to buoy up the gigantic frond, so that it may be well surrounded with water, and receive a due provision of air. In the masses of this plant, the sea-otter finds a favorite and profitable lurking-place. The stems, singularly enough, are not larger than whip-cord, yet of such strength that the natives of the coast use them for fishing-lines. The *Macrocystis*, another variety, grows to a length of 700 feet—some accounts say 1500—which we may certainly regard as the tallest of the vegetable kingdom; another resembles the palm in the form and appearance of its fronds; and the large trumpet-weed of the Cape of Good Hope has a stem 20 feet long, the upper part of which is hollow, and is frequently used as a syphon, and by the herdsmen of the coast as a trumpet for the recall of their cattle.

The algae have many uses important in commerce and medicine, and although no longer used for the manufacture of soda, it is from them our supplies of iodine must be derived, as chemists have not yet succeeded in extracting this constituent from seawater. Some years ago, when the kelp manufacture was in its prime, certain Scottish proprietors made \$50,000 a year by the sea-weed thrown up on their shores. In the north of Scotland, and in Norway and Sweden, algae are still chopped up and mixed with the winter food of cattle. In the former country, and in Ireland, the central rib of *Alaria esculenta* is eaten by the inhabitants of the coasts, and *Rhodomenia palmata*, the well-known dulce ordilisk, is largely consumed as an article of diet. At one time it was the sole relish which the poor Irish could get with their potatoes. The stem of *Laminaria digitata* has been used to make knife-handles: when dry and shrunken, it resembles buck's-horn.

The ocean is a vast subject! We have but glanced at some of its greatest phenomena. Whole volumes might be written before the theme would be exhausted, if such a result were possible. From the small globule existing as a medusa, or primary cell of the algae, to the limpet and sea-anemone, and on to the huge whale and gigantic walrus—how wide and interesting the field of inquiry! The theory of waves, the phenomena of winds, storms, and hurricanes, would come in as part of the subject, as also those multitudinous fisheries which excite man's enterprise and industry, and supply him bounteously with food. Our too brief narrative shews, that although we know much concerning the ocean, there is more of which we are altogether ignorant. In the removal of this ignorance, the human mind will find a worthy task for ages yet to come; it is among those of greatest promise and highest interest.



GOING TO THE BULL-FIGHT.

Spanish Bull Fight.

The key of the stall where the bull is kept ready for the combat is in possession of whoever the authority may be that presides. On this occasion the care of the key was entrusted to the Queen. It was flung from the balcony with much grave ceremony. At the moment the Queen delivered the key, a multitude of pigeons, their necks adorned with gay colored ribbons, suddenly rose from each corner of the place; and their flight was hailed with shouts of applause from at least 30,000 spectators.

The cavaliers then took their stations on horseback: the stall was opened, and a brave bull leaped forth. He bounded in in the first exultation of freedom, and made the circuit of the square in a few minutes. He then stepped for a space in the centre—tossed his head, and surveyed—with an eye in which terror and rage were mingled—the surrounding multitude, whose mad shouts rose higher every moment at the gallant bearing of the noble brute.

The rigidity of etiquette melted away like frost-

work before the sun the moment the animal appeared. The alguazils, who were stationed in front of her Majesty's box with their faces turned to her, forgot their respect, and scampered away; the ring was cleared in a moment, and the ground was left alone to the bull and his antagonists.

The cavaliers—whose only arm was a short, light spear, with a steel point about five or six inches long—did not quail. Their spurs were dashed into the horses' flanks, and they bounded into the centre of the square. The ardor was equal, but the



TAKING AWAY THE BULL.



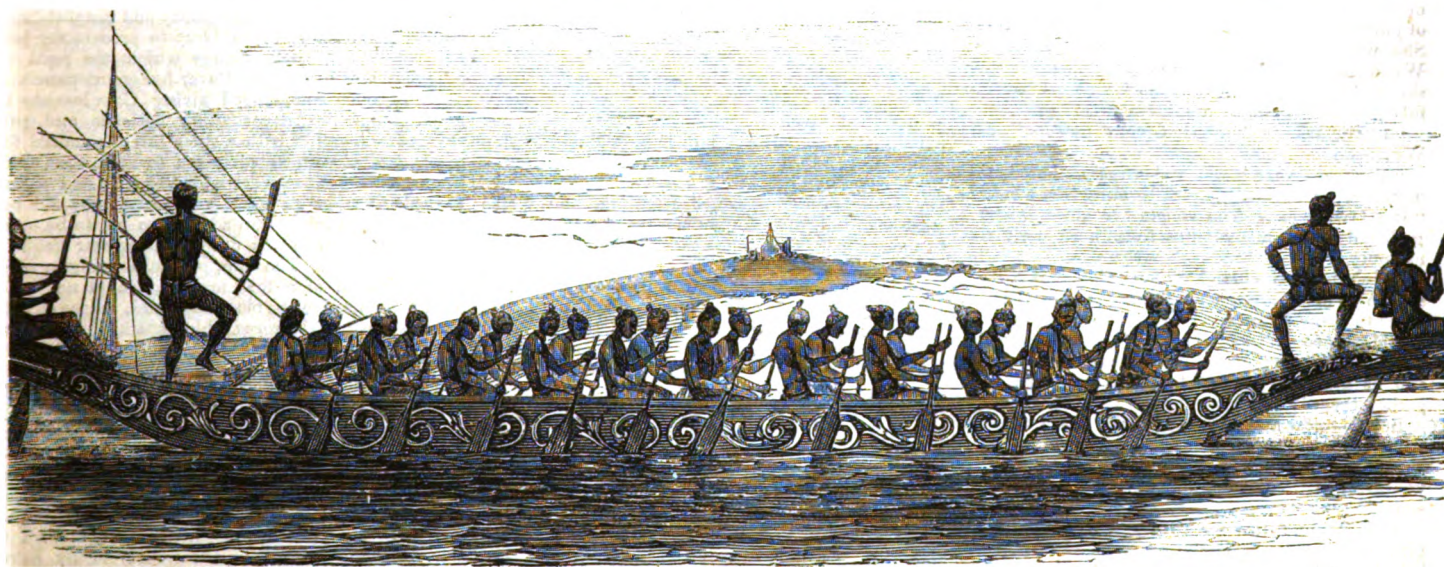
THE FIGHT.

glory was not so. They poised their lances, and attempted to dash them at the bull. One was thrown from his horse at the very first encounter, and another fell under the animal. They were both obliged to retire from the arena, having received contusions from the fall of too severe a character to allow their remaining any longer. Two cavaliers only remained at their post, D. Antonio Romero, lieutenant of the

Maria Christina Regiment, whose *padrino* was the Duke of Abrantes; his assistants were the Chiclaneros and Labi, two eminent *toreros*; the other, Cabanas, the godson of the duke of Osuna, a young man twenty-five years of age, an officer in the Halberdiers. Well and bravely did these two champions do their work. The last-mentioned planted with great skill and force three lances in the bull;

the last blow was mortal; but, at the moment it was given, his horse got frightened, became completely unmanageable, and, at length, flung his rider who was compelled to retire from the arena, and was carried off in the arms of his attendants; his wounds being of a serious character.

Romero was now left alone of the four cavaliers, and, in truth, he was the hero of the day. His



BURMESE WAR-BOAT.

lances were most beautifully aimed, and most accurately planted. His management of his beautiful and fiery charger was so consummate, his bearing so graceful, his coolness in encountering the furious animal before him so perfect, and so unusual in a mere amateur, as to excite the most frantic enthusiasm amongst the concourse. Nothing could give a just idea of the prolonged shouting of the vast multitude. Four bulls fell by his hand—two of which were, however, relieved from the death agony by the *cachete*, or knife used for that purpose. The fourth before receiving the death-blow, made a rush at him, and placing his horns low under the horse's belly, actually lifted into the air the noble horse and his rider. The cavalier fell under the horse, into whose entrails the horns had entered, and both rolled together on the ground. A shout of terror at the danger of the cavalier, and of applause at the brave act of the bull, rent the air. It was for a moment believed that Romero was either killed or dangerously hurt, but tranquility was at once restored. When, in a minute or two, both horse and rider rose from the ground, the rider seated as firmly in his saddle as if he had never been disturbed from it. Another shout hailed this new proof of excellent horsemanship. But the cry of admiration was beyond all description, when the next moment the spectators beheld the bull fall dead, in the very act of preparing for another bound. This attack on the horse had only been a desperate effort of expiring strength, and was made at the very moment he received the last lance of the cavalier.

This was the last display made by the *caballeros en plaza*. Romero retired with some slight bruises; and was again and again saluted with the waving of handkerchiefs from the balconies, and the shouts of the multitude.

Burmese War-Boat.

We give a sketch of a Burmah war-boat, with the standing figures in the usual Burmah posture of defiance. The ends and sides of the boat are characteristically ornamented. The usual number of men in a war-boat is from 25 to 30, armed with muskets and dhas. The background is a view of Martaban Point and pagoda.

Cora; or, the Little Ballad Girl.

CHAPTER I.

Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.

SOUTHER.

"Stop your violin a minute, Belmont!" exclaimed Philip Wyndham to his friend, who was at that moment practising the music of a new opera; "I want to hear that voice."

"What voice?" demanded Belmont.

"Listen and you will hear," replied Wyndham.

"A sweet voice, truly, for a street-singer," said Belmont, having obeyed his companion's request.

"And as clear as a skylark's" said Philip Wyndham, rising and going to the open window.

At a few paces distant, and facing the window, stood a girl of ten or twelve years of age, with a small wicker basket resting on her hand, in which nestling amid fresh green leaves, were a few bunches of purple violets, encircled by sprays of wild roses. She was just finishing a stanza of her song as Wyndham approached the window, and at its close she held her basket in such a manner as to more fully display its simple floral treasures.

"I will take a bunch of your flowers," said Wyndham.

"They are very large, and were gathered this morning," said the little girl, handing him a bunch. "It is twopence. The violets are quite fresh; I gathered them many miles from here early this morning."

"You don't ask enough for such violets as these," said Wyndham, dropping a shilling into her basket, as he took the flowers.

"Most people," she replied, "think it too much for flowers that grow wild in the woods and fields, and, as they say, are free to all who take pains to gather them."

Belmont now made his appearance at the window. "No keep your violets for some one else," said he, as she held the basket towards him, "but if you are not tired, I should like to hear another song."

"Oh it don't tire me to sing," said the flower girl, and she immediately commenced a popular ballad, which required a much greater compass of voice than the one she sang first.

She might well say that it did not tire her to sing, for the notes appeared to gush as freely from her lips as water from a living fountain. When she had finished, Belmont having slipped a piece of money into her basket, she, with a courtesy, was turning away, when Wyndham said, "Stay one minute—will you not tell us your name?"

"Mrs. Spiker, the woman I live with, calls, me Cory, but Aunt Lucy used to call me Cora."

"Where is your aunt now?" inquired Wyndham. "She's been dead a long time," replied Cora.

"Well, Cora," said Wyndham, "the next time you pass this way with your flowers, call, and if I'm at home I will buy some."

"Thank you, sir," she replied; if I can find some nice large violets I will call to-morrow."

Wyndham nodded and smiled; and with a feeling of gladness in her heart, such as did not often visit it, the child turned away.

"I can tell you what my advice is, said Belmont, when Wyndham had resumed his seat.

"Well what is it?" inquired Wyndham.

"To take that child under your own protection, and teach her music," replied Belmont. "With the benefit of your training, by the time she is old enough to appear before a public audience, she will rank among the first female singers of the day."

"I have not a doubt of it," said Wyndham.

"Then what should prevent you from undertaking the task?" inquired Belmont. "Depend on it, it will prove a fortunate speculation, and will put money in your purse."

"Were I a married man, Belmont, or had I a mother or sister, who could take charge of her, I would not hesitate."

"Pooh, Wyndham!—how foolish you are! No wonder you are known in the green-room as Sir Propriety! Besides she is nothing but a child."

"But she will not always remain a child," said Wyndham. "By the time I am thirty, she, as I should judge, will be sixteen or seventeen, and in the eyes of the world a man of that age is not a proper guardian for a friendless young girl."

"I care little for the world's opinion," said Belmont, "provided I have my own approbation."

"I own to some independence on that score myself," replied Wyndham; "but you and I, Belmont, in such a case, would not be weighed in the same balance with a young, and perhaps beautiful girl."

"As to the beauty," said Belmont, "I think that would prove no great cause of scandal. The child has an enchanting voice, but is so plain, that she might well be called ugly."

"There I differ from you," said Wyndham. "When she was singing, her countenance kindled up with what I call real beauty. She evidently fares very hard. She was certainly ill-clothed, and is doubtless quite as ill-fed, and not unlikely over-worked. She, moreover, as I could see, stands in great dread of the woman she lives with. Now none of these can have a very beautifying effect—the last-named the least of all, as I have found occasion to observe in more than one instance."

"And yet you will suffer considerations, which, after all, stand but little chance of being realised to get the better of your benevolence!" said Belmont.

"I tell you what, Phil Wyndham, if Frank Belmont was anything better than a second violin, he would not rest till that child was placed in a situation more comfortable, even if her voice, instead of being as clear and melodious as a blackbird's, was as hoarse and croaking as a raven's."

And Belmont felt what he said; yet an hour later, the impression made on his mind by the little street-singer, had given place to emotions newer and equally amiable. It was not so with Philip Wyndham. Cora's thin, pale face—her eyes, the color of the violets to which, by her sweet and simple songs, she so gracefully attracted attention, and which were beautiful, though they were too large, and had in them a look of too much eagerness—haunted him through the long summer day. Yet he did not form any definite plan which might be for her benefit, and possibly for his own future emolument. He was himself an eminent vocalist, and though not a professed teacher of his art, several had received the benefit of his instruction; and one of them, a lady, took rank among the first singers of the day.

The evening proved warm and sultry, and Wyndham, who had walked out by himself to try to find a little fresh air, had proceeded leisurely, without paying much attention to the direction he took, till he found himself in a part of the town inhabited by the poorer classes. He quickened his pace, that he might the sooner find an opening, by which to emerge from a place where the air, from its closeness is almost suffocating. In the windows of

several of the little miserable dwellings, cakes, and candles, and decaying fruits, were exhibited for sale, and on which Wyndham looked with sensations akin to disgust. All at once he stopped in front of one of them. A voice met his ear which he knew must be Cora's.

"I didn't know it was there—I didn't, certainly," he heard her say.

"You are a liar, as well as a thief!" said a loud angry voice. "You hid it away among the leaves on purpose to rob me of what is my due. I suppose it is to pay me for pinching myself for the sake of feeding and clothing you, when I should serve you right if I sent you to the workhouse. And I will send you there, if you don't do better."

"How can I do better?" said the little Cora. "What I tell you is true. I thought what I handed you was all the two gentlemen gave me. They didn't give the money into my hand, but dropped it into my basket, and I only had a glimpse of it as it slid down among the leaves and flowers."

"You won't make me believe that you didn't know how much there was," said the woman. "You are a cunning, deceitful little wretch; and for punishment, remember you'll go to bed without your supper."

"Don't say that!" implored the child. "Oh! dear, I feel so weak and faint!"

Before the woman had time to say any more, Wyndham stepped in at the open door. Cora sprang towards him with a cry of joy, while the woman, thinking he might possibly wish to buy something, stepped behind the counter, pushing back her dishevelled locks with both hands as she went.

"Has the little girl done any thing amiss?" asked Wyndham, hardly knowing what to say.

"That's my business, sir," replied the woman. "I don't know as you've any right to catechise me."

"Perhaps I have not," said Wyndham; "but I was thinking that possibly you might be willing to part with the child."

"Well I shouldn't," replied the woman, hesitatingly. "She's big enough to earn something now; and I think, after maintaining her for nothing, for two whole years, I've a right to her earnings, if anybody has."

"If you will part with her," said Wyndham, "I am willing to pay you what is just for the loss of her services."

"Well, now you talk a little more rational," said the woman. "I am willing to make a fair bargain with you."

Cora, in the meantime, stood by, with looks of eager and painful anxiety. What Mrs. Spiker considered a fair bargain was soon made, for Wyndham was disposed to be quite as liberal as his means would permit. Having come to terms, he took leave, promising to call for Cora the next day, as soon as he had succeeded in finding her a suitable lodging. In this he was successful beyond his expectations, and by ten o'clock the following morning Cora was given into the charge of a respectable widow, by the name of Grey. Wyndham considered himself particularly fortunate, as there was a piano in the house, belonging to a young lady, a niece of Mrs. Grey, to whom he was giving lessons in music.

Wyndham's engagements were such as to prevent him from calling till a day or two afterwards, and he was then surprised at the change wrought in Cora's appearance by the pretty and tasteful dress he had commissioned Mrs. Grey to procure for her, and the still greater change which the light of a hopeful spirit had spread over her countenance.

He at once commenced giving Cora lessons in music; and her never-failing patience and perseverance, together with a voice rarely equalled for purity and sweetness, promised to more than fulfil the high-wrought expectations which he had at first formed. In her personal appearance she did not improve less rapidly—an advantage not to be overlooked in one who was destined to appear before a public audience. The thin, pale street-singer, after the expiration of a few months, would not have been recognised in the blooming child, whose cheeks were as fresh as the roses which sparkled with dew, amid the green leaves, when her sweet plaintive voice first attracted the notice of Wyndham.

As time wore away, and she was no longer a child, her devotion to the beautiful art she was cultivating increased. It seemed to have become a passion, and Wyndham at times was obliged to insist on her walking or riding, lest such close application should injure her health. He dreamed not of the secret power which actuated her—that she had learned to love her friend, her teacher, her protector, with a deep passionate fervor, which would hardly have been possible, had she not been so lonely and cut

off from all human sympathy except his. She had not a relative in the world that she knew of; and Mrs. Grey, with whom she still resided, was not a person to seek or win the confidence and affection of a heart like Cora's. Policy constrained her to discharge her duty towards her and with that she was content.

Wyndham did not seem to realise that she had emerged from childhood, or to be aware how very beautiful she was. He had, in truth, from the moment he resolved on educating her, considered that he had assumed a sacred trust; and his principles, which were strictly honorable, and, as far as regarded himself, rigorously uncompromising, whatever might be his levity towards others, had caused him to regard her as a sister.

CHAPTER II.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm 't' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

The time was fast approaching when Cora was to make her first appearance in public. As she was to be the successor of an Italian songstress, who had proved a favorite, Wyndham felt some misgivings as to the prudence of bringing her out at that particular time; but as arrangements had been made for that purpose early in the season, and as the expectations of the public were raised very high, he knew that no excuse which he was able to offer would be accepted. Whatever were his doubts, he had the wisdom not to breathe them to her, and she looked up to him with a trust so full and unwavering, that, as long as he expressed no fear, her own courage did not falter.

An interval of only a few days now remained before the evening appointed for her *debut*. Wyndham, as was his practice, called for her, and accompanied her to the morning rehearsal. Her spirits were more buoyant than usual, which shed a beaming radiance over her countenance, and gave to her appearance all the life and animation which was desirable, and in which she had, on former occasions, somewhat failed. All Wyndham's misgivings vanished, and when, at the close of the rehearsal, he handed her into the carriage, and as usual, took his seat opposite her, he said, and felt, that there could be no doubt of her complete success.

"And now, my bird," said he, "I have some thing to say to you. Cannot you half guess what it is?"

A thought like an electric flash passed through her mind and thrilled her heart; but no, that could not be, was her second thought, and she said, as calmly as she could, "No, I cannot."

"I did not know but some whisper of the truth might reach you," said Wyndham, "for curiosity is so sharp and eager, that no care or circumspection can successfully baffle it."

"I have heard nothing," said Cora, a faint perception of what he referred to dawning upon her mind, suggested by something she herself had seen, though, at the time, she had thought it of no particular significance.

"I am glad of it," said Wyndham, "for I ought to be the first to tell you of my contemplated marriage."

"May I ask the name of the lady?" said Cora.

"Certainly," replied Wyndham, "though I think you must know that it can be no one but Beatrice Cellini."

"I did think of her," said Cora.

"It is not so sudden an affair as may seem to you and some others," said Wyndham. But Cora, he added, "what's the matter? You look pale!"

"A slight faintness," she replied; "but it has passed away already. I feel well now. Do not let me longer interrupt you."

"Well, as I was saying," continued Wyndham, "our intended marriage is not so sudden an affair as it may appear. I met Beatrice more than two years ago when I went to Italy, and left you to mope alone for six or eight months. Though many admirers knelt at her shrine, some of them rich and titled, poor Philip Wyndham, who did not think of approaching her as a lover, was secretly, as I have since found, preferred above them all. I returned without any suspicion of the fact, and I did not see her again till I met her at the rehearsal two months ago. Her beauty was more dazzling than ever, and her appearance in every respect still more fascinating; and when I found that she had never ceased to remember me, and that, when in Italy, as well as now, I was favored above all whom her beauty and talent drew around her, what could I do except to offer her my hand? Did I not do right Cora?"

"Yes, if you prefer her above all others," replied Cora.

"Well, I think I do," said Wyndham; "and should I not be ungrateful if I did not? Only think of it—that she, so beautiful and so gifted, should bestow her affections on me whilst she looks coldly on several who are among the most wealthy and fashionable of the metropolis!"

"She does not need wealth," said Cora. "Her voice, only the few months she has been here, has obtained for her what some would consider a fortune."

"That is true," said Wyndham.

"And who among all her admirers, except in wealth, can compare with my guardian?" said Cora.

"No one, perhaps, in my little Cora's eyes," replied Wyndham; "for I have long since found that she casts my faults into the shade, and magnifies my good qualities."

They had now arrived at Cora's lodgings, and Wyndham springing from the carriage assisted her to alight.

Have good courage," said he. "You will not be obliged to live in this dull place much longer. Beatrice and I will soon be able to give you a home. Good morning. You must not forget to take every opportunity to practise the most difficult passages."

Cora's voice faltered as she responded to his "Good morning." It did not escape his quick ear. "Cora," said he, "you are certainly unwell."

"I am a little fatigued," she replied; "and is it not natural that I should be agitated, when I think that, after all the trouble and expense I have cost you, I may fail when the moment of trial comes?"

"You will not fail," said Wyndham. "The manner in which you acquitted yourself this morning assured me that you are destined to rival even Beatrice."

"My ambition is, not to rival her, but to satisfy the expectations of my benefactor," said Cora; and turning quickly away, she entered the house, and hastened to her own room.

"I could bear it better, if she were only worthy of him," thought Cora, as she sank into a chair, and gave way to a passionate burst of tears. "One thing I am determined on—he shall never know how foolish and how vain I have been in imagining that a time might come when the poor street-singer, so long the object of his bounty, might do something more than win his pity—or even his approbation."

Cora had energy and decision of character, and her strong desire not to disappoint the expectations of her benefactor, which she knew must be the case if she yielded to the sorrow which had so unexpectedly assailed her, enabled her, in a measure, to conquer her feelings and attend to the accomplishment of whatever was necessary, preparatory to her first appearance before a public audience.

The following morning, when Wyndham called to attend her to the rehearsal, she appeared as usual, except that she was a little paler, and a good deal calmer. The shadow which had so suddenly fallen around her, veiling the star of hope, which shone in the distance, had unconsciously to herself, made her less alive to the possibility of failure, when the trying moment arrived which had so long been looked forward to—a result which her too keen sensitiveness would if anything, in the opinion of Wyndham, produce. He was therefore well pleased to find her so little excited as the time drew near, though he might possibly have felt differently had he been able to attribute it to its true cause.

The evening appointed for Cora's *debut* had arrived. She was calm and self-possessed; and the words passing from one to another, that the house was crowded, and that many had sought admission in vain, had no power to disturb her equanimity. The only visible signs of unwonted excitement, were the vivid color which suffused her cheeks, and the starry brilliancy of her deep, violet eyes.

Half an hour before the performances were to commence, Wyndham was agreeably surprised by the arrival of his friend Belmont, who a long time since, had made such improvement in his art, as to be able to play the first violin, and who now, having fulfilled an engagement in the provinces, had arrived in the metropolis.

"How is this?" said Wyndham. "You wrote to me you couldn't come."

"I did think I couldn't," replied Belmont; "but the more I thought of it, the more I wished to be present at little Cora's *debut*. I had another reason too, which I may tell you, or I may not. Is Cora as pretty as she was a year ago when I saw her?"

"Yes, I believe so," replied Wyndham; "prettier, if anything I should think."

"You believe, and you think," said Belmont. "Why, don't you know? I of course expected that you intended to marry her, and that the wedding would press so closely upon this evening's performance, that I should hardly have time to equip myself to act my part as bride'sman."

"You expected that I should marry Cora?" said Wyndham, seriously; "why, the thought never entered my mind."

"And it never occurred to you that you were the 'bright, particular star,' whose beams were the light and joy of little Cora's heart," said Belmont, "and that should they shine upon another, the world would seem cold and dark to her, and that she would pine away and die?"

"Never," replied Wyndham. "I am shocked at the bare idea of it."

"I am glad that you are," said Belmont. "It shows that you are not quite so obtuse as I imagined. Now let me ask you, if you could wish for a better, lovelier, or more angelic wife than she would make you?"

"No, I could not," replied Wyndham; yet it is too late—I can never marry her."

"Too late!" exclaimed Belmont. "How so?"

"Yes, too late," said Wyndham. "To-morrow morning I am to be married to Beatrice Cellini."

"Philip Wyndham are you in your right mind?" exclaimed Belmont.

"I believe I am," replied Wyndham. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said his friend, "she is a coquette and a vixen. Besides, I don't believe she cares a rush more about you than she does about half-a-dozen others. What does Cora say about it?"

"Since I told her of it a few days ago, we have not exchanged a word on the subject," said Wyndham.

"And she did not appear moved at the announcement?" inquired Belmont.

"Not particularly," replied Wyndham. "What little she said about it expressed neither sorrow nor regret."

"And her voice was firm, as if her heart was not quivering all the time like a wounded bird?" again inquired Belmont.

"No," said Wyndham; "her voice was a little unsteady—I remarked that. But then—"

"And her color remained steady—unvarying—neither deepened nor paled?" interrupted Belmont.

"No," replied Wyndham. "I noticed that she was pale, and mentioned it to her; but she attributed it to fatigue. She had just been rehearsing her part."

"Well," said Belmont, "all I have to say is, that it would have been better if you allowed her to remain where she was, and sold violets and wild roses, and sung ballads for a living. She could have borne up against physical ills, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" I heard my mother repeat that from the Bible, when I was a boy, and a year afterwards the daisies were growing on her grave."

"I wish I could have known this six weeks ago," said Wyndham. "I must leave you now. I will see you again during the evening."

In five minutes afterward, the overture was commenced, and at its close Cora appeared before the expectant audience. It was natural that one so youthful and so lovely should be greeted with enthusiasm, and the time which she was obliged to wait for the tumult of applause to subside, was more trying than any which succeeded, during the whole performance. Contrary to the somewhat warmly expressed wishes of Wyndham, Beatrice appeared in a conspicuous place as one of the audience. He felt afraid that Cora would be embarrassed, if not daunted by her presence, while Beatrice was so ungenerous as to secretly hope that she would. She was disappointed. In truth, it had a contrary effect—stimulating her to a greater exertion; and even Beatrice herself might have envied the laurels which that memorable evening twined round the brow of the youthful *debutante*.

Several young men, who were among the professed admirers of the beautiful Beatrice, found opportunity to approach her, and pay her the usual tribute of adulation, which, though she understood its true value, was nevertheless by no means unacceptable. One however, the most showy and fashionable of the whole, whose name was Whitman, held himself aloof. His seat was not distant from hers, yet, except that at his entrance he was seen to glance carelessly towards her, he might have been thought to be ignorant of her presence. This, apparently, gave her no concern, though there were those who strongly suspected that in her secret heart she preferred him to Wyndham.

During the stir and slight confusion which succeeded

the close of the first part of the performance, a slip of paper was adroitly slipped into Beatrice's hand, on which was written, in pencil—"Now is the time. A friend gives you this. Take his arm, and he will conduct you to the carriage, where you will find me waiting you."

The moment she saw what it was, she crushed the paper in her hand, at the same time casting a furtive glance at Whitman, which he answered by a quick wave of the hand. A minute afterwards he was gone. She then, as directed, took the arm of him who had handed her the slip of paper, and glided so quietly away, that one of the most assiduous of her admirers, whose attention she had purposely directed to some object in an opposite part of the house, did not notice that she had left her seat, till he turned to ask her a question. He caught a glimpse of her finely cut features in profile, thrown into strong relief against the mass of dark forms which stood near the door-way, and made what haste he could to reach the spot. But she had passed through the crowd when he arrived, and the light of the gas-lamps, as he stepped into the open air, again revealed her to him seated in a carriage, and Whitman by her side. For a moment he stood as if spell-bound, but being brought to himself by the rattling of the carriage-wheels he returned to the theatre. In answer to the questions with which he was greeted by those who, like himself, had caught sight of Beatrice as she left her box, he shook his head, looked wise, and said that he never betrayed the confidence reposed in him.

Belmont, who was among those who saw Beatrice leave, and who afterwards heard the whispers which passed from lip to lip, watched Wyndham with much anxiety. He knew that early in the second part of the performance, he was to sing an air from an opera by Mendelssohn, and was afraid that if he heard that Beatrice had been seen in a carriage with Whitman, the agitation which it might cause him would render him incapable of properly controlling his voice. But Wyndham had heard nothing, and though he missed her, he thought it nothing strange, as he imagined she had grown weary of listening. The moment the performances were closed, Belmont sought his friend.

"Did you ever witness a more complete triumph?" were the words with which Wyndham greeted him.

"Never," replied Belmont; "and I congratulate you, though not so warmly on account of Cora's success as I do on another's."

"I don't understand you," said Wyndham.

"You did not miss Beatrice, I suppose," said Belmont.

"Yes, I did," replied Wyndham. "She became tired, I suspect."

"And Whitman," continued Belmont; "he also became tired."

"What do you mean, Belmont?" demanded Wyndham. "Why don't you speak out?"

"Well," replied Belmont, "I will if you promise me not to faint."

"I think I can promise you that with perfect safety," said Wyndham.

"Well, then," said Belmont, "your bride elect has eloped with Whitman."

"With Whitman!" exclaimed Wyndham.

"There is not a doubt of it," said Belmont. "I see that you are a little shocked; yet I suspect you will escape by being slightly seathed."

"I will be ingenuous enough to own," said

Wyndham, "that after what you mentioned concerning Cora, I began to think I had been too precipitate, and to fear that I had been actuated more by gratitude on account of Beatrice's supposed preference for me than by any more lively emotion."

At this moment a sealed note was handed to Wyndham. It was from Beatrice; and having run his eye over the contents, he handed it to Belmont.

"Exceeding cool, upon my word," said Belmont, as he returned the note. "So it seems that after everything was arranged for her marriage with you, she ascertained that her heart was in the keeping of another—that is to say in Archie Whitman's strong box. What a happy escape you have had! If the discovery had not been made till after the knot was

On the following morning Wyndham and Belmont called on Cora. They found her languid and dejected. It was soon apparent that she had heard nothing relative to the elopement of Beatrice with Mr. Archibald Whitman. After a while Wyndham mentioned it.

"She not only deceived me," said Wyndham, after recounting the circumstances, "but I deceived myself; and I feel not a little humbled by finding that this double deception was attributable to my own vanity."

"I can see no reason for her deceiving you," said Cora.

"Probably," said Belmont, "You are not aware that Archie Whitman, scarcely three days since, had a large fortune left him by an aunt, who was a

rich widow without children. Had our friend Wyndham been the nephew instead of Whitman, there would be no occasion to say, with the song, 'And has she failed in her truth!'"

"After all," said Wyndham, "a person with such expensive tastes and habits is not to blame for having an eye to the future. The time may come when, if the contents of her purse are graduated by the quality of her voice, they may be rather meagre. By taking measures to hold the good things of this life, by a tenure less frail, she has shown that if hollow-hearted, she is at least a sound financier."

"A philosophical conclusion," said Belmont, "which shows that you are sound-hearted, after passing through a somewhat trying ordeal."

"You will be here again in about a month, I believe you told me," said Wyndham to his friend Belmont, about a week after the foregoing conversation, as they stood waiting for the departure of the train, by which Mr. Belmont was going.

"Yes, that's what I intend," replied Belmont.

"Do not fail to come, and you will be present at my wedding," said Wyndham.

"Yes, so I supposed," replied Belmont.

"But I have never said a word to you on the subject before, Belmont."

"No, nor has Cora said anything," replied Belmont; "but though Love be blind, that is no reason that Love's friends should be. You may expect me at the time appointed for your marriage; and this time, I think, there will be little danger of your being disappointed. We at least may be certain of one thing—Cora will not jilt you."

At the appointed time the marriage of Cora and Philip Wyndham was celebrated. Mr. Belmont was also present, and had the gratification of presenting Cora to her husband at the altar.

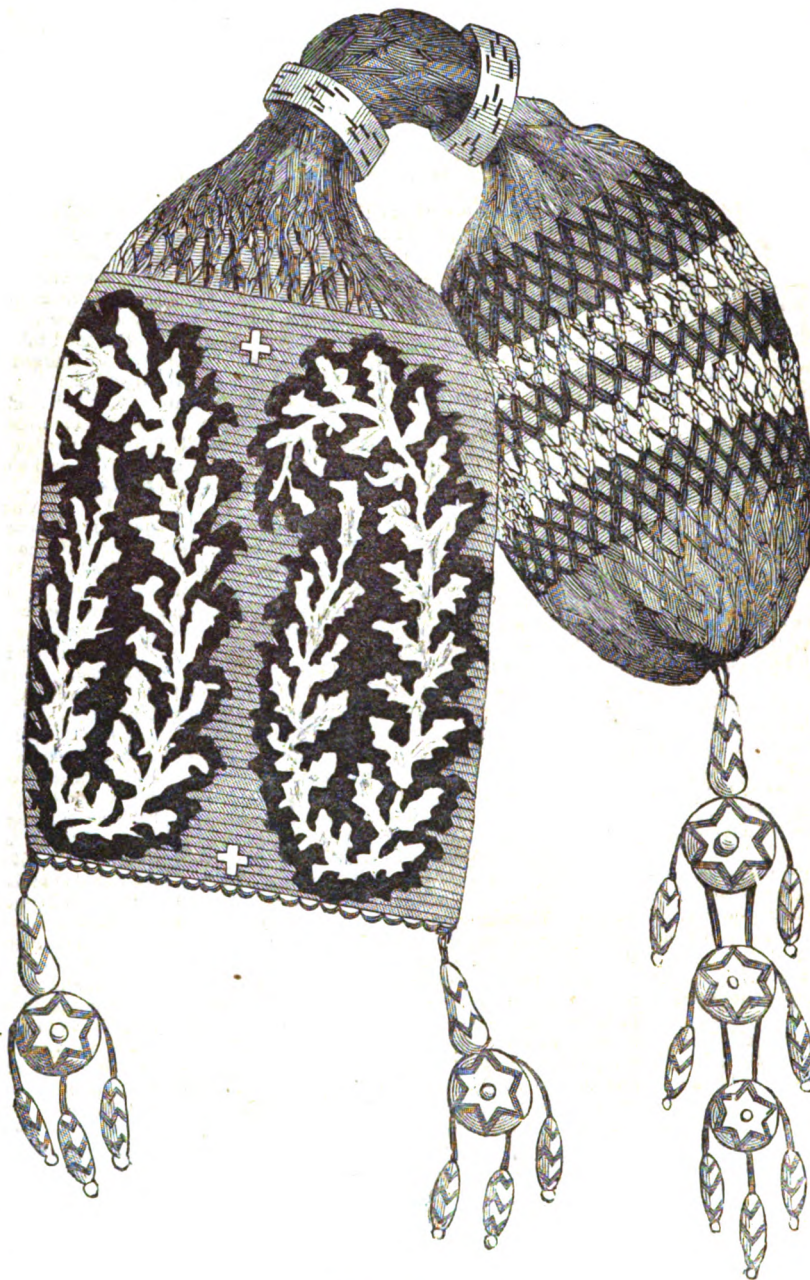
With abilities of no ordinary kind, cultivated by one who could fully appreciate them, Cora continued to grace the salons of the affluent, admired alike for her talents and her virtues.

Gentleman's Purse.

Materials.—Two skeins of groseille silk, and one of black ditto (French), 10 skeins of gold thread, No. 1, and passementerie trimmings to match, combining all these materials.

The two ends of this purse, which are exactly alike, are made separately from the centre; begin with the groseille silk, by making a chain of 120 stitches, and closing it into a round, do five rounds of single crochet.

1st pattern round. Groseille and gold. 3 gro-



GENTLEMAN'S PURSE.

tied, it might have caused you both a world of trouble. I hope, Wyndham, you realise all this?"

"I should deserve to be called an ingrate if I did not," replied Wyndham; "yet I cannot deny but that I was a trifle dazzled by her magnificent beauty."

"And, as a natural consequence, somewhat blinded," added Belmont; "but when your mental vision is fully restored, you will see that Beatrice is no more to be compared with Cora, than a pebble to a pearl."

CHAPTER III.

The love is sordid which doth need
Gold's filthy dust its fire to feed:
That acts a higher, nobler part,
Which comes, unfetter'd, from the heart.

seille, 3 gold, alternately, all round. 2nd, 2 groseille, 4 gold, alternately, all round. 3rd, 3 gold, 2 groseille, 1 gold; all round. 4th, 3 gold, 3 groseille; all round. Do five more rounds of the silk only.

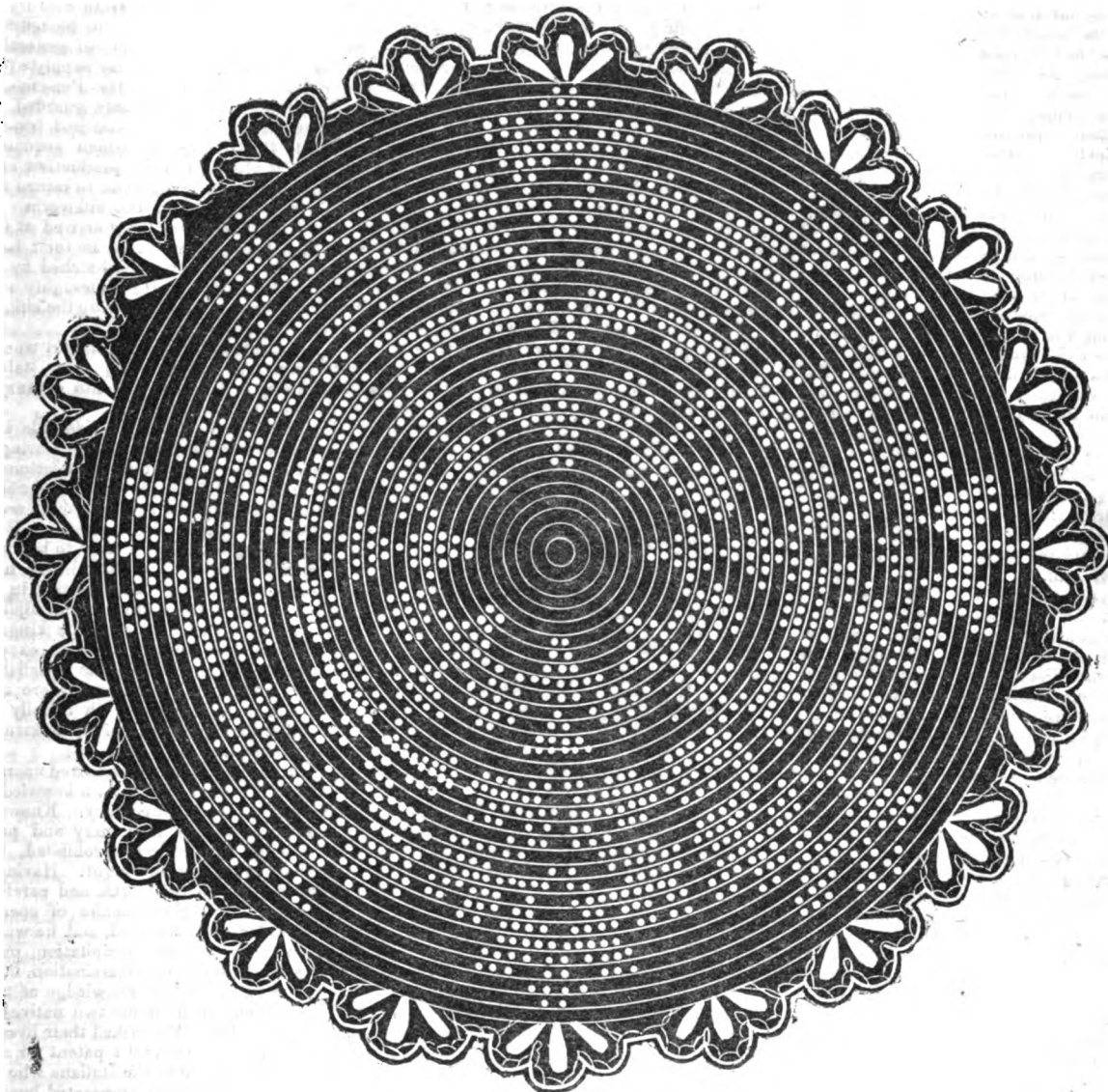
Now work from the diagram, with gold and both silks; after which eight more rounds of groseille only. Then begin to decrease. 1st round, x 4 silk (grosseille), 1 gold, 4 silk (over 5), 1 gold, 4 silk, x 8 times. 2nd, x 4 silk, 6 gold, 4 silk, x 8 times. 3rd, x 6 silk, miss 1 stitch, 1 gold, 6 silk, x 8 times. 4th, x 6 silk, 1 black, 6 silk, x 8 times. 5th, x 5 silk, 1 black, miss a stitch, 1 more black, 5 silk, x 8 times. 6th, x 4 silk, 4 black, 3 more silk, x 8 times. 7th, x 3 silk, 2 black, 1 gold, 2 black, 2 silk, x 8 times. 8th, x 1 silk, 2 black, 3 gold, 2 black, 1 silk, x 8 times. Fasten off groseille silk. 9th, x 2 black, 5 gold, 2 black, x 8 times. 10th, x 1 black, 2 gold, 2 black, 2 gold, 1 black, x 8 times. 11th, x 2 gold, 4 black, 1 gold, x 8 times. Now, with black only decrease 8 stitches in every round, until it is closed. Do the centre separately, making a chain of 120 stitches,

mirably. This kind of d'oyley is particularly suitable for dessert; and a variety may be made by using various colored beads on a white ground, as well as white on the colored ground. Rubies emerald and turquoise look very well for this purpose. Indeed, the Pompadour mixture of blue and pink, produced by working turquoise or a paler shade of blue beads on a pink ground, is one of the prettiest possible. The beads are such as can be easily threaded; larger than seed beads, but not so large as some used for canvas work.

Observe that in this, and all close crochet work, the best way to increase is by making a chain, without missing a stitch in the previous round; instead of doing two stitches in one, which causes a hole.

Make a chain of 4; close it into a round, and do 1 s c on every stitch, with 1 chain after it. 2nd, increase by making chain after every stitch. 3rd, increase after every second stitch. 4th, increase after every third stitch. 1st pattern, x 2

18th, x 1 c, 5 b, 3 c, 4 b, 3 c, 5 b, 1 c, x 8 times. 19th, x 2 c, 9 b, 1 ch, 9 b, 2 c, 1 ch, x 8 times. 20th, x 1 c, 6 b, 2 c, 1 b, 3 c (on 1 ch, and a bead on each side,) 1 b, 2 c, 6 b, 2 c, x 8 times. 21st, x 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 3 b, 1 c, 1 ch, 2 b, 3 c, (over 3,) 2 b, 1 c, 1 ch, 3 b, 1 c, 2 b, 2 c, x 8 times. 22nd, x 4 c, 2 b, 2 c, 4 b, 1 c, 4 b, 2 c, 2 b, 5 c, x 8 times. 23rd, x 8 c, 10 b (over 1 c and 4 b on each side,) 9 c, x 8 times. 24th, x 7 c, 4 b, 1 c, 2 b (on centre 2 of 10,) 1 c, 4 b, 8 c, x 8 times. 25th, x 7 c, 3 b, 2 c, 2 b, 2 c, 3 b, 8 c, x 8 times. 26th, x 11 c, 4 b, (on 2 b and a cotton stitch on each side,) 12 c, x 8 times. 27th, x 12 c, 1 ch, 2 b (on centre 2 of 4,) 13 c, x 8 times. Do one round of s c, without beads.—Then the border. Work on the right side. 1st rd., s c, x 6 ch, s c on next, 7 ch, s c on next, 6 ch, s c on next, 4 ch, miss 3, 1 s c. 2nd, under the 6 ch do 1 s c, 2 de, 2 te 2 de, 1 s c; under the 7 ch, 1 s, 2 de, 3 te, 2 de, 1 s c; under 6, as before; under chain of 4, s c 4 times.



BEADED D'OYLEY.

and working thus: 1st row, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 de. 2nd row, turn, 1 de, x 1 ch, 1 de, under-chain of last row. Do two and a-half or three inches; then crochet to each end.

Many colors look well for the ground of this purse, but the French tint known as groseille, which is at present so fashionable, is the richest that can be conceived.

FALSEHOOD could do little mischief if it did not gain the credit of truth.

D'Oyley with Beads in Crochet

Materials.—Two reels of the ingrained blue pink crochet cotton, 2 oz. of alabaster beads, No. 2.

The pattern in this d'oyley is produced entirely by the beads crochet being in the stitch ordinarily known as single crochet. The effect is extremely pretty, and the beads wash and wear ad-

stitches with a bead on each, 2 without, x 8 times. Abbreviated, x 2 b (beads, 2 c (cotton,) x 8 times. 2nd, x 2 b over 2 b, 3 c over 2, x 8 times. 3rd, x 3 b over 2, 4 c over 3, x 8 times. 4th, x 5 b, 1 chain, 2 more b, x 8 times. 5th, x 3 b over 3 first of 5, 1 ch, 1 c, 3 b, 1 ch, 1 c, x 8 times. 6th, x 1 c, 1 b (over 2nd of 3,) 2 c, 5 b, 1 c, x 8 times. 7th, x 1 c, 2 b on 1 b, 3 c, 4 b (over 3 centre of 5 b,) 2 c, x 8 times. 8th, x 4 b, 3 c, 2 b (on centre 2 of 4,) 3 c, x 8 times. 9th, x 5 b, 1 ch, 6 c, 1 ch, 1 b, x 7 times; the 8th, 5 b, 1 ch, 3 c. 10th, x 6 c, 2 b (on the centre 2 of 6,) 6 c x 8 times. 11th, x 1 c, 3 b, 1 c, 2 b, 1 ch, 2 b, 1 c, 3 b, 2 c, x 8 times. 12th, x 6 b, 3 c, 6 b, 1 c, x 8 times. 13th, x 8 b, 1 c (over 2nd of 3 c,) 8 b, 1 c, x 8 times. 14th, x 1 c, 3 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 2 c, 3 b, 2 c, x 8 times. 15th, x 1 ch, 5 c, 3 b, 1 c, (on 1 c,) 3 b, 6 c, x 8 times. 16th, x 2 c, 6 b, 4 c (over 1 c and a bead at each side,) 6 b, 2 c, x 8 times. 17th, x 1 c, 7 b, 2 c, 2 b (on centre 2 of 4 c,) 2 c, 7 b, 1 c, x 8 times.

DISCOVERY OF SILVER IN CHILI.—Intelligence has been received from Copiapo, of an extraordinary discovery alleged to have been made in the neighborhood of a place called Chanocillo, one of the rich silver districts in that part of Chili. Some poor wood-cutters were engaged in cutting and collecting wood on the hills, when the axe of one of them struck something hard, but as the substance had a softer sound than a stone, he cleared away the rubbish to ascertain what it was, and found a vein of nearly solid silver. Along with his companions he continued the examination, and discovered that there were four veins, all distinct and large. The consequence was, that the city was almost deserted, several thousand miners, rich and poor, having congregated upon the spot; and as they had remained several days, no doubt was felt that the value of the discovery had been confirmed.

MEN are too apt to lay before them the actions of great men, and neglect what is more important—the motives of their models.

The Silkworm and its Products.

CHAPTER I.

(Continued from page 84.)

By the time the worms have attained their full maturity and growth, they have generally denuded of their foliage the whole plantation of mulberry trees, and the attendants therefore look anxiously for the time when they shall cease eating; this they do suddenly, and again fall into a state of stupor, which lasts about two days. On again awaking to activity, the silkworm, for the first time since it came to life, shows signs of restlessness, and crawls hastily about in search of a retreat. As soon as this restlessness is perceived, the attendants carry in a quantity of dried twigs and branches, and carefully scatter them over the worms, who take to them with such avidity that in the course of an hour or two not one will be found who has not selected for himself a spot whereon to weave a silken bed. As soon as the caterpillar has fixed upon a place for the formation of its cocoon, it attaches long threads of glutinous matter or silk, from side to side, to form a support for itself, and thus continues to work until it has woven around itself a hollow envelope of light tissue-like texture. As it does not move or change the position of the hinder part of its body, but continues moving its head from side to side, attaching and drawing the thread from point to point, it follows naturally that, after a time, its body becomes enclosed by the network thus produced. The work is then continued from one thread to another, the caterpillar moving its head and spinning in a zigzag manner, bending the forepart of its body back so as to spin in all directions within reach; and the position of the body is only changed for the purpose of covering the part which was beneath it with silk. As the web is thus spun by bending the forepart of the body back, it follows that the silkworm very soon encloses itself in a cocoon very much shorter than its own body, and the work is thus continued with the worm in a bent position. Thus the worm, by pure instinct, forms a cocoon which is of just sufficient size for its purposes in the chrysalis stage, and not guided by its present proportions. During the time of spinning, the silkworm decreases considerably in length, and by the time that it has completed its cocoon, has diminished its size by one-half. The cocoon consists of three distinct layers of silk; the first loose and flossy, the second of a closer texture, and the inner coating finer, and glued or gummed closely together and forming a compact surface. After building the cocoon, the silkworm divests itself of its caterpillar garment, and is at once transformed into a chrysalis. In the chrysalis state the animal remains for about a fortnight, during which period the delicate and beautiful limbs of the moth are being formed.

At the end of this period a slight swelling of the chrysalis indicates that a new life is about bursting forth; a rupture down the back succeeds; and, by degrees, the snowy moth emerges from her horny shell into the hollow silken chamber of the cocoon. There, after fluttering for a few minutes, it emits a fluid which has the power of softening the silk at the pointed end of the cocoon, through which the moth soon afterwards bursts into life and activity. The cocoon takes about five days' incessant and unceasing labor in its formation, and when finished is egg-shaped, and about an inch and a half in length.

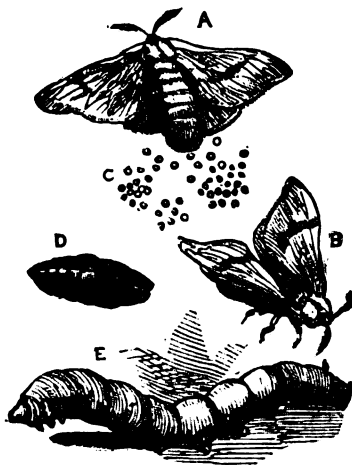
It must be borne in mind that the silk composing the cocoon is spun out by the animal in *one continuous thread*, from the first commencement to the completion of the fine lining; the length of this thread of course varies in some small degree; but generally, the continuous, unbroken thread produced and spun by each worm is about one thousand feet. Of course, as the value and use of the silk depends upon its perfect length being preserved, it would be very prejudicial to allow the moth to be formed in those cocoons which are intended for use. A sufficient quantity having been set aside for producing eggs for the next season, the rest are either exposed to the broiling sun, or placed in a furnace until the poor little animal is stifled in the very beautiful edifice which his ingenuity has formed, and which is so soon converted into a tomb. This done, the grower opens the soft external covering of floss-silk and removes the harder cocoon. This floss-silk is afterwards brought to a manufactured state by spinning, as we shall subsequently see. The grower then separates the cocoons into different scales of quality, previous to selling them. These qualities are denominated "good cocoons," which are the most perfect; "pointed cocoons," which are not good winders; "cocalons," which are not compact; "dupions," which have the threads mixed with each

other; and "soufflons," which are imperfect, each of which varieties has its relative and proportionate value.

When the cocoons have been thus selected and sold, the winder or reeler prepares to form them into hanks ready for use by the manufacturer. For this purpose, small furnaces are raised, adapted to the purpose, on the top of which is placed a vessel of water. Into this water a number of the cocoons are thrown, and the heat of the water soon softens the gum or glue, and renders the separation and proper winding the delicate threads a matter of easy accomplishment. The reeler is provided with a whisk of fine twigs, bound together, and cut off evenly at the ends, and with this she gently stirs and presses the cocoons in the water till the loose threads become entangled on its points. She then raises the whisk, with the threads attached, removes them from it, and draws their ends through her fingers. The operator collects ten, fifteen, or twenty threads together, and passes them through small loops or eyes in a reeling machine. This apparatus is very simple—consisting only of a hollow wheel, upon which she attaches the ends of the threads, while another female turns the handle. By this means fifteen or twenty cocoons are unwound at one time, and as each is drawn off another is substituted, and thus a continuous thread, composed of many cocoons, is produced.

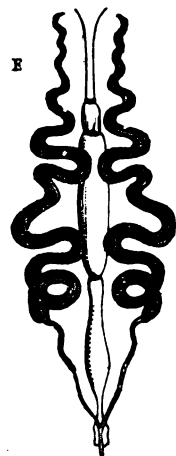
It is thus the hanks or skeins, as imported into this country, are produced; and it must be borne in mind, that the fine thread, as bought by our silk-throwsters, is not the thread as produced by the silkworm in its original condition and thickness; but it is the combined production of a large number of those insects. Thus, one thousand yards in length of silk as imported in the hank, would be the united produce of nearly four good sized cocoons.

To give a clear insight into the wonderful capacity of the silkworm for the operations it has to perform,



we will place before the reader engravings of the animal and its transformations. In the annexed illustrations we have—A, the female silkworm moth; B, the male moth; C, the eggs; D, the pupa, removed from the cocoon; E, the caterpillar; F, position of the silk-bags and spinaret in the worm, and G, the cocoon.

Having, by the aid of these illustrations, and the explanations already given, prepared the reader for a minute comprehension of the production of silk, we will now glance briefly at the history of man-



ufactured silk from the earliest periods.

Silk was first used in China, the country which produced it being called by the Macedonian Greeks, *Serica*—the country of the *Seres*. The natives are said to have discovered the uses of silk 2700 years

a. c., when the Empress first observed the labors of the worm on the wild mulberry leaves, and applied it to use. From China the art passed to Persia, India, Arabia, and Asia in general. Alexander's expedition first introduced the knowledge of silk to the Grecians, 350 years a. c.; then it passed to Rome, the Emperor Heliogabalus appearing to have been one of the first Emperors whose robes were entirely composed of silk. Nothing seems to have been known of the mode of production of the silk out of China, and many curious conjectures with regard to its origin are to be found in the early writers. Thus Virgil supposed that it was produced from leaves; and Dionysius Periegetes (who lived about A. D. 300) says:—

"Nor flocks, nor heeds the distant *Seres* tend;
But from the flow'rs that in the desert bloom,
Tinctured with every varying hue, they cull
The glossy down, and card it for the loom."

It was not until the sixth century that the mystery of its origin began to be removed. At this period silk was an article of general consumption in the Roman Empire, the supply of the raw material being confined to the Persians, by whom the trade was mostly jealously guarded. Two Nestorian monks of Persia, who had travelled to China, made the Emperor Justinian acquainted with the process observed in the production of silk, and undertook, at his instigation, to return and bring with them some eggs of the silkworm. Their project was successful, and they arrived at Constantinople with the eggs concealed in their hollow pilgrim's staves. They were soon hatched by artificial heat, and the monks, being thoroughly acquainted with the process of manufacturing the silk, soon succeeded in their great undertaking.

In the twelfth century, the art was transferred to Sicily, and subsequently into Italy, Spain, and France, and in the fifteenth century it was introduced into England.

James I. displayed considerable interest in the promotion of the breeding and rearing of silkworms, and in 1608 issued recommendations for their culture in the different counties, and offered to supply, gratuitously, packets of mulberry seeds to all who would undertake their growth. He also caused plantations of mulberry trees to be formed, and silk-worm houses to be erected, in the hope of permanently establishing their culture in his kingdom. The mulberry trees often found adjoining old mansions, in various parts of the kingdom, are to be traced to this period. James's experiments were, however, unsuccessful—the English climate not being suitable to the insect. More recent attempts have also been made, with equally unsatisfactory results, for the growth of the silkworm in England and Ireland.

In 1715 John Lombe resolved upon visiting Italy, and acquiring, at any risk, a knowledge of the process adopted in that country. Knowing that an examination of the machinery and process of silk-throwing was strictly prohibited, he gained by bribery the object he sought. Having made several secret visits to the works, and carefully noted and sketched the various modes of operation, his plot was at length discovered, and he was compelled to fly with the utmost precipitation, on board a ship, to save himself from assassination, but not until he had acquired a full knowledge of the trade. He was accompanied by the two natives whom he had bribed, and who had risked their lives in his cause.

In 1718 he procured a patent for eighteen years, and, with the aid of the Italians who had accompanied him to England, transacted business on an enterprising and extensive scale. Soon afterwards, however, John Lombe died, at the early age of 29, from the effects, it is said, of poison. He had not pursued this lucrative commerce more than three or four years, when the Italians, who felt the effects of the theft, from their want of trade, determined his destruction, and hoped that of his works would follow. An artful woman came over, in the character of a friend, associated with the parties, and assisted in the business. She attempted to gain both the Italians, and succeeded with one. By these, slow poison was supposed, and perhaps justly, to have been administered to John Lombe, who lingered two or three years in agony.

To be continued.

"I cannot imagine," said an alderman, "why my whiskers turn grey so much sooner than the hair on my head."

"Because," observed a wag, "you have worked so much harder with your jaws than you have with your brains."

Familiar Conversations on Interesting Subjects.

"MOTHER, what makes a black dress warmer than a light one?"

"You have never worn a black dress, Clara, how do you know that it is?"

"Why, I have often heard persons say so, but I did not know whether it was true, or whether it was only imagination."

"It is not imagination, Clara, it is true. All black or dark dresses are warmer than light ones, because they absorb more heat. You recollect I told you yesterday, that all dull and dark substances were good radiators of heat, and that a good radiator was a good absorber also, consequently, as black absorbs more heat than any other color, it is the warmest color we could select for a dress; but on the other hand, that which absorbs the least heat, reflects the most; so that if we wish a cool dress, we should select a white one."

"Will a white surface reflect light as well as heat, mother?"

"Yes; that which reflects heat, reflects light also, and whatever absorbs heat, absorbs light."

"Then is not that the reason, mother, why, when sitting opposite a fence that has been newly white-washed, the light is so painful to our eyes?"

"Yes; the rays of light falling upon the white surface, are reflected to our eyes, which being too much for the nerve of the eye, cause us to experience pain."

"How is it, mother, that when we come into the house, after having been out in the bright sunshine, the place at first seems so dark, that we can scarcely see at all, but, after a few minutes, it appears quite light enough to enable us to see every object distinctly?"

"You know that there is a certain portion of the eye which in some persons is black, in others blue, and in others gray. You have noticed this, I suppose, Clara?"

"Yes, mother, and in the centre of it is another little round spot, which is always black."

"Yes; and this little spot of which you speak, is called the pupil; that which surrounds it, is called the iris, which is a sort of network, which contracts or expands according to the force of the light in which it is placed. The pupil is nothing more than an opening or window, through which light is admitted, which strikes on the retina or back part of the eye, which is the most important part of the eye, for it is that which receives the impression of the objects of sight and conveys it to the mind. When a person is out in the sunshine, or near a strong light, the pupil is very small, and the iris very large, and this is the reason why, when we at first enter a dark room, we are unable to distinguish any thing: because the pupil being small, enough light cannot be admitted to render any object visible; but in a few minutes the pupil dilates, and the iris contracts, and we clearly perceive every object around us."

"But why is it, mother, that when we come from a dark room into a strong light, we feel so much pain in our eyes?"

"Because, when we come suddenly into a strong light, before the pupil has time to contract, the nerve of the eye is overburdened with the quantity of light admitted."

"What is it, mother, that makes some persons near-sighted?"

"The whole of the outside or visible part of the eyeball, is termed the cornea. Now, when the cornea projects too much, the impression of objects is not formed on the retina, but in the humors of the eye, and their image is therefore not distinctly seen."

"How does wearing glasses relieve them, mother?"

"Such persons should wear double concave glasses, or glasses hollowed-in on both sides, which cause the rays of light to diverge, and prevent their coming to a focus too soon, and thus the image is cast farther back, and formed on the retina."

"Sometimes such persons bring objects close to their eyes; how does that help them, mother?"

"It has a similar effect to that produced by the glasses, for the nearer an object is brought to the eye, the greater is the angle under which it is seen, and the more its rays are diverged; or, to use plain language, the distance between the cornea and retina, that is, the front and back of the eye being so much greater in near-sighted persons than it is in others, the image of objects, when held at the usual distance from the eye, is formed on the humors in front of the retina, which causes it to be imperfect; but when the object is brought near to the eye, the image is thrown further back, and consequently the impression of the object falls on the retina."

"Well, mother, some persons again hold objects at a distance—why do they do that?"

"Because the cornea is not convex enough; in other words, it is too flat, so that the distance between the front and the back of the eye is not enough, and to compensate for this defect they are obliged to hold objects at a distance; this is generally the case with old persons, the humors of the eye being dried up with age, the cornea or outside of the eye sinks."

"What kind of glasses should such persons use, mother?"

"Double convex glasses, or glasses which curve outward on both sides, for these have the property of converging the rays, and bringing them to a focus, thus forming an image on the retina. Reflect a monument, my child, on this small, yet I think I may say, most wonderful part of the human body. What wisdom! what skill is displayed in its mechanism! Could the most ingenious person on earth have devised anything parallel with it? At a single glance, a landscape several miles in extent is brought into a space, half an inch in diameter; and yet, not one of the multitude of objects which it contains is lost; all are correctly represented, with their various colors, magnitudes, and positions. Does not this single member of our body loudly declare, 'the hand that made us is divine?' But, we will proceed with our lesson. You have heard of microscopes, have you not, Clara?"

"Yes, frequently."

"Do you understand their use?"

"They are used for magnifying small objects, are they not, mother?"

"They are; and by their aid we are enabled to notice still further, the superiority of the works of God over those of man."

"In what way, mother?"

"The edge of a sharp lancet appears very smooth and fine to the naked eye; but when viewed through a microscope it is rough and uneven, and full of notches. But the sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, is without the least flaw, or inequality, and ends in a point so small that it cannot be discerned. The threads of the finest lawn appear rougher than the yarn with which the coarsest ropes are made; but a silkworm's web is perfectly smooth and equal. A dot with a pen is irregular and uneven, but the little specks on the wings of insects are perfectly circular."

"Oh, mother, how I should like to look at some of these things through a microscope!"

"It would not only be gratifying, but highly instructive to you, my child, if you could do so; but, as that is a matter of impossibility just now, you must content yourself with listening to what those who have enjoyed this privilege have discovered."

"That I am quite willing to do, mother; please tell me some more of these wonders."

"How does a grain of sand appear, when viewed by the eye, Clara?"

"Round, mother."

"And yet, when viewed through a microscope, scarcely two appear of the same shape: some are round, some are square, some conical, and the greater part irregular. By the help of microscopes, which magnify millions of times, we discover that within the cavity of these grains dwell numerous insects."

"Oh, mother, that appears almost impossible."

"To our feeble minds it does; but shall we limit the power of the Almighty? A drop of water or vinegar, by this instrument, is also shown to contain numbers of small insects. But there is scarcely an end to these wonders. The wing of the smallest insect, the leaf of the most insignificant plant that we trample beneath our feet, when viewed through a microscope, fills us with admiration and astonishment, and leads us involuntarily to exclaim, 'Surely there is a God.'"

A Strange and Impressive Custom.

I WITNESSED one night a most singular custom among the native South Americans, which made a deep impression on me. On returning home rather late, after accompanying some captains of my acquaintance to the landing, where their boat was waiting for them, I passed a low-roofed house, in whose well-lit room music and dancing were going on. I tried to get a look through the curtained window, but did not succeed, and was just passing on when the door opened, and two men came out. A third one was just going to shut the door again, when he saw me, and, addressing me, asked, in the most friendly way, to come in and be welcome. Always ready to see what I could, wherever I got a chance, I followed on this kind invitation, and

found myself the next minute in a perfect flood of light, but in a very small room, crowded with people. Taking in the whole at the first glance, the room seemed very poorly furnished, with white-washed walls, only here and there ornamented with small and colored pictures of saints and martyrs. The tables and chairs were made of pine-wood—the latter with cane bottoms; and one corner of the room, and a great part of the whole space, in fact, was taken up by a large bed covered with flowered curtains, instead of a mosquito net, but the curtains thrown back at present, to afford room for those guests who would not dance themselves. Aquardente and dulces were handed round, while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner, opposite the bed, consisting of a light frame-work, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a small quantity of small lighted wax-candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well made wax figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock: the eyes were closed, the pale cheeks tinged by a soft, rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her and invited her to the dance—and a few minutes afterwards she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child—no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbors at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure, or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily; the whole festivity, in fact, was only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully, and my neighbor, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and caques commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her children to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes—for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!

The Wax-Insect Tree.

THE inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have, it seems, great use for candles. Their gods cannot be worshipped acceptably without them. Hence the consumption of these articles is very great. As among ourselves, both tallow and wax candles are used: the latter being the more costly. Wax candles were made in China exclusively from bees-wax; but a discovery was made of a new kind of wax, the product of a different insect from the bee.

In the spring, the cocoons containing the eggs of the insect are folded up by the cultivators in leaves, and suspended at various distances on the tree which is to be stocked. After having been thus exposed for from one to four weeks, the eggs are hatched, and the insects, which are white, and of the size of millet seeds, emerge and attach themselves to the branches of the tree, or conceal themselves beneath its leaves. Fixing themselves on the branches, the young insects speedily commence the formation of a white waxy secretion, which, becoming harder, suggests the idea of the tree becoming covered with hoar frost. The insect becomes, as the Chinese say, *changed into* (gradually imbedded in) *wax*. The branches of the tree are now scraped, the collateral matter forming the crude wax.



Blundell's Patent Sweeping Machine.

ONE of the practical results of the appointment of Sanitary Committees in England for improving the condition of their towns has been the introduction of mechanical means of cleansing the streets and public roads more economically and effectually than by the scavengers of old. A very useful invention, shown in our illustration, has lately been patented by Mr. Blundell. This Sweeper consists of revolving brushes, capable of being raised or lowered at will, and working diagonally beneath the machine, which is boxed up, and inside which is the gear-work, which is set in motion by the road-wheels. The machine is manufactured by Mr. Crosskill, of Beverley, who has lately introduced it to the notice of the local authorities of Hull, before whom a trial has been made, by sweeping several streets in the town: when the gentlemen assembled to witness the experiment expressed their approbation at the manner in which the machine did its work.

We understand that a man and horse, working the machine eight hours per day at the very moderate pace of two miles per hour, will thoroughly sweep 56,320 superficial yards; and estimating 10s. per day for the horse, 6s. for the man, and 2s. for wear and tear, the work is done at a cost of about 4s. per 100 yards; depositing the dust, dirt, &c., on each side of the road or street, ready for removal by the scavengers' carts. On macadamised roads the mud or dust is removed with a rapidity unprecedented. The pavement can be swept by hand machines with equal expedition and effect.

Centripetal Barrow.—Br. T. Windus.

In this barrow, which is also called the equilibrium barrow, the wheels are placed at the centre instead of at the sides. The effect of this mode of construction is to give it a very light draught, and to relieve the pressure upon the arms of the driver. To cross brooks and ditches on a plank, one or both wheels can be fixed on the front with four revolutions. Scrapers are attached to prevent clogging; and it is stated, that, instead of injuring gravel walks, &c., it rather improves them. The wire cradle, which is moveable, can be used as a feeding-rack, or to carry plants and trees from a conservatory, or other like purpose. It is the invention of Mr. T. Windus, of Stamford-hill.

Electric Light.

In 1846 the world was first startled with the novelty of the Electric Light. Scientific men had long been familiar with the intensity of the light caused by electric action, but it was Messrs. Greener and Staito, we believe, who first devised a form of apparatus for public lighting by such agency. Their patent of the year above named described an arrangement whereby small lumps of pure carbon, enclosed in air-tight vessels, were rendered luminous by currents of galvanic electricity. Little was done in the first year, beyond the promulgation of the method; but in 1847 the evening gazers in London were astonished by the occasional flashes of intense light thrown out upon them from elevated spots; and one of the inventors estimated the merits of the system so highly, as to state the comparative cost of lighting to be in the ratio of one to six, or eight, as compared with gas.

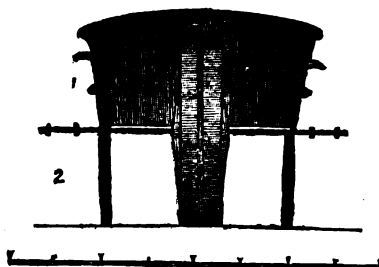
So far it can be described in a few words, the following will convey an idea of the mode of producing the light. In the first place there were two small cylinders or bits of pure carbon, with their points placed toward each other some small fraction of an inch apart. As they were subjected to a slow combustion the points of these cylinders receded further and further apart; but this recession was

corrected by a train of wheel-work which advanced them in an equal degree in the opposite direction, so that the carbon points were maintained equidistant. A galvanic battery was provided, and the two carbon cylinders lay in the direction of the circuit through the wires, so that the galvanic circuit could not be completed unless the fluid could traverse the small distance from one piece of carbon to the other. It is one among the many properties of electricity, that when the subtle agent has thus to leap over the interval, as it were, from one point to another, it generates an intense heat at that point; and the points being, in the apparatus in question, formed of a slowly combustible body, like carbon, the heat generates, or is at least accompanied by an intense light. The task which most called

forth the ingenuity of the inventors, was to keep the carbon points at such a distance as to render the light continuous instead of intermitting; for an intermitting or flickering light would be nearly valueless in ordinary cases.

Numerous practical difficulties presented themselves in this novel experiment, and they have not yet been surmounted so satisfactorily as to lead to the practical application of the light.

IRON LIGHTHOUSES.—Iron lighthouses take rank among the novelties to which this invaluable metal is now applied. Most readers have some amount of acquaintance with the grand structures of Eddystone, Bell Rock and Sherryvore; and will readily understand how valuable it would be if such works—or rather works to answer the same object—could be carried to the destined spot piecemeal, but nearly in a finished state, and required only to be put together. Such is one of the many favorable features of the modern iron lighthouses. We believe



CENTRIPETAL BARROW—FRONT VIEW.

it was Captain Sir Samuel Brown, the engineer of the Brighton Chain Pier, who first made a formal proposition to this effect, in respect to a lighthouse on the Wolf Rock, near Land's End; but the first actually was for Jamaica, in 1842; it consisted chiefly of thick cast-iron plates riveted together. A few others have since been built; and there seems reason to believe that the great success attending the use of wrought-iron sheets in the tubular and girder bridges, will lead to the substitution of this material for cast-iron plates in lighthouses. The iron lighthouse made by Messrs. Fox and Henderson for the East India Company in 1850, and which is 70 feet high, is principally formed of cast-iron plates; but the lighthouse made by Messrs. Walker in 1851 for the American Government, and intended for Florida, consists chiefly of corrugated wrought-iron sheets.

MEANS OF REMOVING THE RANCIDITY OF BUTTER.—Wild recommends that the butter should be kneaded with fresh milk, and then with pure water. He states that, by this treatment, the butter is rendered as fresh and pure in flavor as when recently made. He ascribes the result to the fact, that butyric acid, to which the rancid taste and odor are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk, and is then removed.

A new diving-bell, the invention of Don Antonio Tarsia, one of the engineers of the Neapolitan navy, was lately tried at Naples. It remained three hours under water at a depth of fifty feet, with three men inside, who regaled themselves with a breakfast during that time.

The director-general of the Louvre has just had a revolver cannon placed in the museum of the Marine, capable of firing 12 shots a minute with the aid of two men to serve it.

THE FLUKE POTATO.—It is now about eight or ten years since this variety was raised, and it has slowly but surely, been making its way all over the country. The Scotch farmers were amongst the first to discover its value; some few sets being sent as a present to the Land of Cakes, brought a host of buyers the following season. The potato in question is supposed to be a cross between the Lapstone Kidney and the Pink-eye, and is remarkable for its singular shape of a flattened oval, frequently eight or ten inches long and two or three inches thick; the peel is thin and remarkably free from eyes; the foliage of a dark green; it is very hardy. It is not recommended for early forcing; indeed it is considered a late potato, and is found to cook better after Christmas than before. Many farmers do not offer their stores of it for sale until February. The sets must be planted whole, and it has hitherto been found to escape the disease; where it has been attacked has been in the vicinity of other diseased crops, or from parties using their own sets on the same ground. Lastly, those who love a mealy potato roasted in its jacket, should try the Fluke in that way, and they will at once own its supremacy.

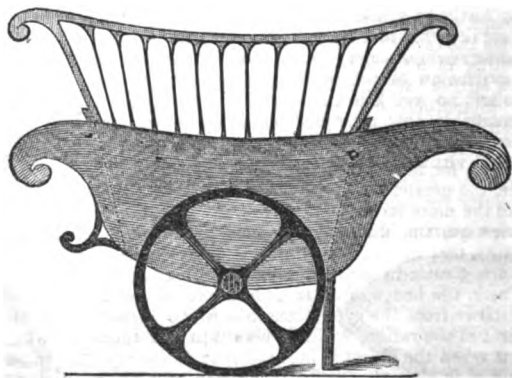
BALLOON PROPULSION.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says:—"It seems probable that a balloon might be propelled by a power generated by gunpowder as exhibited in the wheel rocket, which I have seen turn very rapidly for several minutes by the expansive force of gunpowder, or some kindred material acting upon the atmosphere. If this power could be applied to balloons by straitening the coil and firing one end after the straitened coil was fastened to the balloon, it seems that it must propel it through the air, even against a head wind. I have driven a small waggon a short distance by gunpowder confined in the tube attached to the axles, and I can see no reason why a more favorable arrangement would not propel a balloon."

INCREASING THE SIZE OF FLOWERS.—A horticulturist of the suburbs of Versailles, in studying the physiology of the vegetable kingdom, conceived the idea that the smallness of certain plants—the violet, for example—was owing to an atmospheric pressure too great for their delicate organs. Having fixed this idea in his mind, the florist conceived the idea of putting his theory into practice. Providing himself with a small balloon, rendered sufficiently tight to prevent the escape of any gas, he launched it into the air, having attached to it a silken cord 1,200 metres long. Instead of a car, the balloon sustained a flower-pot of Parma violets. This experiment has been going on about two months with the most wonderful results, in the shape of violets large as Bengal roses. It is expected that the above experiment may be turned to some account.

EMPLOYMENT OF THE EARTHY METALS.—The great affinity of aluminum for carbon, with which it forms a very stable and exceedingly hard alloy, renders it very valuable in the system of manufacturing steel. It serves to fix the carbon in the metal, so that the same piece of steel may be heated and tempered several times without alteration. Aluminum generally gives steel and alloys of great hardness, very white, dull, and damasked; these alloys are ductile and malleable. The alloys of silicium, on the contrary, have a short, granular fracture, of a dull white without lustre; they are excessively hard, but brittle, and become more and more so in proportion as the quantity of silicium is increased; five or six per cent. of silicium renders metals and alloys capable of being pounded like stones under the pestle.

METALLIC lace is one of the inventions of 1852. It is made of fine wire, by the use of the same machinery as is employed for ordinary cotton-lace.

A single female house-fly produces in one season 20,000,000 eggs.



CENTRIPETAL BARROW—SIDE VIEW.

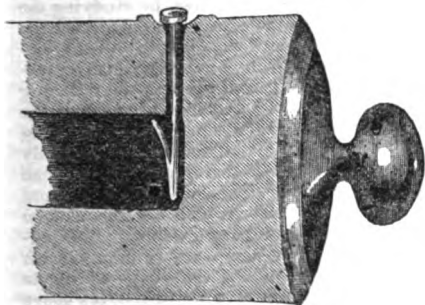
Lyon's Patent Self-Feeding Drill.

Our engraving represents a very useful improvement in metal drills, invented and patented by Mr. Warren Lyon, of this city. The drill is made self-feeding by attaching a weight to the arbor, which revolves with the latter and pushes down the tool as fast as it cuts into the work. Self-feeding drills, in which the feed is accomplished by a weight or spring, are not new, but they are generally liable to objection, from the fact that in boring a piece of metal, when the hole has been cut almost through, the weighted tool will break through, and injure the work. This objection is entirely overcome in the present improvement, by combining a counterpoise with the loaded arbor, so that any desired degree of pressure may be instantly imparted to the tool. A drill is thus produced having all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the ordinary screw feed drills, besides other merits which will soon appear.

A, represents a standard, to which is attached the bearings, *a a*, through which the arbor, B, plays loosely. In the lower end of B is fixed the drill, C, working toward the bed-plate, D. On the upper end of the arbor, B, is attached a weight, E, in the form of a balance wheel, which is of sufficient size to give the requisite pressure to the drill. To the upper end of the arbor there is attached by the swivel, F, a small upright, G, to which is secured by a pivot, *b*, one end of a lever, H, having its fulcrum at *c*; the opposite end of the lever is attached by a small connecting-rod, I, to a lever, J, having its fulcrum at *d*. The inner end of the lever, J, has a rack-bar, K, suspended from it, which passes through a slot in the end of an arm, L. On the upper surface of the lever, J, there is secured a horizontal rod, M, on which a counterpoise, N, slides. This counterpoise may be secured firmly to the rod, M, at any desired point, by a set-screw, *f*. The article to be drilled is placed upon the bed-plate, D, and the drill, C, bears upon it with sufficient pressure to give the necessary feed, owing to the weight, E. The pressure is always regular, hence the drill is not as liable to be broken as where there is an irregular feed. Where it is necessary to withdraw the drill from the work, the rack-bar, K, is drawn

downward and made to catch on the front side of the recess, at L, through which it plays; the drill is thus suspended until the work is shifted, the rack-bar is then freed from the recess, and the drill is allowed to descend. By properly adjusting the counterpoise, N, the pressure upon the drill may be graduated as desired. The motion may be communicated by a belt upon the fast and loose pulley upon the arbor, or this may be removed, and the crank substituted. O, is the base of the machine, secured to the floor as shown in the engraving.

Nearly every part can be made of cast iron, and yet preserve the strength requisite for the purpose to be accomplished.



GUN-SPIKING.

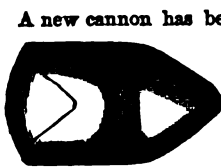
Gun-Spiking.

The ordinary gun-spike is a peg of steel, about four inches long and excessively brittle. It is driven into the touch-hole with a hammer or musket butt, and then snapped off with a side blow. Guns, however, by these means are often, in the hurry and excitement of war, imperfectly spiked, and this gave rise to the spike represented in our engraving. This spike is struck in with the palm of the hand—The barb is a spring which resumes its natural position on clearing the narrow passage of the touch-hole. The only means of extracting it is by drilling, and this, from the hardness of the steel and its fitting loosely in the touch-hole, is a long and troublesome job.

The Minie Bullet.

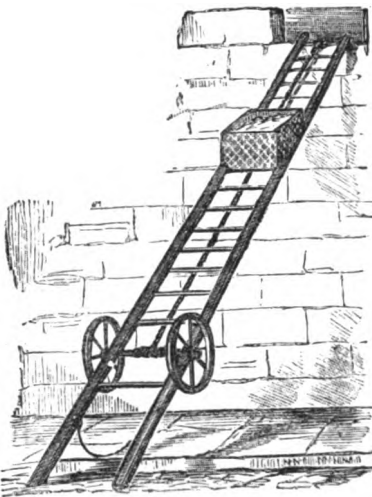
These bullets have been doing formidable execution in the Crimea, and their name and fame are familiar to all; but their shape, of which few, perhaps, have the remotest conception, is represented in the accompanying engraving. The base of the ball is concave, like the bottom of a wine-bottle, and is shown by the dotted line. This is the part which in the rifle presses on the powder, the conical top pointing towards the muzzle.

In the cartridge the bullet is put at one end, with the bottom or concave, upwards and the point, or conical end, towards the powder. The powder, in loading, is poured into the rifle; the cartridge is then reversed so as to bring the hollow end of the ball down, and the case of the cartridge at the top, which serves as a wad to cover all. Thus the hollow part of the bullet rests on the powder without any intervening paper, which would prevent the bare expansion of the bullet. The merits of the Minie are too well known to need comment, and it is remarkable, that after making every description of barrel grooved and cut in every possible manner, the grand virtue is found to lie in the shape of the bullet.



THE MINIE BULLET.

The throb of a heart is the voice of fate.



PATENT FIRE ESCAPE LADDER.

LYON'S PATENT SELF-FEEDING DRILL.

Davis's Patent Fire Escape Ladder.

Our engraving represents this invention as applied to the window of a building. It is intended to furnish ready means of exit for individuals and valuable property, in the case of burning buildings. When the ladder is not tilted up against the wall, the wheels serve to convert it into a carriage, the two lower ends acting as shafts, to which a horse may be harnessed, or ropes attached for a fire company. The side pieces, or shafts of the ladder, are made tubular, and in pieces capable of forming any required length. To the top rundle a pulley is fitted, over which is fixed a cord running down to the axle of the wheels, which acts as a winch when the ladder is placed against the wall; the other end of the cord is to be attached to a basket or carriage sliding up and down the ladder shafts, as on rails, an arrangement which affords a simple means of raising and lowering heavy articles to and from the upper stories of houses.

The amount of capital invested in French railways is three thousand millions of francs, of which two thousand millions have been paid by companies and one thousand millions by the state.

If you act with a view to praise only, you deserve none.

Family Matters.

CHEERFULNESS versus SADNESS.—People who are always talking of their own petty grievances are never as welcome as those who conceal them and are cheerful. And besides the love which cheerfulness may gain us, it is a duty we owe society; for suppose all when meeting together were to talk of nothing but their grievances!—would any one wish to remain there long? Certainly not; because no good could accrue; the bright and beautiful things of earth would no more be thought of; the all-wise Creator of them would no more be praised; and conversation, which is intended to elevate our thoughts, would tend to bind them here still more closely to the dull realities of life. One who has moved in society must have often remarked that sometimes one person is the life of a party; he seems to have a particular talent of pleasing; wherever he goes he carries cheerfulness with him. He does not engross all the conversation, but he draws out the opinions of all around him; his great secret is that of making every one feel happy. He talks to them, not of himself, but of topics he knows will interest them; and in doing so, he not only pleases them, but he pleases himself. Little troubles which perhaps before harassed him (for who has them not?) are now forgotten; while, if he had dwelt upon them, they would have magnified till they would have seemed a weight too heavy to bear. He has performed a duty to society, by making those around him wiser, better, and happier; and in making others so, he has not failed in sharing the benefit. Why could not we all, as far as we are able, imitate so good an example, scatter a few flowers along the pathway of existence, which, though we miss them not, may cheer on his way some poor fellow-pilgrim whose load is heavier to bear than ours? Oh! may we follow our divine exemplar "who went about doing good."

ADVANTAGES OF A BAD TEMPER.—Surely a fine furious temper, (observes Thackeray,) if accompanied with a certain magnanimity and bravery which often go together with it, is one of the most precious and fortunate gifts with which a gentleman or lady can be endowed. A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration amongst his or her family circle. The lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way. It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner; and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She—we playfully transfer the gender, as a bad temper is of both sexes—has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room; nor do her parents, nor her brothers and sisters, venture to take her favorite chair. If she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself, in spite of her head-ache; and papa, who hates those dreadful soirées, will go up-stairs after dinner and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day—and must be there early in the morning—he will go out with her, we say, and stay for the cotillon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and where they shall stop. If he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him, and not one dares to say a word, though ever so hungry. If he is in a good humor, how every one frisks about and is happy! How the servants jump up at his bell and run to wait upon him! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they rush out to fetch cabs in the rain! Whereas for you or me, who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or to complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not. Our wives go to the milliners and send us the bill, and we pay it; our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell, and brings it to us; our sons loll in the arm-chair, which we should like, fill the house with their young men, and smoke in the dining-room; our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give us the youngest mutton; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people, because they know we are good-natured; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen.

ACCORDING to a circular issued by M. J. Franke, a wine-dealer of Certe, the whole produce of the vineyards in the south of France this year scarcely reaches one-sixth of an average.

THE Pasha of Egypt has authorised M. Lesseps, formerly French consul in Egypt, to form a company to construct a canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

COLD words will break a fine heart, as winter's frost does a crystal palace.

Useful Receipts.

Peppermint Water.—Boil three quarts of water, pour into a jug and let it remain until luke-warm, then pour in three cents worth of Oil of Peppermint, sweeten with loaf sugar to taste, and keep stirring until quite cold, then bottle.

Lemon Mince Pies.—Squeeze a large lemon, boil the outside till tender enough to beat to a mass; add to it three large apples chopped, and four ounces of suet, half a pound of currants, and four ounces of sugar; put the juice of the lemon and candied fruits as for other pies. Make short crust, and fill the patty-pans as usual.

To fatten Poultry.—Poultry should be fattened in coops, and kept very clean. They should be furnished with gravel, but with no water. Their only food, barley-meal, mixed so thin with water as to serve them for drink. Their thirst makes them eat more than they would in order to extract the water that is among the food. This should not be put in troughs, but laid upon a board, which should be washed clean every time fresh food is put upon it. It is foul and heated water which is the sole cause of the pip.

Italian Lemonade.—This is an elegant beverage for routs, evening parties &c., and in richness almost equals liqueur. To make about a gallon of it, two dozen lemons should be pared and pressed, and the juice poured on the peels, and allowed to remain on them twelve hours; two pounds of loaf sugar, a quart of white wine, and three quarts of boiling water, should then be added, and subsequently a quart of boiling milk. The whole should then be clarified through a jelly-bag.

Orangeade.—This is made by steeping the rinds of six China and two Seville oranges in a quart of boiling water, for about six hours. Three pints of water and a pound of sugar should then be made into a syrup, and added to the above, with the juice of twelve China and two Seville oranges. The whole, being well stirred, should be passed through a jelly-bag. Should sweetness be wanted, orange-flower water and capillaire may be added; and according to taste, two lemons.

Sausage Cakes.—Chop lean pork very finely, having removed all the bone and skin previously, and to every pound of meat add three-quarters of a pound of fat bacon, half an ounce of salt, a pinch of pepper, a quarter of a nutmeg, grated, six green onions, chopped finely, and a little chopped parsley: when the whole is well chopped and mixed, put it into a mortar and pound well, finishing with three eggs. Then have ready a pig's caul, which cut into pieces large enough to fold a piece of the above preparation, of the size of an egg, which wrap up, keeping the shape of an egg, but rather flattened, and broil very gently over a moderate fire.

Puffs, and Turn-overs of Preserved Fruits.—Roll your puff-paste out quickly, nearly half an inch thick, and cut it into pieces about five inches wide. Lay a small quantity of any kind of preserved fruit, jam, or marmalade on them: double them over and cut into squares, triangles, crescents, or any shape you please, closing them very neatly by wetting and pinching them at the sides. Lay them, with paper, on a baking-tin; ice them the same as pies and tarts, and bake them about twenty minutes, taking care not to discolor the icing. The following makes a good paste for tarts, turn-overs, &c.: Rub a quarter of a pound of butter in one pound of flour; make a hole in the middle, and put in a little water, two yolks and one white of an egg; work them all up to a proper consistency, and roll out for use.

Oyster Pie.—Take a large dish, butter it, and spread a rich paste over the sides and round the edge, but not at the bottom. The oysters should be fresh, and as large and fine as possible. Drain off part of the liquor from the oysters. Put them into a pan, and season them with pepper, salt, and spice. Stir them well with the seasoning. Have ready the yolks of eggs, chopped fine, and the grated bread. Pour the oysters (with as much of the liquor as you please,) into the dish that has the paste in it. Strew over them the chopped egg and grated bread. Roll out the lid of the pie, and put it on, crimping the edges handsomely. Take a small sheet of paste, cut it into a square, and roll it up. Cut it with a sharp knife into the form of a double tulip. Make a slit in the centre of the upper crust, and stick the tulip in it. Cut out eight large leaves of paste, and lay them on the lid. Bake the pie in a quick oven.

Mixing a Salad.—This is a point of proficiency which is easy to attain with care. The main point is, to incorporate the several articles required for the sauce, and to serve up at table as fresh possible. The herbs should be "morning gathered,"

and they will be much refreshed by laying an hour or two in spring water. Careful picking, and washing, and drying in a cloth, in the kitchen, are also very important, and the due proportion of each herb requires attention. The sauce may be thus prepared:—Boil two eggs for ten or twelve minutes, and then put them in cold water for a few minutes, so that the yolks may become quite cold and hard. Rub them through a coarse sieve with a wooden spoon, and mix them with a tablespoonful of water or cream, and then add two tablespoonfuls of fine flax oil, or melted butter; mix, and add by degrees, a teaspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of mustard; mix till smooth, when incorporate with the other ingredients about three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; then pour this sauce down the side of the salad-bowl, but do not stir up the salad till wanted to be eaten. Garnish the top of the salad with the white of the eggs cut in slices; or these may be arranged in such a manner as to be ornamental on the table. Some persons may fancy they are able to prepare a salad without previous instruction, but, like everything else, a little knowledge in this case may not be thrown away.

Effectually to Destroy Bugs.—Take two ounces of quicksilver, and the whites of two eggs, and so on in this ratio for a larger or smaller quantity. Beat the quicksilver and the whites together until they unite and become a froth. With a feather then apply the compound thus formed to the crevices and holes in your bedsteads. This done once or twice in a year will prove effectual.

Polish for Granite.—The most suitable substance for giving a fine polish to granite is the powder of corundum. It is not mixed with wax, but with lac; and the greater the care taken in effecting the mixture, the finer and more durable is the polish. It is essential that the powder employed for this purpose should be extremely hard: and hence that of corundum is preferred.

To Soften Old Putty.—In removing old broken panes from a window, it is generally very difficult to get off the hard, dry putty that sticks round the glass and its frame. Dip a small brush in a little nitric or muriatic acid, (to be obtained at the druggists,) and go over the putty with it. Let it rest a while, and it will soon become so soft that you can remove it with ease.

A Fire-Proof and Water-Proof Cement.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole well together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick-lime through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistency of a thick paste. With this cement broken vessels, and cracks of all kinds may be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

Domestic Yeast.—Ladies who are in the habit (and a most laudable and comfortable habit it is) of making domestic bread, cake, &c., are informed that they can easily manufacture their own yeast by attending to the following directions: Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it, and cork it close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

Impressions of Medals.—Melt a little isinglass-glue with brandy, and pour it thinly over the medal, so as to cover its whole surface; let it remain on a day or two till it is thoroughly dry and hardened, and then taking it off, it will be fine, clear, and as hard as a piece of Muscovy glass, and will have a very elegant impression of the coin. It will also resist the effects of damp air, which occasions all other kinds of glue to soften and bend, if not prepared in this way.

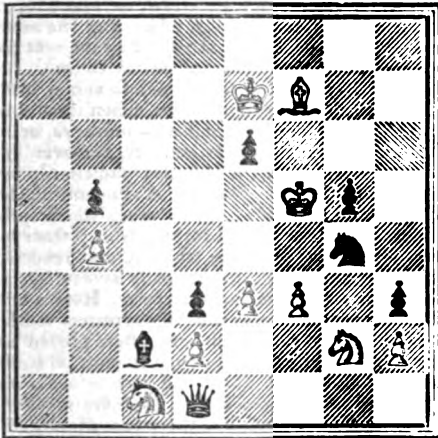
To Smooth a Creased or Rumpled Ribbon.—Lay the ribbon evenly on a clean table or board, and with a very clean sponge damp it all over, missing no part. Next, roll it, smoothly and tightly, on a ribbon-block that is wider than the ribbon, and let it remain till dry. Afterwards, transfer it to a fresh block (which must be perfectly dry) rolling it round that. Wrap it closely up in coarse brown paper, and keep it thus till you want to use it. Ironing a ribbon is apt to discolor it, and give it a faded look even when new. Ribbons and other silks, should always be put away in coarse brown paper. Coarse brown paper being made of old ropes picked to pieces, the tar still lingering about them, preserves the colors of the silks.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. III.—By **Ms. F. DEACON**, a young Amateur of Bruges.—White to play first, and checkmates in six moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. III.—Played December 18, 1849, between **Mr. H. E. BIRD** and **Mr. SIMONS**.

White—Mr. H. E. Bird.

Black—Mr. Simons.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3.
3. K. B. to Q. Kt. 5.
4. Castles.
5. P. to Q. B. 3.
6. P. to Q. 4.
7. P. takes P.
8. P. to Q. 5.
9. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5.
10. P. to Q. 6.
11. B. to K. B. 4.
12. B. to B. 4. (ch.)
13. B. takes P. (ch.)
14. B. to Q. 6.
15. B. takes Kt.
16. Kt. to K. R. 4.
17. P. to K. B. 4. (c)
18. K. to R. sq.
19. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
20. P. to B. 5. (d)
21. R. to Q. R.
22. R. to K. B. 3.
23. R. to K. R. 3.
24. R. takes B.
25. Q. R. to K. Kt. 3.
26. R. to Kt. 4.

Mated in 4 moves (f).

Solution to Problem II.

- WHITE.**
1. Kt. to Q. Kt. 6.
 2. Kt. to Q. 5.
 3. Kt. to K. 3.
 4. B. mates.

2. K. to Q. 3.
4. P. mates.

- BLACK.**
1. K. to K. B. 4. (best.)
 2. K. to K. 5. (or a.)
 3. Anything.

- (a) 2. B. takes P. or
2. B. to Q. B. 4.
3. Anything.

NOTES TO GAME III.

- (a.) A very unsatisfactory defence; we should prefer B. to Q. 3.
- (b.) The only place to retreat that Kt. to, as he would obviously have lost it had he played it to R. 4, by White's pushing his Q. Kt. P.
- (c.) To prevent the adverse Kt. being played to K. 4.
- (d.) Shutting in Black's Q. B. and Q. R.
- (e.) Injudicious, since it brings White's Q. R.—his only inactive piece—into play.
- (f.) White played this game throughout in a masterly style; but this brilliant termination is even more beautiful, and greatly surprised his ingenious antagonist, whose usual play we do not recognise in this game.

ENMITIES AND DIFFERENCES.—As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men who were far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life, if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage their earlier animosities.

ADMIRATION AT DEATH.—The sun colors the sky most diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said, "How beneficently he shines!" say at last, "How brightly he set!"

LAYING IT ON THICK.—Of a certain author—or artist—or actor—or somebody else—who had acquired much notoriety by laudatory criticisms—it was said that his reputation was built of plaster.

PECUNIARY DEMANDS.—Of all men it must be confessed that the tax-gatherer has the most calls for his money.

Recreations in Science.

To render bodies luminous in the dark, so as to give a sufficient light to show the hour on the dial of a watch at night.—If a four or six ounce phial, containing a few ounces of liquid phosphorus, be unstopped in darkness, the vacuum space in the bottle emits a sufficient light for showing the hour of the night, by holding a pocket watch near it. When the phial is again corked the light vanishes, but reappears instantly on opening it. In cold weather it is necessary to warm the bottle in the hand before the stopper is removed, without this precaution it will not emit light. Liquid phosphorus may likewise be used for forming luminous writings or drawings; it may be smeared on the face or hands, or any warm object, to render it luminous; and this is in nowise hazardous.

Riddles.

What poet hath not sung of love and war!
Tho' each too many a noble heart hath burst.
Love, poor Ophelia's heart and mind could jar,
And she in token gave the king my first.

My second to the battle bore his lord,
Or to the tournament, war's mimic game;
But was not at the duel where the sword
Was drawn to vindicate Ophelia's fame.

'Twas no fair fight. The king to vengeance stirr'd,
Gave poison'd draught, a fatal fray to make it.
Had poor Ophelia offer'd him my third,
Say, would this king have been obliged to take it!

Part of a foot, with good judgment transpose,
And the answer you'll find just under your nose.

Complete I am reprehensible,
Behold me I am venerable,
Curtail me I am beggarly.

My first's on your head, my next makes a pudding,
I jump into your head, and jump out on a sudden.
Why should every one who sets up in trade begin as a howler?

My first walks on my second and my whole.
My whole sometimes runs by the road but oftener across the fields.

My first is ever dull and sad,
An emblem meet of woe;
My second all in brightness clad,
A thousand things can show;
My whole, if Nature's gift, some say,
An object is of love,
But should it come another way,
It might, as you were grave or gay,
Or mirth or pity move.

Charade.

My first a country town will name,
Whose ancient buildings have withstood
Full many a murderous deed of fame,
When she marched through its neighborhood:
Leading her warriors fill'd with ire,
Who mark'd their way by sword and flame.
Let this suffice—for I should tire,
If all their deeds I here should name.
Thus much premised, I'll try to show,
As best I can, what riddles ought—
The signs by which my next you'll know—
And means by which it may be sought.
It is, then, either sad or gay
As onward, through the ecliptic's sphere,
The rolling sun pursues his way
Unwearied still from year to year,
Sometimes bedeck'd with varied hues,
At others, clothed in one 'tis seen.
But, mark! whate'er the owner's views,
The garb it first assumes is green.
My whole was man of mortal mould,
Worthy his meed of mortal praise.
His writings speak truths, plainly told,
And greatly served his name to raise.

Enigmas.

My first in rural hamlets may be found,
My second oft in princely halls abound;
My whole, the produce of a tree, is made
A useful and important branch of trade.

Behold in me a word of letters five,
A heav'nly food, bestow'd that man might live;
Behold, you view, a female's Christian name,
Read either way it still remains the same;
Cut off my tail, you'll see, if I am right,
Another name these letters bring to light.

The lord and the lady, the rich and the poor,
All wait upon me, my help to secure;
I am useful to all and useless to none,
And I'm found in all countries under the sun.
The prince and the peasant from me require aid,
The wife and the widow, the man and the maid;
Sometimes in my embrace, a diamond I hold,
And sometimes you'll find I am made of pure gold.

In ocean's bosom we are born,
Where rolls the ever flowing wave,
Where the wild winds wail and mourn,
And where the angry billows rave,
Form'd by the great Creator's hand,
We myrks dwell down in the deep;
We form a mighty countless band,
Who ever toil but never sleep;
We mighty fabrics rear below,
Which slowly to the surface rise,
When, aided by the waters' flow,
An island meets your wond'ring eyes.

Enigmatical List of Fishes.

Many thanks my dear brother, for all the choice things which a packet from home to a certainty brings. Though here are not many fine things, it is true, I've succeeded in finding a present for you; What this present may be, you would like to know well, But do not imagine I'm going to tell. A description I'll send from which perhaps you may guess— And vainly you'll wish me to say more or less.

- (1.) Somethings to be worn, when the lake's frozen o'er,
- (2.) Our pilot will kindly convey to the shore,
- (3.) With those that none scruple to trample upon;
- (4.) A weapon oft worn by the elegant Don;
- (5.) And one that is wielded by fierce untrain'd hands;
- (6.) A musical instrument used in brass bands;
- (7.) Some silver and gold to be kept if you please;
- (8.) A soldier I send to take care of all these;
- (9.) Astronomers also will pay you a visit;
- (10.) And e'en let you look through their glass, if you wish it;
- (11.) I've sent you a bird from a far distant land,
- (12.) And for it a neat and appropriate stand;
- (13.) With one of another and commoner kind,
- (14.) A reptile to put in the garden you'll find;
- (15.) A ribbon I send for my sister Grace,
- (16.) And also an insect to put in her case;
- (17.) I send for my friend, antiquarian More,
- (18.) A bit of a mountain renown'd of yore.

I hope all this cargo will safely arrive,
And if at the end of my voyage alive
I hope to come back to the village of Bell,
And so my dear brother I bid you farewell.

Rebus.

1. A Grecian warrior of renown.
 2. What may be seen in every town.
 3. A land where peace and freedom dwell
 4. And where a king of Scotland fell.
 5. What dons the soldier for the fight.
 6. And what reflects each ray of light.
 7. The queen that o'er Hispania reigns
 8. What roams untamed o'er Africa's plains.
 9. A city for its minister famed.
 10. A king that once o'er Castile reign'd.
 11. One who the art of painting taught.
 12. Where Alexander nobly fought.
 13. A bird that's famed for lofty flight.
 14. A planet lately brought to light.
 15. And what will chase the gloom of night.
- Take these initials and you'll find
What may instruct and please your mind.

A flower with bells of deepest blue.
Then one that is of paler hue;
What blushing hangs her beauteous head,
And round the bower does fragrance shed;
What's meek and lowly, yet most fair,
And what you may with stars compare.
A youth once famed in mythic story,
And what of autumn is the glory,
Take these initials, and you may
Then deck your room for the festal day.

Transpositions.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Aasel. | a town in Thibet. |
| 2. Aaserm. | a strait in Asia. |
| 3. Aannn. | a town in Scotland. |
| 4. Allao. | a town in Scotland. |
| 5. Blmama. | a part of the United States. |
| 6. Booficina. | a strait in the Mediterranean. |
| 7. Baasero. | a city in Asia. |
| 8. Baal. | a town in Wales. |
| 9. Baaddg. | a city in Asia. |
| 10. Chooool. | islands in the Chinese Sea. |
| 11. Csellorlf. | a mountain in Cumberland. |
| 12. Cnno. | a lake in Ireland. |
| 13. Cccaaara. | a town in South America. |
| 14. Dkc. | a bird. |
| 15. Ddeern. | a town in Saxony. |
| 16. Dceebarn. | a town in Scotland. |
| 17. Eettwr. | a lake in Sweden. |
| 18. Eecassny. | a river in Asia. |
| 19. Fleeerrrn. | a cape in Spain. |
| 20. Fyimal Fidner. | a useful book. |

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c., on page 122.

RIDDLES.

"That can never be," quoth I,
"Or I can't make it out;
For if one syllable you take from five,
There remains four beyond a doubt.
I thought the matter o'er again,
And discover'd for my pains,
That if from monosyllable you take M O,
'No syllable' remains."

- | | | |
|------------|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Fire. | 3. On-i-on. | 5. Ave-rage. |
| 4. Pat-ten | | 5. NON sense. |

REBUS.

Ellen, No, Grinder, Loaf, Abo, Nail, Duck.—England—Norfolk.

ORNITHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

Swallow, King-fisher, Crane, Kite, Lark, Thrush, Dove, Stork (Stalk.)

CHARADE.

1. Pole-star.—2. Bullock.—3. Rubric.—4. Dunbar.—5. Starling.—6. Earwig.

ECONOMY.—It is no small consideration to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate—not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.



Anecdotes of Animals. HORSES.

STRENGTH, beauty, and activity, are all combined in horses; their elegantly shaped head, with its long pointed ears, and large eyes, is carried high or thrown back; and while they rapidly glance into the horizon, to look for friends or foes, their well defined nostrils sniff fresh vigor from the passing breeze; but this is not all—these same ears laid flat back upon their head tell you that they have been affronted, and mean to be revenged for the insult; when they are upright they are listening to sounds, which their rider cannot hear, and when they are pointed forward they rejoice in the affectionate voices of those whom they love. Those full, hazel eyes denote passions of various kinds, are often turned full of parental love on the offspring which gambols by their side, or of gratitude upon their kind masters, following their benefactors with a melancholy look, when they take their departure. Those nostrils are dilated sometimes with anger, at others with the pleasures of the chase; and the arched neck, the broad muscular chest, the graceful, curving lines of the body, the well-shaped, sinewy limbs, sometimes slender and delicate in their proportions, bear these beautiful creatures over hill and dale almost with the swiftness of a bird; while their long main and tail float in the air, as if the creature whom they adorn were about to soar to heaven.

In a state of freedom, horses are swift, fierce, and inquisitive; they herd together in large numbers. The males evince the most faithful attachment to the females, and protect them and their offspring to the death. The latter are fond and devoted mothers.

In activity, there is no animal which more decidedly takes its character from its early masters or instructors; their admirable qualities are heightened; their fierceness becomes courage; their wild actions are turned into play, and their attachment and sagacity are only surpassed by those of the dog. On the other hand, most of what are called their vices may be traced to their early training. Allowances must, of course, be made for natural disposition, which varies as much in the brute creation as it does in man; and I have met with ill-tempered horses, which have been so from the moment they were taken from their native forests; but generally speaking, the horse becomes the protector, the companion, the friend, of his possessor. When dead, every part of him is useful, and when living, all his energies make him one of the greatest blessings which a beneficent Creator has bestowed on the earthly lord of all.

Horses' teeth are so important a part of their history, that although this book does not profess to treat

of science, it would be incomplete if I did not briefly point out how distinctly they shew the age of the animal. First of all, however, it should be known, that the mouth seems to have been expressly formed for the bit, by which man controls this admirable creature; for, corresponding with each angle of the mouth is a space between the teeth, in which it lodges with the greatest convenience. The front teeth, or incisors, begin to appear when the horse is fifteen days old, and amount to six in number in each jaw. All, from the first, are at the top, or crown, hollowed into a groove. The two in the middle are shed and replaced at three years and a half, the two next at four and a half, and the two outside, called the corner teeth, at seven and a half, or eight. The grooves on the crowns, become effaced, and the tops of the teeth are more triangular as age increases. The females have no canine teeth; but the males always have two small ones in the upper jaw, and sometimes two in the lower; the former appear when they are four years old, the latter at three and a half; they remain pointed till the horse has attained six years, and when he is ten they begin to grow loose, and expose their roots. They have six grinders in each side of each jaw, with flat crowns, and the plates of enamel which surround the dental substance, appear in them like four crescents. The life of horses generally lasts about thirty years; but they have frequently been known to exceed that age. Then, however, mastication has become difficult, they get lean, or what is called out of condition; and old favorites, if they are attended to as they ought to be, after long and faithful services, have their food bruised, and even cooked for them. It is surprising to see what entire rest frequently does for them, even at an advanced age; and I have seen them, in consequence of it, again taken into a degree of service when they have been supposed past all work.

The origin of horses is involved in so much obscurity, that it has given rise to frequent speculation; not as in the dog, with regard to the type of the race, but the quarter of the globe where they were first located. It appears to me, that the greatest mass of opinion is in favor of Tartary, or Central Asia, where it is supposed that the only existing wild race now lives, all the rest in a state of freedom, being feral, or descended from domesticated pairs, which have again become wild. Some of these are also on the steppes of Tartary; but immense numbers inhabit the extensive plains of South America, which are supposed to be, the descendants of the Spanish horses, and to have escaped from the conquerors of that continent. Large herds also run about in various parts of North America and Africa; and smaller numbers in England, where they have dwindled to ponies. Mr. Bell, whose authority few would dare to dispute, thinks that the Egyptians were the first people who brought the horse into subjection, and that Africa contained the original race; but the ancient mysteries of the East are only now beginning to be opened to us; and I suspect we shall find that the Egyptians derived their horses, as well as everything else, from the still older Asiatics.

It would be in vain to attempt to describe the different species and varieties of horses; I shall, therefore, quickly pass on to a small selection from the numerous anecdotes placed before me, a few of which are the results of personal experience. Before I do this, however, it may be as well to make a few observations concerning their food. They are eminently vegetable feeders; grains and dried grasses, such as hay and straw, also clover, being preferred when they are in constant service. The more valuable sorts are seldom much used while they are feeding entirely on green grass. They are extremely fond of the niceties which are so often bestowed on pets, such as bread, apples, cakes, etc.; and some are passionately fond of sugar. M. Frederic Cuvier taught one he constantly rode, to play certain tricks, rewarding him for them with sugar; and, if the provision contained in his pocket were not sufficient, he would stop at a road-side inn, and procure some more for the horse. Accordingly, when the

sagacious animal came again to these houses, he would perform the same antics which had before procured him the sugar, and then stand still, as if again to receive his reward. While speaking of this creature, I may as well mention, that he delighted in pulling down his own hay, and feeding the goats, which lived on the other side of his palings, with it; and once, when he was fed with straw, on account of some malady, his companions, who ate at the same manger, were so concerned at what they thought his inferior fair, that they pushed their hay to him.

Horses have not the least objection to animal food, and it has been often given to them when they have been obliged to perform immense journeys, or to undergo any very great exertion. It, however, excites them very much, and, if not judiciously bestowed, makes them fierce and uncontrollable. Stories are told of poor men, who, when the despots of the East have ordered them to give up their favorite horses, have fed them on flesh, and rendered them so unmanageable, that the tyrants have no longer desired what they once thought a prize. Horses will also drink strong ale, etc., with the greatest relish; and oat gruel, mixed with it, has often proved an excellent restorative for them after an unusual strain upon their powers. They will not refuse even spirits of wine, administered in the same manner; but it is very questionable if these are equally efficacious. There is no telling, however, what strange inconsistencies domestication will produce in the matter of food; for cats have been known to refuse everything for boiled greens, when they were to be had.

The following account is abridged from Mr. Kohl's description of those Asiatic horses, which are bred in the steppes, and are private property, although he calls them quite wild.—“Only in the heart of Tartary can the horse be found perfectly in a wild state. One herd in the steppe will consist of 1,000 horses; but the keepers of herds will have several. Dressed in leather, with a girdle which contains the implements of his veterinary art; a black lambakin cap on his head, the *tabunshik*, or herdsman, eats, drinks, and sleeps in his saddle; has no shelter, and dare not even turn his back upon a storm, as the creatures do for whom he is responsible. In his hand he holds a whip, with a thick, short handle, and a lash from fifteen to eighteen feet long. Then he must have a sling, with which he takes unerring aim at each individual of his straggling herd; then a wolf-stick, with a knob of iron at the end, hangs from the saddle; and a cask of water, a bag of bread, and a bottle of brandy are necessary parts of his equipment. He pays for every horse that is lost; in ten years he is worn out, yet is unfit for any other life; he lives in constant dread of horse-stealers, notwithstanding which he steals them himself.

The stallions consider themselves as the chiefs of the herd; and one of these, by right of strength, is the chief *par excellence*. Sometimes one stallion will have affronted the rest, and all combine to turn him out; and then he will be seen apart from them with a few mares attending him. Occasionally two herds will fight for right of pasture; the mares and foals keep aloof, the stallions flourish their tails, erect their manes, rattle their hoofs together, and fasten on each other with their teeth; the victorious party carrying off several mares.

“In the spring come the wolves, being very fond of young foals; so they constantly prowling the herds, never attacking them by day if they are numerous; but come at night, and if they are scattered, they make a rush upon their victims. The stallions, however, charge at them, and they take flight only, however, to return and secure a straggling foal, to whose rescue the mother comes, and herself perishes. When this is found out a terrible battle ensues; the foals are placed in the centre, the mares encircle them, charging the wolves in front; tearing them with their teeth, and trampling them with their fore-feet, always using the latter, and not the hind feet; the stallions rush about and often kill a wolf with one blow; they then pick up the body with their teeth, and throw it to the mares, who trample upon it until its original form is utterly destroyed. If eight or ten hungry wolves should pull down a stallion, the whole herd will revenge him, and almost always destroy the wolves; who however, generally try to avoid these great battles, and chase a mare or foal separated from the rest, creep up to them, imitating a watch-dog, and wagging their tails, spring at the throat of the mare; and then the foal is carried off. Even this will not always succeed, and if the mare give alarm, the wolf is pursued by herd and keeper, and his only chance of escape is to throw himself head-foremost down the steep sides of a ravine.”

Random Readings.

"Come out here, and I'll lick the whole on you," as the boy said when he saw a jar full of sugar sticks in the shop window.

The reason why a certain frog got into a milk can, was because the contents could not be distinguished from his native element.

A noted miser having relented so much as to give a beggar a sixpence, suddenly dying soon after, the attendant physician gave it as his opinion it was from *enlargement of the heart!*

A genius, who deserves to be ranked as a public benefactor, has discovered a process for converting *old toppers* into cartridge boxes. Their superiority for this purpose consists in their being always dry.

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

A newly-married couple, some years since, took up their abode in Poplar. At breakfast the next morning the gentleman said to his lady, "My dear, this is Poplar, and by putting in a (you) it becomes *popular*." "And by putting *us* in it," promptly replied the lady, "it will become *populous*."

The American papers state that an individual in Michigan proposes to build a spiral staircase down the Maelstrom, in order to recover the valuables that have been sucked into that immense receiver for hundreds of years. He proposes to make a joint-stock concern, under the name of "The International Spiral Staircase Treasure-Seeking Association."

The surgeon of a regiment, who physics the force at four-pence per head per week, had an Irish sergeant for a patient, who complained to the adjutant that it was of no use. "He gave me," he said, "only half a pint of his stuff, and told me to take a spoonful three times a day! I was sure it could do me no good, but thought I would give it a fair trial, so I drank it all off at once, and was neither better nor worse for it!"

A RICH IDEA.—A pattern formed in checks.

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—It is to be known sometimes by the *fine nap* it has during service time.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.—Tacitus says—"In the early ages men lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks, "When was this period of innocence? The first man who was born into the world killed the second! When did the time of simplicity begin?"

RECIPES IN CASE OF BEING "POPPED AT."—We commend the efficacy of either of the following methods of replying to gentlemen when they pop the question:

1. *Especially recommended to Blondes.*—Pause, sigh very soft, then open your eyes with a good deal of wonder (of course you have been trying to make it out and can't), look your lover in the face, and say, "What—what can you mean, dear Alfred!" If the latter words are spoken with a little tremble, so much the better.

2. *Very suitable for Brunettes.*—Give a start, flash a glance at the questioner, turn aside, and be unable to speak your emotion; one hand pressed high upon your bosom will express this effectually.

3. *Safe in the hands of anybody, and generally considered a clincher.*—Burst into tears, covering your face with your hands. If you can't cry, droop your head upon the inquisitor's shoulder, and murmur, "Oh! William!"

4. *For "merry grigs" and nice little girls.*—It is enough to say "No!" pout, shake their shoulders, and look pretty.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISERS.—One thing was forgotten by the gentleman who put the following advertisement into a morning paper: "Matrimony.—A gentleman, good-looking, aged 28, possessed of an income of \$1500 per an., is desirous of meeting with a lady of respectability, and possessing an income of \$500 per annum. Being himself

of an amiable disposition, he has no doubt that, to a lady of congenial habits, he is in a position to offer a comfortable and happy home. His intentions are straightforward and honorable, and his moral character will bear the strictest investigation. The utmost secrecy will be observed." This gentleman forgot to stipulate that a full-length photograph of

correct likeness of themselves to that sum. What a pretty collection of miniatures fifteen hundred, or the gentleman who corresponds to the amount, would get. To advertise for a wife of \$500 a year, indeed, would be a capital way to obtain a gallery of natural caricatures. Every ugly variety of the nose, irregularity of the mouth, aberration of the eyes from the axis of vision, deflexion, contortion, emaciation, or tumefaction of the figure—every species of disfigurement and blemish—would be illustrated in the replies to such an advertisement. All hope of beauty would be out of the question for the author of the above: the ruddiest ringlets, with tolerable form and features, plus \$500 per annum, are quoted at far above \$1500 ditto. Grey, in combination with venerable good looks, would be his only chance; or the semblance of youth, exhibited by the sun-picture, would be found, on inspection of the original, to be due to a fallacy contrived by the daguerreotypist.

A STUDENT OF PARIS.—In "Smith's Federal Calculator," an amusing anecdote is given:—A first-rate class was undergoing a close examination in mental arithmetic, and in reply to a question concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specified time, the class responded, "Twelve men and two-thirds!" But one bright fellow, more discerning than the others, instantly added—"Twelve men and a boy fourteen years old!"—fourteen being two-thirds of twenty-one—the legal age of manhood.

A PROSING OLD SAILOR, well known for his lengthy orations, began to speak on an Admiralty question. Lord North said to one of his supporters, "Now—will give us a history of all the naval battles, from that of Salamis to that of last year. I shall take a nap—wake me when he gets near our own time!" After an hour's inaction, the friend nudged Lord North. "My lord, my lord, wake up—he has got to the battle of Van Tromp!" "Oh dear," said the sleepy minister, "you've waked me a hundred years too soon!"

THINGS WHICH "HONEST" MEN MAY STRAL.—A man's opinions, his puns, his umbrella, and his good name.

A GRAVE FACE.—A mask which often shows that one is not wise enough to be witty, or good enough to be merry.

YOUTH.—"Youth," says Rochefoucauld, "is a continual intoxication!" If this were true, how few of us would be teetotalers.

A MAXIM.—Trust the world, if you want to be trusted yourself.

AN APATHETIC AUDIENCE.—A correspondent at Lowell sends a humorous account of the apathetic audience at the theatre in that city. He says: "A man actually had the audacity to laugh at the low comedian one evening, when a gentleman stepped up to him, and remarked that as the stock company were almost entirely strangers, it was, to say the least, the height of incivility to laugh at them. On another occasion the light comedian was almost thrown into a fit by hearing what he supposed to be a man's starting a round of applause. On inquiry, however, it was ascertained that the individual had gone to sleep, and fallen off his seat!"

PROGNOSTICS OF WIND.

When your hat is blown off.

When your umbrella is turned inside out.

When the skirts of your coat are blown away.

When the false ringlets of your wife disappear over the house-tops.

CONTRACTING FOR BAD HABITS.—Taking six suits, per contract, from a cheap tailor.

THE BEST MATCH MAKER.—Money.

A PLEA-SURE TRAIN.—Getting into Chancery.

DISAGREEABLES.

It is disagreeable to accept "pot-luck" with a friend, and discover he has half a leg of mutton for dinner.

It is disagreeable to meet with a lady who has an awkward habit of "speaking her mind."

It is disagreeable to walk into a stage and sit opposite a man to whom you owe money.



"COME ALONG, PAT; LET'S GO AND LOOK DOWN THE HAREAS, AND SEE WHAT THE COVES 'AS GOT FOR DINNER."



"SHALL I PUT IT IN PAPER FOR YOU?"
"NO. THANK YOU—I'LL EAT IT NOW!"

the party desirous to treat with him should accompany her tender. A lady "possessing an income of at least \$500 a year," is an article of such demand in the market that any goods of the kind remaining on hand may be presumed to be damaged or defective. Much needless negotiation would be precluded if the five hundred dollars desirous of adding themselves to the fifteen hundred would transmit a

Facetia.

WHY is new bread like a caterpillar? Because it is the grub which makes the butter-fly.

AN INNOCENT QUERIST.—"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing; only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night."

PATIENCE AND LATE HOURS.—Wives are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands, but you hear of very few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives.

A LANDED MAN.—"I say, Mr. W., I am seriously thinking of going out to Australia." "The very best thing you can do, John, for the moment you arrive there you will be a 'landed' gentleman."

RETOUR.—"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

WHY are soldiers like clocks? Because their first duty is to "mark time."

A pretty woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself up under a green veil, or any other similar abomination, than the sun has to put on spectacles.

ALLOW a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.

THE modesty of certain ambitious persons consists in becoming great without making too much noise; it may be said that they advance in the world on tip-toe.

NAOMA, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. Courage, ladies.

PAY as You Go.—This is a charming proverb. A sixpenny loaf of bread without butter, and no debt on it, has a better relish than your best dinner that is to be paid for to-morrow.

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay young wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, ducky; but a little too much company," replied Mr. Simpkins.

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either billiards or Burgundy.

PILL OR POTION.—During a recent performance of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," the fair Juliet's question in the soliloquy, before taking the sleeping draught, "What if this mixture do not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the pit with, "Then take a dose of pills!"

THERE is an anecdote of Sheridan and a certain baronet, that, both being drunk in the streets, the baronet fell into the gutter; and Sheridan, having in vain endeavored to get him on his legs again, stammered out: "My dear friend, I cannot help you; but I'll do all I can for you—I'll lie down in the dirt with you!"

EFFECTS OF A DRAUGHT.—An anti-teetotaler, who had his load on, "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and then exclaimed: "Well, that are a darned careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for the people to run against!"

A fellow who wished to obtain an introduction to a young lady he saw in the street, one evening got a companion to go and offer his company, and while he was thus engaged, he came up and knocked him down for insulting the lady, and of course "protected" the fair one home.

WHILE a miser was on his death-bed, a tallow candle was burning upon the stand, and a flickering flame in the fire-place. He watched the candle and then the fire. Suddenly he called his son: "Come here." The son approached his bed-side, when the old man whispered: "Blow out that candle; tallow's most as dear as butter!"

GROCERS who sell burnt peas for "old government Java," should remember their latter end, and bear in mind that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Things are not judged by their "labels" in the next world.

A wag, at an evening party, was introduced to a lady whom he afterwards described as being so large that he could not get near enough to speak with her.

ONE of the first things that seizes upon the attention of the traveller in Egypt is the queer dishes which he meets with. A person writing from Luxor, says that his first dinner on the Nile consisted of stewed hippopotamus and broiled ibis. The next morning's breakfast consisted of cold crocodile, hashed camel, and the fossil remains of a donkey.

A farmer who was known to be a tight-fisted and

parsimonious man, went to his landlord to pay his rent. Putting on a long face to correspond with the times, on entering the house, he said the times had been so hard, he couldn't raise the money at all, and, dashing a bundle of bank-notes on the table: "There," said he, "that's all I can pay!" The money was taken up and counted by Mr. —, the landlord, who said: "Why this is twice as much as you owe me!" "Dang'ee, give it to me again," said the farmer; "I'm dashed if I ain't took it out of the wrong pocket!"

Mrs. CHAPONE was asked the reason why she always came so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is no part of my religion to disturb the religion of others."

PROVOKING.—To kneel before your goddess, and burst both pantaloons straps.

EPIGRAM.

Joe hates a hypocrite, which plainly shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Fifty winters, fifty summers, fifty autumns, fifty springs,
Will rise like flocks of birds before us, fluttering on their airy wings.

And when that time does come, then comes "rheumatiz" and headache, long nights and short sleeps, anxiety about the stock market, and decided conviction that chickens and turkeys are less tender than they used to be.

A SINGULAR FORGIVENESS.—Sir Walter Scott, in his article in the *Quarterly Review*, on the Culloiden papers, mentions a characteristic instance of an old Highland warrior's mode of pardon. "You must forgive even your bitterest enemy, Kenmuir, now," said the confessor to him, as he lay gasping on his death-bed. "Well if I must, I must," replied the chieftain; "but my curse be on you, Donald," turning towards his son, "if you forgive him."

LOSS OF TIME.—A devotee lamented to her confessor her love of gaming. "Ah, madam," replied the priest, "it is a grievous sin—in the first place consider the loss of time." "Yes," replied the fair penitent, "I have often begrudged the time that is lost in *shuffling and dealing*."

CANDID.—"You have visited my daughter a long time," said an anxious mother to a young gentleman of our acquaintance, the other day. "What are your intentions, sir?" "Honorable—entirely so!" said the gentleman. "I intend backing out, as the coachmen say."

AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the *facade* of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following, as an inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but, unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse—"My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

SAM SLICK'S NOTION OF REFORM.—A good man don't talk of his religion for everlasting, and a good subject finds he has as much liberty as is good for him or his neighbor. Piety ain't found in pot-houses, nor patriotism in mobs or mass meetin's. Don't trade with a man that is over sanctimonious, or you will be taken in; or be too thick with a demagogue, or you may be taken up. Fermentation throws up scum, and agitation brings rascality to the top of the pot. For my part I hate politics. There are cleaner things to handle, and pleasanter to smell. There are two kinds of reforms in the world—personal reforms and reforms in the state. Now, personal reforms can be made at any time we like—so we just put them off until it is convenient; and sometimes we consait we can do without them at all. At all events, it's like takin' physic; it's hard to swallow, and causes wry faces. Reforms in the state are pretty things, and show wisdom. I never met a man yet that hadn't some little pet scheme of reform for the public. The most disinterested one, too, in the world—for statesmen are very disinterested cattle.

In Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* we find the following pleasant sally, descriptive of a hot day: "Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go, in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloe, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now jockeys, walking in great coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach, hate the sixth fat one, who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large! Now bakers look vicious, and cooks are aggravated."

FONTENELLE.—An agreeable young lady having

addressed Fontenelle thus: "Can you explain, sir, the difference between myself and a clock?" the gallant old philosopher immediately replied: "The difference is, that a clock enables us to remember the hours, whilst you, fair lady, cause us to forget them."

LAWYERS.—"A lawyer," said Lord Brougham—in a facetious mood—"is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

GASCONADES.—A Gascon and a Parisian having quarrelled, their friends endeavored to reconcile them, which having accomplished, the Gascon, turning to the Parisian, congratulated him on the result, "for," said he, "had I been in a bad humor I should have seized you, and thrown you so high that the flies would have had time to devour you before you came down again."

LOST IN A FOG.—"Suppose you are lost in a fog," said Lord C—to his noble relative, the Marchioness, "what are you most likely to be?" "Mist, of course," replied her ladyship.

PRINTED SERMONS.—In a manse, in Fife, the conversation of a large party, one evening, turned on a volume of sermons which had just been published, with considerable success, and was supposed to have brought a round sum into the hands of the author. When the minister's wife heard of what had been made by the volume, her imagination was excited, and turning to her husband, who sat a little aside, she said: "My dear, I see naething to hinder you to print a few of your sermons, too!" "They were a' printed lang syne!" said the candid minister in his wife's ear.

JOCKEYSHIP.—An auctioneer, speaking to a horse-dealer of an estate he was to sell, in a level neighborhood, said: "The country is exceedingly beautiful, and I do so admire a *rich flat*!" "So do I, sir," said the grinning jockey.

AN HIBERNIAN M.P.—An Irish member, whose name we will not mention, having risen, was assailed by loud cries of "Spoke! Spoke!" meaning, that having spoke already, he had no right to do it a second time. He had evidently a second speech struggling in his breast for an introduction into the world, when seeing, after remaining for some time on his legs, that there was not the slightest chance of being suffered to deliver a sentence of it, he observed, with imperturbable gravity, and in a rich Tipperary brogue: "If honorable gentlemen suppose that I was going to spake agin, they are quite mistaken. I merely rose for the purpose of saying that I had nothing more to say on the subject!" The house was convulsed with laughter, for a few seconds afterwards, at the exceedingly ready wit of the Hibernian M.P.

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.—The *Wheeling Gazette* gives the following, as an extract from the recent address of a barrister "out west," to a jury: "The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view, in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion and reflect, with pleasure, that you have done as you would be done by. But if, on the other hand, you disregard the principle of law, and set at nought my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you over every fair corn-field, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be apt to light on you one of these dark nights, as my cat lights on a sasserful of new milk."

A couple of sharpers took lodgings at a hostelry in the country, and fared sumptuously, drinking two or three bottles of wine daily. The last day a dispute arose about the speed of their horses, and they at last agreed to enter on the proposed contest. The landlord was appointed judge, each being the rider of his own horse. When they were mounted, the judge, like those at the Olympic games, gave the words, "One, two, three, and go!" Off they went, and have never been seen or heard of since—leaving the landlord fully compensated by having had the honor to be their judge.

SENSIBLE YOUNG LADIES.—The young ladies of Rochester have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following: "That we will marry no young man who is not a patron of THE NEW YORK JOURNAL; for we have thus not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his vicinity."

Statistics.

RICHTER enumerates 600 distinct species of disease in the eye.

A HEALTHY full-grown elephant consumes 30 lbs. of grain per day.

THE pulse of children is 180 in a minute; at puberty it is 80; and at 60 it is only 60.

At a moderate computation, 30,000 gallons of milk are retailed every seven days through the streets of London.

A PHILADELPHIA paper describes a curious patch-work bed-quilt, made by a blind lady, and composed of 55,555 pieces.

WHEN Napoleon was made Emperor of France, he had only 3,521,675 votes, although the poll was kept open for a month. For his nephew, Prince Louis, as President, upwards of 5,000,000 votes were polled in two days.

THE debts of the various countries of Europe may be thus classed in round millions:—Great Britain, £860,000,000; France, 320; Holland, 160; Russia and Poland, 110; Spain, 93; Austria, 84; Prussia, 30; Portugal, 28; Naples, 26; Belgium, 25; Denmark, 18; Sicily, 14; Papal Dominions, 13; Greece, 8; Bavaria, 3; Frankfurt, 1; Bremen, £600,000; Hamburg, £1,400,000. Total, £1,785,000,000. Debts which are not enumerated, £215,000,000. Grand total, £2,000,000,000.

THE Hindoo Mythology contains no less than 330,000,000 deities!

A SINGLE female house fly produces, in one season, 20,080,320 eggs.

THE average weight of the brain of a man is 3½ lbs.; that of a woman, 2 lbs. 11 oz.

THE number of fixed stars seen at any one time by the naked eye is estimated at 1000.

ELEPHANTS live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years.

THE salmon is one of the most productive of fishes; one of them has been found with nearly 10,000,000 eggs.

OF known languages and dialects, 143 belong to Asia; 53 to Europe; 115 to Africa; 117 to Oceanica; and 422 to America.

IT is said that Napoleon, during the eleven years of his reign, sacrificed 5,490,000 men to his ambition. Such is the cost of one military hero.

THE Cathedral of St. Peter's, at Rome, is 464 feet high; Salisbury Cathedral, 463 feet; St. Paul's, London, 404 feet. The Monument, London, is 210 feet high.

BOTANISTS have divided all plants into twenty-four classes, and 121 orders; and they have discovered 3,000 genera, 50,000 species, and varieties of the species without number.

THERE is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a ploughshare weighing 24 lbs.

WILD ducks are estimated to fly 90 miles an hour; swallows fly rather faster; and the swift flies above 200 miles an hour.

A SWARM of bees contains from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state, and from 30,000 to 40,000 in a hive.

THE cow eats 276 plants, and rejects 218; the goat, 449, and 126; the sheep, 387, and 341; the horse, 262, and 212; the hog, 72, and 171.

IN man, the temperature of the blood is 98 degrees; in sheep, 102; in ducks, 107; in ague it falls from 98 to 94; in fever it rises to 102 or 105.

WHEN man and woman have attained their complete development, they weigh almost exactly 20 times as much as at their birth, while the stature is about 3½ times greater.

THE beats in an hour of a common seconds clock, are 3,600, and 17,280 a common watch; seconds watches beat 18,000 times an hour, or 5 per second.

LOCKS have been made with twenty-four moveable wards, so as to spell any words, each word being represented by a letter, and no key will open them but one adjusted to the particular word of the lock.

THE human body consists of 240 bones, 9 articulations or joinings, 100 cartilages and ligaments, 400 muscles and tendons, and 100 nerves; besides blood, arteries, veins, glands, stomach, intestines, lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, lymphatics, lacteals, fat, and skin, &c., &c.

BUT two millions of species of land and water animals and plants are believed to exist. There are at least 100,000 species of plants, and 400,000 of insects only.

THE species in the seas are believed to be still more numerous. The number of polypes exceeds that of other insects, and the infusoria are not numbered, nor are the parasitic tribes. The species of the whole may even be five millions. If an old species became extinct, and a new one were evolved once a week, the whole would last 100,000 years.

Scientific and Useful.

AMONG the many new improvements in house building, one is to make the roofs of glass, and to turn them to profitable account by forming greenhouses.

EXTRAORDINARY, IF TRUE.—Mr. Mason, of Thrapston, England, has manufactured a machine that has occupied him upwards of nine years in completion. It is equally serviceable for marine and overland purposes, and entirely supersedes the use of steam. It is composed wholly of metal, of simple construction, and will not often require mending. A child may guide it; it will travel up or down hill, on either straight or curved roads, at a rate of 60 miles an hour, with 2,000 tons weight behind it. It has been tested and found to answer, and Mr. Mason intends to procure a patent for it.

NEW LUBRICATING MATERIAL.—Mr. G. Cheadle, of Wolverhampton, has invented a composition for lubricating the bearing parts of machinery, &c., consisting of a mixture of palm oil, tallow, carbonate of soda, carbonate of potash, and bone gelatine. The last is first dissolved in lime-water, or a mixture of lime and chalk-water; the carbonates of soda and potash are then added, the oil and tallow added to the solution, and heat applied until the whole is dissolved and incorporated. If too thick, the resulting mixture may be thinned with lime-water.

SUBSTITUTES FOR COAL.—Coals are very dear; bread is very dear, allowing less money for firing; why should not barley awns, but especially sawdust, be mixed with clay, as they do small coal with clay in South Wales? Sawdust, barley screenings, and old thatch would mix with clay; all of these could be readily mixed in an old mortar pug. Peat-dust is of no use to burn alone; but if mixed with clay, it would do very well, and what excellent manure it would make! Any old barrel would serve for a pug, with a board at the top and bottom to let the spindle work in.

BLACK PAINT.—A paragraph ran through the press a short time since, stating, on high authority, the injurious effects of black paint, when acted upon by the sun, to the woodwork on which it was laid. Now, if any one will examine an old sign-board, which has been exposed a number of years, and painted white with black letters, he will find the white lead completely perished from the wood, the black not only preserving itself but the underlying colors, so as to stand out from the wood in very considerable relief. We have found it to be the case wherever black paint has been used—window-sashes, for instance. Neither do we think the kind of black used important.

GUN-COTTON.—The Vienna correspondent of the London Times writes as follows on the subject of gun-cotton:—"Thirty-two of the new guns (four batteries) to be used with gun-cotton are already finished, and it is believed that 128 more (16 batteries) are to be cast. The military authorities are extremely reserved just at present, but still it has transpired that only 12-pounders are in future to be cast, 'as they need not be heavier in metal than the old 6-pounders—if gun-cotton be used—and almost all the Russian field-batteries are composed of 12-pounders.' The experiments with gun-cotton still continue, and one result is too remarkable not to be mentioned:—A 12 lb. ball was fired from a gun charged with powder at some thick boards prepared for the purpose, and another ball of the same weight was fired from one of the new guns charged with gun-cotton; 'although the new gun was 600 yards farther from the target than the old one, the hole made by the shot of the former was well-defined and clean, while the orifice made by the latter was jagged and splintery.'"

SODA SPRINGS.—The party engaged in the survey of public lands, under Mr. Pool, found at a point about 50 miles east of San Felipe, in San Diego county, a singular collection of fountains or springs of soda water, situated in a sandy plain or depression of the surface of the desert. The spring is in a mound of symmetrical shape, tapering like a sugar-loaf, in the centre of the top of which is a hole, unfathomable, containing the carbonated beverage, fresh from some natural laboratory below. Some of the mounds are 6 feet high, and clothed with a green luxuriant root of grass, while others are shaped like an inverted bowl, and fringed by a growth of cane. The water is described as having the same sparkling and effervescing quality as that ordinarily sold by apothecaries, and was drunk with avidity by both the men and animals belonging to the party. When impregnated with acid of any kind, it produced instant effervescence, and in that form is peculiarly refreshing as a drink. Some of it has been brought in, in order to be chemically tested, with a view to make the discovery of some practical utility.

Varieties.

A FAIR DEAL.—"Ah, sir," said an usher at Eaton, as he flourished the cane over a boy, who struggled greatly, "you may shuffle, but I'll cut!" That's what may be called a fair deal.

TRAIN THEM PROPERLY, AND THEY WON'T DO IT. Why are the Turks at Balaklava like badly trained race horses? Because they so often prove bolders.

LIGHT WANTED.—"Gracious me!" exclaimed a shrewd young fellow a few days since, after having read some news from the war. "The French are only a few metres from the fortifications at Sebastopol! Are they going to blow the place up with gas, and keep an account of how much they use?" Funny man, that!

DEFINITION.—A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely informing two comrades, that a "74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles."

MRS. GRUMES told Mrs. John Smith, in confidence, that she was "not at all 'exprised' that the 'Alleys' had not beat the 'Dusky-whites' when both armies were 'subscribed' as short of stores, and as being 'belly-ignorants.'"

PROBABLE.—"Are you going to the dance to-night?" asked a young "fast man," of another of the same stamp; adding: "I can get you credit for a ticket!" The party addressed, replied: "No, thank you! I am like Sir Charles Napier, and shall do nothing in the *Ball-tic* way this winter!"

IMPROVEMENTS IN RUSSIA.—Nicholas ought to be very much obliged to Louis Napoleon—for he has declared it to be his intention, next year, with the aid of his brave army, to repair the French retreat at Moscow.

LET a girl be ever so young, the moment she is married she becomes a woman.

THE game of fashionable life is to play hearts against diamonds.

THE great value of arithmetic is to add up the number of one's lovers and dresses.

IT's a fact, but you very rarely see two women playing at chess together. We suppose it is because, with such a partner, there is but little amusement to either in being mated.

HINTS TO LITIGANTS.—A suit at law means rags.

LEGITIMATE SPORT.—Those who fish for compliments deserve to get a bite.

A MARRIED LOVER.—A hen-pecked husband declared that the longer he lived the more he was smitten.

WORLDLY WISDOM.—The greatest rogue generally contrives to get the most credit.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.—The young lady who is unable to sport a riding habit should get into a walking habit.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Don't be afraid to marry a sentimental young lady. She may be sometimes melancholy; but no matter as long as she is pensive without the ex.

LEGAL ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Don't accept the hand of any body who tells you that he is going to marry and settle. Make him settle first, and let him marry afterwards.

HINT ON ETIQUETTE.—The unaccountable dislike which many ladies have that their age should be known suggests the suspicion that we may not always make ourselves so agreeable as we fancy in wishing a female acquaintance many happy returns of her birthday. It would, perhaps, be more judicious to wish her as many returns of the day as she can desire.

AMATIVE.—Laura was disconsolate. Henry had long flirted, but never put the question. Henry went his way. Laura's aunt, for consolation, brought her a love of a spaniel pup. "My dear," says the aunt, "the puppy can do every thing but speak."—"Why will you agonise me?" says Laura; "that's the only fault I found with the other."

USURIOUS.—An old usurer, in his walks, found a fox in a trap; the mercy cost him nothing, so he released poor Reynard. For many days afterwards the fox stole a goose, and dropt it at the usurer's threshold. "What a good man I must be," said the usurer, who wouldn't see the fox's bite in the poultry—"how good, when heaven thus rains geese at my door-step!"

LEGAL.—Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership."—"Very good," said weasel the younger. So taking the egg between them, each sucked the either end. "My children," said Red-tapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

WHY can't a young lady sit down to the piano without an additional accompaniment to her song in the shape of a "dreadful cold?"

Comical Items.

DANGER OF ICE-CREAM.—A "Down-East" editor has had a visit from a Vermonter, who bears the name of Ethan Spike. This genius has been experimenting upon the luxury known in Gotham as ice-cream, and the following is given as the result of his first experiment:

One day, toward sun-down, I was goin' by a shop in Broadway; there was all manner of candy an' jossamints, an' what-nots at the winder; an' there was signs with gold letters to 'em hangin' round the door, telling how they sold soda, mead, an' ice cream there. I sez to myself—I've heard a good deal about this ice-cream, and now blow me if I won't see what they are made of. So I put my hands intew my pockets, and walked in kinder careless, and sez to a chap standin' behind the counter:

"Do you keep any ice-creams here?"

"Yes sir," sez he; "how much will you have?"

I considered a minnit on't, and sez I:

"A pint, sir?"

The young feller's face swelled out, an' he like to larked right out; but after a while he asked:

"Did you say a pint, sir?"

"Sartin!" sez I; but p'raps you don't retail—so I don't mind takin' a quart!"

An' I gin him a look that made him look sober in about a minnit; an' when I clenched my fist an' looked at him—here Mr. Ethan Spike favored us with a most diabolical expression of his countenance—he hauled in his horns about the quickest, an' handed me a quart of it, as perlit as could be! Wal, I tasted a mouthful of it, and found it as cool as the north side of Bethel Hill in Jennewary! I'd half a mind to spit it out, but just then I see the confectionary chap grinnin' behind the door! Gall smash it all! thinks I—I'll not let that monkey think I'm afraid; I'll eat the darn stuff, if it freezes me! I tell ye what, I'd rather skinn'd a bear or whipped a wild cat, but I went it—I eat the hull in about a minnit! Wal, in about a quarter of an hour I began to fell rather grippy, continued Ethan, an' kept on feelin' no better fast, till at last it



"WELL! I CANNOT SEE THE BEAUTY OF SUCH OVER-FED ANIMALS FOR MY PART."

seemed as though I'd a steam ingine a sawin' shingles in me! I sot down in a cheer, an' bent myself up like a nut cracker, thinkin' I'd grin and bear it; but I couldn't set still—I twisted about like a fish worm on a hook, till at last the chap that gin me the cream, and who had been lookin' and snickerin', sez to me:

"Mister, what ails you?"

"Ails me?" sez I; "that are darned stuff of yours is freezin' up my mouth!"

Ethan required a great deal of "doctorin'" before he was "set to rights," after the quart of ice-cream.

DROPS OF COMFORT.—Some wag enumerates the following among the "drops of comfort generally administered by friends:"

Reading a newspaper on a railroad, containing an account of "Five-and twenty lives lost," on the

same road, and near the same place, only the day before.

Losing a small fortune in an unlucky speculation an' all your friends wondering how you could have been "such a fool."

Putting on a white neckcloth, which you fancy becomes you, and being hailed all the evening as "waiter!"

Breaking down before ladies in the middle of a song, and a malicious rival calling out "Encore—encore!"

WHAT actress is it whose name would at once indicate her to be the lightest, and yet one of the heaviest of performers?—Miss Feather-stone

WHY is a person who bets on every horse in a race like a drunkard? Because he's a backin' all (Bacchanal.) [The party who did the above has kept his bed ever since.]

A HINT.—A young lady asking a gentleman to try if one of her rings wouldn't go on his little finger.

HOW TO GET RID OF AN UNPLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.—By perpetually asking him to lend you a dollar.

AN ECONOMICAL ERROR.—An Irishman being in a church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear, "that he was not naturalised, and could not vote."

NAME AND FAME OF AN IRISH HERO.—There was once in Ireland a thirsty old soul:

His name was a terrible name indeed,

'Twas Timothy Thady Mullagin;

And whenever he emptied a tumbler of punch,

He always wanted it full ag'in.

A FELLOW STOLE LORD CHATHAM's large gouty shoes: his servant not finding them, began to abuse the thief. "Never mind!" said his lordship; "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that the shoes may fit him!"

"MOTHER, SEND FOR A DOCTOR!" screamed out a young scapegrace. "Why, my son?" said the alarmed parent. "Cause that man in the parlor is going to die! He said he would, if sister Jane wouldn't marry him; and Jane said she wouldn't!"

A REVENUE CUTTER.—A householder who runs away without paying his taxes.



WESTERN BANKS!

Reader.—"WANTED, A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE AND IR-RESPONSIBLE PERSON AS PRESIDENT OF A WESTERN BANK."

Hearer.—"THAT'S JUST THE THING FOR ME, SAM; WHERE ARE IT?"



EVILS OF GOING EARLY TO BED WHEN YOUR NEIGHBOR HAS A PARTY.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL,

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TEMPTATION.

Continued from page 144.

"I never knew that!" replied the ruffian, lowering his voice, and endeavoring to hide his confusion. "He was as bold a fellow as ever lived—and that's why his pals gave him the name of the captain! Some said he was the son of a gentleman—others of a lord; but no one ever knew the real truth, unless it was your grandfather!"

His listener reflected for some moments in silence.

"I hope," added the speaker, "that you won't turn me and Bet out of the house—it is our bread!"

"On one condition," answered the heiress, "I will suffer you to remain!"

The countenance of Miles began to brighten.

"Which is, that you endeavor to gain the bread you speak of by honest means!"

"Honest means!" continued the man, in a tone of contempt; "and who would give me credit for them—trust me, or employ me? No one! There is nothing so difficult to convince the world of as a rogue's repentance! I tried it! I had only committed one crime then: and not a creature would give me work—that is, in an honest way; but I found plenty to employ me in evil; amongst the rest, your grandfather, and—there—you know the rest!"

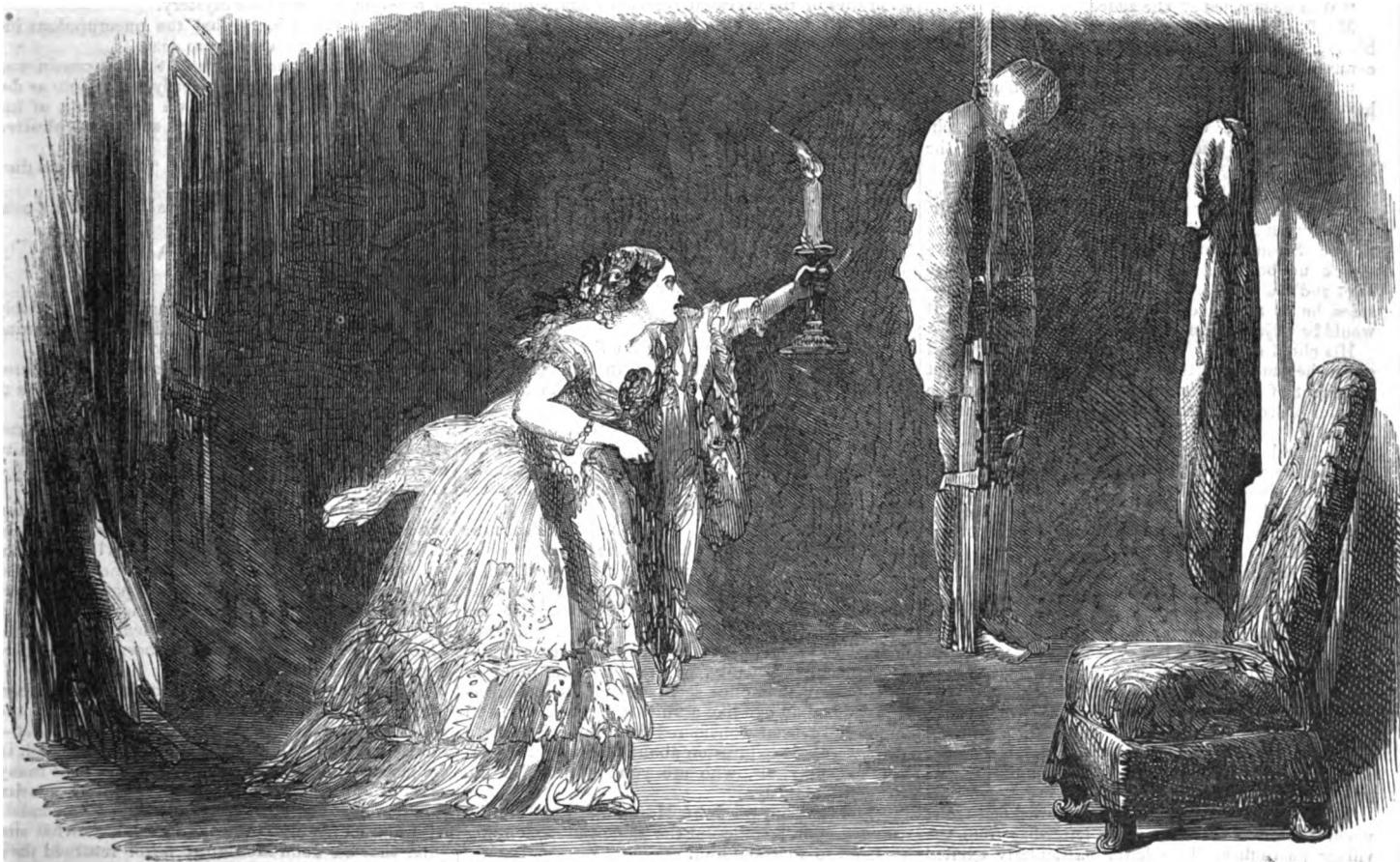
"I will employ you!" observed Martha.

The eyes of the fellow flashed with a momentary expression of triumph. If he could only worm himself into her secrets, he thought—obtain some hold upon her—he might defy the future.

"But not in the manner you suppose, and probably would wish!" continued the speaker, who had noticed and perfectly comprehended his secret thought. "From the nature of your past life, the haunts of the reckless wretches who live by violating the laws both of heaven and earth must be well known to you?"

"Well, miss, what if they are?"

"I will supply you with the means of visiting them. Use all your cunning to obtain some clue



MADAME GARRACHI'S DISCOVERY OF THE EFFIGY IN THE BANKER'S CLOSET.

to the hiding place of the captain—find him—and I promise you a sufficient sum to enable you and your wife to emigrate to another land, where you may retrieve the past by an honest future! Do you consent?"

"I should think I do, miss!" exclaimed Miles, either really or affecting to be deeply moved by her offer; "if I had found a friend like you twenty years ago, I might have been a better man! As for the captain, I'll ferret him out, even if I have to hunt for him in the grave. But he can't be dead—I must have heard of that!"

With this arrangement Martha dismissed him: whatever his delinquencies, she felt that she was not called upon to punish them. By permitting him to remain in the house, she secured an agent on whom she vainly imagined she could rely, to assist her in her search after her adopted child.

"Have you succeeded?" inquired the lawyer with a friendly smile, as he entered the private office, where the interview between his client and Miles had taken place.

"Not yet!" was the reply.

"Perhaps you had better trust the affair into my hands!" suggested Mr. Foster; "by employing the police, we shall soon obtain some trace of the man you seek."

"No—no!" interrupted the woman, hastily; "it would place him on his guard! Once alarmed, he might find means to quit the country! He has long been at war with justice! By-the-bye," she added, with the air of a person who suddenly recollected some circumstance of trivial importance, "in looking over my grandfather's papers, I discovered a hand-bill in which your name is mentioned!"

"Mine!"

His client laid before him the paper describing the disappearance of George Maitland, offering a reward for any intelligence which might lead to his discovery, and referring parties to Mr. Foster, Solicitor, Inner Temple.

"It was connected," said the lawyer, "with one of the most extraordinary affairs in which I have ever been engaged!"

"Am I too curious in asking the nature of it?"

"Certainly not," replied the gentleman, little deeming that she had any motive stronger than curiosity for her question.

He at once proceeded to relate to her the visit of George Maitland to his friend Edward Trevanian—his quitting Farnsfield, and his mysterious disappearance in London.

"Strange!" said Martha. "Did you ever discover any clue?"

"Not the least."

"Was he married?" she added.

Mr. Foster replied in the negative, and added, that his family had long since given up all hope of ascertaining his fate.

"Trevanian!" repeated Martha, half aloud; "I have certainly heard that name before."

"Not unlikely," observed the lawyer; "Sir Richard Trevanian is one of the oldest baronets in the kingdom."

"Had he any interest in —"

"You have suggested a question," replied Mr. Foster, "which I have asked myself a hundred times. Strange that the same idea should have struck us both. Interest at the time of George Maitland's disappearance he certainly had not; besides, he is a man of unblemished reputation. It would be unjust to suspect him."

His client smiled. Her grandfather's papers had given her much better data for forming a correct judgment of the baronet's real character than the speaker possessed. Shortly afterwards she took her leave.

Brief and apparently unimportant as had been their conversation on the subject, the man of law could not dismiss it from his mind. He could not comprehend how his client had jumped to a conclusion which had more than once forced itself upon his own mind.

"Had she been aware of the will," he thought, "I could understand it."

Martha was not aware of the will; but she had read the private memoranda of Peter Quin.

Sir Richard and his family still continued to reside at the hall. His son had just been gazetted to a cornetcy in the Guards—one of those fashionable, crack regiments, as they are termed, in which dissipation and folly run the race of ruin; the promising youth was about to leave home to join. His father was to accompany him to London, to introduce his heir to the world.

The family were seated at the breakfast-table, when the butler brought in the letter-bag from the village post-office. One letter particularly excited

the baronet's attention—it was sealed with black. He immediately broke the seal.

"No ill news, I hope!" observed her ladyship.

"You shall hear!" replied her husband, reading aloud: "Brierly Grange, September the twenty-fourth. Honorable Sir—It is my painful duty to inform you that your cousin, Sir John Mordaunt, expired last night. Every search has been made, but no will has been found. The general impression is, that he died intestate. As no arrangements for the funeral can take place until your arrival, I trust soon to have the pleasure of seeing you here. Yours, very respectfully,

"JOHN MORTLOCK, Steward."

"What a bore!" exclaimed Walter Trevanian; "just at this time."

His mother smiled. She did not think the prospect of an additional eight thousand a-year merited the appellation her son bestowed.

"You are so impatient!" she said.

"Has the old fool left us anything, then?" demanded the young man.

"You hear," answered his father, gravely, "that Sir John died intestate! If so, in all possibility I am his next heir!"

"Probability!" repeated the youth.

"I must start for Berkshire instantly!" continued the baronet; "such interest ought not to be trifled with! It will only delay your journey three or four days," he added; "or, if you prefer it, you can accompany me."

Walter Trevanian did prefer it. He was tired of home—for his naturally selfish heart was a stranger to the affections and ties which ought to have hallowed it.

Here it may be as well to explain what his father meant when he said that in all probability he was his cousin's heir. The late Sir John Mordaunt had an only son, who had married a person of humble birth and doubtful reputation—in his indignation he had discarded him: the young man died shortly afterwards, leaving a widow and son totally unprovided for; but so many years had elapsed since they had been heard of, that it was more than doubtful whether they still existed.

Most fervently Sir Richard Trevanian hoped they did not—it would have been eight thousand a year out of his pocket.

That same day, accompanied by his son, he started for the Grange, mentally calculating during the journey his chances of the rich succession—to the importance of which Walter was now fully alive.

On their arrival at the house, the air of respect and deference with which the steward, lawyer, and domestics of the deceased received them, confirmed their hopes that nothing had been heard of the heir; still they would have given something to have possessed a certificate of his death.

Had Peter Quin been still living, perhaps the accommodating agent might have procured them one.

After a hasty dinner, the party adjourned to the library.

"A sad affair!" replied the steward; "so sudden!"

"Very, Mortlock!" replied Sir Richard Trevanian, trying to look grave.

Walter yawned: he was impatient to join his regiment—to sport his dashing uniform—to indulge in a wider field the vices which had procured him no very enviable reputation at Farnsfield. The prospect of the inheritance scarcely compensated for the delay.

"Most unpardonable thing in Sir John!" said the lawyer—who had long been in the interests of the expectant cousin—"to leave his affairs in such confusion!"

It was suggested that the estates were entailed.

"But not the personal property!" continued the man of law—"which amounts to five hundred thousand dollars, at least! But the first thing is to arrange respecting the funeral!"

"I think, gentlemen," exclaimed a voice near them, "I can spare you that trouble!"

They looked up: during their conversation, a stranger, followed by the housekeeper and the valet of the late baronet, had entered the room. He was a tall, resolute-looking man, apparently about 30 or thirty-two years of age; if his appearance was not altogether gentlemanly, it was striking—one of those faces which, once seen, are not easily forgotten; he had an eye like a vulture's, raven hair, and might have been considered handsome, but for a bitter, sarcastic expression about the mouth.

"And pray, sir, who are you?" demanded the baronet, haughtily.

"Your cousin, Sir John Mordaunt!" replied the stranger, with a smile—at the same time extending his hand to welcome him.

"What! you won't take it?" he said—seeing Sir Richard draw back; "as you please—your displeasure, after all, is very natural!"

"I do not understand you, sir!"

"I perfectly understand you, Sir Richard. For years you have calculated on being my grandfather's heir—the intention, no doubt, was praiseworthy—to accomplish which, you left no means untried to keep alive his anger against his son, who had offended him—not hesitating even to slander the dead!"

"Infamous!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Exactly what I think of it!" was the cool rejoinder.

"You must retract this calumny, or —"

"Prove it!" said the stranger; "it is only just I should do so! Well, then, Sir Richard—thanks to the fidelity of these attached servants of my family—your numerous letters to my grandfather are in my possession. I am in a position also, to prove the nature of the affectionate inquiries you through the agency of one Peter Quin. As to my own identity," he added, "that cannot be disputed. This woman," pointing to the housekeeper, "was present at my birth. The valet has known me from childhood."

Both the domestics declared that from the time of his birth a greater period than a year had never passed without their seeing him.

The identity of the heir was therefore complete.

Sir Richard Trevanian reflected for a few moments: the inheritance he had intruded for evidently had escaped him. It remained with himself whether he was to suffer in reputation as well as in fortune. By an act of graceful recognition he might avoid the latter disgrace. His mind was quickly made up—he extended his hand frankly.

"Welcome, Sir John Mordaunt," he said, "to the home of your ancestors. I at once admit your claims. Let the past be forgotten."

"Willingly," replied his cousin; "I have no wish to rake up old grievances. No one desires more ardently than myself that the past should be forgotten. The page is a painful one."

The tone in which these words were uttered proved to the baronet that the speaker was sincere. He gazed upon him with a mingled sensation of fear and respect; the man who could baffle him must possess no ordinary energies. One circumstance puzzled him more than all the rest. He could not comprehend how he had become acquainted with his transactions with Peter Quin, whom he vainly imagined he had deceived as to his real name and quality. He mentally resolved, on his arrival in London to see the agent, and discover if possible, a clue to the mystery.

He had yet to learn that the unscrupulous instrument of his villainies were dead.

To his surprise he discovered that his cousin was a man of the world, equally ready for attack as defence—close as a toadstool on the events of his past life—the point Sir Richard so ardently desired to arrive at.

"I always imagined," he said, "that you had died abroad!"

"It was so given out, I believe!" replied his cousin, carelessly.

"Then you have never been on the continent?"

"Occasionally."

"Married, I presume?"

"No!" replied Sir John; "and most probably never shall be. In which case I need not remind you that you are my heir!"

Sir Richard Trevanian looked as if he considered the chance but a poor compensation for the loss of eight thousand a-year.

Although politely pressed to remain for the funeral, he declined, pleading as an excuse the necessity of his son's immediately joining his regiment. The following day he took his departure for London.

"Go!" muttered the new baronet, as he saw him drive from the Grange; "a dacker villain never darkened the doors of an honest man! A villain without temptation, too! Hunger never pressed him—he never knew what it was to pace the streets without a shelter to fly to—the hounds of justice on his track! But I have baffled them at last!" he added; "at last! The prize has been worth suffering and sinning for!"

Immediately after the funeral of his grandfather, the owner of Brierly Grange pensioned off all the old servants, except the housekeeper and valet—those he retained; the latter he named steward, in the place of John Mortlock, who had been so many years in the confidence of his disappointed cousin.

When the neighboring gentry called to condole with him on his loss, they thought it somewhat singular that Sir John Mordaunt never returned their

visits, or received them personally; the excuse was, either that he was indisposed or engaged.

Strange that a man who had just succeeded to a baronetcy and eight thousand a year should thus exclude himself from the world.

They were still more surprised when, after a sufficient time had elapsed for him to settle his affairs, they heard he had taken his departure for Italy, and that Bierly Grange was to let for a term of years.

Some time elapsed before any notice was taken of the advertisements; and the housekeeper began to fear that the place would remain all the winter without a tenant, when, one morning, a plain but handsome carriage, without any armorial bearings, drove up to the principal entrance.

A lady wished to see the house.

Mrs. Everett—the name of the housekeeper—conducted her through all the principal rooms, explained the convenience of this arrangement, expatiated on the prospects, southern aspect, and healthiness of the situation. The fact was, the garrulous old woman began to feel tired of living alone.

Instead of inquiring about the house, to her astonishment the visitor began questioning her most particularly respecting its owner.

Was Sir John Mordaunt young? Dark or fair? Likely to remain long abroad? The female cicerone demanded nothing better than to reply to her. It was so long since she had found occasion to use her tongue, that the opportunity was a relief to her.

The marriage of the late baronet's son, and his banishment from the paternal mansion, were freely related; but when the curious visitor began to inquire how the present one had passed his youth and riper years, either the prudence or fidelity of the faithful domestic took the alarm.

She could inform her nothing upon the point—absolutely nothing.

"There appears a degree of romance in his history," observed the lady, "which has interested me. Is there a portrait of him in the house?"

A dry negative was the reply of Mrs. Everett.

"He must have suffered greatly!"

The housekeeper thought he had, but knew nothing positive upon the subject.

By this time they had reached the picture-gallery—hung with the portraits of the Mordaunts for many generations. They were an ancient family, and had evidently taken considerable pride in the collection—which had commenced with several Holbeins—warriors and dames who had flourished in the courts of Henry VII. and his profligate successor; there were a succession of beauties, who had sat to Lely, Gainsborough, and Reynolds, down to the portrait of the last Mary Mordaunt, by Lawrence—one of his earliest and most graceful pictures.

All were carelessly glanced over in their turn, as the housekeeper enumerated the names and titles. At last they came to a frame from which the canvas had been removed.

"Whose portrait should be there?" inquired the lady.

"The father of the present baronet!"

"Could she see it?"

Mrs. Everett led the way to her own room, forgetting, in her anxiety to oblige her visitor, that it was so like his son, it might pass for him.

No sooner did the stranger fix her eyes upon it, than a smile of satisfaction rested for an instant upon her features. She contemplated it closely, turned away, and then went back to examine it again.

"Who has the letting of the house?" she demanded.

"The steward, madam."

"Do you know the terms?"

"No."

"No matter!" replied the singular woman; "whatever they are, I agree to them! From this very day I am the tenant of Bierly Grange! Tell the steward to write to my lawyer, Mr. Foster, of the Inner Temple—he will arrange the details."

"What name?" said the astonished housekeeper, as she preceded the speaker to her carriage.

The lady gave her card as she drove off.

Miss Mendez was the name, engraved in small old English letters, upon it.

Our readers have not forgotten that Martha Quin, by the will of her mother, was to assume the name of Mendez.

CHAPTER XXIV

And on that fair, broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows which the burning share
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there;
Scars of the lacerated mind,
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.

BYRON.

To the artificial atmosphere of the Opera House, Fanny was not led by taste or ambition—she was

too young to entertain such feelings—but by the iron hand of necessity; the change appeared to her like fairy-land; the blaze of light, the rich dresses, the *troupe* of *figurantes*—all older than herself, who, struck by her beauty and grace, made her their pet, their plaything—bewildered her.

She was like some careless, happy butterfly, sporting over a field of poisonous flowers—pleased by their brilliant colors, unharmed by the venom they exhaled—her heart and mind being guarded by the holy shield of innocence and childhood.

"What an angel!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Adel, the principal *coryphee*; "in less than ten years she will give many a pretty fellow the heart-ache!"

"And her own," observed one of her companions, with a sigh.

"Like the rest of us, *ma belle*!" replied the dancer, shrugging her shoulders. "It is so long since I lost my heart, that I scarcely recollect having possessed such a thing."

"I pity him that found it!" retorted the former, with a sneer.

The e had long been a rivalry between the speakers; they hated each other most cordially, as actresses only know how to hate.

The two great stars of the season were at last announced. The first was Mademoiselle Cherini—a mezzo soprano—who had long been one of the idols of La Scala and San Carlos. She was exceedingly beautiful, but her beauty was of that overpowering kind which commands admiration rather than attracts. Like most of the daughters of sunny Italy, she was capricious, gifted, passionate, and revengeful. Her appearance created a furor amongst the *dilettanti* lordlings, whose homage she received with the air of a Juno, rather than the reserve of a vestal.

London presented a new field of triumph to her ambition; but, like most triumphs, it was clouded. She dreaded the arrival of a young singer—Madame Garrachi—whose fame had already occasioned her many a sleepless night. She had never seen her, but she detested her by anticipation.

If the success of the first of these two rival *artistes* was great, that of the second was overwhelming: the freshness of her voice, the brilliance of her execution, the deep feeling and energy of her acting, produced an excitement beyond mere admiration—it was enthusiasm. The ladies dressed their hair *a la Garrachi*—the men swore by her beauty. Mademoiselle Cherini was eclipsed—her nights were no longer *par excellence* the nights of the season.

Fanny, who had been selected as one of the pages in the opera of *Semiramide*, an account of her childish beauty, was upon the stage when the *prima donna* commenced her first cavatina; the child had heard Mademoiselle Cherini several times with wonder and delight; but at the gush of melody which the new *artiste* poured forth, all the dormant sensibility of her young heart was awakened, to the terror and astonishment of the *coryphees*, she burst into tears and sobbed audibly.

For an instant the singer appeared disconcerted.

"Bring her off!" exclaimed the stage director, in a loud whisper.

Adel led her to the wings, and resigned her to Signora du Bast, who vainly attempted to calm the excitement of the child.

"Don't be angry, sir," said the poor woman; it shall not occur again."

"What is your name?"

"Du Bast, sir," replied the widow, humbly.

"Go to the treasury," replied the director, "receive what is due to you, and never set foot in the theatre again! Who ever heard such —"

The thunders of applause from the front of the house which accompanied the conclusion of the scene, prevented the rest of his speech from being heard. As the actress quitted the boards, the Duke of Devonshire, who was standing near, threw over her shoulders the magnificent cashmere which he had been holding patiently for the last half hour, and felt himself honored by the office.

The man who held the shawl of the *prima donna* must be a distinguished amateur. Who could dispute his claim, after such an honor? To be sure, his grace was exceedingly deaf, and never could whistle the first four bars of "God Save the King," correctly; still his taste was undisputed: he had given a hundred proofs of it, in the shape of diamond bracelets and rings, to most of the great singers of the day.

"Brava, brava!" lisped the duke, for he invariably affected Italian when speaking of music.

"Where is the child?" demanded Madame Garrachi, without replying to the compliments of her noble admirer.

The question was asked in English—for the

artiste was not only a musician but an accomplished linguist.

The stage director advanced, cringing and bowing to the ground.

"I have already dismissed her and her mother, madame!"

"Dismissed her?"

"And forbidden her ever to set foot in the theatre again! The annoyance shall not be repeated!"

"Then you have acted very wickedly, sir!" replied the singer, her expressive countenance flushed with indignation. "The tears, the sensibility of that poor child, were far more flattering to my feelings as an *artiste*, than the applause of the audience, the compliments of the indiscriminating."

"Certainly!" exclaimed the Duke of Devonshire, not supposing for an instant that his illustrious imbecility could be comprised in the category of the latter.

The director appeared thunderstruck.

"You will retain their services," said the lady, in an imperious tone.

The gentleman bowed as if had received an order from the lips of royalty.

Taking the arm of his grace, the actress passed on to the green-room: in her passage, Signora Du Bast, who still held Fanny in her arms, dropped her a humble curtsy—she had heard what passed.

"Is that the little girl?" inquired Madame Garrachi, at the same time placing her hand on the long, silken curls of the child.

"Yes, madame!"

"Does she sing?"

"Do the English ever sing?" demanded the Duke of Devonshire, playfully; "it is only to the daughters of your sunny land that spell is given!"

The widow knew the high rank of the speaker—his blue ribbon and diamond star awed her—she did not venture to contradict him.

The *artiste* was a mother: she stooped and kissed Fanny on the forehead, then, drawing a flower from a superb bouquet which she carried in her hand, dropped it playfully in her bosom, and passed on with the noble amateur.

Had our heroine been an Italian instead of an English child, his grace would have been in ecstasies with her beauty—she would have been *carissima angelo del amore*, and heaven knows what expletives besides; as it was, he was too much occupied to notice her.

The stage director neither forgot nor forgave the humiliation he had received.

We can conceive nothing more weary to the mind as well as body, than the life of a *figurante*. Rehearsals from ten to four, then hurrying back to prepare for the toilsome duties of the night, the hasty meal, dresses to arrange, the long wait, the return home jaded and worn out—and all for a pittance which a lady's maid would turn up her nose at.

Such was the life which Signora Du Bast for many years had followed. Whilst her husband lived she endured it for his sake—endured it firmly—there is a wondrous degree of strength in woman's love; but since his death, the nameless fever which saps the very roots of life had slowly been undermining her health.

Before the season was half over she was stretched upon a bed of sickness.

Then came poverty, with its hideous scowl, staring her in the face. She had but two friends, and they, unfortunately, had little to bestow beyond their sympathy. One by one the relics of former respectability were parted with—her husband's watch, even to her wedding ring.

With her own engagement—thanks to the enmity of the director—Fanny's had ceased.

One of their most constant visitors was one of the late signor's pupils—a merry, light-hearted girl about fourteen years of age, named Sarah Carroll, who considered herself fortunate in an engagement of fifteen shillings a week at his Majesty's Theatre. She generally came after rehearsals to sit an hour or two with the poor widow, and, not to lose time, brought her spangled finery with her.

On Sundays she brought her dinner, which she shared with her less fortunate friends.

"For me it will soon be over!" one day observed the sufferer; "in this world I have now nothing to hope or fear!"

Poor Fanny, young as she was, understood the import of her words, and burst into a passionate flood of tears; throwing her arms around the neck of the woman who had been a second mother to her, she implored her not to leave her, but to take her with her.

Sally vainly attempted to offer some words of consolation.

"What will become of her," sighed the widow, "when I am gone."

"She shall come and live with me!" replied the warm-hearted girl. "I am quite established now. Kenneth has procured me an engagement at one of the winter theatres: we shall not starve—shall we, Fanny?"

Fanny was too much overcome with grief to reply to her.

"So young!" continued the dying woman, speaking to herself rather than to her visitor: and promising to be so beautiful!"

"Don't have such melancholy thoughts!" interrupted Sally. "I promise you faithfully that I will take care of her—watch over her as if she were my sister!"

The widow sighed. It was a slender hope—still it was one.

"If I had only been an Italian, or even a French girl," continued the speaker, "I might have been rich enough for both of us! Do you know," she added, "that I have often thought of changing my name from Sally Carroll to Mademoiselle Coulon. It would look much better in the bills. Adel, who can't dance half so well as I can, gets two pounds ten a week, wears a gold watch, silk dresses, and has three pairs of bracelets. Perhaps I shall one day have bracelets too."

The woman shuddered. She knew the price at which the silk dresses, bracelets, and watch of Mademoiselle Adel had been obtained.

"No, Sally—no!" she said; "better wear a ragged gown, with a pure heart!"

The girl colored. These few words explained to her a mystery which she already half suspected; but the atmosphere of a theatre is like that of a greenhouse—it forces the growth, if not the vigor of the plant.

"I shall never obtain them as Adel has done," she replied. "If I am not too good, I am at least too proud for that!"

There was a knock at the door of the chamber. The speaker rose to open it, fearing it might be the landlady, who began to be impatient for the last week's rent. She was not mistaken; but to her surprise, the woman had laid aside the bullying tone, and was almost civil.

"How is she?" she inquired.

Sally Carroll shook her head and pointed to the bed.

"Ah, bad enough, no doubt! There is a gentleman below who has been making all sorts of inquiries respecting her."

"A gentleman?"

"Yes—a parson, I take it!" continued the landlady; he speaks like one! But perhaps, after all, he is only one of the *Methodies*! He says he has come a long way to see her!"

On hearing that a gentleman had come from a distance to visit her, the widow became very much excited. Raising herself from her pillow, she eagerly demanded his name.

"He wouldn't tell me!" replied the woman; "but he promised to pay the rent; and, for the trouble you have given me if anything should—"

"I'll go and speak with him!" exclaimed the ballet girl, raising her voice, on purpose to prevent the sufferer from hearing the conclusion of the landlady's brutal speech.

"He is down in the parlor below!" observed the woman.

In a few minutes Sally returned.

"She had seen the stranger," she said, "who appeared quite a gentleman, and very much wishes to see you!"

"His name?" once more demanded Signora Du Bast, impatiently.

"He bid me say that it was William."

It was her brother. In a state of dreadful agitation she sank back upon her pillow. She had only faintly, but Fanny, imagining that she was dead, began to scream piteously, calling on her by the most endearing names not to die and leave her.

In the midst of this painful scene the gentleman made his appearance. He was tall and good-looking; his features not unlike his sister's, but their expression was widely different. There was a sleek, sanctimonious, self-righteous air about him which savored of hypocrisy.

"William!" exclaimed the dying woman. "Brother! You here?"

"Hush!" said her visitor. "We are not alone."

Sally and the landlady took the hint and quitted the room: the latter, faithful to the curiosity of her sex and calling, would have remained upon the stairs to listen—but her companion insisted on her descending with her. Young as she was, she felt that it was no affair of theirs, and that the confidence

of the death-bed should be sacred. Fanny alone remained.

"You here?" repeated his sister.

"Are you not glad to see me?"

"Yes, if you bring me the only consolation which at this hour I can receive—the pardon of an angry parent!"

The gentleman glanced at the crape upon his hat, which he still held in his hand. The eyes of the female followed him.

"Dead?" she said, after a pause.

"Even so!"

"And unobscured to the last! And yet my father has been bitterly atoned! I have suffered the pangs of hunger, cold, and want," continued the widow; "but there was nothing to the agony I endured when I beheld my child cast as I am now upon a bed of sickness, deprived of all save the affection of his unhappy parents!"

"This, then, is not your child?" eagerly observed her brother.

"By adoption only!"

The reply appeared to afford some secret satisfaction to the pious-looking gentleman.

"Your mother pardoned you before she died!" he said, after a pause; "she was one of the earth's saints, and would not quit the world at enmity with one whom she had once so tenderly loved! This misery," he added, "is fearful; and yet perhaps Providence sent it for its own good purpose—to chasten you by suffering ere it called you to a better state! Why did you not write to me? I, at least."

"It would have been useless, William!" interrupted the woman; "and you know it would! I wrote to you when my poor child was ill—dying—when heaven deprived me of a husband's protection; but never received a line—a word of consolation! Your heart was hardened against me, and is still!"

"If so, why am I here?"

"Why?" repeated his sister; "ay, why? Unless," and she fixed her eyes upon him with a searching expression, "the world's detestable dress has brought you! Our mother may have more than pardoned her erring child—she may have done her justice, or died intestate! If so, tell me—tell me!" she added, imploringly; "that I may know Fanny will not be left destitute!"

Now this was the very last thing which her brother wished to converse about. Despite his ejaculations, their parent at the last moment had done justice to her daughter, and left her fortune equally between them. Could he have secreted the will and grasped it all, he would have willingly done so. Fortunately it was in honest hands.

"Let us not converse, Caroline," he said, "upon worldly matters now! Think of the future—the life you have led—the sin of disobedience—the disgrace you brought upon your family by living with one of his reprobate profession!"

"Do not insult the dead!" exclaimed the widow, whose strength was rapidly failing her; "he was good, true, and loving! The cant of religion was a stranger to his lips, but its word was in his heart! The man you affect to despise would not have wronged his neighbor, injured a worm, or judged his fellow-creatures harshly!"

The gentleman muttered something about benighted ignorance.

"Can you say as much?"

Instead of replying to her question, he began to pray—to offer up not the words which breathe of peace and consolation—but of judgment, the future, and its terrors. Perhaps in his bigotry he looked upon her as lost for having married an actor: with his narrow views of salvation, he could not comprehend how such a man could be a Christian.

And yet Shakespeare was one.

During the exordium, which lasted a considerable time, Signora Du Bast appeared to be plunged in profound meditation. She might be the victim, but she was not the dupe of her brother's hypocrisy: she knew him too well for that.

"William!" she exclaimed, when he had finished his prayer; "you have not answered my question yet!"

"What question?" he demanded, although he perfectly understood what she alluded to.

"Our mother's fortune!"

"It is mine!" replied the hypocrite, in a calm, untroubled tone. Perhaps he reconciled the lie to his conscience by the reflection that a few minutes, in all probability, would make it so.

"Cruel—cruel!" murmured the widow, in a tone of disappointment; at the same time falling back upon her pillow, from which in her excitement she had partially raised herself; "William, be just!

I am dying! Be just to this poor child, who has been as my own in my affliction! Promise me, as you hope—O God, touch his heart!" she added, "and protect her innocence when I am gone!"

"I will not forget your request, Caroline, despite the injurious suspicion which accompanies it! You are faint—have you nothing to take?"

He looked round the room.

"Nothing but water!"

He rose and gave her some. Of course it was not his fault that there was neither wine nor fruit to moisten the parched lips of the sufferer with.

"Mamma—mamma!" sobbed Fanny, "who is that man?"

The dying woman attempted to kiss her, but was too weak to raise her to the bed—which her relative no sooner saw, than he took the child in his arms, and placed her beside her adopted mother.

"There, Fanny!" said the signora, repeatedly kissing her, "place your little arms around my neck, and let me feel your kisses on my cold lips! You spoke of prayer, brother, just now," she said; "this child, rescued from vice and misery, is a living prayer, as acceptable to God as any tongue can utter! It is for you, when I am gone, to continue the task begun! Promise me that you will do so—promise me William!"

"Rely upon me! I will do something handsome for her—very handsome! You know I never break my word!"

"God bless you and forgive you as you keep it!"

These were the last words his sister addressed to him. Folding the innocent object of her love closely to her bosom, she prayed mentally to Him who is the Father of the fatherless. Whilst thus devoutly engaged, her spirit passed away from earth so gently, that she had been dead some minutes before the cold pillars, calculating men—who could find nothing better than water to moisten his sister's lips with—was aware she was gone.

Fanny was the first to perceive it: she remembered the immobility, the coldness of his cheek, when she raised it, of the poor marquis, and knew what death was. Her frantic sorrow brought Sally Carroll, and the landlady up stairs.

When they entered the room, the gentleman, instead of consoling the child, was praying at the foot of the bed.

The mistress of the house thought it very strange; but as he had promised that her rent should be paid, of course it was not her interest to make any observation. Still, as she always used to observe, he might have sent for a doctor, or at any rate for a bottle of wine; but no—he had nothing to offer the sufferer—whilst living but prayers, and a coffin and pill when dead.

Without taking the least notice of the child so solemnly recommended to his care, he left the room, requesting the landlady to follow him.

"Poor William!" sobbed Fanny; "gone—gone! Who will love me now?"

"I will!" replied Sally Carroll, throwing her arms around her neck and kissing her. "I have no friends or relations in the world—you shall be my sister! We will love one another, and live and work together!"

CHAPTER XXV.

She stands like one who has a foot on her way,
And no one near her to succor her;
Yet there's a Providence above that knows
The road which all men tread, and can direct
Inquiring justice. . . . Passengers that travel
On the wide ocean where no nation are,
Look up and leave their conduct to a star!

SIR ROBERT HENRI.

With a feeling in which perhaps a momentary remorse had some slight share, the unnatural brother caused the body of his sister to be interred by the side of her husband. The funeral was respectable, but conducted at an unusually early hour: he wished to avoid the presence of any friends belonging to the profession he detested.

The landlady of the house, Sally Carroll, and Fanny were the only mourners. He did not choose to risk his respectability by following.

During the absence of the party, he made a careful examination of the drawers and trunks remaining in the room so lately occupied by his sister. All save one were empty. Here and there he found a piece of tinsel or spangled flannel, which he tossed contemptuously aside. It is not to be supposed that he made this search in the hope of discovering anything of value. No; his object was to destroy any letters or papers which might lead to a discovery of the family name and station of the deceased. He was a prudent man, and had no wish to be talked about.

It was not without a certain degree of curiosity he opened the trunk which contained the clothes

which Fanny had worn when the dancer rescued her from the tender mercies of Miles, the banker's chief, with which her little arms were bound, and the paper drawn up by the signor describing the whole affair.

"Singular!" he muttered, after he had read it; "quite a romance! Some persons would make a fortune by the mystery—I have no time to follow it!"

Satisfied that there was nothing else to examine, he carefully replaced the articles in the box as he had found them, and began to reflect now he should dispose of the child; for even he, heartless and selfish man of the world as he was, where interest was concerned, shrank from the idea of leaving one so young, so helpless, to the sport of the world.

Under any circumstances, he resolved to take the proofs which might one day lead to her restoration to her friends. Had it been a boy, he would have sent him to sea; being a girl, the case became embarrassing.

"It was a fortunate thing," he thought, "that the woman of the house did not possess the slightest clue to his name or abode."

When the mourners returned, the undertaker and the landlady were called in and settled with.

"In whose name shall I make out the bill?" inquired the man of black.

"In that of Du Bast!"

"You, sir?"

"No matter whose," replied the gentleman, "since you are paid. I am a friend of the family of the deceased—that is enough!"

The same statement did for the woman of the house.

The two children were next called in—for Sally was little more than a child.

"Come here, my dear!" he said; "I wish to speak with you!"

The girl unhesitatingly advanced, bearing rather than leading Fanny with her.

"Did my dear—did the late Signora Du Bast ever explain what her intentions were respecting this little girl, in the event of death?"

"Yes, sir!"

"To whom?"

"It was agreed that Fanny should come and live with me. I promised to take care of her!"

"You!" repeated the gentleman with surprise; "and how can you take care of her. Have you any relations?"

"No, sir!"

"How do you live?"

"By dancing. I am engaged at the theatre, and have a salary of fifteen shillings a-week. I shall get more soon!"

"And with this pittance you are willing to undertake the charge of a mere child?"

"Oh yes!" replied the warm-hearted girl, whose disinterestedness might have taught the professor of religion a lesson. "I love her—her parents were always very kind to me—and Fanny can earn something, too! Besides, if I don't take her, who will?"

This was the very question he had just asked himself—"Who would take her?"

"Very praiseworthy—very praiseworthy indeed, my dear child!" said the gentleman; "such conduct does credit to human nature! But why do you not gain your living in a more reputable manner?"

"What manner, sir?" replied Sally.

The Mentor was silenced. He could censure, but not advise.

"I only know how to dance!" added the girl.

The world is ten times more liberal in advice than assistance: the first is easily bestowed—the latter costs money. There are a few who feel for their fellow creatures in their pockets. Still Mr. Rede resolved to do something for the orphan: he had promised his sister—whose death doubled his fortune—to act handsomely by her adopted child.

He deliberately counted out five guineas.

"There!" he said, as he dropped them one by one into the hand of Sally Carroll—who, in her simplicity, considered five guineas as an inexhaustible treasure—"there is something to assist you in your undertaking! Be a good girl!"

"Yes, sir!"

"And heaven will watch over you!" added the gentleman, in a tone of a man who felt that he had performed a benevolent action.

The well-filled purse from which he had taken the gold slid from his hand and glided like a snake into his pocket. That same evening he quitted London, without leaving the least clue by which his name or residence could be traced: the pride of the mercenary, self-righteous man revolted at the idea of being recognised as the brother of the poor dancer

—whose fortune, however, he thought it no disgrace to inherit.

The house where Sally Carroll lodged was kept by a retired actress, named Watkins—one of those odd creatures we sometimes meet with in the world whose hearts are filled with kind feelings and prejudices. She had figured as the Duchess of York with Garrick, in *Richard the Third*—a circumstance of which she was not a little proud. If one might judge by the frequent allusions she made to it—memories of Mrs. Pritchard, and spoke of Gentleman Smith, who married the Countess of Sandwich, as a rising young man in the profession.

She was then sixty, at the very least.

The theatre had been the old lady's world; every feeling, taste, and idea she possessed were in some way or other connected with it; she entertained all her opinions and prejudices: thus she had never forgiven Black Jack—as the elder Kenzie was familiarly called in the profession—the sin of acting *Macbeth* in highland costume. Garrick she used to observe—and he was an actor—wore a laced suit of scarlet and gold; but when Mrs. Siddons abandoned the happy petticoat, Mrs. Watkins's indignation reached its height: she confidently predicted the downfall of the stage, which she quitted in disgust at the innovation.

Perhaps her seventy-three years—although she never alluded to them—had something to do with her determination.

With the slender savings from her professional career Mrs. Watkins purchased the lease of a small house in St. Martin's Court, which she furnished plainly, and let the principal portion in lodgings; the first floor was inhabited by a retired officer, who had been with her nearly sixty years; an aged German musician, named Weizer, and his wife, occupied the second; whilst in the three attics were lodged a young painter, named Berry, Mademoiselle's Josephine, or the Opera, and Sally Carroll.

The latter paid but little; but, as the mistress of the house used to observe, every little helped.

The ground floor was retained by the old lady and her servant, Meg—a tall, gaunt, grey-headed woman, who had been her dresser upwards of twenty years in the theatre, and looked upon her mistress as something little less than a queen, so deeply was she impressed with the dignity of her manner and speech; for Mrs. Watkins, in quitting the profession, had not ceased to be an actress—her language was still that of the green-room: for instance, she never condescended to ask if the rooms of her lodgers had been swept—it was always, "Are the chambers fittingly arranged for their inmates?"

Her own little parlor was furnished with scrupulous neatness, and not without a certain air of coquetry: the half dozen chairs and sofa were covered with the brocades which she had worn upon the stage, the curtains were of embroidered muslin, and the walls covered with portraits of her contemporaries—amongst which was the well-known print of Garrick between *Tragedy* and *Comedy*—Mrs. Pritchard, as *Lady Macbeth*—and her own likeness as the Duchess of York, in *Richard the Third*, as nicely as a hoop petticoat, black velvet, gold, and spangles could make it.

The mistress of the house was seated in the room we have been describing, when Sally Carroll arrived with her *protege*, each carrying a bundle. With all her liveliness, Sally stood very much in awe of her landlady, who kept a vigilant eye over her. The actress knew the world, its trials and temptations—and her lodger was just fourteen.

"You have returned in time!" said the old lady, in a deep tone of voice, such as Mrs. Siddons must have used when she startled the landlady by inquiring whether the painted muslin she was about to purchase would wash. "I was about to dispatch Margaret after you!"

"If you please ma'am," replied the girl, "we couldn't come sooner—they would make us stop to tea!"

"We," repeated Mrs. Watkins, glancing at her companion; "it is rather late for visitors."

"Yes—it is rather late!" answered Sally, not knowing exactly how to break the intelligence that for the future Fanny was to share her garret with her. "Please, M^{rs}. Watkins, may I speak with you?"

"Speak! I am bound to hear!" was the reply.

"Yes, ma'am; but I want to speak with you alone!" continued the kind-hearted girl, fearing lest the sensitiveness of the orphan should be wounded by any objections on the part of the landlady—objections which, *par parenthese*, Sally was determined not to listen to.

"Come with me to my chamber," said the actress, rising from her seat and walking towards the little

back parlor, which she had retained as a bed-room; "there we may converse in private!"

Her lodger followed with the air of a child who expected to be chidden, leaving her companion lost in amazement. She could not comprehend what the stately old lady in faded brocade, her white hair turned over a cushion under a fly cap, could possibly have to do with Sally Carroll. It was some time before she could believe she was only her landlady.

"Please, M^{rs}. Watkins," said her lodger, as soon as they were alone, "it is Fanny Du Bast!"

"Du Bast—Du Bast!" repeated the old lady; "ah, the harlequin man!" she added, suddenly recollecting that she had read an account of his unimpeachable death in the paper.

"You knew him?"

"I never knew any pantomime people!" replied the actress, drawing herself up with great dignity.

"Her mother is dead, too!"

"I have heard as much!"

"So, if you please," continued the dancer, "Fanny will live with me: she has no friends, and I have promised to take her, and I will pay you a shilling a week more for the rent. And you won't refuse," she added, seeing that her landlady hesitated; "it is not much; but I shall be able to pay more for her by-and-by, when the winter theatres open!"

To do Mrs. Watkins justice, it was not the smallness of the sum which occasioned her silence, but surprise: she was touched at the devotion and benevolence of the pleader, whose scanty earnings were barely sufficient to find bread for herself. Before giving her answer, she made Sally repeat to her everything that had passed.

"Some villain, on my life!" she exclaimed, quoting from the once popular but now forgotten play of "The Curfew," in which she had enacted the heroine in the country.

This was in allusion to the conduct of the gentleman who had paid the funeral expenses of the signora.

"Oh, no!" replied her lodger, warmly; "he was very good and kind! See what nice dresses he has given us! And that is not all," she added, opening the palm of her hand, and displaying the five guineas.

It was not the sight of the money which decided the actress upon receiving Fanny—for, to do her justice, she had a hand open as dry to meeting charity; it was the innocence and utter helplessness of the poor little creature left desolate in the world. Had she listened to the dictates of prudence she would have refused; but her heart was weaker than her head.

"Be it so!" she said; "she shall remain."

Sally forgot for an instant her habitual respect, nor awe of the speaker. Springing to the side of the chair on which she was seated, she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her; then, as if suddenly struck by the enormity of the offence she had committed, stood, with downcast eyes, blushing before her.

"There, that will do!" exclaimed the actress, somewhat tartly. "What manners! But I suppose it's the modern school! I never ventured to do more than kiss Mrs. Pritchard's hand when she commended me!"

"Perhaps you did not love her," observed the dancer, who began to take courage at the mildness of the reproach.

The old lady smiled as she readjusted her cap, and brushed the powder from the lace cardinal she wore over her shoulders.

At Sally's request she undertook the charge of the five guineas, very properly reflecting that the money would be better in her care than in that of a child. As for the extra shilling a week for the room, it was rejected with great dignity—and yet the poor old soul would have been glad of it.

When they returned to the parlor, Fanny was introduced by her youthful protectress to Mrs. Watkins as her new lodger. The timidity and beauty of the child still further reconciled her to the arrangement. Sally conducted her in triumph to her little chamber, which appeared no longer lonely. She had something to love and exert herself for.

Fortunately the sorrows, like the pleasures of childhood, are but transient. Fanny gradually recovered from the melancholy which the death of the signora had occasioned, and she became once more gay and cheerful. In the evenings, when her companion was engaged at the theatre, her landlady would invite her to pass the time in the little parlor below, where the actress would teach her to recite passages from Shakespeare, or encourage her to sing—for, in addition to the beauty of her mother, the orphan had inherited her rich flexible voice and exquisite ear for music.

"If I were rich," the old lady would frequently repeat to herself, "what a brilliant education I would bestow upon Fanny!"

During these little rehearsals—if we may so term them—Mrs. Watkins frequently heard the door of the drawing-room quietly open. She knew that the officer in the first floor was listening. He was one of the few persons she had encountered in the world whom she could not make out. He visited no one, apparently was without friends—for he never received any letters; Meg prepared his solitary meals—he was evidently alone in the world.

A circumstance which rendered him still more to be pitied was, that he was blind.

Every Monday he used to send a polite message to his landlady, requesting she would do him the favor to pay him a visit, when he settled his account. On these occasions little conversation had passed between them—for, whatever his sorrows, he kept them to himself.

Shortly after the arrival of Fanny, he one day asked the old lady if she had not lately received an addition to her family.

"I presume you mean Fanny?" was the reply.

At the name of Fanny, the lieutenant trembled violently.

"Fanny!" he murmured to himself; "strange—strange!"

The actress related all the circumstances which she knew respecting her. To her great surprise, her lodger questioned her very closely on the subject of the late harlequin and his wife—the number of years they had been in the profession—and appeared considerably relieved when she informed him that she remembered them in it for at least ten years.

"I have often thought," she observed, "that the long evenings must hang heavy on your hands. This child seems to have interested you!"

The lieutenant acknowledged that he did feel interested.

"Why not descend and pass an hour or two with us occasionally?" continued the lady; then, as if suddenly sensible that she had compromised her dignity by risking a refusal, she drew herself up to her full height and awaited his reply.

"You are very kind," he said, in a hesitating manner; "it is so long since I mingled in society that —. But if you will not deem the presence of one so little calculated for the world as myself an intrusion —"

Mrs. Watkins hastily assured him that it would be a pleasure; and he finally promised that on the following evening he would take his tea in the parlor with them.

The old servant, Meg, could scarcely credit her senses when her mistress gravely announced her intention of giving a rout—as she somewhat ambitiously styled the little party to which she resolved to invite all her lodgers: being, to use a theatrical phrase, one of the off-nights, Mademoiselle Josephine, the musician and his wife, and Sally Carroll were all disengaged. As for the young painter, he had more time at his disposal than any of them, except the lieutenant. He was one of those sons of genius whose battle with poverty and neglect had still to be fought.

Mrs. Watkins's preparations for entertaining her guests were limited to a home-made cake and a couple of bottles of currant wine, red and white, which were duly decanted in the course of the afternoon, and placed upon a little ebony stand in one corner of the room, with half a dozen long-necked glasses beside them. Several times before assisting the old lady to dress, Meg had to rehearse the ceremony of handling them round, before she accomplished it to the satisfaction of her mistress, who could not proceed to her toilette till that important point was settled.

After a great deal of scolding and hurrying, by five o'clock, in all the glories of her best brocade, she was seated with a volume of Shakespeare before her, ready to receive her visitors. Sally and Fanny were the first to arrive: their appearance chased the last traces of anxiety and impatience which lingered on the brow of her benevolent friend, as with great dignity she extended a hand to each.

"How beautiful you look!" exclaimed the elder of the girls, who was perfectly aware of her landlady's weak points; "what a magnificent silk! and oh! what diamonds!"

The artful little hussy knew that her ear-rings and brooch were only paste.

"And wax candles!" she added.

"Why yes," said the actress, with an air of complacency; "when I am at home, I like to have everything handsome about me."

"Are you not at home here?" demanded Fanny, with the utmost simplicity.

Mrs. Watkins gravely explained to her what was meant by a lady being at home in the fashionable world.

The second-floor lodgers, Herr Weitzer and his wife, next made their appearance. The musician was a little, spare, old man, not unlike the portraits of Voltaire in appearance; his arms were of unusual length, a peculiarity which he used to boast gave him great command over his instrument—the violin; to compensate for this excess, his legs were as remarkably short; he spoke but little English—music was the passion of his life. Although twenty years a husband, he had never known any other—the lady had married him, and he had submitted to his destiny.

The lieutenant and the young painter followed in the list of guests—the latter was a tall, graceful youth, about seventeen. His features were far from being what the world would consider handsome, yet when animated it was impossible to avoid being struck by the refinement and eloquence of their expression; the brow was large and thoughtful, shaded by chestnut-colored hair, worn rather long, according to the fashion of the day; the eyes a bright blue.

Although but little accustomed to society, there was nothing awkward in the timidity with which he entered the room and paid his respects to the mistress of the house, who introduced him to the rest of the company.

"Ah! de gentlemen, who paints!" exclaimed the old fiddler, whose wife had some difficulty in making him comprehend that the elegant, well-dressed young man before him and the shabby artist he had occasionally passed on the dimly-lighted, narrow staircase were the same person; "I hope mine fiddle does not make much disagreeable to you!"

"On the contrary, I admire Beethoven and Mozart too passionately," replied the painter, "ever to tire of their strains!"

The musician grasped his hand, and declared, in his broken English, "dat dere was von symphony between dem." Doubtless he meant sympathy.

"Margaret!" said her mistress, addressing the old servant, who, dressed in her best stuff gown, with clean white muslin apron and cuffs, stood at the door, "directly ma'amsele arrives you will serve the tea!"

"Yes, ma'am, its all ready, and the toast!"

A frown, from the actress told her it was neither the time or place for her to indulge in her usual loquacity.

The door of the little parlor opened, and Mademoiselle Josephine, of the Opera, made her appearance: she came sliding into the room with an affectation which would be considered as highly ridiculous in our days, but was reckoned supreme *ton* at the commencement of the present century. Her dress consisted of a showy gauze, cut rather lower in the neck than the old actress mentally approved, and trimmed with a profusion of various-colored ribbons.

"I knew she would not come till we were all waiting!" whispered Sally to her young companion; "so like her! It's what she calls producing a sensation—she always contrives in the ballet to be the last!"

There was the least possible tone of spite in the observation, just sufficient to prove that Mademoiselle was no favorite with the speaker.

After paying her respects to her landlady, the dancer—who was a tall blonde—affected a start as she recognised Mr. Barry, who did not appear in the least degree flattered by what the French would have termed her *empressment*.

"Ah, Sally, child—you here!" exclaimed the coquette, in a tone which was intended to be patronising, but which only betrayed disappointment.

At any other time Sally with her usually lively manner would most probably have retorted, but the eyes of the painter were fixed upon her, attracted no doubt by the exclamation of mademoiselle; the cheeks of the poor girl began to glow, and her eyes were filled with tears. She knew not why—never had she felt so vexed with herself.

"I am afraid," said Barry, good-naturedly, "that you will consider us children out of place here; but our hostess is too kind to omit any of her friends!"

The old actress bowed, and mademoiselle looked at him reproachfully, as if to ask whether he thought it possible she could consider him out of place in any society.

Despite her glances of admiration, the young man quietly took a seat beside Sally, whose eyes began to sparkle through her tears. She had reached that dangerous period of life which separates girlhood from womanhood; in manners, pleasures, and feel-

ing still a child; whilst her life was yet a dream, from which the first breath of passion might awaken her.

During the evening the wine was twice handed round, according to the instructions, by Meg. Mrs. Watkins—the due amount of pressure having been applied—consented to recite a scene from the *Grecian Daughter*, which was received with unanimous approval.

At last little Fanny was requested to sing.

At the first sound of her voice, the blind lieutenant closed his sightless orbs, as if to hide the weakness of which he felt ashamed: the sound had evidently touched some long-forgotten chord of his memory, awaking once more the heart's deep music.

When she concluded he drew her towards him, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.

Every one present thought his conduct exceedingly singular; the old actress could not comprehend how any one could be more affected by the singing of a child than her pathetic recitation from the *Grecian Daughter*.

Mademoiselle Josephine simpered and tossed her head disdainfully.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Herr Weitzer; "what bootiful voice—quite treasure!"

Knowing his enthusiasm for music, no one paid the least attention to what he said.

The lieutenant released Fanny from his embrace, and left the room without a word of adieu to any one.

"Strange!" said Mrs. Watkins, whose ideas of propriety were very much shocked by his abrupt departure.

"Rude!" exclaimed mademoiselle.

"With all due respect, ladies," said the young painter, "I think the conduct of the gentleman neither one nor the other; unless," he added, "feeling is strange, or sensibility rude!"

On a nod from her mistress, old Meg handed round the wine and cake for the third time, and the party soon afterwards broke up.

CHAPTER XXVI

But then her face—
So lovely, yet so arch—so full of mirth:
The overflowings of an innocent heart.

ROBERTS.

MADemoiselle JOSEPHINE felt exceedingly out of humor with herself and every one else, but more particularly with Sally. The idea of having been neglected for a child—for so she considered her—was galling to her vanity—of which, to speak the truth, the tall opera dancer had more than her sex's usual share. Ever since the young painter lodged in the house, she had had her eyes upon him: his person and manners pleased her, and if not over head and ears in love, she had every disposition to coquette with him.

She evinced her resentment the following night by refusing to allow Sally to accompany her home—which this poor girl had been accustomed to do by way of protection—for, young as she was, she had more than once attracted the attention of those libertines who throng the purlieus of the theatres.

The consequence was, the poor girl was obliged to return to her lodgings alone. This lasted more than a week.

One night the performance had detained her later than usual, and Sally, with her little bundle under her arm, had just reached the top of the Haymarket, when two officers in undress emerged from some tavern in the vicinity—both were flushed with wine. In those days, unfortunately, there were no police: a few aged, sleepy men, dignified by the name of watchmen, were the only guardians of the public safety.

"A Hebe, by Jupiter!" exclaimed one of the young men, seizing her rudely by the arm, and forcibly raising her face, which she attempted to conceal.

"Shares, Walter—shares!" said his companion.

"Pray let me go!" entreated the terrified girl; "I am nearly home!"

"Home!" hiccupped the first, "you shall go with me—I will provide you with a home!"

Sally struggled resolutely, but the speaker still kept his grasp upon her arm. The hour, as we observed, was late, and no one was near, except the hackney-coachmen of the neighboring stand, who thought it was no business of theirs to interfere.

"Don't be a fool!" said the well-dressed ruffian.

"Can't you see that I am an officer and a gentleman? Of course I shall treat you handsomely!"

"Coch, your honor?" demanded one of the men.

"Yes—quick!"

The fellow drove up; and the one whom his com-

panion had addressed by the name of Walter attempted to force her into the vehicle. The terrified girl, now seriously alarmed, began to scream for assistance.

"Curse your squalling!" roared the drunkard. "All right, your honor!" said the coachman, assisting to lift her in.

Despite her cries, they had nearly accomplished their purpose, when the young painter, who was returning from a party, passed the spot: he recognised the voice, and a fury which he would have been puzzled to account for, even to himself, suddenly seized him. To dash between the door of the coach and the assailants was the work of an instant.

"Walk on!" exclaimed the coachman, raising the butt-end of his whip.

"Rascals!"

"Wheelp!" roared the officer, who still retained the struggling girl in his grasp; "by what right do you interfere with gentlemen?"

At the word "gentlemen" the artist laughed bitterly.

"Save me, Mr. Barry—pray save me!" sobbed Sally, overwhelmed with shame at such an outrage being offered to her in his presence.

The young man needed no second entreaty: with one blow he levelled the hackney-coachman with the ground, and, seizing the aggressor by the collar, forced him to relinquish his grasp. The disappointed drunkard shouted to his companion, who stood laughing at a distance, highly enjoying the joke.

"Come along!" he said; "we shall find plenty in the Mall!"

"I'll have her!" roared Walter Trevanian—for the unmanly assailant of poor Sally was no other than the son of Sir Richard; "if you are afraid, you can leave me!"

He well knew that to cast an imputation upon the courage of his friend was the surest means to induce him to remain.

"You shall see how much I am afraid!" replied the young man, flushed with wine and stung by the unmerited sneer.

So saying, he advanced towards Barry, and haughtily commanded him to walk on, and not interfere in an affair which did not concern him.

On the painter's refusal they came to blows. Although so young, Barry was exceedingly strong. For some time he defended himself successfully against both his assailants—who, to do them justice, took every care to avoid injuring the useless cause of their dispute. With all his skill and courage, the defender of poor Sally must have succumbed but for the unexpected succor which arrived in the person of Meg. Her mistress, alarmed at the lateness of the hour, had sent her in search of her lodger.

As we before stated, Meg was a tall, gaunt creature, on whom time had produced the same effect that it does upon the oak—rendering her more gnarled and tough; her strength was no less remarkable than her person.

No sooner did she perceive how matters stood, than she quietly took off one of her heavy clogs, and struck Walter Trevanian a blow upon the temple. He fell without a groan.

"You have killed him!" observed his friend.

"Not unlikely!" said Meg in the coolest tone imaginable. "I seldom have occasion to strike twice!"

"Pass on, in heaven's name!" said the young man: "he has paid dearly enough for his folly!"

With the assistance of the coachman, who had partially recovered from the blow the young painter dealt him, the speaker placed the senseless body of his companion in the vehicle, and ordered him to drive to the barracks at Knightsbridge.

"Enough!" shouted Barry, as they drove off; "I shall know where to find you!"

"No, no!" sobbed Sally; "in heaven's name, do not think of seeking them—they would kill you!"

"Let them alone—bad men!" muttered Meg—who did not appear to think she had displayed any extraordinary heroism; "no pity for our poor weak sex!"

Neither the terrified girl nor her defender—despite the alarm of the one and the bruises of the other—could forbear a smile at the observation of the speaker, whose recent achievement rendered it doubly amusing.

"Not so weak, Meg," replied Barry, "if all are like you!"

"But all are not like me!" answered the old woman. "Thank heaven, I could always defend myself from the best of you!"

After the proof she had so recently given,

he must have been incredulous, indeed, to have doubted it.

There is nothing more natural than that we should feel an interest in watching over the safety of those whom we have once protected. They seem to have acquired a right to our sympathy and assistance—at least the young artist felt it so; for, from that night, he invariably waited at the stage-door of the Opera House to conduct Sally home; but he was not her only protector—for Mrs. Watkins as regularly dispatched her faithful servant to escort her lodger.

Mademoiselle Josephine was furious: her jealousy had brought about the very result she was so anxious to avoid.

When the heart begins to prompt the lips to speak, they are wondrously eloquent: none ever plead so fervently as when urging their first passions. We have often been puzzled to account for this. Is it that the affections resemble those springs of earth from which the stone which sealed them is suddenly removed—first gush is the freshest?

Barry and poor Sally loved—the natural consequence of their being thrown so much together. Little did Meg think, as she walked behind them night after night, what was the subject of their conversation, or understand why they generally took the longest way to St. Martin's Court. Love had never disturbed the peaceful current of her existence—she loved only her mistress.

The jealousy of mademoiselle was far more clairvoyant: she too, had followed them at a distance night after night, her heart burning with envy and bitterness.

Matters had gone on in this way for some time, when one morning the disappointed opera-dancer descended to the little parlor, her countenance pale with passion, and insisted with so much pertinacity upon seeing Mrs. Watkins, that the old lady was compelled to receive her.

"She was sorry," she said—"very sorry—to complain; but really self-respect would not permit her to keep silence any longer! She had hitherto lived only in respectable houses, and it was really shocking—very—"

At the words "respectable houses," the actress quivered up, and begged her, with great dignity, to explain herself.

The jealous woman muttered something about Mr. Barry's flirtation with a child like Sally Carroll.

"And what would you have me do?" demanded Mrs. Watkins. "The poor child requires some protection—you refused her yours!"

"No reason," replied mademoiselle, "that she should take up with this! Meg, I should think, is quite sufficient!"

"Doubtless," continued the mistress of the house, in the same polite strain, "the presence of my attendant is sufficient protection; more it prevents any impropriety in the young gentleman escorting her home!"

"Does it prevent the impropriety of his kissing her in the streets?" exclaimed the jealous woman.

"Pah! shocking!"

"Kissing her?"

"Yes—kissing her! I have seen it—Meg has seen it too!"

"Well!" said the old servant, "and what then—since we both saw it? There could be no great harm in it! If he had kissed you, I'd wager a silver groat you wouldn't have called out 'murder!'"

"Silence, Meg!" interrupted her mistress, with difficulty repressing a smile—for she saw at once that her visitor was devoured by jealousy. "Really," she added, turning to her visitor, "I do not see how I can interfere—such mere children!"

"That," said mademoiselle, "is the worst part of it—so young and so corrupted! Would you believe it, that every morning he visits her in her chamber?"

"I would not believe it!" replied the old lady.

"Nor I!" exclaimed Meg, with whom it was a point of faith to believe and act just as her mistress did.

"More! He is there now—I heard him! I have listened for these three mornings—and, in fact, till I can endure it no longer!"

"This must be seen to," observed the old actress, in one of her most tragic tones, "if it be true!"

"If it be true!" almost screamed the dancer.

"Our own eyes shall judge them!"

So saying, Mrs. Watkins opened the parlor door, and began—not without difficulty, for it was a task at her age—to ascend the staircase, followed by her visitor and Meg. When they reached the third floor, she paused for want of breath.

"I can hear them!" whispered the spy, as a low, joyous, musical laugh was heard in the chamber of poor Sally

The mistress of the house began to look serious. Despite her good opinion of her lodger, it was possible; and yet with all her knowledge of the world, she could hardly bring her mind to think it.

With a trembling hand, she gently knocked at door.

"Come in!" cried a cheerful voice.

The old lady gently opened it, and the mystery was explained at a glance. The young artist was there—but the purpose for which he was there was equally obvious.

Upon a canvas stretched upon his easel, he had already sketched a spirited likeness of the old lady as the Duchess of York—her favorite character—and introduced Sally and Fanny as her grandchildren, the infant princesses.

It was intended as a surprise for their landlady on her birthday—hence the concealment which had been observed.

Both the girls attempted to hide the picture, exclaiming that she was not to see it till finished.

"My dear Mrs. Watkins," said the painter, rising from his seat, "I could almost have wished the pleasure of showing you my attempt postponed!"

"It's a bad world, my dear children!" answered the venerable woman, the tears standing in her eyes—for she was sensibly touched by the proof of their affection; "a bad world!"

They looked, as they really felt, puzzled to understand her.

"But come, mademoiselle!" she continued; "come and see the proof of your credulity and the poor child's innocence!"

At the word "innocence," Sally blushed deeply. She began to comprehend the cruel suspicions of her rival, who had barred herself in her own chamber, mortified at having displayed her jealousy to so little purpose.

"The vile hussy!" exclaimed the actress, her indignation increasing as she contemplated the portrait, and found that her lodger had really produced from memory a most spirited likeness; "she shall leave my house! I'll have no slanderers here! Don't you think, Mr. Barry," she added, "that if I were to wear my point-lace veil it would have a very good effect!"

"Excellent!" said the young man; "but pardon me, my dear madam—I am anxious for an explanation of something which your very just anger leads me to suspect! We have been slandered, I presume?"

"Most foully!" answered Mrs. Watkins, in a Lady Macbeth-like tone.

"Not," said the gentleman, "if you have been told that we love each other, as hearts should love—truly, virtuously! We are both young," he added; "have time before us—I am not without talent—we can afford to wait! Should fortune smile upon my exertions, Sally will be my wife; but, till that hour arrives, a sister—a dear, fond sister! May heaven disappoint my every hope in life, if ever a thought of wrong towards her entered my mind!"

"God bless you, my children!" said the actress; "I believe you! She is a good girl, and worthy of you!"

Mademoiselle Josephine, who had heard every word that passed, not knowing what else to do, amused herself by a very clever rehearsal of a fit of hysterics.

CHAPTER XXVII

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possessed of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce the favorite part in all.—CHURCHILL.

FROM the day of the *dénouement* of the picture, in which the jealousy of Mademoiselle Josephine was so signally exposed, and which ended in that lady's quitting the house, to the great delight of the rest of the lodgers, Mrs. Watkins felt an increased interest in the welfare of Sally and her little *protégé*. Their evenings, when not engaged at the theatre, were spent with her. It is almost superfluous to add, that from these cheerful reunions the young painter was not excluded. His manly declaration, when discovered in the chamber of poor Sally, together with the delicate compliment of the portrait, won the heart as well as the confidence of his landlady.

It was from no doubt, therefore, either of his honor or the prudence of Sally, that the old actress exacted a promise from each that for the future their interviews should take place in her presence.

The evil surmises of the world, as she observed, often put wicked thoughts into the hearts of those who otherwise would have remained pure.

The young lovers submitted with a good grace to this restriction—which, after all, was no very great

hardship, since their Mentor permitted them to walk every Sunday for several hours in the park by themselves; and four nights in the week Barry saw the object of his affection safe home from the theatre—always, be it understood, with Meg, to play propriety.

The good old creature contented herself by following them at a respectful distance, and generally paused a minute or two after they had entered St. Martin's Court, to give time for the parting word—the parting kiss.

As the painter used to observe, it was extraordinary what tact she had acquired.

Fanny, whose profound awe of the rustling faded brocade, stately manners, and tawdry head-dress of the mistress of the house, had gradually given way to that feeling of confidence and affection which kindness is sure to inspire in the heart of childhood—became the pet of the whole house. As for the blind lieutenant, he was never tired of listening to her voice. To him it was as a melody of the past—a dream of his youth. Every time he heard her singing upon the stairs, or in the room above—for old Weitzer insisted upon giving her lessons in music—the solitary man would gently open the door of his chamber and listen, with the tears streaming down his venerable cheeks.

In declamation the landlady undertook to instruct Fanny herself—that was a duty to be intrusted to no other hands. The task, however, proved not so easy as the old actress had imagined. Her pupil frequently startled her by some sudden burst of sensibility totally at variance with the antiquated traditions of the school in which Mrs. Watkins had been trained.

"It was not exactly bad," her instructress used to observe; "only it was so exceedingly odd!"

Genius generally does appear odd, according to the notions of those who judge it from their own point of view—which is seldom elevated above mediocrity.

But even with these defects—for such she considered them—her kind friend felt delighted with the progress of Fanny; her voice possessed those low, rich, murmuring tones which feeling and passion only breathe—tones such as Shakespeare loved.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman!

"She will be a great actress!" Mrs. Watkins frequently used to declare. "I shall live again in my pupil!"

"Mein Gott! No no! She shall be vine singer!"

Such was the reply of Herr Weitzer, who could not endure the thought of such a voice being thrown away—as he termed it, to the great indignation of the old actress—"upon *Shakspeare* and de stage."

At such times the lady would draw herself up to her full height, and remind her lodger, in a tone of freezing dignity—which, by-the-bye, was quite thrown away on the poor German—that Miss Fanny was her pupil, and destined for the legitimate profession.

In the magnificence of her ideas of the stage, the speaker classed the lyric drama, pantomimes, and farces in the same category. "All very well," she would say, "after the play!"

Covent Garden at last was about to open for the winter season, and Sally, to her great delight, was engaged at the enormous salary of one guinea per week. This was during the management of John Kemble, when his sister, Mrs. Jordan, Blanchard, Munden, and the late Mrs. Glover adorned the stage. Where, alas! are we to look for their successors?

To the warm-hearted girl the addition of six shillings a-week to her income was an accession of wealth absolutely embarrassing. She felt puzzled how to dispose of it. Her first thought was of Fanny—her dreams were of new frocks, a cloak and bonnet for her *protégé*; but before deciding, she determined upon consulting Mrs. Watkins on so important an occasion.

Her landlady heard her with a benevolent smile. "You forget," she observed, "the five guineas!"

Sally had either forgotten them, or considered that the old lady was fully entitled to them for the care she taken of Fanny—who since the death of the signora had not earned a shilling. She expressed as much.

"No—no!" said the actress. "True, our state is somewhat altered, but we are not reduced to eat the orphan's bread!"

After much reflection and consultation, it was at last decided that the money should be expended in clothing the children for the winter—an outlay the more necessary, as she had long meditated a project for the advantage of her pupil.

About a week before the opening of the theatre, Mrs. Watkins directed Fanny to equip herself in her new dress, and be ready at twelve the following day to accompany her upon a visit. It was so rare an event for her to leave the house, that the announcement created quite a sensation.

Whilst Sally superintended the toilette of the orphan, Meg was no less assiduous in arranging that of her mistress, whose black lace cardinal she had revived the day before. It was a relic of the actress's former splendor, and only paraded on very solemn occasions.

The young painter, who had been invited to escort them, was ready to the hour, and dressed in his very best.

Poor Meg, to use her own words, had a toilsome work of it: such pinning, frizzing, and alteration before the old lady was fully satisfied. The faithful creature endured the petulance and caprices of her aged mistress with the most untiring good humor; and "Thank you, Margaret! that will do very nicely!" which at last rewarded her patience, was sufficient recompense.

Exactly as the clock struck twelve, Mrs. Watkins, in the full glory of her many-colored satins, lace, and furbelow, sallied into St. Martin's Court, leaning on the arm of Barry, whose quiet, gentlemanly appearance toned down the somewhat too striking dress of his companion—little Fanny, still in deep mourning, held by his disengaged hand.

As the neighbors appeared at the doors and windows of the narrow court to admire them, the actress grasped her tall, gold-headed cane more firmly, and walked with increased dignity. She felt that all eyes were upon her; she was again, as the French say, *en scène*.

"May I inquire where we are going?" demanded the gentleman, who mentally trusted that the distance would prove a short one—for, much as he respected his venerable landlady, he began to suspect there was something like ridicule attached to his position.

"To Covent Garden!" replied Mrs. Watkins, in a solemn tone.

"Market, madam?"

"No, sir—theatre!" said the lady, with a dignity which was intended to impress him with the importance of the news; the temple of Shakspeare and the drama! It is long, since I paid a visit to my former colleagues! I am about to present my pupil!"

"Fanny?"

The actress nodded in the affirmative.

"She is too young for the stage!" observed the painter.

His venerable companion explained to him that *King John* was about to be produced with extraordinary splendor. "Mrs. Siddons was to be the Constance; her brothers John and Charles the King and Faulconbridge; and the Arthur," she added, with a look of triumph, "if I have any influence left, our darling Fanny!"

This was the project which the retired actress had meditated for her *protégé*—a project in which benevolence and vanity were both combined. The engagement would be of serious advantage to the child in a pecuniary point of view, and, as her pupil, a source of intense gratification to herself.

With far less annoyance than the painter expected, the party passed through Covent Garden. The basket-women scarcely knew whether to laugh or courtesy at the stately vision which sailed majestically past them. Fortunately, before they had time to decide, it had disappeared from their gaze.

In Bow-street—where there is always a crowd of idlers hanging round the police offices and theatre—matters at one time began to look threatening. Several rather equivocal expressions by the would-be wits of the day were made. One uttered an observation rather loudly about the Queen of Sheba taking an airing; whilst another quoted Scripture, declaring, "That Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

At last, to his infinite relief, they reached the stage door.

"Whom do you want, ma'am?" inquired the door-keeper.

"I am going to the green room!" answered Mrs. Watkins, with great dignity.

"Can't pass, ma'am—orders most strict!"

"My name is Watkins, man!" exclaimed the lady.

"Dare say it is, ma'am, but it's not on the list! Don't know you!"

"Don't know you!" And yet five years previously she had been in the habit of passing him daily—for nearly forty years had been a member of the company. The words fell with a dull, earth-like sound upon the ears of the once popular actress. Forgotten—forgotten, even by the stage door-keeper.

Perhaps she mentally asked herself if the public had a better memory.

At this instant the manager arrived; he was then in the very zenith of his popularity—courted by royalty—the very glass of Fashion—and, let us add, in his best form—that of a perfect gentleman.

Well does the author recollect the magnificent John Kemble, who came on a visit to his father's house when he—the writer—was a mere child. The actor used to take him upon his knee and make him recite the soliloquy from *Cato*.

How the world has changed since then. Dreams have become realities—hopes ashes—and—Pshaw! digressing again!

The Thespian monarch recognised the old actress in an instant, and gracefully extended his hand.

The door-keeper felt that the old lady was some one whom he ought to have remembered, and drew back from the entrance.

"What brings you to court, fair lady?" demanded the manager, "where for these long years past we lacked your gracious presence?"

"A boon, my lord!" replied the actress, in the same theatrical tone.

"Speak! I am bound to hear!"

"So art thou to *grant*, when thou shalt hear!" answered Mrs. Watkins, playfully changing the text of Shakspeare to suite her purpose.

John Kemble gave the old lady his arm to conduct her to the green-room—Barry and Fanny following, as a matter of course—the Cerberus at the door was muzzled.

To the young painter, the introduction to the green-room of Covent Garden was more than an event—it was a study. The mortification and apprehension he had so lately endured were amply recompensed.

In a chair which had figured the preceding night as the throne of the guilty Thane, was seated Mrs. Siddons, waiting the commencement of the rehearsal. Her pique had already begun to assume that matron outline which rendered her the dignified representative of *Volumnia* and *Constance*. She was beautiful still—not with the freshness of youth, but life's maturer graces.

Time, as if loth to touch perfection, even to the last laid his hand most leniently upon her.

Her brother Charles was leaning over her chair, endeavoring to dissipate her ill-humor at the non-arrival of John, whose absence delayed the rehearsal.

Blanchard, Bannister, and Egerton—Silver-toned Egerton, as he was called—were listening to a capital story, which Fawcett, the stage manager, was relating about Mrs. Jordan and the Duke of Clarence.

The witty actress, in reply to a letter in which her royal lover informed her that the king thought the allowance he made her—\$3000 a-year—too much, tore off the bottom of a play-bill and sent it him.

At that time, after the prices to the various parts of the theatre, the following line appeared on the bills of the day:

"No money returned after the rise of the curtain."

Besides those I have named, there were many literary loungers of the day who *had their entrée* into the green-room—no mean privilege in those days—and several of the principal members of the company—it being Saturday or treasury day.

The appearance of John Kemble, with their former comrade on his arm, was welcomed by a burst of pleasure. Even the august brows of Mrs. Siddons unbent. The old lady had been a general favorite. The position she had held in her profession had been too distinguished to be forgotten, and yet not sufficiently brilliant to excite envy or jealousy.

"It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!" exclaimed Blanchard with a start, at the same giving an excellent imitation of the manager.

"Oh, Romeo—Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" replied Mrs. Watkins, answering him from the same play.

The joke told—for Blanchard played only the old men, in which line he was inimitable.

Munden entered the green-room, looking exceedingly discontented. He had just received his salary, and the treasurer had given him a light guinea.

"Hast thou forgotten Jaffier?" said Fawcett, pointing to his old acquaintance.

"My grief was blind! I did not see your grace!" muttered the penurious actor, at the same time dropping the coin into his purse; "I did not see your grace! Most humbly on my knee I crave your blessing!"

We need scarcely remind our readers that this is one of Richard the Third's speeches to his mother, the Duchess of York.

"Thou hast it," said the old actress, taking up the cue: she hesitated—the words which followed appeared like a satire.

"May thy charitable heart and mind," whispered Blanchard, prompting her, "love one another!"

The laugh was general—even Munden joined in it. Actors were merry creatures in those days, when quips and quirks passed harmless.

To the young painter all this was delightful. "What an admirable picture it would make!" he thought—and the thought was not destined to remain barren.

It was not till the close of the rehearsal that Mrs. Watkins found occasion to solicit the manager that he would give Fanny a trial in the part of Prince Arthur—the request was an ambitious one.

"She is my pupil!" added the producer.

John Kemble "aumd and he'd," and referred her to Mrs. Siddons, who very graciously consented to hear the child rehearse the part in her own dressing-room, her brothers and Barry forming the audience.

"Don't be alarmed, my love," said the old actress, encouragingly; "we are all friends! Now begin the first speech!"

Her *protégé* commenced

"Heaven shut for give you *Cœur de Lion's* death."

"Hand to heaven," whispered her instructress.

"The rother that you gave his offspring life—"

"Shadowing their rights under your wing of war."

"Arms extended."

"Is he you welcome with a powerless hand—"

"Hold it out!"

"But with a heart full of unstained love."

"Hand to heart!"

"Welcomes before the gates of Anjou's duke."

"Shake hands with Austria."

This was the last interruption: poor Fanny was subjected to by her benevolent friend—who looked upon the rules of the *ricoco* school of acting, in which she had been a professor, as upon the laws of the Medes and Persians—things which altered not.

"Don't confuse her," whispered Charles Kemble, good-naturedly; "you can correct her action by and-by."

The rest of the scene was rehearsed to the satisfaction both of the manager and—what was of still greater importance—of his sister—who expressed herself perfectly willing to accept Fanny as the Arthur of the play.

The point was gained, and the triumph of the benevolent old lady complete. Her pupil was engaged at the nightly salary of five shillings during the run of the piece.

On leaving the theatre, fortunately it rained: we say fortunately, for it gave Barry an excuse for sending for a hackney-coach, and so avoiding the ridicule of once more parading through the streets with his venerable but eccentric-looking friend.

During the rehearsals, which lasted a month—they did not produce a play of Shakespeare's in a week in those days—it was with the utmost difficulty that Mrs. Watkins could be prevented from accompanying Fanny every day to the theatre. Under the plea that her health would suffer from the exertion, Sally and her lover at last persuaded her to intrust her pupil to their care. The future actress and the painter alike profited by it. It released the child from the restraint which the whispered instructions of Mrs. Watkins would have imposed, and enabled the latter to complete his studies for the picture, the first idea of which had been suggested by his visit to the green-room.

The night—the important night—at last arrived: *King John*, with new dresses, scenery, and decorations, was to be given to the public. Barry, it was arranged, should escort his landlady—who had the *entrée* as a matter of right, after so many years' services, to the boxes. Meg and Madame Weitzer were to go to the pit; as for the old musician, he positively refused to be present; his indignation at his pupil—as he persisted in calling Fanny—being sacrificed to *Shakespeare*—as he invariably pronounced the name of the immortal bard—was too great.

"Mein Got!—mein Got!" he exclaimed; "mit such vine voice for de opera."

It is not to be supposed that the talents of a child, however great, could obtain much notice, contrasted with the genius of such masters of their art as John Kemble and his sister; still in the earlier parts of the play there were murmurs of applause, which became more energetic in the scene with Hubert.

Mrs. Watkins was in ecstasies.

"I taught her!" she frequently observed to her companion, jealous lest her share in the triumph of her pupil should be forgotten.

In the fourth act, where Arthur leaps from the tower and is killed, the audience were excited to the highest pitch by what they supposed the extraordinary acting of Fanny. No sooner had she raised

herself on one arm, after the fall, than her features became violently agitated; her eyes rolled with an expression of intense agony. With apparent difficulty—such as might be expected in the death struggle of the martyred child—she uttered the lines:

Ah, me! my uncle's spirit's in these stones!
Heaven take my soul and England keep my bones.

Her gaze suddenly fell, and she sank upon the stage so naturally that a round of applause followed.

"Beautiful!" muttered Barry.

The old actress made no reply. She had not taught her that—it was against all her ideas of acting.

But was it acting? No! Fanny had recognised in the first row of the pit the eyes of her old enemy, Miles, glaring like those of a famished wolf ready to seize its prey, fixed upon her; hence her look of agony, her broken voice, and the real, not affected, insensibility that followed.

When the actor who at the conclusion of the scene had to raise her in his arms and bear her off, lifted her from the ground, he found to his surprise that she was cold and senseless. A surgeon had to be sent for.

"How fortunate," thought the prompter, "that she had finished her part!"

A nervous fever ensued; it was weeks before the little sufferer was pronounced out of danger, during which time old Meg frequently observed a suspicious, rough-looking fellow lingering in the court. Once he ventured to ask her if any one was ill, and tried to draw her into conversation—but Meg had no time to waste, and repelled his advances with more than her usual gruffness.

"*Shakespeare* shall not have her!" exclaimed the German musician, with a chuckle, the first time he heard the sound of her voice after her recovery; "I will make her great singer yet!"

During Fanny's illness, the curiosity of those who watched over her was greatly excited by her ravings. Frequently, in the most piteous accents, she implored them not to let Miles come near her; at other times she would hold her arms out as if they were tied, and ask only to be permitted to say her prayers.

Neither Mrs. Watkins, Sally, Barry, nor Meg could make it out.

The latter, who happened to be present when the sufferer was sufficiently strong to relate her fearful recollections of the scene when the harlequin rescued her from her intended murderer, suddenly remembered the man in the court, and could not avoid exclaiming, as she clenched her not very delicate fist:

"Only let me catch him again!"

"Again!" repeated Fanny, turning white with terror; "have you, too, seen him?"

Barry made the old woman a sign to be cautious.

"Didn't you say he was in the pit?" replied Meg, with great presence of mind; "on the front row—near to me and the German up stairs? We both saw him, with his ugly eyes fixed upon you as if he could devour you! But don't be afraid, darling!" she added; "if ever I see him again, I promise you faithfully I'll strangle him!"

All present smiled at the quiet energy with which Meg expressed her not very feminine resolution. In reality it was no laughing matter—for, with her extraordinary strength and devotion to those whom she loved, she was as likely as not to keep her word.

The young painter resolved to question her yet more closely upon the subject in private. For several weeks after hearing her description of the man, he kept a close look-out. But Miles, if it was Miles, no longer ventured into the court.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Let them anatomise her—see what breeds about her heart.
Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts.
SHAKESPEARE.

MARTHA QUIN—or rather Miss Mendez—for the royal license had been obtained authorising her to assume the name of her mother's family—unlike most persons suddenly enriched, did not sit down contented to enjoy the good things of this world, and leave her mind uncultivated. On the contrary, she determined to repair the culpable neglect of her grandfather, and educate herself. With this view, she requested Mr. Foster to procure her some lady-like, accomplished person, who could act in the double capacity of governess and companion; for the hours at times hung heavily upon the hands of the desolate heiress, with no other occupation than

her own sad thoughts and the bitter recollections of the past.

The person whom Mr. Foster selected for this delicate task was the orphan daughter of a barrister, whom he had known and esteemed, but whose professional success had but ill responded to his varied learning and merits. He had died poor, leaving his only child to the protection—we might almost add, to the charity—of his friend.

Harriet Wyndham had a mind gifted like her father's, with a singular aptitude for study. Although only eighteen years of age, she was an accomplished linguist, a profound musician, and possessed more than a superficial knowledge of the natural sciences—to say nothing of those lighter branches of female education which adorn the saloon and the boudoir. Had her heart but responded to her intellect, she would have been one of creation's fairest master-pieces.

Although not regularly beautiful, her features were expressive and pleasing—her figure graceful and commanding.

In selecting her for the instructress and companion of his client, Mr. Foster had been influenced by two considerations. First, the necessity of his *protégé* doing so nothing to release her from the galling chain of dependence; secondly, the desire of placing near to Martha a person of her own sex whom she might love and confide in. He was a philosopher as well as a lawyer, and he quickly perceived that the morbid feelings of the heiress, her solitary life, and disappointment were preying upon her health.

In explaining to Harriet Wyndham his views, the kind-hearted man unintentionally pointed out to her a field for the exercise of her speculative talents—to worm herself into the affection and confidence of a being whom the world had deprived of all natural ties and affections, and then, as if in mockery, suddenly made rich. Rich! Fine recompense—a pall of cloth of gold thrown over a pauper's coffin—an artificial flower placed in a vase of water.

"You will find her reserved at first!" said Mr. Foster; "perhaps cold—but not unkind! Her strangeness of manner does not arise from pride, but ignorance of the world!"

The young lady eagerly noted every word he uttered.

"Perhaps she has greatly suffered?" she observed.

"She has suffered!" replied the lawyer, with a smile—for he saw that the speaker aimed at a confidence it was not in his power to give; "but even I am ignorant of the cause—or at least but partially acquainted with it!"

"I soon shall be no stranger to them!" mentally exclaimed the future companion of Martha.

"She is kind," continued the speaker, "and naturally shrewd—but uninformed! Time only," he added, "will win her confidence!"

In giving her these instructions, Mr. Foster had not the slightest idea that he was doing more than indicating to her the line of conduct it was advisable for her to pursue, to perform her duties conscientiously and honorably. Little did he suspect that the very speculative young lady had already settled in her own mind two important points.

The first was, to obtain the secret of Martha, if she had one.

The second was to be her heiress.

Wealth! In nine cases out of ten there is a curse accompanies it; more especially when its unfortunate possessors have been deprived by accident of those natural ties and affections which warm and sustain the heart. There is something peculiar in seeing those whom they might love, calculate every word and look—to read interest—self-interest—in every expression of kindness—to feel at last the miserable conviction forced upon them, that they are objects of speculation—not affection.

Strong minds revolt, and disappoint the sordid expectations of the human leeches who would prey upon them; weak ones yield to influences they despise, but have not the courage to resist.

On arriving at Brierly Grange, Harriet Wyndham felt quite confident of succeeding in the task she had undertaken. She had not been an inmate of her new residence more than a week before her self-reliance was somewhat shaken.

Miss Mendez was not exactly the kind of person she expected to find—her reserve appeared impenetrable. A week! and she had not yet discovered one weak point in her character—or, what was of far more consequence, made the least approach to her confidence.

Still she did not despair: each night, as she retired to her chamber, she murmured to herself:

"The task is more worthy of me than I thought!"

And she arranged her mental powers for the struggle.

She had prepared in her own mind a system of instruction by which she thought to spare her pupil all the humiliation consequent upon a neglected education. The straightforwardness of Martha rendered her plans useless.

"You will find me very ignorant!" she said; "except reading and writing, I have everything to learn!"

Her instructress regarded her with surprise. The total absence of *amour propre* puzzled her.

"In your lessons," continued the speaker, "you must consider me as a child, and treat me as such."

"Oh, Miss Mendez! Impossible!" exclaimed the young lady, with affected interest.

"It is the only way to succeed with me!" continued the former, coolly; "fortunately I am aware of my deficiencies! It is not the varnish which hides the defects of the picture I require—but the picture itself! I would rather remain ignorant than become superficial."

The good sense of the neglected woman triumphed over the politeness of the politic governess: she commenced with the elements of education—the surest way to arrive at the results. In six months her progress was so rapid that the lessons ceased to be uninteresting to her teacher. Nature had endowed her with an exquisite ear for music, and a voice which, had it been earlier cultivated, would have proved of uncommon beauty and flexibility; her manners and language gradually grew more refined, and few would have recognised in the eloquent but reserved Martha Mendez, the granddaughter of Peter Quin.

Harriet Wyndham had frequently observed, even in some of the most interesting portions of her lessons, that the attention of her pupil would suddenly flag. She appeared absorbed, and her eyes filled with tears. Evidently her mind at such moments was occupied by some engrossing thought.

"Was it sensibility, remorse, or regret?" she repeatedly asked herself.

This was a mystery she was determined to fathom—the key to the confidence she so ardently desired to obtain. Martha's reserve had piqued her pride: she determined to vanquish it.

"I wonder," she observed one day, as they were walking in the picture gallery, "that, with your wealth, you should prefer the country! True, it has its beauties; but it is not without its ennui!"

"I may not always reside here!" was the reply.

"Then you receive so few visitors!"

"Do you find it dull?" inquired Martha.

The young lady hastened to assure her that the observations had not been made on her own account, and so the conversation dropped.

There are certain persons in the world with whom after years of daily intercourse, we can never sympathize, however we may respect them; others to whom our hearts expand almost at the first meeting. The former was the case with Martha and her governess. The wealthy tenant of Brierly Grange had no particular reason to be upon her guard against, or suspect the motives of her companion—yet she never felt the least approach to confidence with her. She admired her for her talents and accomplishments, but it was admiration without affection.

At times the speculative young lady felt disposed to abandon her hopes in despair, when some elegant present or act of unexpected munificence on the part of the heiress would suddenly revive them.

Seven months had passed in this manner, when one morning a visitor was announced from London; it proved to be Clement Foster, the son of the lawyer. Martha, who had not seen him for nearly a year, scarcely recognised him—he had grown so tall and manly. Not so Harriet Wyndham; the deep blush which, despite her habit of self-control, mantled her features, proved that she had not forgotten him.

The young gentleman was the bearer of a letter for Miss Mendez, inclosed in one from his father. No sooner had the lady glanced over the contents of the lawyer's epistle, than she rose hastily and left the room.

"Nothing affecting her property, I hope?" said the governess.

"No fear of that!" replied the youth; "it was only yesterday that I heard Griffiths say she was the richest client the governor had!"

"She must be very rich indeed then!"

"Very!" said Clement; "for my part, I wish she had ten times more, for she makes a noble use of it!"

"How did Miss Mendez become so extremely wealthy?" inquired the young lady, in a tone calculated to convey that she attached very little importance to the answer.

"Inherited it!"

"From whom?"

"Partly from her grandfather, partly from her mother's family!" answered the messenger; "but never mind her or her fortune now. Tell me, Harriet," he added, taking her hand—for he had long been accustomed to look upon her as a sister—"how do you like the country? When shall we see you in London? I have a hundred things to ask, and you do nothing but question me about Martha Quin and her fortune."

"Martha Quin!" repeated Harriet, with surprise.

"Yes—that was her name, till the crown gave her permission to change it."

"But why change it?" demanded the young lady, perseveringly.

"Has she never told you?"

"No!"

"Then I'm sure I can't!" said the young gentleman, with a good-humored laugh; "all that I know is, that she is as rich as the Queen of Sheba, and that the governor highly respects her."

With the intuitive delicacy of a generous mind, he resolved not to gratify the curiosity of the governess by relating the circumstances under which he had first become acquainted with his father's wealthy client.

"I fear," said Martha, as she re-entered the drawing-room and extended her hand to her visitor, "that you will think me a most inattentive hostess, but the intelligence you brought has excited me."

"Agreeably, I hope?" observed the governess.

"Oh yes!" continued the lady, with a vivacity which she rarely displayed.

"Another inheritance!" thought Miss Wyndham with a sigh of envy.

"Your father tells me," resumed Martha, "that you have a visit of importance to make to a gentleman in the neighborhood—the Rev. William Rede."

"Merely some deeds to deliver and take his receipt for them!" interrupted Clement.

"In that case," replied the tenant of Brierly Grange, "you will return and pass a day or two with me here; that is," she added, with a smile, "if you can find amusement in a place which has so little to attract!"

"So little!" repeated the youth; "why you have the finest shooting in the country. As I do through the park I started covery after covery, to say nothing," he added, recollecting that his speech had more frankness than gallantry in it, "of the advantage of such society."

"And I," exclaimed Martha, in a tone of self-reproach, "never to have thought that I possessed the means of affording you that pleasure! You to whom I owe so much—who served me at the most critical moment of my life!"

Miss Wyndham mentally resolved to ascertain what that important service was.

"Remain," continued the speaker, "as long as you can find the least amusement; return when you will—bring your young friends with you—I shall be only too happy to receive you!"

Had the speaker been ten or twelve years younger, the governess would have felt a pang of jealousy—for "Clem," as his father called him, had made an impression upon her heart: they had been thrown much together in childhood, and she was but three years his senior.

The youth was profuse in his thanks—as what youth fond of sporting would not have been at such an offer? Could he have foreseen it, there is no knowing what extravagance in the way of dogs and guns he might not have committed before leaving London. Directly after lunch he rode over to the Rev. William Rede's, delivered the deeds, took the necessary receipts, and returned to the Grange in time for dinner.

Although Martha was the least observant person in the world in such particulars, she could not avoid noticing that her companion had dressed herself with unusual care. During the evening she announced her departure the following day for London.

Clement, with a self-denial which said more for his politeness than sincerity, offered to accompany her, and was rewarded by a refusal.

The governess, as a matter of course, placed herself at the disposition of her pupil.

"No—no!" exclaimed the lady of the Grange, good-humoredly; "if I cannot do the honors of my house to my guest in person, I can at least leave a graceful substitute! Consider yourself the mistress here till my return. I need no companion—my hopes will keep me company!"

At an early hour the following morning the speaker started on her journey.

"Clem," said Miss Wyndham, as she did the honors of the breakfast-table, an hour or two later, "I don't think you at all improved in your manners, whatever you may be in appearance!"

The youth looked up and smiled.

"You have been dawdling about that nasty gun this last half-hour, and scarcely replied to any one of my questions."

"Because you ask such odd ones!" replied the embryo Nimrod. "What do I know of *Arms Men*—his past life—whether she has met with a disappointment in love, or not? I don't know much about love," he added; "but as for disappointments, they come early enough, if I may judge from myself."

"Have you experienced one?" inquired the lady, in a tone of interest.

"I should think I have; the governor has set his heart on making me a lawyer—and mine is equally made up to be a soldier."

"Of course you intend to carry your point?"

"That depends!" said the youth, "mustn't contradict the governor too far—he has only me, you know!"

"True," observed Harriet; "and he is very rich."

Clement Foster, who was still busily engaged in screwing on the lock of his gun, a second time raised his head from his employment and looked her full in the face—but this time it was without a smile upon his countenance.

"What has that to do with it?" he demanded.

"Nothing!" answered the governess; "or merely that, being so rich, he could well afford to leave you the choice of a profession."

"It's not the money," said the youth, apparently without noticing the discrepancy between her observation and explanation; "it is that he is fond of the law; it has been followed in the family from father to son for four generations—he looks upon it as a sort of nobility. Unfortunately I can see nothing in it but musy deeds and pacemens—a cell office in the Temple—a horse-in-the-mid sort of life that is not very tempting."

"Clement!" exclaimed the young lady, who felt the occasion of confirming the affection of their childhood by some explicit declaration was too precious to be lost, "to me, as well as to yourself, this is a day of liberty: we can walk, ride, amuse ourselves as we please."

"And the partridges!" observed the youth, gravely. Harriet pouted and stamped her little foot with impatience—our female readers doubtless think that she had reason. It was rather too much that the birds should prove a greater attraction than her society; but let it be remembered that the culprit was only sixteen.

"I thought," she said, "that you loved me?"

"And so I do!" replied Clem. "Have not we always been like brother and sister?"

A shade passed over the features of the governess. The words "brother and sister" had broken another of her illusions.

"Go!" she added, in a low voice; "go and look after your partridges!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

There is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now "his not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all."

SHAKESPEARE.

MILES had recognised little Fanny on the night of her appearance at Covent Garden, and had little doubt that the innocent victim of his cruelty had been equally aware of his presence. The discovery at once delighted and embarrassed him. On one hand there was the prospect of a large reward from Martha, in the event of his restoring her adopted child; on the other, the danger of being punished for the dastardly attempt he had made upon her life. Fortunately the illness of the child gave him time to reflect, and lay his plans accordingly.

Although he ceased to haunt St. Martin's Court himself, he contrived, either by the agency of Bat, or of friends whom he employed, to have a pretty shrewd idea of what was passing in the locality. When he heard that Fauny was sufficiently recovered to leave the house with Sally and Barry, who were the constant guardians and companions of her walks, he rubbed his hands with an air of quiet satisfaction; but when assured that she went nightly to the Opera House—where, by the kind influence of Madame Garrachi, she was re-engaged—his joy manifested itself in a positive grin of delight. In imagination he already counted the large sum which Martha had promised him in the event of success.

He had well matured his plans, and prepared to carry them into execution. His first care was to write the letter which caused the sudden departure of Martha from the Grange.

"Well!" said the lady, in an anxious tone, as Miles entered the private office of Mr. Foster, on the day appointed for their interview, "have you any intelligence of the captain?"

"She thinks more of him than the child!" mentally observed the ruffian.

"No, miss!" he replied. "My *pinion* is, he has left the country! It's unbeknown what pains I have taken to hunt him out—but all of no use; not one of his old pals but has lost the trail."

Martha felt satisfied of the truthfulness of his response. She had her own reasons for believing that he was right in his conjecture, and had merely put the question in order to test his veracity.

"Why have you written to me?" she demanded, "if you have nothing but disappointment to communicate!"

Miles gave a knowing wink.

"Speak, man!" she added, impatiently. "Do not trifle with me!"

"I ain't a-goin'" replied the fellow, in an apologetic tone—for even he felt how much the difference between him had increased since he saw her last. She was then rude and uninformed—almost as ignorant as himself; she now appeared an elegant, self-possessed woman of the world.

"If I've missed the captain," he added, "I've caught sight of the young 'un."

The affectionate creature could scarcely conceal her joy. The prospect of once more clasping her adopted child—the only being she loved on earth—in her arms, caused her heart to beat with the most blissful emotion.

"Where is she?" faltered Martha. "Oh, where is she?"

"Can't exactly say, miss," answered Miles; "because I don't exactly know myself. But I knows some one who does, and he has promised to bring her back, *perried*—"

"Not a shilling—not a penny," interrupted Martha, "till I see her."

"He don't ask it, Martha—that is, miss."

"What does he require, then?"

"Three hundred pounds the instant he brings her back, and no questions asked. He is one of those curious sort of critters," he added, "as does not like to be questioned."

"Willingly!" exclaimed Martha, "willingly!"

The fellow bitterly regretted, when he found how readily the pecuniary part of his demand was complied with, that he had not asked for more.

Three hundred pounds," he slowly repeated. "I think I said three. Of course that is without any expenses," he added, "which are rather considerable!"

"They shall be paid!"

"Look you," said the ruffian, in a firmer tone than he had hitherto ventured to employ in his answers with the granddaughter of Peter Quin; "money is all very well; but money without safety is good for very little. I could'n't sleep on a pillow of bank notes, even if they were all my own, and know that there was a halter dangling over my head: so you must promise me—nay, for that matter, take an oath—never to employ any knowledge you may have obtained of by-gones against me! You know what I mean!"

Martha shuddered—she guessed too well.

"After all," observed Miles, "he was your grandfather; and you couldn't hang me without bringing shame upon his name and your own!"

In her anxiety to recover Fanny, the affectionate woman took the oath he proposed, although her heart recoiled at the fearful imprecations it invoked upon her head should she ever break it.

"When am I to embrace my child?" she demanded, as she slowly rose from her knees.

"Perhaps to-night!" replied the man; "perhaps to-morrow! She is of great use, I suspect, to those who have got hold on her—they won't like to part with her."

Again his employer urged to be as expeditious as possible, at the same time reminding him that the oath she had taken was only contingent upon his fulfilling his promise.

"I can't make occasions," he said; "I can only profit by 'em! I am as anxious to get rid of the affair as you can be! Where am I to bring her to?"

Martha gave the address of Mr. Foster's private residence; for many reasons she did not choose to let him know her own.

"Still suspicious of me," he muttered; "but I can trust you, if you can't me! Be ready with the money when I arrive; no matter whether it be night or day, the fellow I spoke of will expect it counted down; and, above all, remember your oath to me!"

With a confident air he left the office, satisfied that he had taken every precaution necessary not

only to obtain the reward, but to shield himself from the consequences of Fanny's recollection of the attempt upon her life, which, from her agony on recognizing him, he could not doubt.

"No bad day's work," he muttered, as he quitted the Inner Temple. "I have made the bargain all right; now, then, to consider the means of carrying it out."

With a self-control very unusual with the speaker, he returned home to mature his plans without dropping into a single public-house on his way.

The same night, Barry, as usual, was waiting near the stage-door of the King's Theatre to escort Sally and Fanny home. The young man was lost in thought; probably some sunny dream of the future possessed him—for a tall, rakish-looking personage, about his own age, had twice pronounced his name before he started from his reverie.

"What! Lee Strange!" exclaimed the painter, shaking him by the hand.

"I began to think you had forgotten me," replied the gentleman, with a smile, "since you have become a great personage! Oh, never look so modest! Petersgill declares your last picture a triumph, and predicts the most brilliant success at the approaching exhibition; and painters, like poets, you know, are never flatterers of each other's works! By-the-by, you must let me see it!"

"Willingly!" said the artist; "but what are you doing at such an hour? At the old work, I suppose—dissipation—dissipation! With your talents, too!"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Lee Strange; "suppose I retort, and demand what brings you here? But I am too generous: life is a game in which the trump cards are emotions—adventures. Scarcely an incident one meets with in the busy streets of London but might serve as a theme for an epic or a burlesque! Look at that old man," he added, pointing to a beggar near them; "what a head—the grey beard—the deep-sunken eye! On canvas it would figure in the gallery of some nobleman—be admired—estimated at heaven knows what fabulous sum! On the shoulders of its possessor," he continued, with a certain degree of bitterness, "it scarcely attracts a second glance, unless from dreamers like ourselves!"

"You are philosophising to-night!" observed Barry, with a shrug.

"And why should I not," continued his friend, "if such is my humor? I tell you that in my walk from the top of the Haymarket to this spot I have encountered food for a month's meditation. You remember Dick Careless, and Jane, the girl whom he seduced and abandoned?"

"Perfectly."

"I passed them both," continued the speaker; "he was in Lady Mary's chariot, whispering flattering lies into the ears of a woman old enough to be his mother—and her ladyship appeared to believe him!"

"But Jane?" said the painter, who knowing the sad story of the poor girl, began to feel interested.

"Oh, she was on foot," replied Lee Strange, "dressed in the tawdry relics of her former finery! I saw her laughing with two simpletons from the country, who doubtless took her for a person of quality. At the sight of Dick she staggered, and would have fallen, had not one of the rustics caught her in his arms!"

"And Dick?"

"Passed on—the poor girl had spent her little fortune—more—had toiled to support him. A richer dupe presented herself, and the rest is soon told."

"Material for an epic, indeed!" exclaimed Barry, with a sigh; "but I cannot see the burlesque!"

"Oh, the burlesque has not been wanting," continued the narrator. "Would you believe it, I heard a low, ruffianly-looking fellow offer a hackney coachman five guineas for permission to drive his vehicle for as many hours? The fool had doubtless succeeded to an inheritance, and the time appeared long till he had squandered it."

"Are you sure that was his motive?"

"What else could it be?"

"Some act of rascality," observed the painter, "which may end either in a broken head or a broken heart—I trust to heaven the former!"

"If you are curious," whispered his friend, "you may see how it ends—for, by Jupiter, here is the very fellow!"

As he spoke, a hackney-coach, driven by a sturdy-looking man, whose features were concealed in a large shawl, wrapped loosely round his neck, drove up to the colonnade, a few yards beyond the stage-door. No sooner had he taken his position, than an active fellow, who had been lounging near, opened the door of the vehicle, without, however, letting down the steps.

"All right," said the coachman, who did not attempt to quit his box.

"Just in time!" replied his confederate; "they are on the move!"

The two young men exchanged glances.

"I think," said Lee Strange, grasping his cane, "that one of your predictions is likely to be accomplished!"

"Which?"

"The one touching the fellow's head! He has nothing else sensitive about him!"

Most of the audience had quitted the theatre, but the colonnade was still thronged with idlers of both sexes, many of whom did not know where to procure either a supper or shelter for the night. So anxious was Barry to observe the end of the adventure, that he forgot for an instant Sally and her young charge.

The stage-door opened, and Fanny came bounding forth, fully expecting to find herself, as usual, caught up in the arms of her protector: instead of which, a shawl was thrown rapidly over her head, and she was hurried away by some rude hand, which seized her. Despite her terror, she shrieked out the name of the painter, who rushed to the door, where Meg and Sally were waiting for him.

"The child!" he exclaimed.

"Is she not with you?"

"An instant!" he exclaimed, in a tone of distraction. "Don't stir till I return, for heaven's sake!"

Just as she reached the spot where he had lately been standing, the hackney-coach drove off at a rapid pace. Headless of the danger he followed—for in those days, when the protection of the streets was confided to a few decrepid watchmen, it was no prudent undertaking to pursue on foot, amid the bustle and confusion of an opera night, a vehicle driven furiously. As it turned down Parliament street, the painter succeeded, though almost out of breath with his exertions, in jumping up behind.

"That you Mat?" inquired the coachman.

The painter made no reply.

"Don't play the fool—this ain't no time for larking!"

"All right!" muttered Barry, imitating as well as he could the style and tone of the speaker.

The fellow drove on, pretending to be satisfied that it was one of his confederates that had taken up the place on the footboard behind; instead of which, he was silently winding the lash of his heavy whip round his hand, so as to give additional force to the blow he meditated.

Just as they reached Whitehall, he raised himself up, and struck at the young painter, who fortunately avoided the stroke. Before he could aim a second—which in all probability must have been successful—a second person had mounted behind the coach.

"Strike away, old fellow!" exclaimed the new comer, interposing a heavy cane; "it's a long time since I had a bout at single stick! Rap for rap—all fair!"

To his inexpressible relief, Barry recognised the voice of Lee Strange.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" demanded the driver, in a surly tone.

"Can't you see?" said the latter, in a mocking tone; "we want to ride!"

"But I am not going far!"

"All the better—it will sooner be over!"

"Ruffian," said Barry, "whom have you inside?"

"A gentleman and lady!"

"It is false!" replied the painter. "It is a child whom you have carried off from her friends—whom, if I err not, you have already tried to murder; but heaven, which once interposed between you and your fiend-like purpose, will defeat it now. Villain!" he added; "its eye and hand are upon you!"

Dy way of reply, the driver commenced lashing his horses, which started at a furious rate towards Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER XXX.

He sees the face of right; 't appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colors, all attire,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees that, let a devil work what it can—
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires—
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mocks this smoke of wit.

B. DANIEL.

MILKS—for the driver of the hackney-coach was no other than poor Fanny's former persecutor—continued to urge his horses to their utmost speed, trusting to the chapter of accidents to rid himself of Barry and his friend, who, despite the desperate rate at which they were being whirled along, continued to cling most pertinaciously to the back of the old-

fashioned lumbering vehicle, which creaked and groaned while jolting over the stones in Parliament street, as if it had the rheumatism in every one of its crazy springs and joints. The straps by which they held on, fortunately for the young men, were the only things not rotten about it.

"Curse them!" muttered Miles—meaning the straps, not the gentlemen—why don't they break! But it is always my luck! Down on it again!"

Despite the wish thus energetically expressed, the straps did not choose to break, and the coach continued its way till it arrived opposite the entrance of the old House of Lords, where numerous carriages were waiting till their noble owners had done twaddling for the good of the country and the patience of the third reporters in the gallery.

The footmen—time out of mind a gregarious race of beings—were standing in knots, discussing the politics of the day, on the outside of the house, with as much earnestness, and probably as much sense, as their masters in the inside; whilst their fellow-servants, the coachmen—who, from their elevated position in life, were naturally of a more philosophic turn of mind—sat most of them slumbering on their boxes—pictures of lazy, fat, sublime content.

The conversation of the politicians in livery was interrupted by the approach of the hackney-coach, which at a distance had all the appearance of a private carriage with two footmen behind.

"One of the ministers!" observed the noisiest of the spectators—a gentleman radiant in crimson plush, green and gold.

"More likely a royal duke!" cried a second.

"Room!" cried a third, to the coachman of a political prelate, whose vehicle was drawn up exactly in front of the entrance to the house.

The man, half asleep, gave his horses a sudden jerk, and drove into the centre of the road, thinking to make place for the new arrival. The consequence was, that the wheels of the humble hackney became locked in those of the more aristocratic equipage. Barry and Lee Strange leaped to the ground in instant. Unhappily they both rushed to the same door of the coach.

"Can't you see where you are going?" exclaimed the bishop's coachman, in an angry tone.

"A common hack!" shouted several of the footmen, in a voice of decision, gathering round the two vehicles. Several officers of the House drew near. For some minutes there was a Babel of languages, cursing, and abuse—in which, it is necessary to add, the vulgate prevailed.

During the confusion, the man who was inside with Fanny darted out on the opposite side, and disappeared in the crowd.

"That Jem," mentally observed Miles, who saw the move, "is worth any money! He has got his eye-teeth about him."

Satisfied that the object for which he had risked his neck was accomplished, he remained quietly upon his box. Every moment gained was an advantage.

By this time the two friends had forced open the door of the coach. It was empty.

"Well, gentlemen!" said Miles, in an ironical tone, "I hope you have had your lark out—rightening the osses, and all but upsetting that respectable old governor what handles the ribbons so cleverly!"

"No fault o' mine?" he added, touching his hat to the prelate's coachman, who still remained upon his box, boiling with indignation.

"Feller!" was the only reply the man in livery deigned to make in what the speaker doubtless considered a very conciliating speech.

"As you please!" answered Miles.

"Villain! Where is she?" demanded Barry.

"Where is who?" said the ruffian, with the most provoking coolness.

"The child you have stolen?"

At hearing this accusation, Miles set up a hearty laugh.

"Child I have stolen!" he repeated; "that's a good un; as if I hadn't got kids enough of my own. I want no more mouths to feed. But it won't do, masters. If you are gentlemen, behave as such, and pay me for the pretty lark you have had!"

"Ay—ay! pay the man!" shouted the footmen.

Here the officers interfered, and declared that unless they satisfied his demand they would take the two friends into custody; adding, that they might consider themselves fortunate at being let off so easily.

"Of course!" exclaimed Miles, who began highly to enjoy the joke. "These gentlemen won't see a poor fellow imposed upon. It's my belief you are no better than a couple of pickpockets—pity there ain't a pump near!"

"There is—here is!" was the general cry, and a dozen hands were outstretched to seize on the two friends. Then it was that the heavy cane of Lee Strange rendered essential service both to himself and the young painter: without being in the least particular where or how he struck, he soon cleared a passage through the crowd. Footmen and groom lay sprawling in the road; not even the dignity of the officers of the House was respected.

"This way!" cried the victor, as he darted into St. Margaret's churchyard.

Barry followed the sound of his voice. Fortunately the night was a dark one, and their pursuers not over-courageous. The most eager fell over the tombstones in their haste, and several, who had incautiously approached within reach of the cane, measured their length in a less agreeable fashion upon the rough, iron-knotted pavement.

In the midst of the confusion, Miles, who had no wish to be either detained or identified, drove off—not forgetting, as he did so, to give the coachman of the right reverend prelate, who was standing on the box, shouting to the pursuers, a cut with his whip over the face, which that very dignified person long and bitterly remembered.

"Say gentleman next time, my fine feller!" said the ruffian with a chuckle. "Manners is the cheapest thing as is!"

Before returning home, where he doubted not that he should find the prize for which he had risked so much, the speaker drove back to the Haymarket, in order to return the hackney-coach to its real owner.

"Well!" said Lee Strange, as he and Barry, exhausted with the chase, stood under a solitary lamp-post in one of the narrow lanes leading to the Almonry. "now that the fun is all over, perhaps you will tell me what it is about? After this, who shall accuse me of inconstancy? Have I not proved myself a very Pylades—followed like a hound upon the track?" he added; "though what the game curse me if I have the least suspicion; but I suppose it was a petticoat!"

"A child!" answered the young painter, with a sigh.

"A what? A child! Am I mad or moon-struck? I've known sportsmen, when they could not find a fox, hunt the trail of a red herring; but I never heard of following that of a pap-spoon before! My dear fellow," continued the speaker, "does it not strike you that we have made ourselves very ridiculous?"

This was put with such perfect seriousness by his volatile though kind-hearted companion, that poor Barry, despite his disappointment, could scarcely restrain a smile. In a few words as possible he related to his friend sufficient of Fanny's history to impress him with a sense of the danger she ran, and the misery her loss would occasion to those who were dearest to him.

"God help this sweet child!" he added, dashing aside a tear; "she has fallen into the hands of a cruel enemy."

Lee Strange was one of those followers of fortune who have lost every thing but heart in the chase; there was still as pure, fresh, and generous as when he encountered the first treachery in love or deceit in friendship. Though young, he had suffered much; but suffering had produced an effect opposite to the one it has on most of the world. It had taught him sympathy—not apathy. He listened to the history of Fanny, which his friend related, with feelings of pity and indignation.

"Would I had known it!" he muttered through his clenched teeth—at the same time grasping "his young man's best companion"—as he facetiously termed his cane; "I would have killed the ruffian on the box!"

"And now we have lost sight of him, and, with him, every clue!"

"Consider the pump," said Lee Strange, in an apologetic tone—for he felt that his impetuosity had been productive of more mischief than good; "no friendship could stand that—tossing in a blanket is nothing to it! But the night is too young to despair yet," he added, in a more cheerful tone. "Where are we?"

"In the purgus of the Almonry, I should say," replied Barry, looking round him; the most dangerous place in London.

"And exactly the sort of neighborhood," observed his companion, "to which the persecutors of poor Fanny would resort. Courage—courage! I have a presentiment. I know you will tell me that I have had a hundred in my time, and they have all failed; but this one I am sure will not."

It was a forlorn hope—still it was one—and the two young men continued their search till morning, when, disappointed and dispirited, they separated:

Lee Strange to his lodging; Barry to his home in St. Martin's Court.

"Poor Sally," he murmured, as he opened the door, which had not been locked all night—for not one of the intruders had retired to rest; "it is sad news I bring. God! how the absence of one being whom we love can desolate the heart!"

Eagerly during the long hours of the night had his footsteps been listened for. No sooner were they heard, than the heads of old Meg and Sally appeared at the door of the little parlor. As for the old actress, she was too much agitated to quit her easy chair; still, with the obstinacy peculiar to age, she had refused the repeated solicitations of her faithful servant and lodger to retire to her bed.

"My child—my child!" she exclaimed, in a tone of grief far more agonising than any she had employed in the exercise of her art, because more natural.

The painter, completely spirit broken, sank upon a chair.

"You have found her," said Sally, with an hysterical sob; "I am sure you have. You could never have the heart to return without her. You think to break the joyful intelligence to us by degrees—but joy does not kill; and, if it does, better to die than linger in this horrible suspense. Fanny—Fanny!" she repeated, as if she expected the child would rush into the room at the sound of her voice, "come to your sister! Come—come!"

"He ain't found her," muttered old Meg, in her hard, iron voice, which sounded like the knell of hope; "he is to good to trifle with us."

There was a gentle tap at the door; the blind lieutenant made his appearance, to inquire after the safety of his little favorite. Herr Weitzer and his wife followed him, and in their presence Barry related every thing that had taken place, from the abduction of Fanny to the termination of his unfruitful search.

"Poor child," said the soldier; "she evidently has enemies who are wealthy, who seem disposed to brave all risks to remove her."

"They have murdered her!" exclaimed Mrs. Watkins, wringing her hands. "I am sure they have—the wretches!"

"Mine Got! I wish dey have—dat's all!" observed the musician; "I will hang dem, if I sell mine fiddle to pay de rope!"

At the word "murdered," poor Sally burst into a passionate flood of tears, and frantically entreated her lover to hasten once more in search of her adopted sister—forbidding him ever to see or think of her again till she was restored to her.

The young painter was at his wife's end—he knew not where to go; but he rose to comply with the imperious command of the speaker, whose grief blinded her to the injustice she was guilty of.

Meg insisted on accompanying him.

"Better remain where you are for the present," said the lieutenant; "I have reflected on the circumstances, and do not think that there is any immediate danger to our little favorite. Those who have carried her off are aware that she has friends—for they have proved their energy and perseverance! One of the ruffians—the driver—can at least be recognised."

"I should know him from a thousand," observed Barry, at the same time pulling his hat over his brows, in the peculiar style in which Miles was accustomed to wear it, and imitating his furtive, cat-like glance.

"That's him," shouted Meg, clenching her hands till the nails made a visible impression upon the hard, honest palms; "I wish I had him—that's all!"

"I shall wait on the magistrates in the morning," continued the blind man, "and consult with them what is best to be done. I am not rich, but my means more than suffice for my wants now," he added, with a sigh, "I will offer a reward of fifty pounds for her recovery."

Had Rothschild suddenly appeared in the midst of the mourners, and proffered his thousands, he could scarcely have produced a more profound impression than did the munificent offer of the speaker: not one of them, with the exception of the old actress, had ever possessed such a sum in the whole course of their existence.

"Fifty pounds!" repeated Meg, who had a vague idea that it was something between ten and a million.

"Very handsome—very handsome indeed!" observed Mrs. Watkins.

Sally looked up in his face, and smiled faintly through her tears. Fifty pounds—it was a fortune! With fifty pounds they could do anything. Fanny would soon be restored to her, if money could accomplish it.

By the advice of the lieutenant, the party at last retired to snatch a few hours' repose, of which they had so much need.

Miles, after having returned the hackney-coach to its legitimate driver, and paid the fellow for the use of it, made the best of his way home: not, however, by the direct or usual road—he was too weary for that. In the wretch who lives at variance with the laws of society and the vicious brute of the street we find the same instinct: they have each more than one way leading to their dens.

Miles, for his part, had half a dozen. Instead of returning by Parliament-street, he entered the Park through Spring Gardens, by climbing over the gates, crossed the sword, and reached the Bird Cage Walk without meeting a single being to question or interrupt him. Quitting the Park by Storey's Gate, he threaded with the familiarity of an old acquaintance the narrow alleys and streets which led to his house, and admitted himself by a latch-key.

"All right!" he said, as he entered the kitchen, where his better-half was dozing by the fire.

"Glad to hear it!" replied Bet.

"Where is the brat?"

"What brat?"

"Why, the one Jim brought!" replied her husband. "Come Bet," he continued, "a lark is all very well in its way; but it's rather too late for such nonsense! I am tired as a wolf that has been hunted!"

"Or rather as a wolf that has been hunting!" observed his wife.

"Where is the child?" demanded Miles, striking his fist upon the table ferociously.

"I tell you I ain't seen no child!" said the woman; "and as for larking, I am too sleepy for that. I suppose you have been disappointed again, and want to vent your ill-temper upon me; but I am quite ready for you, my fine fellow!" added the female fury, coolly tucking up the sleeves of her gown, and displaying an arm that might have felled an ox; "though I am only a woman, I ain't going to be put upon!"

The man caught up the light and rushed up stairs to the little chamber which had been prepared for his intended prisoner. The door was unlocked and the bed empty—his better half had spoken the truth.

"Baffled again!" he muttered, as he returned to the kitchen; "the devil himself appears to have taken the brat under his care!"

In his impetuosity the hardened wretch never once suspected that it was heaven.

At an early hour the following day he repaired to the residence of Mr. Foster; Martha, who had passed the night in anxious expectation, was waiting for him. A hundred times she had asked herself whether he would succeed; her mind was agitated by alternate hopes and fears—for the recovery of her adopted child was the dream of her existence. What a happy vision did she not picture in providing for her wants, cultivating her understanding, and lavishing upon her all that affection could desire or bestow.

How her heart bounded when the housekeeper informed her that the person she expected had arrived and was waiting in the library; how it sank when, on entering the room, she perceived that he was alone.

"You have failed!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and sinking into a chair.

"It has not been my fault!" replied the ruffian: "I did my best, but the man on whom I relied did not keep his promise."

"I loathe this mystery!" said the woman; "it is as useless as criminal. I have no motive to conceal my actions—all the world may read them. Who is this man? What name does he bear? Where can I see him? Let him at once declare the price he sets upon the restoration of my child: if gold," she added, "can content him, he shall be satisfied!"

Now this was the very information which for many reasons Miles was determined not to give. Like most men who have made one false step, he found it easier to advance than to retreat; he knew the resolution of Martha when roused—the terrible means she had of punishing him. To tell her that his was the hand which first deprived her of Fanny—that but for him she might have gone and openly claimed her of those who would have been only too happy to restore her to her arms—was to provoke the resentment it was his interest to avoid.

"I don't know his name!" he said, in a dogged tone.

"False!"

"No! his address!"

"False again!" repeated Martha; "the serpent does not forget its cunning, or the wolf its thirst for blood!"

"He is more cunning than I am!" exclaimed Miles.

"I have set those on whom I thought I could rely to trace him, but he has baffled them all. The attempt to discover his retreat perhaps has given him the alarm, and prevented his keeping his appointment. As for his name," he continued, "he has a hundred! I question if your grandfather, who employed him in his most secret affairs, were he living, could tell you his right name!"

His employer paused—the denial at least was plausible; she knew that Peter Quin in his multifarious transactions employed a variety of agents: it was possible that the speaker had encountered one of these, and that the fellow had been alarmed by the inquiries he had set on foot.

"Would I could believe you!" she answered with a sigh.

"And what should I gain by deceiving you?" demanded her visitor, who saw that her suspicions were shaken; "is there another being in the world who would count down the yellow boys by hundreds to recover the brat—the child I mean? Give me a few weeks more—I shall meet with him again; but his fears must blow over first! Fail now, better luck next time! I don't ask a shilling," he added, "till I have succeeded!"

What could Martha do? The fellow's plea at least was plausible. She had no choice but to consent.

"Be it so!" she said; "but remember it is the last trial: my heart would break with another disappointment!"

Miles devoutly wished that it would.

"Does you least suspect, she continued, "will watch you! Let me find that you are playing on my feelings—sporting with my anxieties—and you shall learn I have inherited something more than the wealth of my grandfather! See this man to the door," she added, to the footman who answered the bell, "and answer no questions he may ask respecting me!"

"I wish I could find out where she lives!" thought the ruffian, as he quitted the house; "I think I might hit upon something to lower her tone?"

The thought occupied him during the rest of the day, and Martha, spiritless and disappointed, returned to Brierly Grange.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Kind words and looks are but the precious seed,
Time ripens to that beautiful flower
Which men call gratitude. The angel smile
When they behold its tender leaves unfold
On earth: its fragrant breath reminds them
Of paradise, where first 'tis said it bloomed.
ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

It is extraordinary to observe the different effects which the same passion or feeling will at different times produce on the same organisation. Music, for instance—which at one moment produces the most exquisite pleasure, at another plunges us in profound melancholy: terror in the same person has been known to paralyse the courage or arm the soul with audacious energy.

Such was the case with Fanny. The first time she recognised Miles in the midst of the crowded theatre, a deadly fear took possession of her young heart—the consequences as our readers will remember, were almost fatal; but when she found herself a second time in his power—hurried along she knew not whither—an inexplicable calm took possession of her.

Perhaps it was the counter of despair.

"If you offer to stir or speak," said the man who held her in his arms, when he heard the dispute between Miles and Barry, "I'll strangle you!"

Fanny made no reply.

"Humph! So much the better!" muttered the fellow, thinking his prisoner insensible; "I shall have the less trouble with her!"

His prisoner was enying but insensible—for when the wheels of the hackney coach got locked in those of the bishop's carriage opposite the House of Lords, and her captor sprang from the door opposite to the one her friends were endeavoring to force open, Fanny, by a sudden movement disengaged herself from the folds of the shawl, crept under the horses' feet, at the risk of being crushed, and disappeared.

It was in vain that the ruffian attempted to follow her, uncertain as he was which way she had taken: terror lent wings to her feet, and before the man had recovered from his surprise, she had reached Palace Yard, and from thence directed her way to the bridge.

Some power indeed seemed to watch over her—for she threaded her way amongst the vehicles which even at that late hour thronged Westminster Bridge. One—an elegant calèche, drawn by a pair of spirited bays—dashed rapidly past her. With an energy

which only extreme danger could have inspired, the desolate child sprang on the foot-board behind, clinging firmly to the springs, and was quickly whisked from the scene of her late peril.

Westminster Road, then Vauxhall, were successively passed—still the intrepid child kept her hold. Something whispered her it was a struggle for life and death. It was not till the vehicle approached the common that she began to reflect on her situation.

"How they will grieve for me at home!" she murmured—and the thought brought tears into her eyes. "How small I ever found my way back? How return? Who will give me a shelter?"

What these and similar reflections were passing through her young mind, the carriage stopped at the entrance of a villa, to enable the footmen, who were riding on the box to open the lodge-gate.

Fanny seized the occasion to glide from her seat unperceived. In a few moments she was alone.

The night was a cold one, and the rain began to fall. The poor orphan sat down by the side of the road and wept bitterly: she thought of her comfortable home, her warm bed, the grief of Sally and the kind old actress.

"What have I done," she said, "that wicked men should seek my life? If heaven would forgive me and take me—let me sleep by the side of my dear mamma—"

A loud peal of thunder, the precursor of a coming storm, added to her terrors, which were not diminished when she heard a heavy cannon at a distance.

Springing from the ground, she darted down the lane which ran parallel with the grounds of the villa, and entered a field in which was a hay-stack: the heart of the little fugitive expanded with joy when she beheld it—it was at least a shelter.

Mounting by the side from which several trusses had been cut, she contrived—not without some difficulty, however—to reach the summit, where she buried herself in the fragrant stack, certain, as she trusted, from all further danger.

"I can say my prayers here!" she thought; "God will hear me from here, as well as from my chamber!"

Clasping her little hands, she mentally repeated the prayer of our Lord, and begged of him to watch over and protect her.

Fanny had not been more than half an hour in her place of refuge, when she fancied that she heard voices at the bottom of the stack. She trembled and listened. The words "window" and "It must be done to-night," fell upon her ear.

"Were they in search of her? What could they be speaking of?" she mentally asked herself. Suspense was worse than certainty.

Fortunately the wind was too high and the gusts of rain too violent for the intruders whoever they might be, to notice the slight rustling of the hay as Fanny cautiously crept to the edge of the hay-stack, and peered over to see what was passing beneath.

Two shabby-genteel-looking men, whose avocation the experienced eye of a Bow Street officer would have at once detected, were seated on sums of the loose hay, sufficiently near the stack to take advantage of its shelter; at a short distance was a lantern upon the ground, and a rough-looking dog, half-leader, half-mute, crouched by its side, as if watching it. One of the fellows was snoring—the other amused himself by examining the priming of a gun or expositing on mounded pistols, whose barrels glared in the rays which the lantern cast upon them.

"I wonder what detains Willy!" observed the first.

"At his old game, I suppose!" replied his companion; "a peacock had always more attraction for him than the chance of a well-filled purse! We can do without him!"

The speaker with the pipe made some objection.

"Pshaw!" continued the more resolute of the two, "when they are asleep, and with Andrews to assist us—"

"How long has Andrews been in the service of the banker?"

"Three months," said the housebreaker; "and heartily tired he is of his situation! The old man is rich!"

"Still I say, pat it off!"

"And Maume Garracci and her diamonds?" objected the other.

At the name of the singer, Fanny trembled violently. She recollected all words of kindness she had ever heard, and the great wish which she had insisted on being re-engaged at the Opera House.

"Tell you," continued the speaker, "that such a chance may not occur again! She says there tonight with her husband and some coxcomb of a lord,

whose pockets are doubtless well lined! The grooms and coachman all sleep over the stables! So, whether Willy comes or not, I am for doing the trick! They can't be long," he added, pointing to the villa; "Andrews has promised to leave the window of the laundry open when they are asleep!"

"Should they awake?" urged his companion, who did not appear to have any great inclination for the crime.

The man made a significant sign, by drawing his hand rapidly across his throat.

The child trembled so violently that had the speakers not been absorbed in discussing the details of their project, they must have heard the hay rustle above their heads.

Much to the reluctance of one of the housebreakers, they decided at last on returning down the road, in the hope of meeting the companion they expected.

Fanny watched their departure till, by the light of the lantern, which they carried with them, she saw them enter the lane. Then, without hesitating an instant, she slid from her place of concealment, and ran across the field towards the house.

"The window, and the name of Andrews!" she repeated to herself—for every word she had heard impressed itself upon her memory.

That same evening Madame Garrachi and her husband supped with Fauntleroy, the banker, whose admiration of musical and theatrical celebrities is well known. The late Charles Mathews was a frequent guest at his table. Who that had seen him that night doing the honors of his table which groaned beneath the delicacies of the season, would have imagined that the possessor of such seeming wealth, a few years later, would end his career upon the scaffold?

"One more song!" said Lord Vesey, a reckless young nobleman for whom the banker was in the habit of discounting largely.

The request was seconded by his host.

Madame Garrachi complied with great good-humor, but declared that it must be the last—for the hour was late.

It was nearly three in the morning, and yet the gentlemen did not feel disposed to retire. Music, painting, all that could enchain the attention, had been discussed. The celebrated singer had illustrated each by some piquant anecdote or observation full of finesse and delicacy.

Just as she was about to return to the piano for the last song, the door of the drawing-room opened, and Fanny, pale as one of those marble statues of Italy which the lady had been describing, glided rather than walked into the midst of the party; her hair, damp with the rain, hung heavily over her shoulders. But for the fever of excitement in her deep blue eyes, she might have been taken for an animated corpse.

Never was surprise more general. We question if the banker, when the officer who arrested him first laid his hand upon his shoulder, experienced a deeper emotion.

Madame Garrachi was the only person who recognized her.

"You here, my dear child!" she exclaimed, "at such an hour!"

Fanny took her hand, eagerly kissed it, and sobbed out the words:

"You are safe—safe!"

"Safe!" repeated his lordship; "what does she mean?"

"She is cold!" exclaimed the kind-hearted woman; "her little hands are like icicles!"

"There is something very extraordinary in all this!" observed the banker, rising from his seat to ring the bell.

Restez tranquille! exclaimed the peer, restraining him. "Don't you see it is an emotion which madame has arranged—a surprise—a scene?"

"A surprise," replied the singer, who had been questioning Fanny, "which, but for the devotion of this dear, grateful child, might have cost us our lives. The house is about to be attacked by robbers."

At the word "robbers," the gentlemen started from their seats. The husband of the speaker was about to order his calèche—the very one which had served her so opportunely to escape from her enemy.

"Be calm, I beg of you!" continued the speaker, turning to her host. "What is the name of your butler?"

"Andrews."

"Has he been long in your service?"

"About three months."

"Everything confirms the truth of her statement," exclaimed the lady—who, without informing them of the extraordinary circumstances by which her informant had been placed in a position to overhear the details of the plan for plundering the villa of the banker, imparted to them the details of the plot.

The gentlemen consulted a few moments amongst themselves: it was decided that the banker should ring twice—the signal that the presence of the butler was required.

When the fellow entered the room, he stared with astonishment on beholding the addition to the party. He could not comprehend the means by which Fanny had gained access to the house; he was still more surprised to account for the excellent terms on which the forlorn, wretched-looking child appeared to be with Madame Garrachi.

"Well, Andrews," said his master, "have you left the window open?"

"Window!" faltered the man.

"At what hour do you expect your friends?"

From the half-mocking tone in which the question was asked, the faithless domestic saw that his crime was discovered. He attempted to retreat from the room, but Lord Vesey, now perfectly convinced of the reality of the danger, detained him.

"Not so fast, my fine fellow!" he exclaimed.

With the assistance of his host and Monsieur Garrachi—who, by-the-by, displayed no very extraordinary courage on the occasion—the butler was secured, and bound firmly, as they thought, in the banker's easy chair.

"If you attempt to stir," coolly observed the peer, who had armed himself with a carving-knife from the supper-table, "or give the least alarm, I shall be under the most unpleasant necessity of silencing you. You understand me!"

The man darted a look of mingled hate and terror.

"Very provoking, I admit!" continued the speaker; "the calculation was ably made—but the best sometimes fail! Instead of the diamonds of madame, a prison and a rope!"

"Rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Fauntleroy: "you, to whom I have been so kind—placed such confidence in—thought as honest as one of my own clerks."

"We are all thought honest till we are found out!" growled the detected thief.

Most probably the hit was not intended, but it told—the banker changed color: probably even then he had made the first fatal step in the series of crimes which gradually led him to the scaffold.

He muttered the word "impertinent."

Guided by Fanny, the three gentlemen left the drawing-room—leaving the prisoner, as they thought securely bound—and took up their position in the laundry, where the window was situated by which the robbers were to enter; Madame Garrachi accompanied them.

The danger was considered too pressing to admit of any one of the defenders leaving the house to alarm the coachman and grooms, who slept over the offices—the only other male servant in the house besides the butler was an old footman, who had long since retired to rest.

It was not without much persuasion on the part of her husband and their host, that the singer consented to retire to one of the bedrooms with the child, whose presence, after leaving out the danger, as well as her own, was more likely to prove an embarrassment than an assistance.

"Have you no fire arms?" demanded Monsieur Garrachi, addressing himself to Mr. Fauntleroy.

The banker recollected that he had a pair of pistols in his bed room—but, not knowing at what moment the housebreakers might arrive, hesitated at going in search of them.

"Never mind your pistols!" exclaimed the peer, brandishing the carving knife, which he still retained; "the window is not very large—they can only enter one at a time; you seize the first that thrusts his head into the trap, and leave the rest to me!"

"Surely you would not —"

"Why not?" replied his lordship, with the utmost coolness; "my great ancestor, Gerald Vesey, was famous in the wars of the Roses for the skill with which he took off the heads of the Yorkists at the battle of St. Alban's, at a single blow! I trust I have not degenerated!" he added, gravely; "to be sure, a knife is not half so convenient as a sword—you will make allowance for that."

Despite the danger of their position, the gentlemen could not avoid smiling at the gravity with which the noble speaker deprecated before hand their criticism of his prowess.

CHAPTER XXXII

How cunningly men seek to fence their sin!—OLD PLAY.

The apartment in which the singer and Fanny had so unwillingly consented to take refuge was the bedroom of the banker, and situated directly over the laundry window, where the attempt to enter the villa was to be made; the chamber was furnished with all that the most fastidious luxury could sug-

gest. Portraits of beautiful women by Greuze—a noble Titian—the original study, probably, of the one in the Escorial—cabinets and tables of marqueterie and *petra dura*.

The bed was in the style of Louis Quatorze, of amber and blue silk, with a deep silver fringe—the chairs corresponded.

"Surely," said Madame Garrachi, looking round the room, "the owner of so much luxury is not without arms to defend a life which fortune seems to have enriched with all that can render it desirable."

She looked round the costly chamber for fire-arms—but in vain.

The key had been left in a cabinet placed in a recess by the side of the bed—she opened it. Under any other circumstances, the honorable-minded woman would have considered such a proceeding indelicate. A second door presented itself, leading to a recess or closet, concealed within the walls.

In the hope of finding a weapon of some kind, she pushed back the inner door, when a most singular spectacle presented itself.

"Go back, my love!" she hastily exclaimed to Fanny, who was following her; "this is no sight for you!"

The child, fearful that she had offended, timidly withdrew to the other end of the room.

The lady took one of the candles from the table, and entered the recess, in order to examine still more closely the cause of her surprise, and, we might add, terror.

Upon a beam which ran the whole width of the closet, was suspended by the neck, the figure of a man, the size of life. It had all the appearance of a human being who had just been executed.

The apparatus with which the effigy had been invested was even more singular than the position in which it was placed.

Broad linen bands of great strength were passed under the feet, and continued to the knees, round which they were buckled with leathern straps. These bands, with other strappings, were continued the entire length of the body, up to an iron collar, which was fastened round the neck: to this collar were attached three hooks, which caught the rope by which the mimic execution had been performed. By this contrivance, the figure, instead of being suspended by the neck, hung as it were in a cradle.

It was some time before the singer could understand the arrangement. It was an elaborate study of the means by which justice, with the connivance of the authorities, might be cheated of its victim.

She closed the door in disgust, and returned to the chamber.

"You are not angry with me?" said Fanny, noticing her pale looks and knitted brow.

"No, my love!"

She took the child upon her knee, and made her promise not to tell any one that she had examined the cabinet. The horrible mystery—for such she felt assured it was—regarded only the wretched owner of the mansion. Even from her husband she resolved to keep what she had seen a secret.

To the great disappointment of Lord Vesey—who most probably was the only one of the party who regretted the termination of the adventure—the attack upon the villa did not take place. The butler, who had been left in the drawing-room a prisoner, had contrived to reach a knife from the supper-table, and cut the cords which bound him. Just as the most daring of the housebreakers was on the point of climbing in at the laundry window, the voice of his confederate informed him that their project was discovered. They fled—to the annoyance of his lordship, who was consequently deprived of the satisfaction of proving to the world that he had not degenerated from the fame of his great ancestor, so renowned for cutting off heads at the battle of St. Albans.

"Victory—victory!" exclaimed the peer, joyously, as he entered the chamber of the banker, followed by his host and Signor Garrachi; "the enemy have fled!"

"Thank heaven!" said the lady.

Directly on entering the room, the banker perceived that he had left the key in the cabinet. He bit his lips with the air of a man who feels that he has committed some unpardonable oversight, withdrew it from the lock, and put it in his pocket.

The gentlemen related everything that had passed.

"Confess the truth!" said Lord Vesey, addressing the singer; "have you not been horribly frightened?"

"At what?" she replied.

The eyes of the speaker and those of Mr. Fauntleroy suddenly met, and she fancied that his lips quivered.

"At what!" repeated the gay young nobleman;

"a pretty question! Why most of the ladies of my acquaintance would have gone into hysterics at what you must have endured to-night! Devilish sorry that the butler escaped—can't be helped! We'll hang him in effigy!" he added, turning to his host.

At the words "hang him in effigy," the confusion of the master of the house became so apparent that the two gentlemen observed it.

"I dare say, if the truth were known," observed Signor Garrachi, "you have had a famous escape! Ten thousand, at least, in the house!"

"Ten! Twenty!" said his lordship; "why he is as rich as Croesus!"

The banker faintly smiled at the interpretation put upon his agitation, and modestly denied that his loss would have amounted to such a sum.

After such an adventure, all idea of retiring to rest was abandoned. The party returned to the drawing-room, where they remained till morning. It was in vain that their host entreated of madame and her husband to stay to breakfast. The former insisted on returning at once to London—urging as an excuse the anxiety of the friends of poor Fanny.

Sally had just sobbed herself to sleep, when old Meg gently opened the door of her little chamber, and informed her that Madame Garrachi, the great singer from the Opera, was below, and waiting to see her.

"To see me!" exclaimed the astonished child—to whom such a visit appeared about as probable as that Queen Charlotte herself, or one of the princesses, had paid her a morning call.

The woman nodded in the affirmative.

"Impossible!"

"Perhaps it is!" said Meg; "but there she is! I showed her into the parlor! I hope missis won't be angry! She don't like them *furriners*! She says they are the ruin of the *perfection*! 'Spose they are!"

"My dear child," said the kind-hearted singer, as soon as Sally entered the room, "I come to dry your tears—to tell you that Fanny is safe!"

It was some moments before the poor girl could be made to understand her happiness. When she did, her transports carried her so far as to violate the respect and deference which Mrs. Watkins exacted from all who approached her, by rushing into her bedroom, kissing her dear old face, and telling her Fanny was found.

"Miss Carroll!" exclaimed the aged actress, in a tone of horror—for she was very careful that none but Meg should ever see her in her night-cap.

"Found—found!" repeated the girl, dancing round the room, laughing and crying, at the same time, for joy.

The news soon spread through the house. The lieutenant, Barry, the German and his wife, were soon roused to partake of the happiness the intelligence afforded.

With that benevolence which springs from the heart, madame insisted on Sally, Mrs. Watkins, and the young painter returning with her to convince themselves of the safety of their favorite—"whom," she added, "she intended to keep for some time at least with her."

"The dear child has enemies!" she said; "and will be much safer with me!"

The reasoning was unanswerable: after the fearful proofs they had received of the perseverance with which Fanny was pursued, her old friends felt that they were no longer able to protect her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Why should we weep when children die?
They 'scape the hand of thought and sin;
Stretched in their innocence they lie,
Fair as the first-plucked flowers of spring.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

THERE is nothing in humanity more engaging than childhood. Its graces and affections, like the tendrils of the young vine, twine themselves so closely round the hearts of those who are its support and guide, that it becomes almost impossible to separate them.

Felix Garrachi, the only child of the singer, had inherited the characteristics of both his parents. He was gifted, beautiful, capricious, passionate, and generous—the pet of his father—the idol of his mother—who loved him, as mothers only love, with that deep devotion which sees into the future. The defects—the very genius of her boy alarmed her.

On Fanny's first introduction to the house, the spoiled urchin regarded her with jealousy and dislike. He could not endure the thought of another sharing the caresses of his parents. At the end of a week he tolerated her, and before a month had

elapsed could not endure her a moment from his presence; for no sooner had he discovered, with the intuitive perception of his years, that the little stranger was no rival in the affection of madame, but merely an object of her benevolence, than he made her his companion, his playmate, and friend.

It was beautiful to watch the two children—so different, yet each equally lovely; the boy, his hair and eyes dark, like most of the infants of the sunny south—impetuous, wayward, yet generous—at one moment quarrelling with his playmate, because she could—or, as he poutingly declared, would—not understand him—the next, throwing his little arms around her, and passionately kissing away the tears his fury had drawn forth; the girl fair—oh, how dazlingly fair!—her features radiant with the holy innocence of childhood—her hair floating in masses of natural curls over her head and shoulders.

As they sometimes stood with their arms interlacing each other, watching some object from the window, or gazing on the toys and flowers which, with maternal fondness madame frequently surprised them, they reminded her of the twin angels of Night and Morning.

In the midst of the elegance and luxury which surrounded her, Fanny did not forget her old friends at St. Martin's Court. Whenever Sally, the young painter, the aged actress, or any of the inmates of her former home came to visit her, Felix, toys, amusement, all were abandoned. She sprang into their arms with the pure, eager love of childhood. She was too young to know ingratitude—or, as Madame Monierau would have expressed it, to feel the independence of the heart.

It was only by making him sketches and yielding to all his humors, that Barry succeeded in reconciling the boy to his visits.

How frequently has the climate of England proved fatal to the children of the south, especially when transplanted at too early an age to her humid soil! Despite the cares, the tender solicitude with which Madame Garrachi watched over her child, a slight hectic cough settled on his chest—the forerunner of that fatal disease, consumption, which has desolated so many a once happy home by robbing it of its most graceful ornaments.

The mother became alarmed. The signor, who had by this time fallen completely into the toils of the awful Mademoiselle Cherini, only "pooh-poohed," and laughed at her fears. The first fine weather, a little sun and fresh air he declared, would set all to rights. She, listening to his hopes, rather than her convictions, believed him.

The sun came at last—as he generally comes in England, like a lazy laggard, half ashamed to show his face; the air, too, blew freshly, but the cough of little Felix increased. Madame insisted on sending for a physician; her husband went for one, but took care to inform him on the way of what he termed his wife's unfounded apprehensions.

The man of science received both his cue and his fee before making his visit.

"See how thin he is," objected the anxious mother, her fears but half allayed by the assurance that there were no symptoms of consumption.

"His age, madam!"

"Eight years, sir."

The physician declared that he was merely outgrowing his strength.

"I told you so!" exclaimed the signor, in a tone of satisfaction—for he well knew that no persuasion or motives of interest would have induced her to remain another day in England, had she really been convinced that the life of her boy was in danger; "you are too anxious!"

His wife looked at him reproachfully, as if to ask whether it were possible for the heart of a mother to feel too anxious where the life of her only child was at stake.

Independent of the heartless father's desire not to separate himself from the syren who had enthralled him, Signor Garrachi had another, and, if possible, a yet meaner motive: the opera season was but half over, and madame's engagement was a most lucrative one.

"Still," said the physician, hesitatingly—for the man had some conscience—"we cannot be too careful: the curse of our English climate undoubtedly is consumption. Prevention is better than cure: what I recommend is change of air."

"Italy!" exclaimed the singer.

Her husband looked dreadfully annoyed.

"Humph—no! too warm! climate too exciting!" replied the medical man; "might produce the effect to which at present there are only slight—very slight—predisposing causes! What I should recommend would be a few miles from London—Surrey, for instance. Ha!" he added, as if sud-

denly recollecting herself, "I have hit on the very place. A friend of mine, who has retired from practice, has a delightful retreat near Richmond. I know that he has occasionally accommodated invalids. He is skilful, kind, and —. But perhaps, madame would consider the distance too far, or the terms —."

"Are of no importance compared with the health of my boy," interrupted Madame Garrachi, pressing Felix—who began to consider the visit of the man in black a bore—to her bosom. "When can I see him?"

The physician offered very considerably to drive over himself; in fact, the house was his own, and the retired man whom he had so highly recommended, no other than his father-in-law, who conducted it for him.

It was not the first instance we have seen of science playing into the hands of cupidity.

In three days the boy was taken to Richmond; at the end of a month the disease had made such rapid advances that it was pronounced dangerous to remove him.

Then it was that Felix reaped the reward of his kindness to Fanny. His little playfellow waited upon him with the most untiring assiduity; sat entire days by his bed-side, endeavoring to amuse him—to soothe his fretful humors and impatience. Never was the devotion of one human being to another more touching and complete. Three nights a week, despite the grief which consumed her, Madame Garrachi continued to delight the audience of the King's Theatre; every other moment was passed with her dying boy. Little did the Duke of this, or my Lord that, as they wondered at the exquisite pathos of her strains, imagine that they were wrung from the agony of her maternal heart—that her very soul was incorporated with them. Never had she been so popular or so wretched.

Rumors of the *liaison* between her worthless husband and unprincipled rival had reached her, but they scarcely augmented her sorrow: the first overwhelming grief rendered her comparatively insensible to the pain of the second; probably, too, her soul was armed with the shield of scorn. Perhaps she ceased to consider him the lover of her youth—the husband of her choice—the being to whom she had confided the happiness of her life, and the rich treasure of her love; for behind the specious mask, she saw the mercenary, heartless man, who had speculated upon her genius—her rising fame—and indulged in an easy, luxurious existence from the exercise of her talents.

If it were so, it was fortunate for herself—for, let the heart once despise the being to which it has clung through good and ill—feel that the idol it has worshipped is of clay, instead of gold—and the cure is half complete. There may still be regrets, tears, and agonies—yet they are but the throes of an expiring passion—the straining of the chain before it breaks—the struggles of the snake as he uncoil its deceitful folds from around the heart, to let it beat more freely.

Signor Alberto frequently wondered, as he gazed on the thoughtful features of his wife, whether the rumors of his infidelity had reached her—for not one word of reproach or expostulation had ever passed her lips. She endured her misery in silence—her's were the wrongs

Too proud for words—too deep for tears—
The Niobe of modern years.

In his vanity he imagined that she loved him still, and chose to ignore the truth, for fear of losing him entirely.

This idea, which none but a mind void of delicacy and honor could have entertained, added to his fatuity and confidence.

Mademoiselle Cherini felt that she had destroyed the happiness of her rival, and yet her triumph was but half complete—the genius of the woman she hated remained unsubdued. It required the loss of a purer love than the Italian's to crush the energies of his gifted wife.

If at times her voice flagged, or she appeared absorbed and regardless of the scene, it was only necessary for Madame Garrachi to hear her enemy speak—to catch her insolent smile—and in an instant she was herself again—would pour forth a gush of melody modulated by such exquisite science, that even her husband would pause to listen to her, and mentally ask himself what were the attractions which diverted his affections from a creature so gifted—so profitable.

"She has millions in her voice," he muttered, more than once; "I am a fool to risk the loss of her!"

Risk the loss of her. Could he have read what

was passing in the heart and brain of the woman he had treated so worthlessly, he would have seen that he had lost her already: it required but the snapping of the last tie between them to render the separation eternal.

That tie we scarcely need observe, was the life of their son.

There is no disease more cruelly deceptive than consumption: one day it bids us hope—the next, despair. How frequently has the hope of a parent mistaken the pale, hectic flush upon the sufferer's cheek for the symptom of returning health—the brilliancy of the eye, the full beating of the pulse, for increased strength—and offered up a mental prayer of thanksgiving that its supplications have been heard. Such was the case with Felix, who appeared suddenly to mend: his voice became stronger, his breath more free—even the heart of his mother was cheated into a delusive short-lived hope that he might still be spared to her.

"You will come to-morrow, mamma?" exclaimed the child, with his former vivacity, as he threw his little arms around her neck; "I do so wish to see you to-morrow."

"Yes, darling," replied his mother.

"And bring me flowers—plenty of flowers!" added the dying boy. "Fanny gathers me some, but they are not so sweet as yours!"

The little sufferer laid his head upon her bosom—nature's first holiest pillow—and nestled there, as when an infant.

Madame Garrachi kissed him passionately and went over him; perhaps the thoughts of the unhappy woman were as much of her husband as of her child.

"I will stay with you, Felix!" she sobbed.

"No, no, mamma!" interrupted the boy; "then I shall have no flowers! Go and bring papa! 'One, two,' he began counting—then paused—'three days,' he added, 'at least since I saw him! Papa ill, too?'"

"No!"

"He has forgotten Felix!" continued the child, with a sigh.

"I have not forgotten you!" sobbed his mother.

He looked up in her face and smiled, as if he thought it impossible she ever should forget him.

And so it was. He was the solitary flower of her existence—the memorial of a happiness which could know no future—for its springs were poisoned.

With the utmost difficulty his mother tore herself away; but she had promised to appear that night

at the theatre. She knew her rival was ready to take her character in the opera, and resolved not to afford her such a triumph.

The last words of Felix, on her quitting the room, were:

"Do not forget the flowers, mamma!"

Madame Garrachi did not forget to thank Fanny for her unwearied kindness to her friend and play-fellow. The child looked as if she expected her to kiss her as usual; but the singer could not—her heart was full; it would have appeared like treason to her own dying child.

"Not now!" she murmured; "not now!"

Young as she was, Fanny comprehended the feeling, and silently retraced her steps to watch by the bed-side of Felix.

On reaching her home—her now desolate home—Madame Garrachi found her husband busily engaged in examining her jewel-case. There was nothing very unusual in the circumstance, and yet she fancied that he appeared confused. As a matter of course, he inquired after his son; the unhappy mother could not reply to him—a flood of tears was her answer.

"Not worse!" he exclaimed, in a tone of self-reproach.

"They say he is not," replied his wife; "but I do not believe their words! A mother's eye is not to be deceived! Why," she added, wringing her hands, "did I bring my treasure to this land of gold and death? But I am punished—rightly punished! He asked after you anxiously; the dear child thinks you have forgotten him!"

Alberto colored deeply. He felt that the reproach was just.

"I am just about to ride to Richmond," he said.

"It was my intention to have gone yesterday, but so—so many circumstances prevented me."

Madame observed the hesitation of her husband with a bitter pang. She guessed but too well the name which ought to have replaced the word "circumstances."

"I shall be back," continued the unnatural parent, "in time to escort you from the theatre."

The artiste looked in his face with a faint smile. It was long since she had experienced such a mark of his attention.

"There!" he said, kissing her on the forehead, "be brilliant—be yourself to-night! You will have the most distinguished audience of the season: the Regent and his brothers—the old Queen—the youthful Princess Charlotte! I will bring you news of our dear boy!"

So saying, he drew on his gloves, and left the drawing-room.

For some time the singer stood with her eyes fixed upon the ground. She felt violent pains both at her heart and head, but scarcely heeded them, so completely was she absorbed in the bitter thoughts which oppressed her.

"Brilliant!" she repeated, at last; "myself! How easy to advise—how difficult to follow! Oh, yes!" she added, bitterly; "I shall be brilliant as an icicle on the brow of the corpse—as the glow-worm creeping over a new-made grave! My sleep has been brief! I am young—very young—to be startled from my dream of life so soon—it was my first and last!"

With this reflection, she began to prepare herself for the duties of the night, by selecting the jewels she intended to wear, &c., &c.

Many a duchess might have envied the diamonds of Madame Garrachi. Scarcely a crowned head in Europe but had contributed to enrich her *écrin*. It had been estimated at no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds. With the exception of Mademoiselle Mars, no actress ever possessed so valuable a collection.

By a caprice—perhaps a presentiment—she suddenly resolved not to wear one of them; but carefully replaced them in her casket, and sealed it.

"I will save them, at least!" she murmured.

Her thoughts were of her boy rather than her gems. How willingly would the unhappy mother have parted with the glittering baubles to have restored the rose to his wan cheek—to have heard once more his merry laugh, redolent of health and life!

Throwing a large cashmere round her, madame took the casket under her arm, and left her lodgings on foot. She did not choose the servants should know which way she directed her steps. Arrived in the Haymarket, she took a hackney-coach, drove to Coutts's, and asked to see the principal.

After the extraordinary discovery she had made at Wandsworth, the artiste did not deem it prudent to trust her diamonds in the hands of Fauntleroy.

The banker, who was one of her greatest admirers, received her in his private room.

The founder of the banking-house of Coutts and Co. was a little old man, whose countenance was the very expression of shrewdness. By his industry and perseverance he had created a fortune. One of his daughters had married an earl; the other, the well-known Sir Francis Burdett, of political notoriety.

[To be continued.]



SCENE IN THE PICTURE GALLERY AT BRIERLY GRANGE.

Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 175.

CHAPTER XLVI.

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.
OLD PLAY.

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of sovereigns, have there been two greater adepts in the art of dissimulation than Elizabeth and the Queen Mother of France—the infamous Catherine de Medicis, who directed the government of her son, the ignorant fanatic, Charles IX. This astute princess had two objects in view. The first was to bring about a union between the English queen and the king, her son, or else his younger brother, the Duke D'Anjou; the next, to procure the liberty of the unhappy Mary—not from any generous desire of serving the royal captive, whom she had persecuted and driven from France soon after her widowhood—but to embarrass Elizabeth, whose dread of her heir she well knew.

La Motte Fénelon, the French ambassador, was directed to urge the latter point on every occasion—a duty which he did not neglect; for we find, in his correspondence, that on more than one occasion he boldly remonstrated with her majesty in person, not only on the cruelty but the impolicy of detaining her cousin a captive in the very heart of her dominions; representing such conduct not only as dishonoring to herself, but offensive to every crowned head in Europe.

Besides the imprisonment of Mary, Elizabeth had other causes of embarrassment. Philip II. not only approved of the conduct of the Duke of Alva, but demanded restitution of his treasure—a concession to which the avarice of the queen was decidedly opposed. She had embroiled herself not only with Spain but with France. The Catholic party, which was still powerful, were indignant at the heiress of the crown being treated like a common felon; and the commercial part of the community were beginning to suffer from the uncertain state of things.

Her haughty spirit and fierce courage supported her through all—even the difficulties and consequences of her own error. Elizabeth not only evaded the payment of the money, but refused to make the least alteration in her treatment of Mary, whom she accused of being ungrateful for the protection she had afforded her.

About this time she wrote the following hypocritical letter to her prisoner, condoling with her on her recent illnesses.

"May 25, 1569.

"Madame,—To my infinite regret, I have learned the great danger in which you have lately been, and I praise God that I heard nothing of it until the worst was past; for, in whatever time or place it might have been, such news could have given me little content; but if any such bad accident had befallen you in this country, I believe, really, I should have deemed my days prolonged too long, if, previous to death, I had received such a wound.

"I rely much on his goodness who has always guarded me against mal-accidents, that he will not permit me to fall into such a snare, and that he will preserve me in the good report of the world till the end of my career. He has made me know, by your means, the grief I might have felt if anything ill had happened to you; and I assure you that I will offer up to him infinite thanksgivings.

"As to the reply that you wish to receive by my Lord Boyd, regarding my satisfaction in the case touching the Duke of Anjou, I neither doubt your honor nor your faith, in writing to me that you never thought of such a thing; but that perhaps some relative, or rather some ambassador of yours, having the general authority of your signature, to order all things for the furtherance of your affairs, had adjusted this promise as if it came from you, and deemed it within the range of his commission.

"Such a matter would serve as a spur to a courser of high mettle; for, as we often see a little bough serve to save the life of a swimmer, so a slight shadow of claim animates the combatant. I know not why they (*the royal family of France*)

I pray God to preserve you in good health, and give you long life. From Greenwich."

Elizabeth was too well informed of everything which passed not to be aware that Mary, while in France, had made a will, transferring her claim to the crowns both of England and Scotland, to the royal house of France. Soon after this letter, the young Duke D'Anjou chivalrously executed a deed, by which he renounced all expectations and rights in the event of Mary's death before him. But even this concession did not lessen the implacable hate of the English sovereign towards the heiress of her throne.

The project of marrying the Queen of Scots with the Duke of Norfolk was warmly supported by the Catholic nobility. Even Leicester pretended to approve of it. At the same time, he treacherously communicated it to Elizabeth, who first gave an indication of her jealousy and suspicions by observing, that one of the greatest of the realm might shortly be shorter by the head for meddling in her affairs; a hint which the duke was either too much enamored or too ambitious to take.

On one occasion, she openly taxed him with his design. But simple as the Duke was, he did not permit himself to be caught with the pretended frankness of his cousin. He firmly and positively denied it, adding, that he had never entertained, or could entertain, any serious idea of marrying a woman who was not only the enemy of her majesty, but whose husband could not hope to sleep in peace.

This degrading observation for a while lulled the suspicions of the queen; but they soon broke forth again with redoubled violence.

Shortly after this, the duke retired from the court to his seat in Norfolk, where he remained till summoned to return by the queen, by whose order he was arrested on his arrival at Burnham, and committed to the Tower.

When there, he was severely questioned by the commissioners appointed by the council, amongst whom were the Lord Keeper Bacon and Cecil. But even they, devoted as they were to the interests and projects of Elizabeth, could not find any legal offence of which he



LADY HOWARD PRESENTING THE MEMORIAL FROM THE COUNCIL.

consider not, that the bark of your good fortune floats on a dangerous sea, where many contrary winds blow, and has need of all aid to obviate such evils, and to conduct you safely into port. And if so be they are able to serve you in aught, still you can in honor deny the intention (*of transferring her rights to young Anjou*); for if this right abides in them, then to me pertains the wrong.

Forasmuch I entreat you to have such consideration for me (to whom the like right only pertains, who have merited, on your part, true guerdon and honorable opinion), with such deeds as may preserve the true accord of harmony with mine, who, in all my actions towards you, will never fail of right dealing.

"Howbeit, this bearer will declare to you more amply what I wish in this case. Moreover, if you desire some reply as to the commission given to my Lord Ross (*the Bishop of Ross*), I believe that you forget how near it touches me if I tamper with aught that I am satisfied touches your honor and my safety. Meantime, I will not fatigue you with this letter longer than that, with my cordial commendations,

had been guilty.

Never had the virgin monarch displayed her revengeful, obstinate disposition, more strongly than at this period. Her hatred of Norfolk amounted almost to insanity, when the report was presented to her, in which the commissioners declared that they could not find the duke guilty of any offence which the law could reach. She fell into a violent rage, and tore the paper with her own hands.

"All alike!" she exclaimed; "all leagued against me!"

"But how, without some crime committed," demanded the lord keeper, "will it be possible, please your majesty, to convict the duke, who is of too high a lineage, and supported by alliances too powerful, to be treated like a common personage?"

"What the law fails to do," replied the queen, with a vindictive smile, "my authority shall effect! If those to whom I have entrusted the safeguard of my throne prove lukewarm, I must supply their place with more faithful counsellors. What, my lords," she added, "shall this duke conspire against his sovereign—deceive her with a foul, degrading

lie,—and yet escape unpunished? He would marry the Queen of Scots: ere I permitted such an act of treachery and rebellion, not only the head of Norfolk but a loftier one shall fall!"

Those present regarded each other with consternation; it was the first time, perhaps, that Elizabeth had glanced at the possibility of bringing her cousin and heiress to trial and execution—crimes which she afterwards accomplished with the assistance of some of those very men.

So great was the violence of Elizabeth on this occasion, that it is recorded she fell back in a fit, and had to be taken by her women to her chamber, and her physician sent for.

The hint of changing her ministers was not unnoticed by the Commons, who appear, however, on this occasion, to have acted with consistency and honor.

The imprisonment of the Duke of Norfolk in the Tower was followed by a rebellion in the north of England, headed by the powerful Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who were both Catholics. Their object was not only to restore the ancient faith, but to procure the liberation of Mary, whose patience and misfortunes had made her very popular in the north, where the Catholic religion still prevailed. The rebels were quickly dispersed: Northumberland fled to Scotland, but was quickly given up to the vengeance of Elizabeth by Murray, and brought to the block; his more fortunate colleague escaped from the kingdom, and died in exile, in great poverty.

Sussex was, it is to be presumed, compelled to disgrace his reputation on this occasion by his implacable mistress, who ordered him to massacre the insurgents without pity or remorse—an office which he fulfilled but too well: the country was deluged with the blood of the deluded yeomanry and peasantry.

It was on this occasion that Elizabeth indulged her poetical vein, in the following lines. The threat conveyed in them was executed to the hideous letter.

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason ruled, or wisdom wove the web;
But clouds of toys untied do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope, supposed, the root of ruth will be;
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as you shall shortly see.
These dazzled eyes with pride which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood binds.
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain, where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force, let them elsewhere resort;
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape for joy.

The daughter of debate shows how fiercely she resented the least discussion on the subject.

Early in May, the same year, a bull of excommunication was found affixed to the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, emanating from the Pope, Pius V., whose zeal was stirred by the sufferings of the Catholics, and the captivity of the Queen of Scots and Norfolk. The gentleman who had the hardihood to affix it, was discovered and put to death.

The bull not only excommunicated Elizabeth, but pretended to release her subjects from their oaths of allegiance; and when it is remembered the influence which such a sentence still exercised over the Catholic portion of her subjects, the consternation of the queen can scarcely be wondered at. She even forgot her dignity so far as to solicit its revocation—but in vain.

One good effect at least may partly be attributed to it. It was one of the means, backed by the representations of her ministers, which induced her to consent to the release of Norfolk from the Tower, who was permitted to take up his abode at the Charter House, where he remained, a sort of prisoner at large, under the ward of Sir Henry Neville.

This is one of the darkest epochs in the reign of the Protestant queen, who even outdid her father in cruelty. Sussex, by her commands, burnt and destroyed upwards of three hundred villages in the north; so pitiless was she in her rage—so vindictive in her resentments.

Three hundred villages destroyed—mothers, infants, driven from their homes and slaughtered—to gratify the resentment of their sovereign at the rebellion of their misguided sons and husbands! It exceeded the cruelties even of the reign of Mary.

The following letter from the Earl of Essex to Sir George Bowes, whose very name is a dishonor to the gentry of England, proves not only the orders of the queen, but the rigor with which they were executed.

"SIR GEORGE BOWES,—I have set the numbers to be executed down in every town, as I did in your other book, which draweth near to two hundred; wherein you may use your discretion in taking more or less in every town, as you shall see just cause for the offences and fitness for example: so as, in the whole, you pass not of all kind of such the number of two hundred, amongst whom you may not execute any that hath freeholds, or noted wealthy, for so is the queen's majesty's pleasure. By her special commandment, 10th of January, 1569-70. T. SUSSEX."

Humanity turns with loathing from the recital of these horrors. Other letters published on the history of the northern rebellion, prove that the earl wrote again several times to his instrument, urging on the executions. "I received last night," he says, "letters from the court, whereby I perceive that the queen's majesty doth much marvel that she doth not hear from me that the execution is yet ended, and that she is disburthened of her charges that were considered for that respect; and therefore I heartily pray you to use expedition, for I fear this lingering will breed displeasure to us both."

Who, after reading these letters, from undoubted historical sources, will sigh for the return of the days of "Good Queen Bess?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

A mother's heart foresees and guards 'gainst all.
OLD PLAY.

Whatever may be the variety of opinions of the guilt or innocence of the unhappy Queen of Scots, there can be only one as to the cruelty of Elizabeth, in holding her for so many years, while still in the prime of life, a captive; or of her unnatural brother Murray, whom she had trusted and loaded with benefits, betraying her.

Like most bold and ambitious men, the crafty regent calculated little on the desperation—the reckless daring—which outrage will sometimes inspire, even in the heart of the timid—how much more in the brave and resolute man!

A noble gentleman, whom Murray had persecuted because of his adherence to the fortunes of his legitimate sovereign—driven his wife desperate, by luring her from the shelter of her home, in the midst of an inclement night—assassinated him, as he made his public entrance into Stirling: an act which, although it can never be palliated, yet those who reflect on the character of the age will not wonder at.

This change in the government of Scotland appeared to open a better prospect for the long-captive queen; whose friends—both in her own kingdom and in France—entreated Elizabeth to restore her to liberty and her crown: a concession which she promised, under certain conditions, to make; but she well knew that Mary would rather consent to pass the remainder of her days in prison than accept it.

This promise was made to the friends of Mary in France.

It was nothing more than the gratification of her old scheme of obtaining possession of the infant James, whom she desired, she said, "to hold as a hostage for the fidelity of his mother."

Mary, who by this time knew her dissimulating cousin, nobly refused to listen to her offers, and the Scottish lords of the congregation were equally indignant at an attempt to obtain possession of the person of their infant king. They felt that, independent of the danger to the child, it would be the destruction of their own power; for the indignation of the nation would be sure to punish them, even if the English queen did not deprive them of their authority, under the pretence of administering the government for her ward.

Elizabeth was courted and mistrusted by all parties in Scotland. They feared her power, whilst they hated and despised her character, which was branded throughout Europe for dissimulation, avarice, and cruelty.

On the 23d of January, 1571, Queen Elizabeth proceeded in state to the city, to dine with Sir Thomas Gresham, and open the magnificent building which he had erected entirely at his own expense, as a place of meeting for merchants, called, in the language of the day, a *bourse*, or *purse*.

Her reception in the city appears to have been one continued triumph, so well was she received by

the citizens. After dining with the munificent founder, she visited the new pile, which was brilliantly illuminated in every part; and so gratified did she feel, that she caused the heralds to proclaim it, by sound of trumpet, the Royal Exchange.

In our own day, we have seen the sovereign lady who so worthily fills the throne of this commercial and free country, open, in similar state, the noble edifice which stands upon the site of the princely merchant's exchange, which was destroyed a few years since by fire.

The natural fickleness of Elizabeth appeared yet more strongly at this period of her life, from the renewal of the negotiations for her marriage with the youthful Duke D'Anjou—who might well have been her son, as far as age was concerned. To those of her ministers who ventured to oppose so preposterous a match, she showed herself resentful, instead of being grateful for an advice which saved her from such folly. Even her favorite, Cecil, now Lord Burleigh, came in for a share of her displeasure. At one period the experienced statesman doubtless wished his sovereign to marry, as a means of terminating all dissensions on the subject of the succession; but now, when the probability of her having issue was at an end, he pertinaciously opposed it: possibly he dreaded the influence of a young husband over the heart and understanding of Elizabeth—therefore he labored to prevent it.

The minister's plans were unexpectedly furthered by the resistance to the match made by the French prince himself.

Whilst the treaty was in progress, the Duke D'Anjou, deeming that it would end like all other negotiations on the same subject, took but little interest in the matter; but no sooner did he hear that they had advanced to a point when it was necessary he should take a share in the proceedings, than he drew out a declaration that he would never consent to marry the English queen.

Amongst his other objections was, that she had a sore leg, adding, that Elizabeth was ugly and old. He even appealed to the king, his brother, and urged such grave objections against the character of the proposed bride, that the match was broken off, to the dreadful mortification of the English queen.

Catherine De Medicis, the queen-mother of France, tried to persuade Elizabeth to accept the younger brother of the duke instead—the Duke D'Alençon—which proposition, preposterous as it was, the virgin queen for some time secretly entertained, and corresponded with the artful Catherine on the subject.

The prince proposed was only sixteen years of age, and, as his mother observed, in one of her confidential epistles to her minister, La Motte Fénelon, "little of his age."

What a contemptible idea she must have entertained of the vanity and weakness of Elizabeth! The wily Florentine was not far wrong, judging her merely as a woman; it is as a sovereign only that the heiress of the Plantagenets and Tudors is entitled to the epithet of "great."

The lords of the congregation arrived at last in England, and were admitted to her presence. She received them at first with much affability, expecting, no doubt, that they would commence by an attempt to prove the guilt of Mary.

But the Earl of Morton chose a higher ground. He was a fanatic of the school of Geneva; and, when Burleigh asked him, in the presence of the queen, upon what grounds the lords of the congregation justified the deposing of their natural sovereign, made answer:

"That Scotland was an independent nation."
"We know that!" interrupted Elizabeth; "and have no wish to question the independence of our neighbors—or that of its nobles!" she added, somewhat sarcastically.

Doubtless she remembered the large sums which most of the great lords had received at her hands.

"We possess the right," continued the earl, "to depose the sovereign for misconduct, unquestioned by mortal power, being amenable only to God."

"And where find you this pretty authority?" demanded the queen, impatiently—for, with all her hatred of Mary, she could not bear to hear such doctrines advanced in her presence.

"From the authority of Calvin?"

"Were your authority—your Calvin," she replied, haughtily, "in my dominions, and to broach such doctrines, I would have his tongue torn from the root of his mouth, and his body shortened by the head! Get from my sight!" she added; "such doctrines are subversive of all authority—offensive alike to God and man: compose your differences as you may—I will interfere no more between you!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

There is no pain like love to hatred turned,
Or greater fury than a woman scorned.

OLD PLAY.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, the Queen Mother of France, was not only one of the most ambitious, but one of the most unscrupulous women of the time, and would willingly have sacrificed the happiness of her son—the handsome, gallant Duc D'Anjou—by forcing him into a marriage with Elizabeth, despite the repugnance which the high-spirited youth felt at the idea of espousing a woman old enough to be his mother. A letter was sent by the French king, and delivered to Elizabeth by his ambassador, La Motte, making a formal tender of his brother's hand; which said letter, according to Fenelon, she received with great apparent satisfaction, and referred him to those members of her privy council who were in her confidence, to arrange the conditions.

This time the royal spinster appears to have been serious in her intention of changing her state. She even consented that the duke should have the title of king, and in the event of a child being born of the marriage—after the death of her majesty—he should bear the title of king-father; and if no child should live to succeed, king-dowager.

We have before spoken of the repugnance of the young Duc D'Anjou to the match—which, from the known fickleness of the English queen, he trusted would be broken off. In private he never hesitated to speak of her not only in the most opprobrious but contemptuous terms—which license was speedily reported by Elizabeth's spies, and filled her with bitter mortification and anger. Unfortunately, the name of her prisoner, the beautiful and unhappy Mary, was mixed up in these reports. When the wily Frenchman waited upon her majesty at Hampton Court, he saw, from the coldness with which she regarded him, that something had occurred to ruffle the temper of the royal fiancée. La Motte could flatter, perhaps, better than any man of his time; but for once his oily compliments were ill received—particularly one in which he alluded to the approaching happiness of the Duc D'Anjou.

"What, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, with an ugly old creature, who for the last year has had the evil in her leg? You jest?"

These were the very words which her spies in France had reported to her; and some sort of credibility was given to them, from the fact of her having lately suffered severely from lameness.

La Motte was thunderstruck, and Elizabeth heartily enjoyed his confusion.

"A noble project—was it not?" she continued. "The duke to marry me, in the hope of my not surviving a year!"

"Ah, madam!"

"Or if I do," added the royal vixen, "a potion is to be sent from France, that the honorable widower may espouse my cousin, the Queen of Scots. Never stare and look, my lord, as if you had heard these things for the first time! They are commonly spoken of in France. If I blush at repeating them, it is not on my own account, but for the honor of the regal house of France."

A few days afterwards, Elizabeth—to vindicate the honor of her insulted leg—danced, on a Sunday, at the Marquis of Northampton's wedding; of which she took care to inform the ambassador at the next interview.

It was at this period of her life that the maiden queen displayed that relentless cruelty of character which she inherited from her tyrant father. Walsingham, who was her minister in France, informed her that, dissatisfied with her delays, the court of France was in treaty for a marriage between the Duc D'Anjou and the captive Mary, and that the Pope had already granted a dispensation on account of their propinquity. Our readers can well imagine the rage, mortification, and jealousy of the royal spinster at the intelligence. Mary, whom she both feared and hated—a captive—preferred to her! She manifested her resentment by such harsh treatment of her captive, that the nobility of her own kingdom began to murmur, and the different courts of Europe cried shame on her proceedings.

Whilst things were in this state, the French and Spanish ambassadors both demanded an audience. Elizabeth appointed an interview on the following Sunday, after prayers. She was then residing at her favorite palace at Greenwich.

Elizabeth encountered the two diplomats in the Prince's Gallery, which connected the chapel with the royal apartments, as she passed in her usual state, attended by the highest nobility in the realm. All those on whom she cast a look, bent the knee before her—to persons of very great distinction she gave her hand to kiss. Her appearance at this

period—judging from her portrait by Zuccherò—must have resembled the old figure which formerly adorned the Church of St. Dunstan in the West.

Her petticoat, of cloth of gold, worked with pearls—the stomacher, which matched the purple cut velvet of her robe and bodice, being thickly studded with diamonds. Like most unmarried ladies, she wore her neck and bosom exposed in front—but the shoulders were hidden by the enormous ruff, which it is supposed she first affected to hide a deformity in her throat. As for the head-dress, the structure must have been the result of no small labor and patience on the part of her tirewomen.

A huge mass of artificial red hair, bespangled with jewels, linked together by small chains—each curl gummed to keep it in its place—and surmounted at the top by an arched crown.

In addition to her other jewels, Elizabeth wore the garter, and the matchless collar of rubies, so long the ornament of the regalia of England, but which was broken up and sold during the civil wars.

The moment her majesty perceived M. La Motte, the smile left her face, and a dark frown succeeded. Although the ambassador, from his elegant manners and courtly tongue, was a personal favorite with her, she would willingly have received him in the royal closet; but the Frenchman had his instructions, and, bowing profoundly, he stood full in her passage, and presented a letter. It was impossible for her to do otherwise than take it.

"A strange communication," observed the gaffer of Mary Stuart, "from our brother Charles."

It had not been the wish of Elizabeth that the subject of the letter should be discussed so openly; and scarcely had the words escaped her lips, than she regretted them. The wily Frenchman saw the advantage, and was too much of a tactician not to seize it.

"Your majesty cannot be surprised," he observed, "that my royal master should feel pity and sympathy for his captive sister-in-law, or forget that she has worn the crown of France; and that, unless Mary were treated in a manner suited to her dignity, he would be compelled, by the indignation of his nobility, as well as the consideration of the honor of his house, to send an army into England for her deliverance."

"God's death!" exclaimed the thoroughly incensed majesty of England; "let them come! Little we fear or heed them!"

Cecil, who was standing close to his mistress, whispered a few words in her ear. The effort which Elizabeth made to restrain her anger was apparent to all; but she did restrain it, and added, in a tone of hypocritical sentimentality:

"No wonder, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, that I am vexed, when I find my brother of France—whom I so highly esteem—prize the friendship of my enemy before mine! It is that which moves me!"

"The Lady Mary," observed La Motte, "is the sister-in-law of his most Christian majesty."

"And am I so very far," adroitly replied the royal coquette, "from becoming so, that he prefers her interests to mine?"

This was in allusion to the treaty of marriage between herself and the young Duc D'Anjou, which she affected to consider as not entirely broken off. This time, however, the diplomat, who had long felt assured that the union would never take place—not only on account of the prince's disgust, but her own fickleness of character—looked blank, as if he did not comprehend her.

"Besides," continued the speaker, "the Queen of Scots is my most bitter enemy. At the time of my accession, she openly assumed the title to my crown; and both previous to her coming into my kingdom, and since, hath plotted continually against me! Still," she added, "for the sake of our good brother of France, we will put it to our council what we can do, consistent with the safety of our realm, to pleasure him touching this matter."

With these words, which prudence dictated, and hypocrisy uttered, the speaker would have passed on, but behind La Motte stood the minister of Spain, to present a letter from his sovereign.

The cause of dispute was the right of executing Dr. Storey—then in his eightieth year—on a charge of magic and treason. This zealous divine, in the reign of Mary, had openly preached in convocation—where the means of extirpating the new heresy had been debated on—that it was useless attempting to destroy the branches whilst the root of the evil remained. This was an attack which Elizabeth—whom the preacher had imprudently alluded to by name—never forgave. Aware of his danger, Dr. Storey, on her accession, fled to Spain, and entered the service of Philip; but, after a lapse of

many years, he was captured on board an English vessel, and, upon a ridiculous charge of magic, as well as treason, condemned to death.

"What!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with a burst of indignation, as soon as she had perused the letter which the Spanish minister had presented to her. "Philip claims my subject! Was he not born in England! Answer me that!"

"Doubtless, your majesty," replied the envoy. "But the number of years he has been in Spain give him the rights of naturalisation. My royal master, therefore—"

"May have his head, if he wishes it!" sarcastically interrupted the royal virago, whose spirit was thoroughly roused—for she felt that this time she was standing upon her right; "but his body shall remain in England, where he hath been lawfully judged and tried! What!" she added scornfully, "if the hound escapes the leash, may he not be reclaimed? Am I to lose my rights over my own born subject, because, forsooth, he prefers the service of Spain to mine? No—no! God's death! We are not feeble yet! The aged traitor dies!"

She kept her word; and, despite the entreaties of the ambassador, who descended to employ them, when he found menaces of so little avail, Elizabeth caused him to be beheaded. His fate excited little sympathy, and perhaps merited none, for he had been a relentless persecutor of the Protestants when in power. Still it would have been wiser and nobler to have pardoned him. The ridiculous crime of magic, mixed up with the real charge on which he was tried, leads one to suspect that the evidence of treasonable practices was anything but clear.

To be continued.

The Unfading Heart.

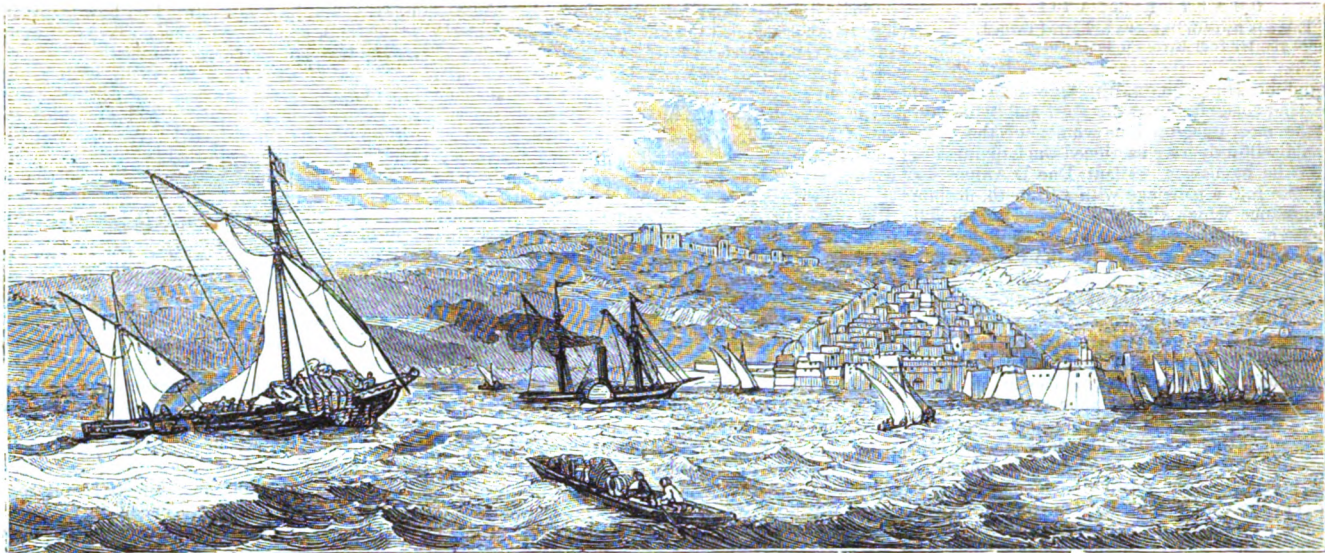
AN old man walked near a time-worn church, having gone thither to visit the grave of one long departed. He had been weeping; and as he turned his eyes heavenward, tears glistened therein. He wore in a button-hole a fading ribbon, which ever and anon he looked upon, then again lifted his face to the skies, muttered some soft words of love, and continued weeping.

Some children standing by derided the old man, saying, "Father, give us thy ribbon; it is old and can be of no worth to thee." But the old man clasped the ribbon in his hands, and thought sadly of one he loved, who died while her bridal garments still adorned her. They had loved long and truly, and had married in the full vigor of their youth. But as they were returning from church, they chanced to meet a rush of people, who were being driven before the soldiery in one of those émeutes for which France is so notorious. The married pair were riding in a car, and when the report of musketry was heard, the bridegroom became excited, and stretching out of the window, he marked the tumult for a moment, then turned to calm the fears of his wife. Alas! the quiet of death was already upon her—a bullet had entered her young heart; and there she leaned, as before she sat—a sweet smile upon her face, her lips still warm, but dead!

On that unhappy morning, the old man took a ribbon from her breast, and ever—night and day—he had worn it near his heart. Sixty years had passed since then, but he had never sought another love. But, gazing upon the ribbon, he saw her he loved ever by his side. And when the children derided him, he meekly replied—"The heart, my dear children, is not like a ribbon. No! no! believe me, the heart never grows old."

The cast of mind which is natural to a wise man makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present.

DISCONTENT.—Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether in rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way—and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we speak of in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor, compassionately, "you have shut the child out!" "It's all the same to him," said the mother; "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things.



ALGIERS.

Route of the Overland Mail to India.

THE celebrated Rock of Gibraltar constitutes the first coaling place of the "outward-bound" steamer.

The galleries, or passages perforated in the rock, are very curious, and of great length, leading in many directions. The extent hardly strikes a visitor, till, on looking down through the embrasures, or crevices in the rock cut out for cannon, the amazing height from the plain becomes terrifically apparent. The neutral ground appears spread out like a flat map. A frightful accident happened here a few years ago: the discharge of one of the cannon ignited a chest of gunpowder, and by the explosion eleven men were whirled out through the embrasures and dashed to pieces. A soldier, who was placed at the time on the plain below to observe the effect of the practice in firing the mortars, suddenly saw something, which he described as being like bundles of rags, or pieces of wadding, whirled up to a great height in the air, and these were the bodies of the wretched men, which were afterwards found torn to fragments.

The present town of Gibraltar is situated on the north-western side of the rock, beginning just within the lines, which open upon the Mole and Isthmus, and extending half a mile southward. As the level is barely wide enough to give room for a single principal street and two or three smaller ones, the town has extended itself up the steep acclivity; so that ranges of buildings, reached by flights of steps, are seen towering above each other, with a highly picturesque effect. In the centre of the town stands the Exchange, erected at the expense of the merchants. This is almost the only noticeable edifice. The governor's house, formerly a convent, and still retaining its old appellation, built round a court, with a fountain surrounded by pepper trees, is a delightful place. The population amounts to about 20,000, consisting of people of almost every nation; and as they dress in the costume of their different countries, they present a very animated appearance. The greater part of them have been brought together by the facilities which the place possesses for trade; for, situated as it is at the entrance of the Mediterranean, it affords a convenient *entrepot* whence valuable cargoes may be distributed over the adjacent coasts. There is also an extensive demand for the subsistence of a large population entirely dependent upon external supplies. The Alameda, or public gardens, are prettily laid out, and abound with geraniums and many very fine plants. At Europa Point a new lighthouse has been recently erected.

St. Michael's Cave deserves a slight description. It is on the side of the hill, in a line with the south barracks, about 1,100 feet above the level of the sea. The entrance to this immensely large and curious cave is very small, being only five feet wide, and, being overgrown with bushes and brambles, might easily escape the search of a stranger. On entering, however, it at once expands into a vast hall, called the Cathedral, from which passages diverge to other halls, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. The floor, like the vault above, is very irregular. The stalactites do not furnish any beautiful shades and veins, such as they exhibit when cut and polished, in consequence of the whole interior being much discolored by smoke from the torches of visitors. Upon penetrating a short distance, the cave

assumes a highly interesting appearance. The little light which streams in at the entrance is yet sufficient to illuminate and define with clearness the outline of caverns, columns, and arches, which intervene. Nature seems here, in one of her eccentric moods, to have imitated art, producing, in process of time, a combination which, in the days of enchantment, might have seemed the work, and passed for the residence, of the gnome king. There are passages which have never been fathomed. A few years since, two men madly set out, without any light, for the purpose of making discoveries. One slipped down into a great chasm (the wet making it in some parts very slippery) and broke his arm; the other, having got a rope to try to help him up, went down after him, but the rope broke, and he was killed on the spot. It was long before either could be drawn up; the survivor had his arm set, but died of the fall in about a month. It is said that General O'Hara penetrated farther than any other explorer of this cave, and that he left, at the termination of his journey, a valuable sword for the next adventurer.

The singularity of this cave has given rise to many superstitious stories, one of them asserting that it communicates by a submarine passage with Africa. The sailors who have visited the rock, and seen the monkeys, which are found in no other part of Europe, and are only seen here occasionally, say that they pass at pleasure by means of the cave to their native land. Some silly people go so far as to think that the descendants of the Andalusian Moors will one day profit by this communication, and, taking the monkeys for guides, pass over to recover the land of their long-cherished predilection. There is, it must be confessed, something very strange in the coming and going of these same monkeys. During nearly two months that a friend of the present writer passed on the rock, he saw them but twice in his daily rambles; once while an east wind was blowing, and again just before the setting in of one; of which, indeed, their appearance is a sure prognostic. They are supposed to live, at other times, among the inaccessible precipices of the eastern declivity, where there is a scanty store of monkey grass for their subsistence. When an east wind sets in, it drives them from their caves and crannies, and they take refuge among the western rocks, where the little merry fellows—nature's punchinellos—may be seen from the Alameda below, hopping from bush to bush, boxing each other's ears, and cutting the most singular antics. If disturbed by an intrusive step, they scamper off again, the young ones jumping upon the backs and putting their arms round the necks of the old. As they are very innocent animals, and form a kind of poetical appendage to the rock, strict orders have been issued for their special protection.

After quitting Gibraltar, where it is usually detained six hours, the steamer boils and bubbles on her course along the coast of Algeria. This is the only part of the coast of Africa visible from the steamer's deck as she stretches away to Malta.

Few cities have a more striking appearance than that of Algiers from the sea. Situated on the western side of the bay, the city is built on the steep slope of a hill, in the form of a triangle, the base of which rests on the Mediterranean; and when seen at such a distance that the eye cannot master the

details, appears an immense cone of the whitest marble rising from the sea, and contrasting beautifully with the dark masses of the surrounding country. The mote, stretching from the shore in the shape of a T, surrounded by a lighthouse and bristling with cannon, forms, with its southern arm, a secure harbor, still further defended by the triple tiers of the batteries on the main land, and is justly an object of pride to Englishmen as the scene of an action rarely equalled in the annals of naval warfare for boldness and daring, and where the result of Lord Exmouth's expedition—not glorious to the British fleet only, but to the cause of humanity in general—so fully realised the object. Here, under these batteries, Christian slavery (which, to the disgrace of Christian Europe, had existed in the states of Barbary for nearly sixteen centuries,) received its death-blow in August, 1816.

From the shore the buildings rise terrace above terrace to the summit of the city, where the Kasbah—the ancient palace and citadel of the Deys—forms the apex of the triangle. The monotony of the Moorish houses, flat roofed, and glaring with white-wash, is somewhat broken by the French buildings in the lower part of the town, by the domes and towers of the mosques, and by the graceful forms of the cypress and palm, a few of which having escaped destruction, still stand in the courts of the larger mansions. Outside the walls, Fort de l'Empereur, situated on a high point of the ridge, and commanding the Kasbah, rises to the south; the hills gently sloping to the sea, are studded with country-houses and gardens; and in the extreme distance is seen the lofty range of the lesser Atlas, whose highest summits, capped with snow, form an appropriate background to the scene.

One of the principal objects of interest in the Kasbah is a small room, within which was given the famous "coup de chasse-mouche," an event pregnant with consequences of vital importance to the dey and the regency of Algiers. On the 27th of April, 1827, the eve of the feast of the Beyram, the diplomatic corps were, according to custom, presented to pay their respects to the dey. During the interview an angry discussion took place between the dey and the French consul, which ended by the dey, in a passionate moment, striking the consul in the face with his fan. To this blow the subsequent events that took place are to be referred; it cost the dey his throne—drove him, an exile, to die in a foreign land—caused the ruin of the Turkish dominion, which had endured for upwards of three hundred years, and in replacing it by a Christian government, must, sooner or later, work a very beneficial change in the condition of the northern coast of Africa.

Among the various costumes and styles of dress seen in the streets of Algiers, none are so ridiculous as that of the European civilian, dressed "à l'Arabe." One of this genus—a wealthy shopkeeper from Paris—created, by his adventures three or four years ago, some little amusement. Enthusiastic on the subject of the new colony, his thoughts by day had been for months of Algeria, and his dreams by night of ber-noused warriors, fiery steeds, and bloody yataghans. At last, determined to see with his own eyes, he left his beloved Paris, and arrived safely at Algiers. He came in search of adventures, and he was soon gratified. Stalking along, he accidentally hustled a

couple of French soldiers; he was sworn at, thrashed, and rolled in the mud, as a "*S— cochon d'Arabe*," lost his purse from having no pockets in his new garments, and was nearly kicked down stairs by the waiters of his hotel, for venturing to enter his own room. Undismayed, however, he set out the following day, armed to the teeth, to ride to Bleedah, when half-way there, he was seized as a suspicious character by two Arab gendarmes, for being armed without having a permit, and pretending not to understand Arabic, was disarmed and dismounted, his hands tied behind his back, and fastened to his captor's stirrup, he spent the night on the ground in a wretched hut, with a handful of cuscusoo for supper, and next morning was dragged into Algiers in broad daylight, half dead with fear and fatigue. On being carried before the police, he was instantly liberated, and taking advantage of the first packet, returned to France, after having seen more of "life in Algeria" in a few days, than many who had spent the same number of years in the colony.

Half a mile beyond Kasbah, a wood passes under the walls of Fort l'Empereur, a memorable spot, on two occasions, in the history of Algiers. Where the fort now stands, Charles V. established his camp and batteries, in his disastrous attempt made upon the city in 1541. The expedition was undertaken in the month of October, much too late in the year for naval operations in the Mediterranean; and it was to the elements that the defeat of the Spanish army was owing, and not to the strength of the enemy, who, notwithstanding the high tone assumed by Muley Hassan, the governor, were almost unprepared to resist the force brought against them. The troops were landed, and the siege was progressing favorably, when, on the evening of the second day, a storm arose, and, continuing all night, raging with the utmost fury, the fleet was dispersed, many vessels, driven from their anchorage, were cast on shore, and totally lost; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the remnant of the fleet, after losing 155 vessels, and 8000 men, succeeded in making Cape Matifon. Nor on shore did the army suffer less; exposed, without shelter, to the dreadful storm, drenched with rain, numbed with cold, and their ammunition damaged, they were not able to withstand the attack of the Algerines, who sallied in the morning from the city. A retreat being the only means of preserving the troops, they moved the following day towards Cape Matifon, which was reached after enduring a terrible march of four days, constantly harassed by the victorious enemy, and undergoing the extremes of hunger and fatigue.

Some of the guns abandoned by Charles V. on this occasion have a rather remarkable history. Originally French, they were captured by the Imperial army from Francis I., at the battle of Pavia: forming part of the artillery train of Charles V. in Africa, they were taken by the Algerines. Mounted on the Kasbah, they have served to defend Algiers against the various European squadrons that have attacked the city, and were finally recaptured by the French in 1830, after an interval of 305 years!

After this signal defeat of the Spanish army, Muley Hassan, perceiving that the position which Charles had taken up on the heights commanding the Kasbah and the city would, in the event of any future attack, be again occupied by the enemy,

ordered a fort to be built on the spot, and called, in commemoration of his victory, Sultan Calassy, or the Fort of the Emperor. This fort grew by degrees into a place of considerable strength, and in 1830 consisted of a central tower, surrounded by an *enceinte*, nearly square, with a bastion at each angle. The fort was well supplied with artillery and ammunition; its garrison was composed of 2300 picked men, who swore to defend it to the last against the enemies of their country and of their religion.

The French army having effected a landing on the 14th of June, almost unopposed, had fought and gained, after a severe contest, the battle of Stawelli. On the 29th the heights of the Boudjarah were taken possession of, and the Fort of the Emperor regularly invested. The siege was admirably carried on by General Labitte. On the 4th of July the fire of the French batteries opened with such effect that, in the course of a few hours, despite the courage and daring efforts of the garrison, the guns on the walls were dismounted, the interior had become a heap of ruins, and a breach, almost practicable, had been made in the northern face of the west bastion. Under these circumstances the remnant of the garrison, fearfully reduced in numbers, resolved upon abandoning the fort, and retreating into the city, leaving only a few men, who, preferring rather to perish on the spot they had sworn to defend than to fly before their Christian enemy, had determined to fire the magazine. Accordingly, about noon, the French batteries still continuing their fire, and the troops waiting the moment when the breach might be reported practicable, a terrific explosion took place—the fort had been blown up; and when the cloud of smoke and dust had cleared off, the western face of the work was naught but a heap of shapeless ruins—an immense breach. Negotiations were immediately commenced, which soon ended in the almost unconditional surrender of the dey and the city. Thus is Fort l'Empereur the monument of victory in the days of prosperity and the scene of the closing struggle, inscribed in the brightest and in the darkest pages of the history of Algiers.

A Story of the Side-Scenes.

We read in the *Sicle*: One of the most attractive actresses of one of our vaudeville theatres was lately seized with an ambition very common to her companions. Tired of ephemeral triumphs and transient connections, she dreamed of marriage—a grand marriage which would give her an aristocratic title and a solid fortune. Possessing considerable attractions, she was not long in finding a gentleman who suited her ideas.

A young marquis presented himself, brilliant, elegant, having a good name, belonging to the pure blood of the Faubourg St. Germain, and perfectly imbued with the philosophy of the day, which consists in disdaining all prejudices. The marquis was one of those who are not alarmed at the report of adventures, or at the hundred and one names inscribed on the tablets of gallantry of a theatrical nymph. He thought that true conjugal happiness might and ought to be found with a woman who had seen much of life in a short time: he, therefore, set forth his pretensions, and made honorable proposals.

"We will throw the veil of marriage over the past!" nobly exclaimed the young marquis.

The actress was prudent, and before accepting his offer she called and made due enquiries from the notary of her suitor. She wished for nothing better than to be a marchioness, but she had made considerable savings, and did not feel inclined to place them in an opulent common fund. The notary completely satisfied her that the marquis had a fine income of 80,000 francs a year, free of all incumbrances, and completely free from debt. She hesitated no longer, and her hand was graciously accorded to the noble suitor, who declared himself to be the happiest of men, and expressed his wish that the marriage should take place very shortly.

"In the first place, however, and before our marriage," said he to the actress, "there is a sacrifice which my delicacy and my dignity demand from you. I can accept your past life, but not the profits you have derived from it! I will not consent that you should bring me as your dowry the tribute of nations, nor that the jewel-box of my wife should be composed of the gifts of a crowd of generous amateurs. I cannot see you adorned with the insignia of your former follies! Send back, therefore, your diamonds, inscriptions of *rente*, and other securities which you may have! As to your furniture, sell it, and give the proceeds to the poor! I wish you to be stripped of all, like a repentant Madeleine! You must owe to me alone your fortune and your ornaments!"

The pride of the gentleman was inflexible on this point, and the actress resigned herself to the sacrifice for which she was to be so amply indemnified by the title of marchioness, the 80,000 francs a year income of her husband, and the promised splendor of her wedding presents.

She executed his wishes with good grace. The furniture was lately sold for the benefit of the poor, and the jewels and securities returned to her old friends, who were not a little astonished at such an unlooked for restitution, and it is said that some of the gentlemen, who had almost ruined themselves with their prodigalities, were well satisfied at the circumstance.

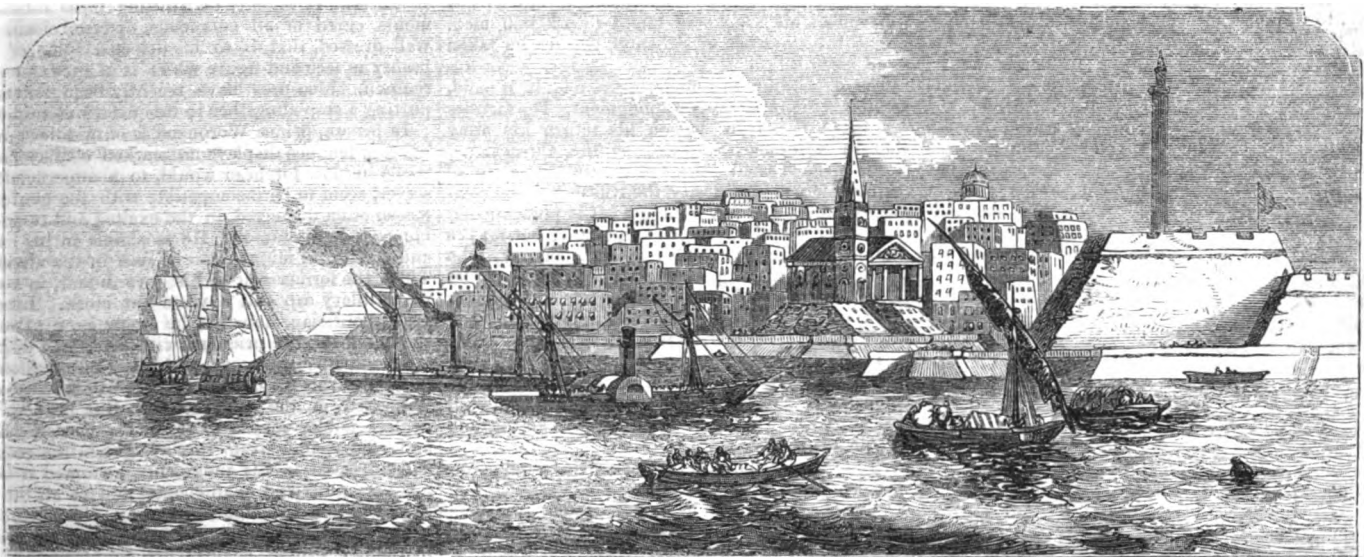
All this was done, and there appeared to be nothing to delay the marriage, when suddenly the young marquis disappeared without a word of intimation. Whether he yielded to the representations of his family or his friends, or whether the whole affair was for the purpose of revenging himself on the actress, or playing off a joke on her, remains a mystery.

The rage of the duped and ruined actress may be better imagined than described. It is said that she is about to commence legal proceedings against her deceiver.

He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise.

He was a wise fellow, and had a good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.

How much better it is to weep at joy than to joy at weeping! There are no faces truer than those that are so washed.



ISLAND OF MALTA

Prince Michael Woronzoff.

In its long struggle with the mountain races of the Caucasus, Russia, with all her innumerable hosts and scientific generals, has succeeded in subjecting to her sway only those whose residences in the plains made a long resistance to her mighty power impossible. As army after army was defeated, and general after general dismissed by their imperious master, with whom failure seemed to be only another name for incapacity, this want of success was attributed to the jealousy which existed between the corps of the army and their generals, as well as that between the latter and the governor-general. To put an end to all doubt on the matter, the emperor, in 1844, determined to concentrate the supreme power in the hands of one man. His choice fell upon count Michael Woronzoff, whom he made governor over an extent of territory exceeding that of any European kingdom, with the sole exception of Russia itself. The power of the new governor was absolute. The commission which sat at St. Petersburg for the management of Circassian affairs was on his account dissolved; he was made independent of the war minister, and responsible only to the emperor himself, but with full power to act as he might judge best, without even waiting for his especial consent or opinion. Power was given him over life and death of the natives, over the appointment and dismissal of his subordinates, and he could distribute rewards and distinctions in the army without consulting his master. Never in the history of Russia, since Catharine II's favorite, the all-powerful Potemkin, has such unbounded authority been invested in the hands of one individual. It exceeds even that of Paskiewitch as governor of Poland. His name, it will be recollected, has frequently occurred in connection with the operations of the troops in the Crimea, his beautiful country-house having been ransacked by the Tartars.

Michael Woronzoff was born at St. Petersburg, in May, 1782. His father went soon after as Catharine's ambassador to England. Having fallen into disgrace under her capricious successor Paul, he remained in England as a private gentleman till he died, and thus his son received an English education. On Alexander's accession to the throne, he recalled the young count, who received an official appointment at court. But his English education was not without its effect, and he soon became thoroughly disgusted with the fawning and cringing artifices and intrigues of the Russian court nobility, whose only aim was to aggrandize themselves by these unworthy means. He begged permission to join the army. His destination, though it laid the foundation of his future greatness, seemed like a second banishment, for he was sent to join the army in Circassia. There his talent soon brought him into notice, and he rose rapidly, while he acquired that knowledge of the people and country which has since rendered him so capable of filling the high post he occupies. He took part in the eventful wars at the commencement of this century, and rose in 1810 to the rank of major-general, the consequence of his gallant actions in the war against the Turks.

When Napoleon commenced his great campaign against Russia, the latter hastily concluded a peace with Turkey, and Woronzoff played a part in the concluding act of the fearful tragedy. The retreat from Moscow had already begun, when the Moldau army, to which Woronzoff belonged, came up; and from the Beresina to Konigsberg he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with war in its most terrible phases. The English and Prussians at Waterloo decided the fate of Napoleon; the Russians came to late to be of any service beyond occupying the French frontiers. Woronzoff was now at liberty to return to his native country; but what he had seen there only confirmed his predilection for England and its institutions; and, demanding furlough for an indefinite period, he sought the free shores of Britain, and remained her guest till 1823.

The liberal ideas which Alexander had at first embraced having fallen into disrepute in Russia, it was generally believed that Woronzoff was living in England in a sort of half-banishment. But the talents, and perhaps still more the honesty of the count, could not be dispensed with in a country where both, and the latter especially, are so rare amongst government officials. He was recalled from England to fill the important post of governor-general of Bessarabia and the provinces north of the Black Sea. He fixed his residence at Odessa, which under his government increased rapidly in beauty and importance, having tripled its population, and in commerce distanced every port on the Black Sea. It is indebted to him for its arcades, its mag-

nificent palace, and the splendid flight of steps leading from the quay down to the sea, and which he built at the cost of 800,000 silver roubles. Besides these, innumerable other noble edifices owe their rise to his influence and encouragement. Indeed Woronzoff's English education has not been able to instil into his mind the principle, that the elegant and beautiful should follow the useful and necessary rather than precede them; and, like the Russians in general, and other continental nations, he cares more about a brilliant surface than such qualities as will confer a real and lasting benefit on the people. Odessa, for instance, is ill-supplied with water, and it is said that, in the summer months, a good glass of wine often does not cost so much as a good glass of water. To a high official person of Odessa, who pointed out to him the evils and annoyances which swarmed in filthy exuberance amidst the dazzling splendor of palaces, Woronzoff replied with a smile: "I provide for the grand and beautiful; the useful and necessary will come of themselves in the course of time." That this maxim will not hold good we need not assert to any one who has travelled through eastern cities, where the useful is so long in making its appearance as to justify us in saying that it will never come at all.

Nor was the creative activity of Woronzoff confined to Odessa, but extended itself to every province under his command. The uninhabited steppes north of the Black Sea, deserted by the inhabitants when Russia added the territory to her empire, have, under his influence, begun to fill with people again.

The German colonies have prospered under his protection, and by him the Tartars have been induced to take up their residence in villages, and devote themselves to agriculture.

In the Crimea, too, vineyards have been planted at an immense expense, and the southern slopes of the mountains have been brought into cultivation. There, too, may now be seen gothic palaces, fountains, Turkish edifices, and Italian villas, alternating with the humble dwellings of the Tartars.

In spite of this prosperous government, it was thought that Woronzoff was not in high favor at St. Petersburg, when, to the surprise of all, and for the reasons above stated, he was appointed to the high post of which we have spoken at the commencement of this article. Those who were placed under his power were not long in experiencing the justice and the severity of the new government. With all the energy of genius he set about cleansing the Augean stable. A number of officers, who had amassed fortunes by cheating the government, were brought to justice, a crowd of peculating officials dismissed from their posts, hospitals and barracks placed under strict surveillance, robber after robber ended his lawless career on the gallows, and the nominal statement of the army, always greater in Russia than the reality, was made to tally with its actual condition. But his most difficult task, as it is that of all reformers, was to find proper instruments to execute his vast projects of improvement; he succeeded, however, in forming them to his will under the united effect of firmness and kindness.

Woronzoff was ordered by the emperor to abandon the tardy system of warfare followed by his predecessors, and to carry on the war against Circassia with all possible vigour. To enable him to do this with effect, his army was raised to 150,000 men. Darvo, the residence of Schamyl, was to be taken at all hazards.

The expedition was undertaken, and, it is said, against Woronzoff's private judgment. The fortress was taken, it is true; but on his return his army was so vigorously attacked by the Circassians, under cover of their thick forests, that, in spite of their numerical superiority, the Russians were completely routed and put to flight. It is probable that their army would have been annihilated but for the service of Circassian spies in Russian pay, who succeeded in carrying to general Freytag an order to hasten to its assistance. An eye witness relates that the Russian soldiers wept with joy when they saw general Freytag's division approaching, which was to save them from utter destruction. This time defeat did not bring disgrace in its train, and the emperor, convinced that Woronzoff had done all that mortal man could effect, raised him to the rank of prince.

Prince Woronzoff now represented to the emperor, with whom he had an interview at Sebastopol, that it was necessary to follow a more cautious system of warfare, and to renounce for ever the idea of subduing Circassia at one blow.

From this time the Russians made only such expeditions as circumstances called for, and acted

principally on the defensive, erecting fortresses, and clearing away the forest for a considerable distance on both sides of the road leading from one fortress to another; for it was the shelter afforded by these impenetrable woods that enabled the Circassians to inflict such terrible losses on their enemy. It has been asserted by Russian writers that this system of forts and clearance will eventually lead to the subjection of the country; but, judging from the late successes of Schamyl, it is doubtful whether the system can ever be extended to the mountain fastnesses of the interior.

But Woronzoff recommended another plan. Well knowing that unity gives strength, he recommended above all things that they should endeavor to destroy the national unity, and while endeavoring to sow disunion among the chiefs, divide the power of Schamyl by attacking him from different points at once. He endeavored also to secure the allegiance of the chiefs who had only been in part subdued, by distributing considerable presents among them. But the greatest number of adherents he gained by permitting fathers to sell their daughters as slaves, the abolition of which commerce by the Russians had caused great dissatisfaction among Circassian fathers, to whom it was a source of considerable profit. Woronzoff, well aware of the iniquity of his measure, sought to soothe his conscience, in some degree, by allowing it only when the sale took place with the free will and consent of the daughter herself. We need scarcely remark that the power of a father over his child, and that child a young female, renders this restriction almost useless.

It is, however, said that Circassian maidens willingly suffer themselves to be sold as slaves to Turkey, and to Constantinople especially, where their personal attractions and mental superiority often enable them to obtain considerable influence; and many examples have been known of their returning to their native country with considerable fortunes. Circassian beauty is proverbial; but a glance at a cargo of Circassian girls, as they arrive at Constantinople after their voyage from Trebisond, would at once dispel the poetical halo which has in our minds ever encircled them. The object of the parents in selling them being profit, they would lessen their gain by clothing them well; hence a ragged garment, with a piece of linen to wrap round their shoulders, is often their only covering. The slave-merchant, intent upon profit, and with that narrow-mindedness and stupidity which prevents his seeing that the price of his wares would be proportionate to their good condition, feeds them only on water and a kind of millet pap. During the voyage they are separated from the other passengers, and huddled together in filth and abominations between the decks, like a cargo of negro slaves. The result may be easily imagined. They arrive at Constantinople in a disgusting state, affected with diseases of the skin, and infested with vermin. If the seller wish to turn his wares into money as speedily as possible, which is not unfrequently the case, he merely throws a cloak over their shoulders and takes them at once to the market. The purchasers keep at a respectful distance from their bargain, and drive them before them, like sheep, to one of the many establishments kept by old women, whose profession it is to cleanse these unfortunate creatures. It is only on quitting these establishments, cured of all cutaneous disease, clean, and well dressed, that is to be detected some of that beauty in face and figure which is of such extended renown. Measures have recently been taken for putting a stop altogether to this nefarious traffic.

In person, prince Woronzoff is of middle stature; his countenance displays no marked characteristic; while his low forehead would, to a superficial observer, seem to be incompatible with the genius he has so often displayed in the exalted and responsible post he occupies. He is simple in his habits and dress, and might often be seen in the streets of Tiflis, the former seat of his government, in a simple military cap and a worn-out cloak. Like an acute politician, however, he knew how to dazzle the minds of the orientals with pomp and display, when it was necessary, and he has occasionally given festivals of greater splendor than were ever witnessed in the land before. But he does not neglect nobler means to serve his master. Kind and affable in private life, upright in his actions, and impartial in his judgments, he aimed at being a father and friend to all classes, and to all the different nationalities under his sway. The Russians even maintain, that in doubtful cases he would frequently decide against his countrymen. His attainments are very considerable, and he is well acquainted with the literature of Europe.

The Boy and the Panther.—A Wild Western Scene.

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton, about seven years old, was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, and his mother almost idolized him. There he was, with his trousers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eye gleaming out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Samuel, you had better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah, in a tone of half-mother, half-mate.

"No," said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the stream. The boy took it up, looked at it, was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind that there were more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter had been formed (the work of many centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in; and walking on a level, that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side to the height of one hundred feet, composed of rocks and crags, fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shapes and positions.

A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance, and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural fort seemed inaccessible but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep bloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow up to the sky. Blue patches of water were seen peeping between them.

Hannah soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered in the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When it came, neither Josiah nor any of his men knew where he was. "Then the agitated mother exclaimed—"He's lost—he's lost! my poor boy will starve in the woods!"

Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and despatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To her husband she said—"Scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge." "He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah?" "He would go anywhere." She knew not why, but a presentiment that her boy had followed the course of the stream dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said her husband, as he joined her at the mouth of the gorge. An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, "The dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces;" and, frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the ravine echo back her screams for her offspring. The only answer was the eternal thunder of the boiling cataract, which, as if in mockery of her woe, threw its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a woman can tell the feelings of a woman's heart? Fear came thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die!" and wringing her hands in agony, she sank at her husband's feet. The pain of "hope deferred" had strained her heart-strings to the utmost tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all. The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around, and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood like a heart-broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up—she was herself again, for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips it turned into a note of horror. "Oh, mercy, mercy!" The crag on which the boy stood projected from the rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of the crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents and the presence of his dangerous enemy at about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the

high station he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back, and looking at them as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then the mother stood immovable in her suspense; but, conscious of the danger of her son if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock. Yet, with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious animal. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury and seemed about to spring. "Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralysed with fear. His wife leaped from the stand, and placing her hands upon her husband's shoulders, looked into his face and said—"Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked toward her son. He had fallen upon his knees and was whispering the little prayers which she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distressed mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. On, on she struggled in her agony. The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the wretched mother approach. True to his nature he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backward, as Hannah ascended the opposite side. "Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part." And sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unaltered in his ferocity, and his manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His forefoot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother! he will kill us!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body to the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away, go away," shrieked the mother, hoarse with horror; "you shan't have my child!" Closer, still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath came in her very face. At this awful moment she hears the faint report of firearms coming from the gulf below—the panther's foothold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rock, and the baffled beast rolls down the precipice at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's hands raised over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

The Tic-Polonga Snake.

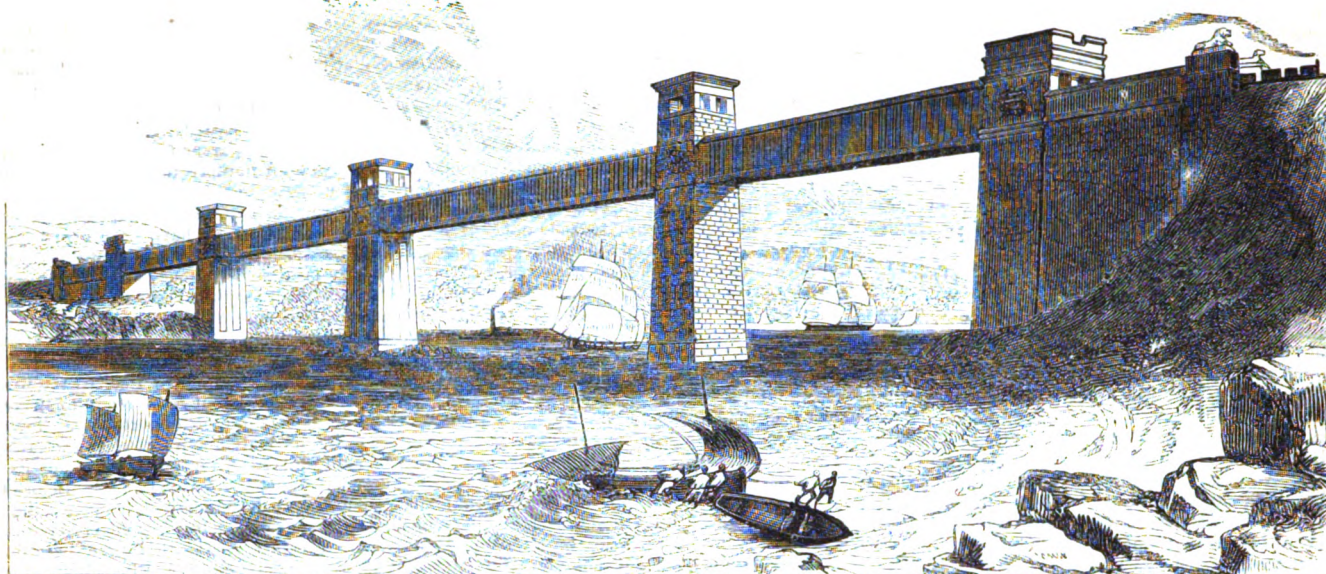
THE uneasy oscillating motion continued, however, nay, became still more perceptible. Strange, thought I, as I sat up and tossed the pillow over on the bed beside me, to discover the cause. The cause was apparent in a moment. Feeble as the light given by the oil lamp standing in the corner of the room was, I could plainly discern a dark lengthened object, curled up for the most part, but just beginning to untwist itself and raise its head—altogether as disgusting and slimy-looking a detestable reptile as one could well see anywhere, and if out of place anywhere, certainly out of place when under one's pillow! It was a snake, with a small deadly-looking head, two cold glassy eyes shining in vivid contrast to the dun brown body—a snake, gradually increasing in thickness from the head towards the centre of its body, and tapering off again towards the tail. The forked tongue played incessantly, like the feelers of an insect, over the nose and lower jaw—the head was being elevated rapidly—not a moment was to be lost, for the first glance assured me it was a tic-polonga—one of the deadliest of serpents. To leap from the bed with one bound into the middle of the room was the work of an instant. The stiffness I had felt on jumping from my horse had marvellously disappeared—I felt it no longer. The disturbed reptile, annoyed first at the unwonted pressure of my head, and afterwards still more annoyed at the removal of its warm and convenient covering, stood erect at the bed's head, half its length perpendicularly elevated, whilst the rest remained coiled upon the mattress, the forked tongue playing more rapidly than ever—the diminutive, sharp-pointed head, oscillating gently backwards and forwards as if undecided as to what should be

attacked—the cold glassy eyes peering after me, as I grasped a bar of wood with which the door was usually fastened within, calling loudly for my servant the while as I did so. But Nogo was busily engaged at the moment discussing a delicious meal of rice and curry, and found it convenient not to hear me. I brought the bar down with all my force upon the venomous reptile, still standing in the attitude of attack as it had been. I brought the bar down, and left it there to see the effect of the blow, for to have elevated it again, without due caution, might have been dangerous, inasmuch as the snake might possibly have been raised with it, and have dropped upon my head—anything but a comfortable position for either of us. The blow had inflicted much injury on the enemy, but he was not dead. His head now made its appearance between the wooden bars of the bed which served as a rail to support the pillows—the body, bruised and injured, was rapidly following. I seized the wooden bar again, and elevated it aloft ready to strike another blow, but found no opportunity. Twisting and twining its body about between the rails, the reptile, bent on retreat, not on attack, made its way in a moment under the mattress. * * * Before I left the rest-house at Kadduganava, I opened the door of the bed-room cautiously. My adversary was still invisible. I called Nogo—this time he came at once, for the rice and curry had long been finished. He went boldly into the chamber—the tossed-over pillow, and the disarranged bed, and the wooden bar, all arresting his attention at once, making him open both eyes and mouth to their utmost extent, anxious to hear the cause. "Nogo," said I, "there is a tic-polonga in that bed."—"A tic-polonga!" cried Nogo, jumping rapidly back towards the door, and rubbing his leg as if he already felt the reptile winding round it. "A tic-polonga, Mahathma. Dead?"—"No, not dead," said I; "you had better tell the housekeeper, before we go." So saying, I resumed my gloves, put my pith-hat upon my head, and, making my way to the door, was, in a few minutes, on the road to Kandy, the tic-polonga forgotten, the beauty of the scene around alone thought of, as valley after valley opened up to view, until the river—the Mahavelle—was visible, winding, silvered with the moon-beams, round the mountain's base; its beautiful suspension-bridge of satin-wood forming a picturesque object in the scene.—*Knighon's India.*

The Printing Press in Turkey.

IN 1726, Achmet III., a zealous friend of literature, issued a decree, by which he ordered the establishment of a printing office in the Turkish capital. The Jews and Armenians had possessed presses since the end of the sixteenth century, in the houses of their chief priests, but they were only used for printing religious works. In order to gain over the Ulema, printing the Koran, the oral traditions, the canonical and juridical works, as well as the commentaries on them, was forbidden. As the reason for this, it was stated that an apprehension was felt lest these works—and especially the sacred books—might be falsified. By this edict, also, two directors of the new institution were appointed, for which the government advanced the funds. Both received a regular salary, and the Minister and Grand Vizier supported them in every way. Four of the most respected judges were appointed censors, and Sultan Achmet, who only survived his institution three years, very frequently visited the printing office, and encouraged the directors and their German assistants. Muhammad I. followed his example. Still, in spite of the zealousness of the two directors, and the support of the government, the printing proceeded very slowly. The difficulty of finding competent compositors, and the want of type, which was all founded in Venice, were so great, that in 1743—or after seventeen years—only seventeen works had been printed. In 1747, after the death of the inspector, Kadi Ibrahim, the printing office was closed, and not opened again till 1756. Then, however, nothing was printed for a considerable time, until the year 1784, when the Sultan Abd ul-Hamid ordered the printing offices to be restored. From 1784 to 1828, eighty new works were brought out, forming a total of ninety-one volumes. From 1830 to 1842, M. Bianchi drew up a new list, which furnishes a total of about 108 works. Since 1842 the number of printed books has progressively increased, and new presses have been established at Constantinople and in some of the larger cities of the empire.—*Turkey, by Sir George Larpent.*

Men are apt to lay before them the actions of great men, and to neglect what is more important—the motives of their minds.



THE TUBULAR BRIDGE ACROSS THE MENAI STRAITS.

Britannia Tubular Bridge.

A SAFE transit over the Menai by means of a tubular beam was, a few years ago, considered an impossibility. Even Mr. Stephenson himself, the talented engineer, who has accomplished this stupendous work, has said that it was not without some feeling allied to awe or dismay that he first set about reducing an idea involving the contemplation and due arrangement of physical elements so stupendous. But when he had reduced the conception to figures, calculations, and the minute consideration of all its details, he found it to be perfectly practicable and perfectly safe. He set about the task, and in four years he had thrown over the Menai, at a point about one mile to the southward of the long-celebrated suspension bridge, built by Telford, an iron tube of such solidity and strength as to ensure safe transit to the utmost extent of any possible contingent traffic. All the conditions and elements essential to the safety of the bridge have been truly and accurately calculated; and it is reported to be able to sustain, and to sustain safely—even if it were possible to manage such a thing—trains piled upon trains, seven times the weight of those that passed over it on the day of its opening. Able, indeed, to bear with safety a weight of three thousand tons pressing upon any part of the floor of the tube, or suspended from its centre, this magnificent structure—the Britannia Tubular Bridge—the finest example yet executed of this kind of viaduct—spans the Menai Straits, to the enormous length of upwards of 1,500 feet, and at a commanding elevation of 102 feet above high-water level.

The Britannia Tubular Bridge derives its name from its middle pier, the "Britannia Tower" being built on a mass of rock known as the Britannia Rock, which rises in the middle of the straits, about ten feet out of the water at low tides. In principle and form, the bridge is rectangular and hollow, of uniform width from end to end, and of such great dimensions as to support intermediate roadways or platforms within the tubular beams. It is constructed of malleable iron, a material superior to cast iron, from its fibrous texture, which imparts to it a remarkable and well known strength and tenacity, and great resistance to tearing and straining forces.

Mr. Drysdale Dempsey, civil engineer, gives the following details of the construction of the "Britannia":

"The entire bridge comprises eight portions of tube, four for each roadway. These four parts being continued through the piers, and connected together, make up one entire tube of the following dimensions and height:—Total length, 1,513 feet; height at the middle, 30 feet; height at ends, 22 feet 9 inches; the extreme width is, like that of the Conway tubes, 14 feet 8 inches."—*Malleable Iron Bridges.*

The total weight of the bridge is 10,570 tons, of 2,240 lbs. to the ton, of which the cast iron frames and beams alone weigh 1,000 tons.

During the construction of this bridge, the work of the most unprecedented extent and novelty was the conveyance and raising of the four longest tubes.

Each of these tubes, forming a mass 472 feet in length, and from 27 to 30 feet in height, and 15 in width, weighed about one thousand eight hundred tons, and required arrangements both skilfully devised and carefully executed in order to ensure success in its removal. Constructed upon timber platforms, built for the express purpose on the Carnarvon shore immediately to the south of the bridge, they were, as they were completed, removed on eight pontoons each, or else floated to the base of the towers, and subsequently raised with hydraulic presses, by lifting-chains attached to their ends, to their ultimate elevation of 102 feet above high-water level.

The manner in which the pontoons were used is very interestingly described by Mr. Dempsey in the work from which we have already quoted.

"In the case of the Conway Bridge," says that gentleman, "six were used, and constructed of wood. These six were also used for the Britannia tubes, besides two additional ones constructed of iron, each ninety-eight feet long, twenty-five wide, and eleven deep. They were each capable of carrying about 400 tons, and had valves in the bottom for regulating the admission of the water, and consequently the elevation and depression of the pontoon. As the tubes were completed, they were left to bear upon blocks of masonry at the ends for a length of six feet, the intermediate staging being cleared away, and a length of 460 feet being thus left unsupported, as it is now that it is fixed in the bridge. The eight pontoons, being freighted with sufficient water to keep them depressed and yet buoyant, were then, at low water, floated under the tube, transverse to its length, and arranged in two sets of four each, one set near each extremity of the tube. Being exactly adjusted as to position, and proper blockings introduced, the valves were closed, and the pontoons rising simultaneously with the tide, lifted the tube from its end bearings, and constituted one entire floating mass of the extreme dimensions of 472 feet in length, 98 in breadth, and 35 in height from the level of the water. These stupendous floating masses were then drawn with capstans and tackle into the middle of the stream, and impelled by the tide to their required positions at the base of the towers; being guided by two hawsers laid along the stream, fixed at one end to the towers, and at the other to points on the shores, a constant power of gripping them being afforded on board the floating pontoons by means of screw grips or "cable stoppers." Each floated tube of the Britannia Bridge being twelve feet longer than the net distance between the towers, was intended to bear six feet at each end upon the masonry. For this purpose recesses, or vertical grooves of this depth, were left in the towers, and a portion of the side of these grooves was omitted in the building, in order to admit the insertion of the tubes. This portion was afterwards built up, and, as the tubes ascended, the recesses in the towers were filled up with brick-work in cement, the work being executed in successive portions, and the rising tube being immediately followed up with wood packings."

The external parts of the masonry of the Britannia

Bridge are built of a limestone of a hard quality, quarried at Penmon, at the northern extremity of Anglesea; and the interior parts of a soft red sandstone, from Runcorn, in Cheshire. At intervals there recur in the interior of the gigantic structure loopholes of light, which serve the three useful purposes of ventilating and lighting and divesting the tube of steam from the passing engines.

At daybreak on Tuesday, the 5th of April, 1850, this magnificent bridge was opened. At precisely seven o'clock the first train, consisting of three powerful engines, the Cambria, the St. David, and the Pegasus, of from fifty to sixty horse-power each, decorated with flags of all nations, and with union-jacks, went through the tube, and returned at a speed of no more than seven miles an hour, the locomotives being propelled at a slow and stately pace, with the view of boldly proving, by means of a dead weight, the calibre of the bridge at every hazard. The total weight of the locomotives was ninety tons. This first process—going through the tube, and returning—was followed by a second experimental convoy, consisting of 24 heavily-laden waggons, filled with huge blocks of Brymbo coal—in all, engines included, an aggregate weight of three hundred tons. During the passage of this experimental train through the tube, a breathless silence prevailed that was almost solemn, until the train rushed out exultingly, and with colors flying, on the other side of the tube, when loud acclamations arose, followed at intervals by the rattle of artillery down the straits. Upon the return, which occupied about seven minutes, similar demonstrations ensued; and during the progress of the train those who stood upon its top to ascertain any possible vibration, reported they could detect no sensible deflection. An ordeal stronger still was then resorted to; a train of 200 tons of coal was allowed to rest, with all its weight, for two hours, in the centre of the Carnarvonshire tube; and at the end of the time, on the load being removed, it was found to have caused a deflection of 4-10ths of an inch.

A successful inventor has offered the English War-office an electric rifle, which greatly surpasses any weapon in use, flinging a ball from 1,000 to 2,000 feet, at the rate of sixty shots per minute.

A new siege-cannon, capable of being taken to pieces, and carried on men's shoulders into position, and there put together, has been invented by Mr. Williams, of Everton, Liverpool.

A new and powerful battery of 32-pounders for field-service, each gun drawn by twelve horses, three abreast, has been organised for service in the Crimea. This is the heaviest field-battery ever formed in the British service.

TWELVE of the principal brewers of Lille have been tried for having formed a coalition for the purpose of increasing the price of beer from 50 centimes to 60 centimes the double quart. The tribunal sentenced five of the accused to fines of 2,000 francs each; two to fines of 1,000 francs each; one to a fine of 500 francs; the others to fines of 250 francs each; and all to pay the costs in proportion to the amount of their fines.

Tempest Prognosticator.

THIS is a real curiosity—a novelty of no ordinary kind; and if it proves as successful, when it comes to be judged by the public, as it is when it has to encounter the favorable prejudices of its most ingenious and sanguine inventor, a new and very great discovery has been made, for the preservation of life and property. For Mr. Merryweather, the inventor of this soothsayer of the storm, has thereby given us the means of telling the advent of a storm for many hours before the rude mouth of Boreas opens to drive the waves along, and sweep the whole surface of the sea. Nay, he can sometimes anticipate the coming tempest for three or four days; and the means by which this event is ascertained previous to its occurrence, are as simple as they appear to be sure and perfect.

The history of the discovery is very interesting, and Mr. Merryweather is evidently unconscious, whilst relating the several steps he has made in his invention, that he is adding very much to his own honor, by his frank, open, and ingenious narrative. In several authors of great reputation, such as Addison, De Foe, Dr. Jenner, the celebrated preventer of the small-pox, and others, he met with *hints*, and these hints he honestly communicates to the reader in his well-written lecture, delivered some months ago, before a scientific audience, and now published in a pamphlet form. These hints all relate to a fact known to thousands of people: that leeches are very sensitive creatures, and that they become as nervous as old ladies when the sky is overcast, and electricity abounds in the air.

This, then, is the heart of Mr. Merryweather's discovery, and the real composition of his tempest prognosticator. When a storm is forming in the air, the atmosphere becomes charged with electric matter; the leeches feel the effects very vividly, and betray that feeling in such a manner as to be observed by those who watch them.

Acting upon this phenomenon, the inventor of the tempest prognosticator has constructed an apparatus containing a number of leeches; it is of a circular form, about three feet and a half in height, not quite so much in diameter, and made of fine French *acajou*, or polished mahogany. This apparatus comprehends twelve bottles, with a single leech in each; a metallic tube being introduced into the neck of each bottle, acting as a tempting refuge for the little animal, which would naturally endeavor to enter therein if a storm were coming on. The observer who watches the motions of these little creatures can see them enter the tubes during the day, but at night he cannot; to obviate this difficulty, a curious piece of work is arranged, as a sort of trap, within the tubes, by means of a piece of whalebone. Now, when they are under the magnetic influence of newly-formed electricity, anterior to the storm, the leeches struggle to pass through the trap, push aside the whalebone, and cause a little bell to ring. Indeed, the bell need not be so little at all; for Mr. Merryweather is so confident of the virtue of his machinery, that he says, he could ring the great bell at the City Hall by means of this tiny little herald of the weather.

Nor does this apparatus apply merely to the atmosphere just about the coast, or the place where it is fixed—it does a great deal more than that: it reveals the state of the atmosphere at a distance of several hundred miles; and the tempest prognosticated at Bordeaux may burst forth at Cadiz.

Among the many evidences of the care with which this ingenious discovery has been tested, Mr. Merryweather has given a long series of letters, written by him at the moment of making his observations, and addressed to several friends, all men of scientific pursuits, and some of them learned in meteorology. In all of these letters he specifically states that he has just seen evidences of an approaching change of weather, although it was often calm and still at the time; and it really would appear that the event in every case fully justified his pre-

diction. Some of his correspondents sent answers corroborative of these predicted changes, and these answers are printed in the aforesaid pamphlet.

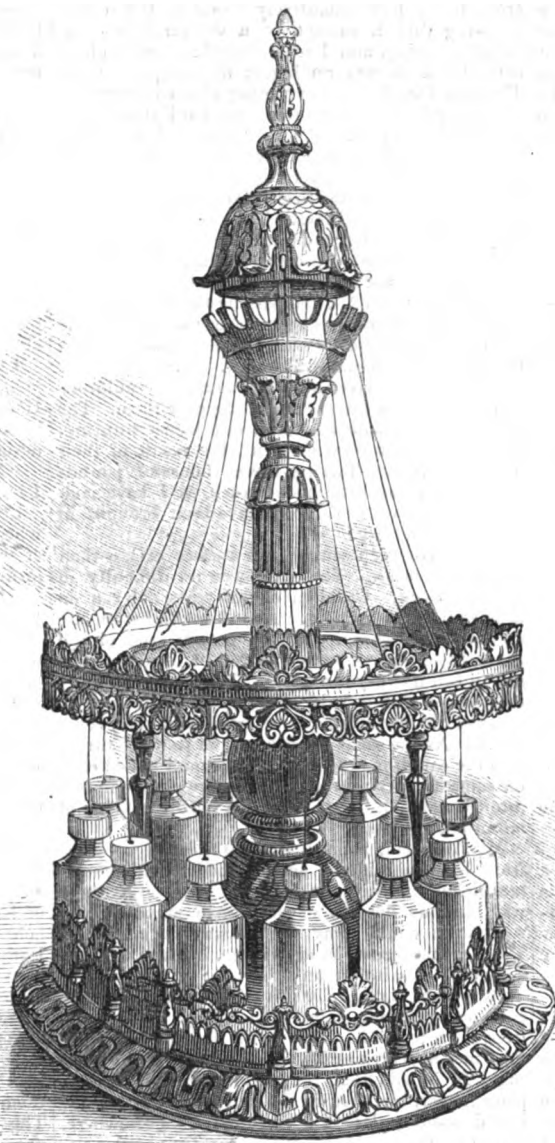
We believe this is the first successful attempt that has been made in Europe to foretell the tempest according to a well-regulated test. If scientific men, after having watched its effects, shall come to a favorable conclusion as to its value, there is really no calculating the result to our shipping interest, or the world at large. Hitherto the knowledge of the weather has been very loose, and without any rules or defined laws, by which scientific men, or practical seamen, could regulate their conduct, or protect their enterprises. Here and there an old farmer on shore, or a weather-beaten tar on board a ship, has acquired by long observation a sort of instinct, or natural sagacity, which has on many occasions enabled them to foretell a sudden change of weather. But few have had this faculty, and those who may have possessed it, have very seldom gained credit with

the light of scientific invention to a sphere where nothing had yet been done to show the way. There is a merit—and a very high merit it is—to succeed in giving to our fellow creatures a new benefit which concerns all mankind, and may endure to all time; but the attempt to do this may often anticipate the realization; in this attempt there is likewise honor, and this award to his interesting labors we unhesitatingly prognosticate for Mr. Merryweather, should he unfortunately fail in establishing his doctrine.

Sponge.

This well-known production of the sea has been in use from the earliest times, and naturalists were long embarrassed whether to give it a place in the animal or vegetable kingdom. Most authorities now place it in the lowest scale of animal life. There are fifty different kinds of sponge. Sponges are found plentifully in the Mediterranean and other seas of warm climates, but diminish in number and deteriorate in quality as they approach cold latitudes. They adhere to rocks in places the least exposed to the action of currents and waves, and below low-water mark. The best sponges come from the Archipelago, where they abound near many of the islands, whose inhabitants subsist entirely by the sponge-fishery. At the Cyclades, sponge-diving forms the chief employment of the population. The sea is at all times very clear, and experienced divers can distinguish from the surface the points to which the sponge is attached below, when an unpractised eye could but dimly discern the bottom. Each boat is furnished with a large stone attached to a rope, and this the diver seizes in his hand on plunging head foremost from the stern. He does this in order to increase the velocity of the descent; thus economizing his stock of breath, as well as to facilitate his ascent when exhausted at the bottom, being then quickly hauled up by his companions. Few men can remain longer than about two minutes below; and, as the process of detaching the sponge is very tedious, three, and sometimes four divers descend successively to secure a particularly fine specimen. The best sponge is that which is the palest and lightest, has small holes, and is soft to the touch. Of old, sponge was regarded as a cure for a long list of maladies; burned sponge, still holds a place among the materials of medicine.

THE SEA.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike distinguished. The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there unmarked the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trumpet, when the sea shall give up its dead.



TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

others for their capacity, resting as it did on a vague and unconnected experience, without any authority of intelligible principles to give it sanction.

Without adopting ourselves the sanguine belief of Mr. Merryweather, as to the infallibility of the system, we earnestly hope that it either is an actual discovery, requiring nothing but time to acquire credit and patronage, or else that, without being an actual prognosticator, it may lead to some improved method, which shall insure the result. But whether this tempest prognosticator, is or is not what it professes to be, there cannot be two opinions as to the high merits of the inventor: he has taken up and pursued for several years an enquiry in which all human beings are interested; he has striven with an open courage, to attach a truth of the greatest magnitude to a simple cause; and, by fixing a long and durable attention upon a fact casually observed by thousands, he has endeavored to extend

PASTORAL INFLUENCE.—There is a charm in the week-day services of a parish minister, which has not been duly estimated either by philanthropists or patriots. His official and recognised character furnishes him with a passport to every habitation; and he will soon find that a visit to the house of a parishioner is the surest way of finding access to his heart. Even the hardest and most hopeless in vice, cannot altogether withstand this influence; and, at times, in their own domestic history, there are opportunities, whether by sickness, or disaster, or death, which afford a weighty advantage to the Christian kindness which is brought to bear upon them. His week-day attentions, and their Sabbath attendance go hand in hand. It is thus, that a house-going minister wins for himself a church-going people.

A PLAQUE OF OPINION! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

The Roving Yankee.

A ROADSIDE PICTURE.

It seems to me as if I had gone to bed last night in the nineteenth century and waked this morning in the tenth. The scene around me is more like a dream of the middle ages than a reality of to-day. The rude culture of the fields, the armed peasantry, the chartered freebooters, the lonely and deserted country, the rugged road, and the mean dwellings of a people who scorn their homes—all seem to recall a state of things which, I had believed, passed away ages ago.

I frankly own for the rest, that there is a sort of all-alone feeling creeps over me in the midst of my armed companions. The sole Christian among these wild horsemen and mountain robbers of Asia Minor. And, bless my heart! there is the cholera about, and no medical man in the neighborhood. Let us get rid of these inconvenient thoughts as soon as possible.

The building which I have bolted comprises a few rambling sheds, not unlike farm stabling in the north of England. A few fowls are walking about not unsuspiciously, as it seems to me, and my train are grouped in every variety of picturesque attitude. Most of them are hewing huge water melons into wedges with their daggers. Some are smoking; others attending to their horses, or gossiping with mine host and his men—as truculent looking rogues as ever gave robber's notice of a traveller's route.

There are some other fellows, who do not belong either to our party or the coffee-house. They are a powerful, swarthy set of bravos, in gay but worn dresses. They bristle with arms. They are Tebeck's; men whose trade is robbery. They will even tell you so themselves, if you feel any doubt or curiosity. There they sit, however, side by side with the Governor's guards, who have brought me hither; and nobody, either here or elsewhere, ever dreams of making an observation on the subject. That is to say, nobody but Hamed; who was for many years a highwayman himself; and who by no means condemns their profession, but only their mode of following it.

"Those fellows call themselves thieves," he sneers, with the true disdain of a great artist for a pretender. "Why, they will eat your bread, and then lay wait to fire at you from behind a stone or a tree. They robbed my brother of fifty piastres the other day in this way. He would have killed a dozen of them in fair fight."

Presently there is a scream, and a frightened flutter among the fowls; then, as the shadow goes lengthening along the opposite wall, I gradually doze off and dream of the pilaff which will be ready in due course by-and-by. I do not dream long; and, when I wake there is a peculiar tingling in my left ear, which reminds me that I am in the sunny land where the mosquito makes his home. A yell from Hamed and a blow on the ground succeeded in rousing me completely. It is fortunate a keen eye has been watching me. He has killed a scorpion which was making full speed for my waistcoat. Marshallah! let me take my pilaff and treasure up the amusement to be derived from the bump on my left ear till afterwards. We have some rakee and melons to begin with; also some pungent onion salad; some eggs fried in red butter; and then a violent dispute between Hamed and the coffee-house keeper. He offers ten piastres, or about two francs. The latter asks two hundred piastres. Hence the difference; which can of course only be terminated by frantic yelling on both sides. The affair soon waxes warm enough for cuffs; several of which are exchanged with great earnestness. At last, however, the coffee-house keeper takes bold Hamed on his weak side.

"Is not your master a great man?" he asks contemptuously.

"To be sure he is; swine!"

"Why then does he expect to pay less than a poor hoja who passed here yesterday, and gave me one hundred and fifty piastres without a word?" returned mine host. This settles the question. The two hundred piastres change hands, Hamed throws himself into the saddle and leads on. Three or four hours more sharp riding brings us into the rich plains of Magnesia, and the storied old city rises before us beautiful as a vision. There are no signs of human habitation any where else. In an eight hours' ride we have passed but one small village. The whole country is a lovely unpeopled waste.

At last the evening closes solemnly and grandly over the beautiful landscape, and the moon rises. Hamed checks the led horses, and causing the finest

to be unclothed, holds the stirrup while I mount. So we ride in a stately manner through the quaint Eastern streets; the Turks who meet us forming in line, with their hands veiling their eyes: which is the usual salute. My horse, which has belonged to a Pasha seems to recognise it and goes curvetting and throwing his beautiful head up and down every time I raise my hand to my hat in reply. He is the politest horse I ever saw. We stop before the fine palace of the Great Sadik Bay, one of the most powerful and wealthy Satraps in the land.

LOCUSTS.

An Eastern summer is full of wonders; but there is, perhaps, nothing about it more awfully appalling than those vast flights of locusts which sometimes destroy the vegetation of whole kingdoms in a few days, and, where they found a garden, leave a wilderness.

I am riding along a pleasant hill side—toward the end of May. There is a sharp pattering noise, like that of April rain in Scotland, falling on hard ground. I look attentively towards the earth, knowing that it cannot be a shower this clear, balmy morning, and I see a countless multitude of little black insects no bigger than a pin's head. They are hopping and springing about in myriads, under my horse's feet—along the hard stony road, which is quite black with them, and far away among the heather, which is turned black also. I ride miles and miles, yet the ground is still darkened with those little insects, and the same sharp pattering noise continues. They are the young of the locusts who left their eggs in the ground last year. They have just come to life. Three days ago there was not one to be seen.

A little later and I am passing through a Greek village. The alarm has spread every where, and the local authorities have bestirred themselves to resist their enemies while still weak. Large fires are burning by the river-side, and immense cauldrons full of boiling water are streaming over them. The whole country side has been out locust hunting. They have just returned with the result of their day's exertion. Twenty-three thousand pounds weight of these little insects, each, as I have said, no bigger than a pin's head, have been brought in already in one day.

They have been caught in a surface of less than five square miles. There has been no difficulty in catching them. Children of six years old can do it as well as grown men. A sack and a broom are all that is necessary. Place the open sack on the ground and you may sweep it full of locusts as fast as you can move your arms. The village community pay about a half cent a pound for locusts. Some of the hunters have earned fifty or sixty cents a day. As the sacks are brought in they are thrust into the cauldrons of boiling water, and boiled each for some twenty minutes. They are then emptied into the rapid little river swollen by the melting of mountain snows.

My Albanian, Hamed, watches these proceedings from his embroidered scarlet saddle with much melancholy gravity. "Ah," he says, "if there was but one dervish or good man among those rogues he could pray them away in an hour. There are no locusts in my village, because we have a dervish—a saintly man—there."

It appears that no dervish comes, and the plague goes on spreading daily from village to village—from town to town. This is the fourth year since they first appeared at Mytilene, whence I am writing. It is said that they seldom remain at one place longer, but that, in the fourth generation, the race dies out unless it is recruited from elsewhere. I am not aware whether this is a mere popular superstition, or a fact based on experience. They show, however, certainly no symptom of weakness or diminution of numbers. In ten days they have increased very much in size, they are now as long as cockchafers, only fatter. They seem to be of several distinct species. Their bodies are about an inch and a half long, but some are much larger round than others. They have six legs. The hind legs of the largest kind are nearly three inches long, or twice the length of the body. They have immense strength, and can spring four or five yards at a time. The legs are terminated by sharp, long claws, and have lesser claws going about half way up at the sides of them; their hold is singularly tenacious. Their heads and shoulders are covered with a kind of horny armour, very tough. Some are of a bright green color all over, some have brown backs and yellow bellies with red legs, and are speckled not unlike a partridge. Some are nearly black all over, and have long wings. The largest species have immensely long feelers projecting out near the eyes. I noticed some of these feelers twice

the length of the rest of the body. The bite of the largest kind is strong enough to bend a pin. This locust has immense sharp tusks, furnished with saws inside. His mouth opens on all four sides, and closes like a vice. His eyes are horny, and he cannot shut them. The largest kind have two short yellow wings, and a long pointed fleshy tail; the smallest have four long black wings and no tail. The head is always large in comparison to the body, and not unlike that of a lobster. In moving, its scales make a noise like the creaking of new leather.

The locusts are on the wing, they have risen from the ground into the air. They darken the sky in their steady flight for hours, and they make a noise like the rushing of a mighty wind. Far as the eye can see over land and water broods the same ominous cloud. The imagination refuses to grasp their number. It must be counted by millions of millions. Count the flakes of a snow storm, the sands by the seashore, the leaves of summer trees, and the blades of grass on dewy meadows. For days and days the locust storm and the hot south wind continue. At night the locusts descend on the gardens and cornfields. They struggle for pre-eminence on the points of palings, and the topmost overlooks the rest with extraordinary gravity. They crawl and hop loathsomely on fruit and flower. They get into eggs and fish, which become uncuttable in consequence. There is no help against them because of their multitude. They eat holes in my bedding; they get into my pockets, and into my hair and beard. The Greek women are obliged to tie their trowsers on above their gowns as a protection against them. You tread upon them; they blow against you, they fly against you, they dine off the same plate, and hop on a piece of food you are putting into your mouth. Their stench is horrible, and this lasts for weeks.

I was tempted to impale one of them as a specimen, and left it sticking on a pin in the wall. Hamed slyly removed it, believing the proceeding to be a charm or magical device to counteract the designs of heaven.

"It is God's will!" he said, sententiously, when I found him out and reproached him.

So they ate up the corn lands and the vineyards, wheresoever they fell. I counted nine on one blade of wheat. When they left it, it was as bare as a quill.

"They have still left your apples untouched," I said, to a gardener.

"Helas!" replied the man. "They have eaten up all beside; and what is the use of your eyebrows if you have lost your eyes!"

Three days after they had eaten his apples too.

I noticed, however, that in the years the locusts appear there is no blight or smaller insects about. Perhaps, therefore, they are mercifully sent to destroy the smaller and more dangerous insects when they have multiplied exceedingly under the prolific suns of the East.

But, they are a dreadful visitation. They ate holes in my clothes as I walked about. They got among Hamed's arms. They choked up the barrels of his pistols, and fed upon his sash of silk and gold. They ate away the tassels of his cap, and the leathern sheath of his sword. My French debardeur dressing gown, one month from Alired's might have been taken for a recent purchase at Rag Fair. They ate the sole of my slipper while I was asleep on a sofa. They ate my shirts in the wardrobe, and they eat my stockings. Hamed's "good man" never arriving, he catches many and puts them out of the window with much tenderness. The pasha, my host, with a touching faith in the goodness of God, goes about with a long stick to save them from drowning when they are driven by the winds into his reservoir of gold fish.

Perhaps the Pasha is right; but I cannot be so good as he is. For the locusts eat the black hair off women's heads while washing at the fountain, and the moustachios off gardeners while they sleep in the noonday shadow. They strip trees till they look as if struck by lightning or burnt by fire. I see the plants green and gay in the moonlight. In the morning their freshness and beauty have departed.

Families sit wailing in their fields over the ruin of their little all. There is a story that the locusts have eaten a child while its mother was away at work. There is a tradition that they once eat a drunken man who fell down in the kennel. Neither event is improbable. I saw a locust draw blood from the lips of an infant in its mother's arms.

They will not die. They seem to have neither sight nor hearing—vile things with nothing but mouths. If you catch one he will spring from your hold, and leaving his legs behind him go on

as well as ever. The Cadi had a little garden; he had it watched day and night, for it was his pride, and full of far-away flowers. He kept fires surrounding it night and day to prevent the locusts crawling in. When they had learned to fly he fired guns to turn aside their course. When they came in spite of this he turned a garden engine upon them. Then he buried them, but every green thing and every blossom was stripped from his garden for all that.

They will not die. They can swim for hours. Hot water, cold water, acids, spirits, smoke are useless. I plunged one in salt and water. He remained four minutes, and sprung away apparently uninjured. I recaptured him and smoked him for five minutes. Two minutes afterwards he had revived, and was hopping away. I recaptured the same locust, and buried him as deeply in the ground as I could dig with a pocket knife. I marked the place, and the next morning I looked for my friend, but he was gone. Nothing will kill them but smashing them to a jam with a blow, or boiling them. There is no protection against them. They despise and eat through the thickest clothes, or sackings, or matting; and glass coverings for a large extent of ground would be of course too expensive. The only way in which one of my neighbors was enabled to save part of his harvest was by gathering his fruits and cutting down his corn when the locusts came, and then burying his property in holes dug in the ground, and covered over with a heavy stone at the aperture, as I had seen the peasantry do in some parts of Western Africa. This saved him a little. No barn or room would have done so.

Yet another three weeks, towards the end of July, and the cloud which has hovered over the land so long is clearing away. And there arises a great wind, so that the locusts are swept off in countless armies to the sea, and so drowned. It is impossible to bathe for days, or to walk by the seashore, because of the stench of them. But they are gone, and their bodies float over the sea like a crust, extending to the opposite coast of Asia Minor.

I found out while busy with this subject, that the locusts were supposed to have come from Asia Minor to Mytilene; that when they first appeared on the northern coast of the island, they were few in number—a greater portion of the flight which settled here having been probably drowned on their passage. It was not till the third year that they became so numerous and so mischievous as to cause alarm. Their devastations were principally confined to the vines and olives; afterwards, they grew more general.

Last year the inhabitants dreading their return, endeavored to take timely precautions for their destruction. There was some difficulty about this, however. It was necessary to apply to the Turkish local authorities. The local authorities were obliged to refer the matter to the Grand Schoul-Islam, who published a *fetiah*, or decree on the subject. But the *fetiah* was not obtained without a great deal of importunity, as it was believed by many learned doctors that the demand was altogether contrary to Moslem law. However, as the ravages of the locusts continued to increase to an extent, which seemed to menace the revenue derived from the island, a *fetiah* was at last issued. In virtue of this, permission was given to destroy the locusts by all means save those of fire and water. It was necessary to evade this provision, since fire and water were universally acknowledged as the only effectual means of destruction.

The matter was now made the subject of a fixed legal regulation, by which every family was required to destroy from about twelve to twenty-five pounds weight of locusts, according to their numbers, for the common benefit. Some of the villages where labor was scarce, paid this tribute in money. Four cents a pound was first given for locusts; but the price afterwards sunk to a half cent. The efforts of some places were, however, defeated by the indifference or superstition of others; so that labor, time, and money were all lost. More than seven hundred thousand pounds weight were destroyed without any visible effect on their numbers. Their weight at this time was about two hundred and seventy to the ounce.

The Turks resolutely refused to assist in these proceedings. They looked upon the visitation as the will of God, with which it was impious to interfere. The captain of a Turkish man of war seeing a locust drowning in the sea, bade his favorite coffee-boy plunge into the water to save it.

Some of the uneducated Greeks had also their own peculiar way of going to work. They insisted

that the locusts had arrived in punishment for the sins of the community, and consequently that human efforts against them would be vain. It appeared to them that public prayers and processions were much more reasonable. They also applied to a certain St. Tryphon on the subject, for St. Tryphon is the recognised patron and protector of fields and plants. They likewise sent a deputation to Mount Athos, requesting St. Tryphon to come and pass a few days at Mytilene—but he didn't.

It has been noticed that they appear, invariably, about the middle of May, and that they die or depart in August. They are most mischievous during the month of June. They have an objection to damp or marshy grounds. The females bury themselves in the earth when dying, probably to conceal their eggs. The males die above ground, where the ants and smaller insects speedily devour them. Neither the rain nor cold, however severe, appears to destroy or injure the eggs, which lie in the ground like seed during the winter, and burst forth into life in the first warmth of summer. Each female is understood to have about fifty young, which in some measure, accounts for the astounding increase of the tribe. They require about twenty days to attain their full growth; sometimes longer, if the weather is unfavorable.

The Sun.

THE sun, the glory of our system, and the agent by which the great Creator dispenses light and heat to the surrounding planets, was, in the infancy of astronomy, reckoned among the planets; but it is now numbered among the fixed stars. It appears, indeed, bright and large in comparison with them; but this is only because we are so much nearer to it: for a spectator, placed as near to any star as we are to the sun, would see a body as large and bright in that star as the sun appears to us; while the sun, on the contrary, viewed from the same distance that the nearest fixed star is to us, would assume the appearance of a star, and its attendant planets would be invisible. Although we thus speak of the nearness of the sun to the earth, it must be kept in mind that the expression is used only in a relative sense; for its distance from the earth amounts in round numbers to about 95,000,000 of miles; and a cannon ball, moving at about the rate of eight miles in a minute, would be upwards of twenty-two years in traversing the intervening space. In this respect, therefore, the sun is at a very great distance from the earth; but, when it is known that the distance of the nearest fixed star is eighty thousand times that of the sun, and that a cannon ball, moving at the rate already supposed, would not pass thence to the earth in less than 523,211 years, the sun may well be said to be comparatively near. The figure of the sun is that of a spheroid, higher under the equator than about the poles. Its diameter is computed at about 890,000 miles, its circumference, about 2,700,000, and its bulk, upwards of a million times greater than that of the earth. It revolves upon its axes from east to west once in about twenty-five days, the axis being inclined to the ecliptic somewhat more than 23½ degrees. It has also a periodical motion, in nearly a circular direction, round the common centre of all the planetary motions.

The sun was long believed to be an immense globe of fire; but modern philosophers are of opinion that, like the earth, it is a cold, opaque, habitable globe, yet it is surrounded with a luminous phosphoric atmosphere, which diffuses light through the whole solar system, and, by uniting with the inflammable matter contained in the earth and other planets, it becomes also the source of heat, though without such union it remains cold. Hence perpetual ice and snow are found upon the summits of our highest mountains, which, rising above the clouds, are continually exposed to the sun's rays; but, for want of sufficient caloric in themselves, they do not elicit heat. Dr. Herschel has shown that the lucid matter of the sun exists in the manner of luminous clouds, swimming in its transparent atmosphere, and he considers that there are two different regions of solar clouds, the lower of which consists of clouds less bright than those which compose the upper stratum. The removal or opening of these clouds, he supposes, exhibits the opaque globe of the sun to our view, and hence [*arise*] those dark spots which from time to time are visible upon his disc. The high spots he supposes to be caused by a decomposition of the transparent and elastic fluids by which the sun is surrounded, and lucid appearances are thus formed of various degrees of intensity. By observations of these spots, the revolution of the sun upon its own axis, has been ascertained.

Besides, the solar spots, the zodiacal light is a singular phenomenon which accompanies the sun. It begins to be visible a little before sunrise, appearing at first like a faint whitish zone of light, somewhat resembling the galaxy or milky way, with its borders ill-defined, and scarcely to be distinguished from the twilight, which is seen connecting near the horizon. It is then only a little elevated, and its figure agrees with that of a spheroid seen in profile. As it rises above the horizon, it becomes brighter and larger, to a certain point; after which the approach of day renders it gradually less apparent, till it becomes quite invisible. This phenomenon is usually attributed to atmospheric refraction.

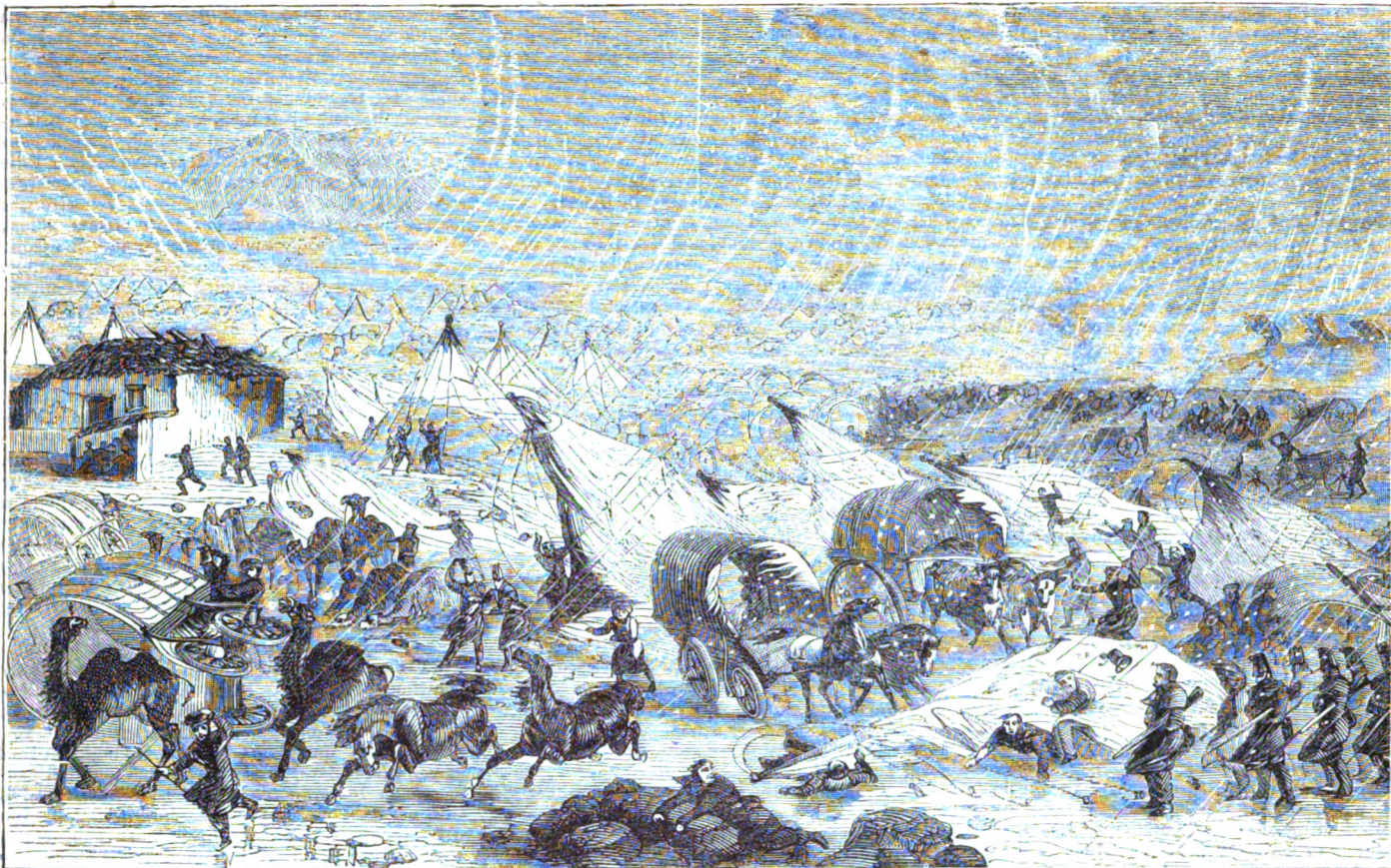
Venice.

THE external beauty and interest of Venice lies in the prospects from the lagoons and Canal Grande, and in the Piazza San Maroo and its immediate vicinity. From the top of the Campanile you have a bird's eye view of the palace-crowded island, with its attendant satellites—the broad Adriatic to the east, the range of inland Alps to the west, and a single line of rail, straight as a rod, attaching Venice across the lagoon like a pendulum to the mainland. As soon as you leave the Grand Canal, that writhes like a snake through the heart of the city, reflecting its princely palaces in picturesque variety, you have a choice of two modes of progression; you may thread in a black gondola, a network of narrow dingy channels, between lofty mansions, whose walls are always dark and mould-spotted, and under innumerable bridges, that join house to house and gangway to gangway; or you may plunge on foot into an entanglement of labyrinthine alleys, just wide enough for a tall man to stretch his arms in; which have never felt the sun, nor seen more than a narrow riband of blue sky overhead. You lose your way inevitably; and after making as many turns as a statesman in distress, emerge unexpectedly upon a small open plot called a *Campo*, and then plunge again into the thick of the city, and take your chance of turning up somewhere. The streets proper are all aqueous, and the gondola is at once the carriage, cab, omnibus, and cart. An old family coach would be as unwieldy here as an elephant; and the coachman might ferry it all round the inner city, without finding a street large enough to get in at. The Palais Royal, or whatever its name is, at Paris, will give you some idea of the bustle and promenading of the Piazza San Maroo, surrounded in like manner with shops and cafes—but none of its mosaic pavement, its air of eastern splendor, and the five domes and minarets of its rich and elegant Basilica. The impression which it produces can hardly be exaggerated; its associations of power, of pomp, of pleasure and of decay; its triumphs and disasters, its glories, and its villainies, mingle in strange confusion in the memory, and find, each, some memorial in its present condition. The pillars of the Doge's palace are sunk knee-deep in the sand, and inch by inch sinking; nor is there much in Venice that seems to hold connection with the present and the future. It is not in full progress like Trieste, and it is doubtful if even the railroad will put young blood in its old veins. It lives upon the glory of the past; like a race worn out in personal qualifications, that is proud of the palaces of its ancestors.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.—“I earnestly advise every enthusiastic thinker, every fair scholar, every ambitious author, every inspired poet, without independent fortune, to fortify themselves also with a something more worldly to do. A living in the Church is not uncongenial with the pursuits of the thinker and scholar, the practice of medicine is not inconsistent with the labors of the author, and the chinking of fees in the law is almost in tuning with the harmony of the poet's verse. Let no man be bred to literature alone, for, as has been far less truly said of another occupation, it will not be bread to him. Fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, uncertain rewards, vile impositions, and censure and slander from the oppressors are their lot as sure as ever they put pen to paper for publication, or risk their peace of mind on the black, black sea of printer's ink. With a fortune to sustain, or a profession to stand by, it may still be bad enough; but without one or the other, it is foolish as alchemy, as desperate as suicide.”—*Autobiography of W. Jerdon*.

HE that dies well has lived long enough: so soon as death enters upon the stage, the tragedy of life is done.

FEED sparingly and defy the physician.



THE BRITISH CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Hurricane in the British Camp in the Crimea.

Nature has warred with the British army. Fever and cholera have been more destructive than the enemy; and to crown all, the wind, one morning, just before the dawn of day, rendered the whole army shelterless.

We give an engraving of the distressing scene. This dreadful hurricane was preceded by rain and squalls. Imagine the tired army endeavoring to sleep amid the pelting of the rain against the fluttering canvas of their tents, or dodging the streams of water which flowed underneath them, saturating blankets and collecting on the Macintosh sheets in pools. Amid this discomfort, the storm every moment waxed more furious.

The sound of the rain, its heavy beating on the earth, gradually became swallowed up by the noise of the rushing of the wind over the common, and by the flapping of the tents as they rocked more violently beneath its force. Gradually the sides of the canvas, which were tucked in under big stones to secure them, began to rise and flutter, permitting the wind to enter playfully, and drive before it sheets of rain right into men's faces; the pegs began to indicate painful indecision and want of firmness of purpose. The glimpses afforded of the state of affairs outside, by the lifting of the tent walls, were little calculated to produce a spirit of resignation to the fate which threatened such frail shelter. The ground had lost its character of solidity, and pools of mud marked the horse and cattle tracks in front of the tents. Mud—and nothing but mud—flying before the wind and drifting as though it were rain, covered the face of the earth as far as it was visible.

Presently the storm-fiend raged through the camp like a destroying angel.

As the hurricane passed along, the only other distinguishable sounds were the snapping of tent poles and the sharp crack of timber and canvas. On it came—"a mighty and a strong wind;" the poles broke off short in the middle, as if they were glass, and in an instant almost the whole army were pressed down and half stifled by the heavy folds of the wet canvas, which beat about the heads of the men with the greatest fury. Half breathless and blind, they struggled for the doors. Such a sight as met the eye! The whole head quarters camp was beaten flat to the earth, and the unhappy occupants were rushing through the mud in all directions, in chace of their effects and clothes, or holding on by the walls of the inclosure, as they strove to make their way to the roofless and windowless barns and stables for shelter.

The air was filled with blankets, hats, great-coats, little-coats, and even tables and chairs! Macintoshes, quilts, India-rubber tubs, bed-clothes, sheets of tent-canvas, went whirling like leaves in the gale towards Sebastopol. The shingle roofs of the out-houses were torn away and scattered over the camp, and a portion of the roof of Lord Raglan's house was carried off to join them. The barns and commissariat sheds were laid bare at once. Large arabas, or wagons, were overturned, men and horses were knocked down and rolled over and over; the ambulance wagons were turned topsy-turvy, and a large and heavy table in Captain Chetwode's tent was lifted off the ground, whirled round and round till the leaf flew off, and then came to Mother Earth deprived of a leg and seriously injured. The marines and rifles on the cliffs over Balaklava lost tents, clothes—everything; the storm tore them away over the face of the rock and hurled them across the bay, and the men had to cling to the earth with all their might to avoid the same fate.

On the hill occupied by the Second Division, the blast had been of equal violence. The ridges, the plains, and undulating tracts between the ravines, so lately smiling in the autumn sun, with row after row of neat white tents, lay bare and desolate, the surface turned into sticky mud as black as ink, and the discolored canvas rolled up in heaps all over it. The camp of the Chasseurs d'Afrique presented an appearance of equal desolation and misery. Their little *tentes d'abri* stood for a few minutes, but at last the poles snapped, and they were involved in the common ruin. The face of the country was covered with horses which had torn away from the pickets. Nearly one-half of the cavalry horses broke loose. The French flying for shelter, swarmed across the plains in all directions, seeking for the lee of old walls or banks for protection from the blast. The British, more sullen and resolute, stood in front of their levelled tents, while wind and rain tore over them, or collected in groups before their late camps. The cry was, all throughout this eventful day, "Let us get at the town; better far that we should have a rush at the batteries and be done with it, than to stand here to be beaten by the storm!"

FLOWERS AND PERFUMERY.—Some idea of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce may be formed, when it is stated that one of the large perfumers of Grasse, in France, employs annually 10,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 60,000 lbs. of cassie flowers, 54,000 lbs. of violet flowers, 20,000 lbs. of tube-roses, 16,000 lbs. of lilac flowers—

besides rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange, and other odorous plants, in like proportion. Flowers yield perfumes in all climates, but those growing in the warmer latitudes are, it seems, the most prolific in their odor, while those from the colder are sweetest. Though many of the finest perfumes come from the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico, and Peru, the south of Europe is the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse and Nice are the principal seats of the art. From their geographical position, the grower, within comparatively short distances, has at command that change of climate most applicable to bring to perfection the plants required for his trade. On the sea-coast his cassie grows without fear of frost, one night of which would destroy all the plants for a season; while near the Alps, his violets are found sweeter than if grown in the warmer situations where the orange-tree and mignonette bloom to perfection. England, however, can claim the superiority in the growth of lavender and peppermint: the essential oils extracted from these plants grown at Mitcham, in Surrey, realise eight times the price in the market of those produced in France or elsewhere, and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odor.

TO BE LEFT TILL CALLED FOR.—About three years ago, a laboring man in Caernarthen was consuming two half ounces of tobacco daily, and sometimes more, paying three-halfpence for the half ounce. On going into the shop of Mr. T. P., draper and grocer, as was his usual practice, and learning that the price of tobacco had been raised to two-pence the half-ounce, he laid down his pipe and tobacco-box on the counter, requesting Mr. P. would take charge of them until he called for them. From that day forward he deposited a fourpenny piece—being the sum that it usually cost him for tobacco—daily in a box; and, on opening it lately, he had the gratification of beholding upwards of \$100, accumulated in fourpenny pieces. He then very judiciously counted out \$100 worth, and placed them in the savings' bank, leaving the remainder as nest-eggs to invite further deposits.

THE EYE.—The *North British Mail* states that a surgeon at Glenluce recently extracted a grain of corn from the eye of a man who had for six years suffered from its presence. The corn got into the eye during the time the man was engaged in a rick-yard.

MONT BLANC has been ascended for the first time by an English lady, Mrs. Hamilton, who was accompanied by her husband. After all their toil, they could stop only ten minutes on the summit, on account of the suspicious state of the weather.

Swedish Cannon.

This fine piece of artillery is a 72-pound cannon, for casting shells with greater precision, longer range, and increased rapidity. The remarkable peculiarity of this gun is, that it loads at the breech, and requires neither ramming nor sponge, three men being sufficient to work it, and at the rate of five discharges per minute. The breech draws out by means of a moveable lever, when the shell is placed at the opening, and the cartridge upon a plate at the bottom of the breech; the whole is forced with the face of the breech up the gun, until it has passed beyond a moveable cylinder, which will be seen drawn out in the side. This cylinder is then thrust in through the ring in the lever, holding the breech firmly in its place, and rendering the whole as strong as solid metal. The vent is remarkably small, and it requires no serving.

This magnificent cannon is mounted upon a recoil and traversing carriage, and, though rather too bulky for general ship service, is admirably adapted for a deck gun for the steam navy.

The invention of the cannon or great gun drawn on wheels, is like the telescope, an undetermined fact, as far as relates to the time of its earliest use, and the actual claimant for the honor of conception. Cannon, when cast, are not made hollow: it being found that if so cast, they would not, owing to the irregular cooling of the metal, be equally strong in every part. Being cast solid, the outside cools first, with a close, sound grain, and all the porous or spongy parts of the metal are found in the centre. This is subsequently turned or bored out in an engine lathe, which leaves the inner surface perfectly true, and the bore of the requisite diameter. Ordinary cannon are loaded at the muzzle, and fired by means of a touch-hole in the breech; but cannon have been contrived to load at the breech by means of a revolving plug, greatly resembling an ordinary water-cock. However well contrived and accurately made all such contrivances are, they must be liable to work loose, and ultimately to become dangerous, through the escape of powder.

Founders of cannon differ in their proportions of the various metals employed in making brass cannons, but the most usual proportions of the ingredients are the following: To 240 pounds of metal, fit for casting, put 53 pounds of copper, 52 pounds of brass, and 12 pounds of tin. To 4200 pounds of metal, fit for casting, the Germans put 3687 pounds of copper, 208 pounds of brass, and 30 pounds of tin. Others again use 100 pounds of copper, 6 pounds of brass, and 9 pounds of tin; finally, some employ 100 pounds of copper, 10 pounds of brass, and 15 pounds of tin.

It has been asserted by many of our old chroniclers, that the first use of cannon made by an English army occurred at the battle of Cressy, in 1346, when King Edward III. defeated Philippe de Valois, notwithstanding an almost incredible disproportion of troops in favor of the French monarch. Rapin thus alludes to this circumstance:

"People say that it was at this memorable battle that the English began to use, for the first time, cannon, the use of which remained still unknown to the French. Four pieces of artillery placed upon a height, produced so great a slaughter among the troops of Philippe, and created so much terror amongst them, that the success of the day has been partly attributed to the surprise caused by this new invention."

But modern writers, especially military men, have formed a far different opinion of the effects of artillery in action. General Lloyd, who served with great distinction in the Austrian and Prussian armies during the wars of Frederick the Great, has thus expressed his thoughts on this interesting subject. They are diametrically opposed to the Napoleon system:

"I have shown in many instances, and again repeat, that the immoderate use of fire renders the soldier himself heavy, inactive, and fit only for the defensive; it inclines him rather to receive the enemy than to seek him out; to add to this inacti-

vity, the general and his troops seem to put their whole trust in the artillery rather than in the valor of the troops, so that the cannon has become the soul of armies.

"At the battle of Prague there were 500 pieces of artillery which, according to the lowest valuation, certainly cost more than 40,000 infantry, and their use and effect bore no proportion to this excessive outlay. I consider that there are three capital faults in this abuse of cannon; the great expense, the number of horses required to draw them, and the delay they necessarily occasion to the march of an army.

"A good vanguard, with muskets and bayonets, will protect the heads of your columns more effectually than all the batteries in the world; besides, if your defile is within the enemy's range, what is there to prevent him from opposing his artillery to yours, or better still, to advance boldly up to your battalions and attack them? The moment a battery is reached, its fire is of no avail.

"I conclude, therefore, that as activity is the great quality of an army, we ought to reject the prodigious use of artillery, and that thirty, or at most forty twelve-pound cannon, are amply sufficient for an army of 50,000 men."

This opinion is the same as that entertained by most living generals in the English army, and it is well known that during the Peninsula war, the cold steel of the bayonet, and the certain aim of the musket, were the real reliances of our Pictons, Crawfords, Grahams, Hills, and Napiers. It was the musket which made the Old Guard recoil at Waterloo, and compelled even Ney to turn his horse and quit the field.

On the Artificial Formation of Minerals.

To penetrate the hidden processes of Nature, whereby the gems and beautiful crystallized minerals we so frequently meet with imbedded in the rocks, are produced, has been the aim of many distinguished modern philosophers. But partial success has attended their endeavors, and to my thinking for one very good reason, viz: that when a crystalline mineral is not of igneous origin, but dependent upon aqueous, atmospheric, or molecular action or change, that Time is an essential element in its production; a period compared with which, the life of man is of a verity but "a span long." By igneous action, various minerals have been synthetically obtained in the hearths of iron furnaces, of porcelain furnaces, and in the flame of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe; the usual condition being, as in the experiments of Edelmann, that the components of the minerals should be held in solution, or at any rate in suspension, by some solvent capable of volatilization at intense heats: qualifications expressly possessed by borax and boric acid. By such means, felspar, ruby, spinelle, and many aluminous minerals have been obtained in a crystalline form. Some few may be obtained from their aqueous solutions, as various earthy or metallic carbonates, and others again by weak electrical action. This last natural force is that M. Bequerel has availed himself of, with much success, in his investigations on this subject. His experiments were

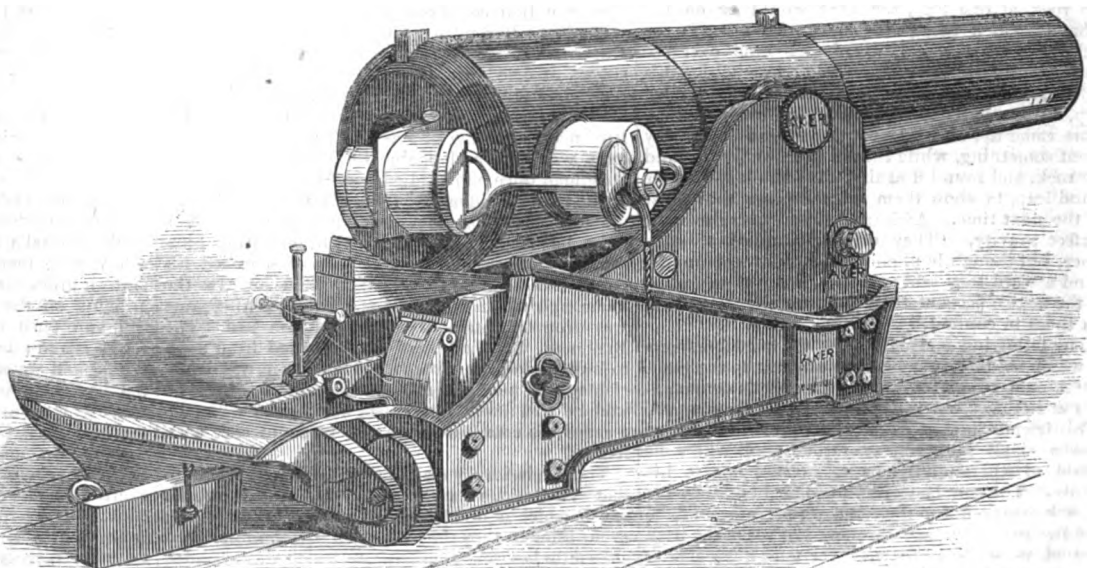
commenced in 1845, and his results have just been published, from which it appears that he has succeeded in obtaining *crystallized hydrated oxide of zinc*, and also *crystallized protoxide of lead*, by suffering galena (intermixed with blende) to act on strong and mixed solutions of common salt and sulphate of copper. By this reaction he has obtained, after the expiration of six to seven years, chloride of sodium in cubes, cubic octohedrons, and octohedrons; chloride of lead in cubic and also in acicular crystals; sulphate of lead in cuneiform octohedrons exactly resembling the Anglesa mineral; chlorosulphate of lead in acicular crystals; oxychloride of lead in very minute crystals, and amorphous sulphuret of copper; all which substances coated the lump of galena, giving it the appearance of a specimen from a natural mineral vein. By weak voltaic arrangements this physicist obtained the carbonate of lime and of lead in a crystalline form. These experiments seem so show that when one substance is slowly oxydised in solutions of others upon which the oxide formed will react, that various insoluble and soluble crystalline bodies result from this action; and also, that when several complicated double decompositions are induced of a very slow and feeble nature, that the result may be the formation of many different insoluble crystalline compounds precisely similar to those we meet with in many minerals.

To PRESERVE FENCE POSTS.—The *Oswego Times*, states that a Connecticut farmer recently took up a fence which had been planted fourteen years, and found that all the posts planted in the same direction as when growing had rotted at the bottom, while those which had been inverted remained sound.

"A NON-PROFESSIONAL," writing to the *Times*, says: "Having seen in your paper a few days since that Castor-oil had been used by a Dr. Johnson in cholera cases with success, I beg to say, *pro bono publico*, that for some few years past I have suggested this remedy to medical men of my acquaintance, but it has always been treated as inefficacious—in fact, as idle to think of. As, however, it has now been tried, should hope it will continue to be used, as I am quite confident of its results—That is, where given judiciously on the attack first coming on, and let it be given in mint tea—that is, tea made of common mint (dried,) and not too strong, and let the sufferer continue drinking mint tea for some time afterwards moderately, till the attack has worn off; and let him take good arrow-root, with a little brandy in it, as a commencement of nourishing diet afterwards. Common mint tea is one of the best remedies for sickness of the stomach.

INNOCENCE.—A little boy, nine or ten years of age, was called as a witness at the assizes. After the oath was administered, the chief justice, with a view to ascertaining whether the boy was sensible of the nature and importance of an oath, addressed him: "Little boy, do you know what you have been doing?" "Yes, sir!" the boy replied; "I have been keeping pigs for Mr. Shanghai!"

A light heart lives long.



SWEDISH CANNON.

Adventures with Lions.

MOFFAT, the daring agent of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, who for twenty-three years was exposed to all the perils of general resident, and travelling supervision of the Society's operations in that wild region, has given many striking and memorable anecdotes of the lion. We quote one, in his own language:

"Conversing with the party one evening, when sitting around the fire, on the conduct of children to their parents, I observed that they were as bad as lions. 'They are worse,' replied Africaner. This he illustrated from the well-known characteristics of the king of beasts; or, more properly, king of the beasts of prey. Much has been written about African lions, but the half has not been told. The following trait in their character may not be intrusive, or partaking of the marvellous, with which the tales of some travellers are said to abound. I give it as received from men of God, and men who had been experienced Nimrods, too. The old lion, when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they are nearly as big as himself; or, when numbers together happen to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass; if he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe and rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the meantime, the others draw around, and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast, and after making havoc with the tit-bits of the carcase, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires; the others watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if a young lion seizes the prey, and an old one happens to come up, the younger retires till the elder has dined. This was what Africaner called better manners than those of the Namaquas."

Here are others as droll from the same source:

"Passing along a vale, we came to a spot where the lion appeared to have been exercising himself in the way of leaping. As the natives are very expert in tracing the manœuvres of animals by their footmarks, it was soon discovered that a large lion had crept towards a short black stump, very like the human form; when within about a dozen yards, it bounded on its supposed prey, when, to his mortification, he fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time steadfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then arose, smelt the object, and returned to the spot from which he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africaner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up towards the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warn the troop. The lion missed his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well, if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn towards the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the meantime two more lions came up, and seemed to roar and talk away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock, and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do the next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, 'They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said; and fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council.'"

The following fact will show the fearful dangers to which solitary travellers are sometimes exposed:

"A man belonging to Mr. Schmelen's congregation at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn-bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep. In a

short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head, and gave a tremendous roar; he made another, and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed; the man, in describing it, said, he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank; but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his 'toes roasted,' and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's returning, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no farther, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes and was a cripple for life."

"A Bushman," says Mr. James Backhouse, a Missionary of South Africa, "residing near the Orange River, in the direction of Hardecloof Kloof, was hunting with some companions, and observing a considerable number of vultures soaring in the air, he concluded that some animal had been accidentally killed, of which he might possibly obtain a share; he, therefore, left his companions and repaired to the spot, where he found a hartebeest lying, off which he drove a number of these birds. On doing this, a lion, which he supposed had killed the hartebeest and satisfied its hunger, came from behind a neighboring bush and growled at him."

"Petrified with fear, the Bushman stood perfectly still. The lion walked round him so close as to brush him with his tail, uttering at the same time a low growl; it went to a short distance and sat down, looking at the Bushman, who kept his eye upon it, and drew back a few paces; but when he drew back the lion advanced, he, therefore, stood quite still till the lion retired a little and lay down. The Bushman seized the opportunity, picked up a few straws of dried grass and began to try to strike a light; but as soon as the lion heard the tapping of the flint and steel, it rose again and walked around the Bushman, brushing him as before; again the Bushman was still, and again the lion retired. The Bushman once more plied his flint and steel, and again the lion advanced from his retreat. At this moment the Bushman succeeded in obtaining a light, but such was his terror that, forgetting himself, he continued blowing at it till it scorched his face. The lion made a stand when he saw the flame, and as this increased when the burning grass was dropped into a dry bush, the lion fled. The Bushman, who had thus been detained from noon to sunset, lost no time, when the lion was sufficiently far gone, in also making his retreat; he said he had never run so fast before, and when he reached his companions he was pale and sick with fright."

These missionary stories most strikingly illustrate that mysterious power over "the beasts of the field" which is undoubtedly exercised by all beings, even though they be degraded Hottentots, who chance to bear the countenance which was stamped upon the human race as a "sign of dominion." Cumming, the famous African lion hunter, gives a still more extraordinary relation of the same class

which happened to himself. Although this has generally been set down as an apocryphal anecdote, yet I am, from my own experience of animals, if not for many other reasons, disposed to believe it a real incident, and therefore give it as he tells it literally.

"Ruyter came towards me, and I ran forward to obtain a view beyond a slight rise in the ground to see whither the lioness had gone. In so doing I came suddenly upon them, within about seventy yards; they were standing looking back at Ruyter. I then very rashly commenced making a rapid stalk in upon them, and fired at the nearest, having only one shot in my rifle. The ball told loudly, and the lioness at which I had fired wheeled right round, and came on lashing her tail, showing her teeth, and making that horrid, murderous, deep growl which an angry lion generally utters. At the same moment, her comrade, who seemed better to know that she was in the presence of man, made a hasty retreat into the reeds. The instant the lioness came on, I stood up to my full height, holding my rifle, and my arms extended, and high above my head. This checked her in her course; but on looking round and missing her comrade, and observing Ruyter slowly advancing, she was still more exasperated, and, fancying that she was being surrounded, she made another forward movement, growling terribly. This was a moment of great danger; I felt that my only chance of safety was my extreme steadiness; so, standing motionless as a rock, with my eyes firmly fixed upon her, I called out in a clear, commanding voice, 'Halloo! old girl, what's the hurry? take it easy; halloo! halloo!' She instantly once more halted, and seemed perplexed, looking round for her comrade. I then thought it prudent to beat a retreat, which I very slowly did, talking to the lioness all the time. She seemed undecided as to her future movements, and was gazing after me and snuffing the ground when I last beheld her."

A NEW ZEALAND CANOE.—One afternoon in the month of June, 1844, while I was at Tauranga, a storm from the north-east came on suddenly, and soon increased to a violence I had seldom known equalled. About nightfall, when the gale was at its height, I was startled at hearing the shouts and exclamations of many voices uniting with the roaring of the wind. What was my surprise to learn that a canoe had just arrived from Opotiki, a place distant about sixty miles to the eastward, and that the noise proceeded from the friends and relations of the crew, who were naturally transported with joy at their safety. The event appeared to me so marvellous, that I went early the next morning to see the canoe and its crew, to be the better assured of the fact. The canoe I found hauled up on the beach as far as high water mark, with the cargo, consisting of baskets of *kumara* and potatoe, still on board. It measured about forty feet in length, with an extreme width and depth of about five feet. The hull or lower part was formed from the trunks of two trees, dovetailed together after the peculiar method of the country, which consults strength more than uniformity of shape. And above this was fastened a topside or gunwale of the usual width of about ten or twelve inches. There was no protection against the break of the sea, except that offered by a sort of deck, constructed of *raupo* or flag, by which the bow was covered in a temporary manner for a few feet—a safeguard generally adopted when making coasting voyages of any length. The crew, nine fine able-bodied fellows, were seated on the ground, with a numerous crowd around them, listening to their account of the narrow escapes they had had on their voyage. They left Opotiki in the forenoon, with every indication of fine weather; but by the time they arrived off Maketu, the gale had become violent, and, unfortunately, the people of that place being at deadly feud with them, they could not take refuge there. Their only hope of safety was, therefore, in reaching Tauranga, then sixteen miles distant. In this they succeeded; and arriving off the mouth of the harbor took in the sail, and tried to find shelter under the lee of a rocky island; for the danger they most dreaded—the broken water on the tide-rip at the entrance of the harbor—was still to be passed. Keeping the canoe as close as possible to the island by means of their paddles, they refreshed themselves with the remains of some cooked provisions; for their position was very insecure, as it required their constant exertions and vigilance to prevent the canoe being dashed on the rocks, or overwhelmed by the waves. After a short consultation, it was resolved to make an effort to cross the mouth of the harbor at once, while they had strength; and though the canoe was nearly swamped in the attempt, it brought them and their cargo safely to land.

On the Causes of Earthquakes.

Few, if any of your readers, any more than myself, ever had it in their power to read a simple description of earthquakes, and the atmospheric conditions under which they occur, so as to enable them to judge correctly of the theories already propounded, or to enable them to advance one more in accordance with facts. To judge correctly of the causes of earthquakes, I would submit the following description, observed at Comrie and immediate neighborhood, a village in the western district of Perthshire.

There are four forms in which earthquakes are exhibited. 1. The perpendicular: in these sometimes there is but one heave, more generally two; on one occasion there were three heaves. When there is more than one heave they are in rapid succession; but more so in dry weather than in damp. There is a quivering of the ground, while I cannot find that the shocks are perpendicular above a mile in diameter. Assuming the centre to be a short distance north of Comrie, one thing is certain: at the distance of two miles from the assumed centre, the shocks are felt inclined. Those in opposite directions held contrary opinions as to the source of the shock. The second class have a side motion—like the wave. With these earthquakes there is sometimes one side wave, but more generally two: I never observed three. The third class is merely a slight tremor of the ground, such as is produced by the rapid motion of a carriage passing through the village. I am not aware that this class of earthquake is observed six miles distant from Comrie, whilst the two former are often transmitted great distances from that place. The fourth class is nothing but a slight explosive sound, more distinctly heard in the open air than in houses: in this respect it is the reverse of the other three. I contend that it is wrong to class them as earthquakes; they are, however, more frequent than the others, and, on some occasions, very numerous, but are not heard at any distance, the loudest not extending two miles from the seat alluded to. These are all the forms of earthquakes observed at Comrie.

The sounds of earthquakes, from the different forms they assume, and the different degrees of intensity, it is impossible to describe; but they are not so loud in the open air as is generally supposed; but, as the sound is caused by the motion of the earth, any one may understand that the sound will be different upon different strata. Let it be distinctly noted, that the shock is felt at Comrie before the sound is heard: at a distance from Comrie the sound is heard first; at greater distances, the space of time elapsing betwixt first hearing the sound and feeling the shock is greater—clearly proving that the velocity of the earthquake shock is less than that of sound.

As to the atmospheric conditions under which different earthquakes occur, I may state, in the first place, that they occur in hot, in cold, in wet, and in dry weather; likewise in windy, and what we understand by calm weather; but not during easterly or westerly winds. As this is an important point, I repeat that, when an earthquake occurs in windy weather, the wind is either from the north or south points, or nearly so. Again, on many occasions, when the state of the weather permitted such observation, I observed that when the under-current of air, at the time of an earthquake, was from the south, there was an upper current from the north, and vice versa. All the earthquakes that have occurred here were preceded by much wind or rain, within twenty-four hours of their occurrence. At the instant of the shocks occurring, there were great quantities of aqueous vapors in the lower regions of the air, either in the form of clouds, mist, hail, &c. I am positive that it was so with all the earthquakes since 1839, excepting the second on the night of the 23d of October, 1839. At the time of the first shock that night, which was perpendicular, it was not only dark, but the air felt thick; at the time of the second, which was undulating, it was clear; yet, from the fact that it was getting clearer at the time of the shock, I am justified in assuming that the aqueous vapors were moving at the time. All the earthquakes that occur in dull or wet weather, are slower in motion, and longer in duration, as the one in wet weather will be found to last three or four times as long as the one in dry weather. The earthquakes are not felt in all parts of this district alike; the shocks are much more severe upon bad stratum than on good; all the houses that were damaged were situated where there was a very wet substratum, and no houses were damaged where there was a depth of dry soil.

I think we might as well attempt to submerge the American continent as to attempt the solution

of the earthquake problem, upon the hypothesis of their being the effects of molten matter in the interior of the earth. Those who think otherwise, may try their ingenuity to make it out; but let them not forget the injury they do to the inhabitants of earthquake countries, who suffer more terror from false theories and exaggerated statements, than from the earthquakes themselves.

I will now very briefly state what appears to me to be the cause of earthquakes. First, no person doubts but that the sound of the earthquake is produced by the motion of the ground consequent on the shocks. If so, the earth must move before the sound is heard; and as the neighborhood of Comrie is the only part where the shock is felt before the sound is heard, it follows that earthquakes must originate there; and as in other parts the sound is heard before the shock is felt, it shows that the earthquake moves with a velocity less than that of sound. Again, the fact that earthquakes in dry weather, being more abrupt and greater in velocity than earthquakes in dull, wet weather, shows that they originate in the surface stratum, so as to be controlled by the solar influences; it likewise points to electricity as the agent; electricity being higher in tenacity in dry weather than in wet. Again, the fact that at the time of the great earthquakes occurring there were great quantities of aqueous vapors in the lower regions of the air, and the shocks being severest where there was most aqueous matter at or near the surface of the earth, shows that aqueous matter has much to do with the cause of earthquakes; in short, it is the medium through which electricity acts in producing the earthquake phenomenon. In this case, what could be more natural than that the largest quantity of vapor in the lower regions should produce the greater earthquake? What could be more natural than that, when the aqueous vapor was stationary, the earthquake should be perpendicular? and what could be more natural than that, when the aqueous vapor was moving, the earthquake should be side or undulating? It is most probable that, at the instant of the shock, there is a conjunction of the higher and lower currents in the air above-mentioned. Again, most probably those explosive sounds that are so frequently heard, are caused by the explosion of oxygen and hydrogen gas, consequent upon the decomposition of water in the trap rock under the bed of the river Lednock, where the centre or seat of earthquakes' disturbance is. One thing is certain—those living nearest this spot, hear more of these explosive sounds than others. Here it will be proper to observe, that the course of the Lednock is north and south—the direction of the winds under which the earthquakes occur. I am aware that some still hold the seat of earthquakes to be under some of the neighboring hills.

Lastly, I will give what appears to me, from a review of the whole facts bearing upon the question, the origin of the Comrie earthquakes, which began in 1788. In 1787, a magnetic rock was opened out for a quarry, for the benefit of the hewers of Comrie, upon the edge of the river Lednock; a short distance south from the centre of the earthquake, the magnetic rock dips north under the river, where different geological formations underlie each other. Previous to the excavation, the magnetic rock was covered with dry soil, so as to exclude the atmospheric influences; but when the quarry was opened, a medium of communication for the magnetic disturbances opened, which did not previously exist. That this is the true solution, the following facts will strongly support: From the opening the quarry until 1809, the hewers frequently required stones: by the frequent quarrying, a fresh surface of the magnetic rock was exposed to the atmosphere: this period was marked by very frequent earthquakes—many of them were very alarming. About 1809, a young nobleman, who at present stands high in her Britannic Majesty's councils, came with his sister to reside in Comrie mansion, which is near the quarry: in consequence of this, the hewers were forbidden the use of the quarry until about 1817 or 1818, when it was re-opened.

During the period that the quarry was shut, a marked change took place in the earthquakes—they were far milder, and much less frequent; but when the quarry was reopened, the earthquakes resumed their former activity, until the quarry was again closed, which was followed by a milder form of earthquake. About 1834, the quarry was again opened; and, in 1838, a new quarry was opened on the same rock, on the other side of the river; so that, by the working of the two quarries, a greater extent of the magnetic rock was exposed to the atmosphere than ever before; and it is a well-known fact, that, between 1839 and 1846, there was a

greater number of alarming shocks than ever occurred in the same period of time. There has not been any quarrying since 1846 and the earthquakes, since that time, have assumed their milder form, and are of less frequent appearance.

WHILST we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young.

THE CLOCK IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.—A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly* thus describes the machinery of this great London clock: "The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and the weight at the end of it is one hundredweight; the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one within; the length of the minute-hand on the exterior dial is eight feet, and the weight of each seventy-five pounds; the length of the hour figures, two feet and two and a half inches. The fine-toned bell which strikes is clearly distinguishable from every other bell in the metropolis, and has been audible at the distance of twenty miles. It is about ten feet in diameter, and is said to weigh about four and a half tons. The bell is tolled on the death of any member of the Royal Family, of the Lord Mayor, Bishop of London, or the Dean of the cathedral. The whole expense for building the cathedral was about seven and a half millions of dollars.

A MUNIFICENT WEDDING PRESENT.—The Brussels journals relate the following act of liberality on the part of M. Nicolai, president of the Philanthropic Society of that city, whose funeral took place there a few weeks since, in the presence of an immense concourse of persons. A short time since, one of the relations of M. Nicolai married, and one of the first duties he was anxious to accomplish was to present his wife to that gentleman. M. Nicolai received them, but gave a few hasty words of congratulation to the young couple, saying that he was too much engaged to devote any time to them. He, however, handed them a letter for a banker at Antwerp, who had, he said, a piece of furniture in his possession belonging to him, and which he begged them to accept as a wedding present. They went to Antwerp, and presented the letter to the banker, who withdrew for a few minutes, and then returned and introduced them into a saloon where, to their great astonishment, they saw laid out on a table a sum of 150,000 fr. in bank-notes, which the banker informed them was the piece of furniture alluded to by their munificent friend. They immediately returned to Brussels to thank their liberal relation, but on going to the house of M. Nicolai, he sent his servant to them to say that he was too busy to receive them.

Ivan's Tower.

COLOSSAL as the power of Russia may be considered, it has within its ample bosom all the elements of weakness. It has no *vox populi*, and therefore is deficient of the most characteristic feature in national greatness.

This will be apparent, when it is taken into consideration that, with a few exceptions, the peasants of Russia are all slaves. They form two classes—peasants of the crown, and peasants belonging to individuals. The present-emperor has done much to lessen the evils of the former, and to render their manumission, as well as that of the latter class, more practicable. Yet the condition of both is still degrading and deplorable. It is an ulcer on the heart of the empire. And to understand Russia correctly, so that she may be less feared, this institution ought always to be held up to the abhorrence of more civilized countries.

It is calculated that about a sixth part of the peasantry belong to the crown. Peasants belonging to individuals are their property, as much as the cattle on their estates. The rent paid by the crown peasants is fixed; that paid by private peasants is regulated by their means of getting money—or, in other words, is a tax on their industry. There is no law to restrain the demands of the master—their time and labor are absolutely at his command. Some of the nobility send their slaves to St. Petersburg or Moscow, to be instructed in various trades; and then either employ them on their own estates, hire them out, sell to them permission to exercise their trade, or dispose of them at an advanced price. Some of the Russian nobles have 70,000 or 100,000 peasants—and from this fact, as may well be supposed, their wealth is immense, in whatever manner the labor of these slaves is employed. Women and children as well as men, must labor for their master, for such pay as his caprice or means may dispose or enable him to give. Tithes are besides demanded out of whatever may remain in their hands. As soon as a child reaches the age of ten, its labor is required; and when he reaches fifteen, each male



THE GREAT BELL, IVAN'S TOWER, MOSCOW.

is obliged by law to labor three days in a week for his master. If the proprietor chooses to employ him on the other days he may—as, for example, in a manufactory; in this case, however, he finds him in food and clothing. In general, the master, instead of exacting the labor of slave for the stated portion of the week, agrees to receive rent; and he is bound to furnish him with a house, and a certain portion of land. The aged and infirm are provided with food, raiment, and lodging at his expense.

The master has the power of correcting his slaves by blows or imprisonment; but the law—in such a country is easily evaded—forbids the exercise of any great cruelty. No slave can quit his village, or—if he be a domestic slave—his master's family, without a passport. Imprisonment, with hard labor, is the punishment of runaway slaves. A master may send his slave into the public workhouse, or into the army—in the latter case, he sends one man the less the next levy. No slave can be sold out of Russia; nor in it, except to a noble—but this law is frequently evaded. A slave may obtain his liberty by manumission, by purchase, or by serving in the army or navy.

Viewed in every relation, the state of the Russian peasantry is the lowest in the scale of political degradation. It is however, consolatory to reflect that, injurious as it may be to the higher feelings of our nature, it is not aggravated by poverty. Their houses—formed of whole trees, and usually constructed solely with the hatchet—are in tolerable repair, and well adapted to their habits. They sometimes, but not often, consist of two storeys: the lower forms a store-room—in the upper one they dwell. A kind of ladder on the outside serves as a staircase. There is generally but one room in the habitable part. Their furniture seldom comprises more than a wooden table and benches fastened to the sides of the room, wooden platters, bowls, and spoons, and perhaps a large earthen pan to cook their victuals in. Their diet is substantial, consisting of black rye-bread, eggs, salt fish, mushrooms, and bacon. They have also a favorite dish—a hotch-potch of salt or fresh meat, groats, and rye-flour, seasoned with onions and garlic. Of this food they obtain plenty at a cheap rate. Their clothing, however, is dear. To clothe a Russian peasant or soldier costs nearly three times as much as in America; but their clothing is strong, and, being made loose and wide, lasts longer. It is rare to see a Russian in rags, and their style of dress becomes them very well. As to their personal appearance, they may be described as a large, coarse, hardy race—possessed of great bodily strength—rarely below the middle stature—strong limbed—lean, but well

built. Their mouths and eyes are small—their lips thin—teeth even and white—their hair brown, reddish, or flaxen—their beards strong and bushy. The complexion of the female peasantry is brunette—their skin, in general, delicate. Some of them, as among other classes, are extremely handsome. But both sexes are remarkable for their superstition. Being deprived of all education beyond that requisite sharpening of their instincts to render them more valuable as a property, they cling to old traditions with extraordinary tenacity—believe in ghosts, goblins, and every variety of supernatural phenomena.

Probably the most singular superstition in the world prevails in Moscow. The people of that city, and for hundreds of miles around it, almost adore the Great Bell, which lies at the foot of Ivan's Tower.

On festival days—which in the Greek calendar are remarkably numerous—they resort to the Great Bell as they would to a sanctuary, and in descending and ascending the steps that lead to its base, cross themselves with a great parade of devotion.

The origin of this superstition is involved in obscurity; but as no people, however deeply they may be sunk in ignorance, are so insensible as to be altogether indifferent to the attractions of political and social liberty, the custom may probably be traced to a tradition connected with the bell, which has been preserved among the Russian peasantry for several generations.

This tradition, it appears, refers back to a period when the Russians enjoyed a condition approaching to the freedom of pastoral simplicity. The alarm bell suspended in a tower before the Kremlin, was brought from Novgorod, when that city was conquered in 1477. There it had been used as a signal for the people of that republic to assemble from all quarters, in the event of foreign danger or intestine tumult; and they regarded its removal to Moscow as the sure prelude to their departing liberty. Thenceforward the love of bells became quite a passion among the peasantry of Russia; and several of the emperors, without paying much regard to political sentiment involved in the matter, gratified their taste by the most liberal expenditure in the casting and erection of means to supply a substitute for the dearer and more soul-stirring strains of liberty.

Alexis, the father of Peter the Great—whose memory is still revered in Russia, as that of a wise, pacific, and humane prince—caused the great bell of Moscow to be cast and suspended by a great number of beams and cross-beams; and one traveller—an Englishman—positively asserts that, when

rung—which it was, by means of fifty men—on half on each side pulled the ropes—the sound amazed and deafened, rather than delighted the inhabitants. Its thunder reproached them for their lost liberties. At the beginning of the eighteenth century a great fire destroyed all the supports, and the great bell fell into the cavity in which it had been cast. Peter the Great, having removed the capital to St. Petersburg, did nothing to repair what was considered a misfortune. The Empress Anne had it re-cast, but it was never again suspended; so that the Great Bell of Moscow is associated in the minds of the inhabitants with reminiscences of a painful character.

It is a monument of the policy inaugurated by Peter the Great, which aims at territorial aggrandisement, and, by keeping the mind of the nation fixed on conquest, prevents those social developments which can only be obtained through peace as a constitutional idea. It also is a very substantial historical landmark in the misfortunes of Moscow; first, of the great fire which immediately preceded the removal of the capital; and, secondly, to the people it dumbly, but very significantly, points to that remarkable and not over-wise measure; for the destiny of Russia would rather point to extensions on the south and south-east, than a retrograde march to the wastes and snows of the north-west. The fate of Europe has been decided in the Mediterranean—not the Baltic.

However, not to wander into such a large question, it is quite evident that the veneration of the Russian peasantry for their wonderful great bell had a substantial foundation. Whether it ever will be suspended again, is extremely problematical; but this much is certain—that the Russian, by preserving the tradition of a remote social and political independence, are most assuredly keeping alive the feeling for liberty; and when once that, by means of a rapidly multiplying middle class, becomes enlarged into a widely-diffused, deeply-rooted, national passion, the despotism of the czars, and the abominable domestic tyranny of the nobles, may be said to have approached their termination. At present, the Russian peasant, is raised for market. He is a slave; and, as such a defilement of the image of the Eternal is sure, sooner or later, to be purified and washed away in a storm of retributive vengeance, there is plenty of room for the hope, that another generation will not pass away without the Russian, with his strength, intelligence, and vivacity, taking a higher place among the men of what is called the civilised world.

A CRAFTY KNAVE does need no broker.



TREACHERY.

OMAR;

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY GEORGE W. M. RYNNOLDS.

CHAPTER VI.

Commenced in Part II.—Continued from page 149.

THE GARDEN.

It was a delicious garden in which Omar found himself. Parterres, filled with an infinite variety of the loveliest and sweetest flowers, intersected by gravel-walks, formed the most exquisite mosaic-work, wherein natural beauties were artistically blended by the skill of man.

He walked on slowly—he looked furtively, and even timidly at first, into the arbor where the refreshments were spread: he acquired courage as he went on—still finding himself altogether alone; and more boldly were his looks now plunged along the avenues, and into the grateful shades thrown by the groups of trees. Half-an-hour thus passed—and yet it seemed as if instead of thirty minutes, Omar had not been as many seconds in the garden; for at every fresh step he beheld something new to admire—something to delight the eye and ravish the senses.

Presently a gentle strain of music began to steal upon his ear—at first so low and indistinct that he stopped short and held his breath, thinking that his imagination was yielding to an illusion. It seemed as if the perfumed air itself were thus softly set in motion, wafting around him the harmony of the spheres. But the music gradually became more clearly audible; and transfixed with a new sense of rapture, Omar became aware that vocal and instrumental melodies were blending. That music—stealing upon him first as a dream-like illusion—then gradually making its actual presence felt—and emanating from a source altogether unseen—floating around him as if invisible fairies were circling over the parterres of flowers, with their tuneful voices and their softly breathing lutes, so that it was impossible for him to conceive whether the harmony came from this side or from that, from above or below—produced an effect of so ravishing, so entrancing a nature that no language can describe it.

How long the music lasted, Omar knew not: for his senses were steeped in an ecstasy which utterly forbade the reasoning faculty from noting the lapse of time: but at length it gradually died away in the distance of those spheres of harmony from which it had seemed to come. It was with a low prolonged sigh of pleasure that Omar awoke as it were from an elysian dream—but awoke only to be sensible of a new phase in the panorama of delicious

miracles, as they seemed to be, which thus passed before him.

Along the central gravel-walk a veiled lady was advancing—while a troop of female slaves, also veiled, stood in the back ground. Though the invidious covering completely concealed the lady's countenance, yet that she was young Omar was at once convinced: for nothing could exceed the symmetry of her shape—while her motion, though slow, and even indicative of a timid maiden bashfulness, was replete with the aerial lightness of youth. Her delicately shaped feet, with their richly embroidered slippers—and her naked ancles of such perfect model, so admirably rounded, and of such dazzling whiteness—moved with an easy elasticity and an indefinable grace, though her footsteps were slow and hesitating. Her costume was altogether oriental. The dualma, or upper garment, of purple velvet richly embroidered, set off her beautiful shape to the fullest advantage—no corset compressed the flowing outlines and rounded contours of that faultless figure, the exact proportions of which needed no such artificial accessory. Her under-garments, so far as the flowing veil revealed them, were of corresponding richness and elegance. A shawl folded—or rather twisted—into the resemblance of a zone, circled loosely around her form, just below the hips, and was attached in front by means of a gold clasp of exquisite workmanship, and set with two immense gems such as Omar had never seen before. She wore the large oriental trousers, ballooning sufficiently to be consistent with the characteristic attire of her native clime, but not to mar the gracefulness and lightness of the general effect. These trousers were fastened in the middle of the ancles, a portion of which they consequently left bare, as already described—for no hose concealed them. The sleeves of the dualma left the arms exposed from just below the elbows: stainlessly white and beautifully modelled arms were they, and embellished with bracelets of a cost that might have served as a prince's ransom. One fair hand held the folds of the veil—the delicately tapering fingers, with their nails rose-tinted and almond-shaped, being thus displayed; while the other hand carried a bunch of flowers with an elegant negligence.

For a few moments Omar stood transfixed to the spot; until at length aware that the lady's steps became slower and more evidently timid as she advanced, he was startled to a sense of the duty which he had to perform. Hastening forward, therefore, he doffed his cap and sank on one knee before her whom his heart already proclaimed to be of a beauty of countenance corresponding with the matchless symmetry of her form. The flowers fell from the trembling hand of the lady; and as she slowly raised

her veil, she said in a voice which, though quivering with maiden bashfulness, sounded sweet and melodious as the softest tones of the music to which Omar has been listening—"I am here to express my gratitude towards one who rescued my beloved uncle—my more than father—from the hands of rude-minded Franks."

Omar could not for nearly a minute give utterance to a single syllable in reply. He had expected to find the lady beautiful—but yet little prepared was he for the exquisite loveliness which dawned upon him as the veil was raised.

"Rise," she said: "kneel not to me! If either knelt, it should be I, in token of gratitude to him who so bravely delivered a loved relative from outrage and insult."

As she thus spoke in a voice the very tones of which were ravishing music, and which seemed to be wafted on breath that added a sweet perfume to the air, Omar rose from his kneeling posture; and when he answered her, it was with a unconscious infusion into his own tones, but with a more masculine harmony, of somewhat of the accents which she had given to her own words.

"Lady," he said, "it was a proud thing for me to be enabled to render a service to so high a dignitary as your uncle: but this is the sweetest moment of my life, in which I find myself held worthy of the thanks of such as thou!"

The lady blushed a still deeper carnation than before, as she said, "Great indeed is the service which you rendered to my uncle—or else I should not be permitted thus to violate somewhat the usages of my country, by receiving you for the purpose of expressing my gratitude. You have already won the friendship of the Seraskier; and though far humbler, yet not the less sincerely given, is the grateful esteem of his niece—or rather his adopted daughter, Selima."

"Beautiful Selima!" exclaimed the enraptured Omar; "your name shall henceforth mingle with my prayers—as your image will ever be uppermost in my mind, to inspire me to those deeds that may merit the esteem, I am now so happy as to enjoy."

"From the simple fact of your presence here," resumed Selima after a brief pause, during which her regards had again been bashfully bent down, "I am led to conclude—to hope also," she bashfully and hesitatingly added, "that your sword is henceforth to be drawn in the service of the Sultan?"

"If there had remained a scruple in my breast," replied Omar, "or a remorseful feeling in my heart, at aught to which I ere now pledged myself in the presence of His Highness the Seraskier,—all hesi-

tation would be now banished from the very instant that your lips, lady, expressed a hope as to what my future career is to be. Yes—I am now in the service of the Sultan!—faith and fatherland are renounced—and it is under the name of Omar that I am addressing the lovely Lady Selima!"

It was impossible that Khosrew Pasha's niece could remain indifferent to the extraordinary personal beauty, the elegant figure, the fascinating manners, and the voice of manly harmony, of the youthful Omar: nor less was she insensible of the looks of tender but respectful admiration which his fine dark eyes bent upon her. It was moreover natural that the Moslem lady should participate in the feeling of that triumph which her uncle had as it were achieved, in overcoming all the young Christian's scruples and enlisting among the ranks of Islamism one who in every way promised to do honor to the new country of his adoption. Therefore when Selima heard Omar thus emphatically and even in impassioned tones proclaiming his renunciation of the creed of his forefathers and the land of his birth, she experienced a sudden thrill; and the usually soft expression of her large dark eyes flaming up for an instant with a kindred glow of enthusiasm, all the feelings of gratitude, admiration, and perhaps love, with which that youth had inspired her, were epitomized in the look that her full collected soul threw upon him. But the next moment, as if sensible that within those eyes of her's there existed a talisman which had already bound his heart with a spell—and blushing at her own transient warmth of emotions which she had thus irresistibly betrayed—she bent her regards downward; and those witching orbs were curtained again beneath the ebon fringes of her drooping lids. But that look, although so transient, revealed sufficient of the maiden's feeling's to embolden the already impassioned Omar—his heart leaped within him—and once more sinking upon his knee, he murmured, "Forgive me, beautiful Selima—forgive me, I beseech you—but say, that if this hand of mine shall wield a sword winning renown for myself, the day may come when it will not be too presumptuous for me to aspire to that hand of thine!"

The crimson glow of maiden bashfulness—and of a maiden's love likewise—mantled upon the cheeks of Selima; and after a pause, she said—still with downcast looks—"Omar, think you that unless my uncle had conceived a sudden and powerful affection for you, he would have allowed—nay, more—ordained this meeting which indicates the views that he entertains?"

The Turkish lady's words, so softly and murmuringly uttered, appeared to fill the perfumed and sunny atmosphere with marvellous echoes, but lower still in tone than her own voice. It was as if everything around were redolent of that love which had been inspired in Omar's breast, and which was just excited to an elysian state of hopefulness—so that he suddenly beheld everything in a new light, and heard everything as if it were in a language hitherto unknown. The gentle rustling of the leaves and the warbling of the birds seemed to have caught the melody of Selima's enchanting voice, and to repeat in more softly murmuring echoes the words she had uttered.

"Is it possible that I may indulge in this hope?" he said, scarcely believing the evidence of his own senses: "is it possible that thou, beauteous creature, can condescend to smile upon one who is now so humble and obscure as I am? Oh, this is indeed a reward for all that I have suffered!—a reward for the attainment of which all sufferings might be held cheap indeed—did they," added Omar, with a sudden access of sadness as he thought of his exiled and persecuted kindred,—"did they but regard me alone!"

"You have suffered much, then?" said Selima, in a voice of the deepest compassion; and at the same time, more than half unconsciously, she extended her hand to raise him from his kneeling posture.

"Heaven bless you, dear lady, for these kindly spoken words!" said the youth, carrying that fair white hand to his lips as he rose from his knees. "Yes—I have deeply, deeply suffered! The harshest blows have been stricken, not merely at myself, but at that kith and kindred which I hold so dear! Ere now, lady, from your illustrious relative's lips I learnt that which well nigh rent my heart in twain, and which was but too well calculated to harden it for ever against the human species. But now I feel—Oh! yes, I feel that an angel influence has been shed upon me—it beams, dear Selima, from those sweet eyes of thine!"

These words, spoken with a world of pathetic feeling, drew tears from the eyes of the tender Selima; and once more she proffered her hand to

Omar—once more with a sense of rapture did he carry it to his lips.

"And now go," she said, hastily wiping the tears from her eyes: "leave me, Omar! We can hope to meet no more until—But, oh! something tells me," she suddenly ejaculated, with an excess of fervor, "that it will not be very, very long!—something tells me, brave Omar, that thou wilt distinguish thyself on the fields of fame—and that humble and obscure as thou mayest now be, the good sword that is by thy side will achieve for thy name a glorious future! Go, Omar—and may Allah's blessing attend thee!"

With these words, Selima drew the veil suddenly over her countenance—but rather to conceal the emotions which agitated her, than as a signal to precipitate the end of the interview; and the next instant she was gliding quickly from him to whom she had in a measure pledged her troth—at least so far as maiden modesty dared thus pledge it.

Omar stooped down—picked up one of the flowers which had fallen from her hand—pressed it to his lips—and then thrusting it into his bosom, placed it next to his heart. Selima at the extremity of the avenue waved to him her white handkerchief; and the next instant she disappeared with the bevy of slaves. Omar, whose heart was steeped in an indescribable luxury of feeling, retraced his way to the door which had given him admittance to that garden of such varied delights, but were amidst all the flowers he had culled the sweetest—that sentiment of love which is the rose of the soul.

The door fell back upon its hinges—the black slave was in attendance—and silently he reconducted Omar into the presence of the Seraskier. What took place between Khosrew Pasha and the young renegade, need not now be described; it will develop itself in the progress of our narrative; and for the present suffice it to say that Omar took his temporary leave of the Seraskier with a heart full of hope for the future.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DISPUTED DISTRICT.

THREE years passed away; and it was in the middle of the month of June, 1823, that a Turkish regiment marched into the town of Novi, where it was to take up its quarters. It was in that very same month, three years back, that the fugitive Theodore Latto sought refuge from the Austrian dragoons in that very town. Where is our hero now? The reader shall soon be informed.

It was a splendidly equipped infantry regiment which early one morning had arrived, as just stated, at that frontier-town of Turkish Croatia. All the inhabitants went forth to meet the troops, whom they received with acclamations of joy; and the local authorities were likewise present to give a suitable welcome to the commanding officer. But this homage was not alone paid to the patrician rank of Bey, nor to the military rank of Colonel, which that officer held; it was likewise a tribute of admiration to the prowess which had already rendered his name distinguished, and which had elevated him, while still comparatively a youth, to that high and responsible position. For the Colonel of the regiment had only just completed his twenty-third year—and his name was Omar.

The regiment, consisting of four battalions, according to the usual military system of Turkey, was no less than three thousand strong; and it was moreover accompanied by a small body of artillery with four field-pieces. The reader may therefore suppose that so formidable a corps had not been ordered to so comparatively insignificant a post as Novi through any rebellious attitude on the part of the inhabitants—but that it was sent, with its warlike equipments, for operations on the frontier.

We must give a few words of explanation. The Ban of Austrian Croatia had never received any response to the malignant letter which he addressed to the Seraskier Khosrew Pasha, in respect to Theodore Lattos; and he was furious at what he considered to be haughty scorn with which he was treated by the Turkish minister. The Ban, therefore—who, from his own innate prejudices, had previously entertained a deep animosity against all the Sultan's subjects—was now more than ever embittered against them. The reader has seen enough of the Ban's character to be fully aware of its vindictiveness, and of the burning rancor whereof it was susceptible. These feelings had for some time displayed themselves towards the inhabitants of the frontier of Turkish Croatia. First of all the Ban instigated some of his troops to make inroads upon the farms on the opposite side of the boundary, under a plea of ignorance as to where the boundary-line itself was drawn. On

this point, moreover, there might really be some sort of doubt raised by an unprincipled caviller; and such a cavil the Ban was not too proud to raise. Turkish Croatia is partially separated from Austrian Croatia by a branch of the River Save: but beyond the stream a piece of land, stretching as far as Kladous, and comprising that town, belonging to the Ottoman empire. The Ban insisted that the stream itself constituted the boundary, and that the district of Kladous was therefore included within his own province. The Sandjak-Bey, or Governor of the united provinces of Bornia and Turkish Croatia, was a man who in his time had rendered good services to his master the Sultan, but being now stricken in years, he had lost his energy. Thus, when the Ban at length carried his audacity to such a pitch as to send a strong body of troops to occupy the district of Kladous, the Sandjak-Bey offered no opposition. That unfortunate district was completely ravaged by the ferocious Austrian soldiery and the despoiled, ruined, and fugitive Turkish farmers, townspeople and peasantry fled in despair to Novi. Remonstrances were made by the Sultan's Ambassador at the Court of Vienna; but the crafty Austrian diplomacy sought to gain time by a reference to old treaties and charts of boundary-lines, in the hope that the matter would wear itself out and that the disputed district would remain incorporated with Austrian Croatia. But Omar Bey, perceiving in this complication an opportunity which he had for three long years vainly awaited, addressed himself to his friend and protector Khosrew Pasha; and the old Seraskier granted the young chief's request. On account of former services, the Sanjak-Bey was left undisturbed in Turkish Croatia; but Omar invested with plenary powers so as to be enabled to act independently of that governor, was ordered with his regiment to the scene of contention.

Under these circumstances was it that Omar Bey arrived with his gallant force of three thousand men and a body of artillery, at the town of Novi—which is situated upon the river at the very point where, on the opposite side, the disputed district stretched, and still stretches, like a wedge, into Austrian Croatia. The instant it was heard at Novi that the distinguished Omar Bey was coming to take the dispute in hand, the hearts of the inhabitants were elated with hope and joy; for enough was already known of him to make them aware that he was not a man to lose valuable time in useless negotiations or protests upon paper—but that he would speedily put the question to the issue of the sword. Thus his entrance into Novi at the head of his regiment—with band playing and colors flying—was welcomed with acclamations, and the ruined fugitives from the district of Kladou thronged around his steed, imploring him to become their saviour and protector—to restore them to their homes and possessions—and to avenge their wrongs against their merciless Austrian marauders.

And what thoughts were now in the mind of Omar as he rode at the head of his troops into the town of Novi? But three years had elapsed since as a fugitive, with a reward set upon his head, he first alighted at the very inn to which his progress was now a species of ovation. Then, too, he was utterly uncertain as to the future; but now a glorious future was before him. He had attained a high military rank, with the certainty of an advancement as rapid as his promotions had already been: he had found himself elevated to the patrician grade of Bey, and the next exploit which he might achieve would raise him to the rank of Pasha. How different was the position—how different were the prospects, which Omar might now contemplate, from those which he had to look upon when as the obscure and fugitive Theodore Lattos he first set foot in Novi three years back!

But was there no saddening reflection that blended now with Omar's thought? was there no sable thread running through the golden tissue which his mental vision thus contemplated? Yes: the idea of his exiled and persecuted relatives was seldom indeed absent from his memory; and though far from being naturally vindictive—on the contrary being of a magnanimous and merciful disposition—yet he nevertheless yearned for vengeance against the Ban of Austrian Croatia.

Scarcely was Omar Bey arrived at Novi when he sought all possible information relative to the Austrian forces occupying the disputed district of Kladous. We may as well observe that this district is about thirty miles long, by twenty in breadth; and that regarding it with the river as its base, it has a conical shape, the town of Kladous itself being at the top, or at the highest part of the cone. Four Austrian regiments, averaging each about a thousand strong, were in occupation of the

district, the greater portion of them being stationed in the vicinage of the town of Kladous itself, and the remainder, to the number of about a thousand, being quartered at Ostrosatz. Omar had proceeded by forced marches to Novi; and he was therefore resolved to give his troops a suitable leisure for rest before he commenced active operations. This interval was not, however, wasted: for Omar availed himself of it to dispatch a messenger to the officer in command of the Austrian troops, requiring the immediate evacuation of the disputed district—which evacuation was likewise to be an acknowledgment that the territory of Kladous rightfully belonged to the Turkish empire. On the following morning Omar's emissary returned to report the result of his mission. Though himself one of the four majors commanding the battalions of Omar's regiment, he had been received in the haughtiest manner by the Austrian Brigadier-General.

"Tell your colonel," the brigadier had said, "that the district belongs to the dominions of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria; and if it were not previously so by treaty, it is now so by conquest."

"And I tell you in reply," the Turkish major had answered, "that the district belongs to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan; and as you wrongfully seized upon it with the sword, the sword shall rightfully wrest it from you!"

Such was the report made to Omar Bey; and he was therefore determined to act as speedily as possible. Suspecting that the Austrians might have spies or scouts at Novi to watch his proceedings, Omar determined to afford the enemy no advantage of this kind, and therefore throughout the second day of his presence in Novi, he issued no order which might cause the battalions of his regiment to make preparations as if for a march. Indeed, it was his invariable custom to keep his own counsel, and to act according to his own discretion without consulting his subordinates. The inhabitants of Novi expected that he would continue his march on this second day; and therefore as hour after hour passed, and no signs of a movement manifested themselves, they began to wonder, and even to whisper together in the language of disappointment. Omar knew all that was going on, but he said nothing; so that when the sun went down and there was every appearance that the troops were to pass a second night at Novi and in its neighborhood, the inhabitants retired disappointed and discontented to rest.

At ten o'clock that night Omar sent to summon the four majors privately to the inn where he had established his head quarters; and his instructions were promptly given. Half an hour afterwards all the troops were under arms and ready to march. One battalion, with two field pieces, was ordered to proceed with all possible rapidity to Ostrosatz—a distance of about twenty miles from Novi; while Omar, with the other three battalions, and the remaining pair of field pieces, set out towards the town of Kladous. So rapidly as well as so secretly were these measures executed, that the inhabitants of Novi slumbered on unsuspecting of the departure; and a couple of Austrian spies—for spies there really were in the town—continued to repose in the same state of ignorance. When morning came, the intelligence that the troops had left at an early hour of the night burst with a joyous influence upon the inhabitants generally—but with the effect of a consternation upon the Austrian spies.

It was about eight o'clock on the same morning that the battalion despatched to Ostrosatz, came within sight of that town; and the major in command spread out his line as much as possible, so as to make the Austrians believe that it was a very imposing force which was thus marching against them. The Austrian soldiers occupying Ostrosatz, to the number of a thousand, were really in numerical superiority over the Ottoman battalion; and being lulled into complete security—little dreaming indeed of such an advance by night—they were disconcerted on receiving the hasty intelligence that the Turks were descending from the adjacent hills. They were, however, soon under arms; and headed by their Colonel, they marched out from the town to meet the Ottomans. Then the Turkish major diminished his line, and having halted his troops for a few minutes to afford them breathing leisure, he addressed them in a short, but energetic speech. His men replied with enthusiastic shouts; the banner was unfurled—and the word was given for the attack.

Sanguinary was the battle that followed; but it was chiefly Austrian blood which dyed the ground; and rendered infuriate by seeing so many of their comrades thus fall beneath the volleys, the bayonets, and the swords of the Turks, the Austrian soldiers fought with desperation. They had four field

pieces, which at first threatened to do terrible execution upon the Turkish ranks; but these were captured by the company forming the right flank of the battalion. In less than two hours the conflict terminated to the utter discomfiture of the Austrians; and the Turkish banner was once more planted upon the walls of Ostrosatz.

Meanwhile Omar Bey, at the head of his three battalions, was pushing on towards Kladous. But as the distance from Novi was greater than that to Ostrosatz, it was near mid-day when the main body of the Turks came in sight of the town where the Austrians had established their head quarters. An inhabitant from the town who was met on horseback about three or four miles from the place itself, furnished an important piece of information. The Ban of Croatia, with two regiments of reinforcements, including some cavalry, had arrived during the past night at Kladous, where the Austrians now mustered altogether upwards of five thousand men. Omar's troops only numbered two thousand two hundred; and thus the discrepancy was great. But our hero was full of confidence; and an energetic address which he delivered inspired his men with the utmost enthusiasm. He felt convinced that the secret move from Novi must have already insured success at Ostrosatz, by taking that garrison unprepared, or at all events preventing it from sending to Kladous for reinforcements; and he was resolved that ere the day was out, the Ottoman banner should float likewise over the walls of that town towards which he was now advancing.

Omar divided his troops into two columns, each having a field piece; but these divisions kept so near that a line of battle might be formed, if needful, or any other suitable manœuvre promptly executed. On approaching nigher to the town, the Austrian army was discerned upon a plain; and Omar's telescope enabled him to comprehend that it was being reviewed by the Ban himself. When the sunbeams glinted on the bayonets of the Turkish columns, as they came within view of the Austrian regiments, these latter were discerned to be suddenly shifting their positions, from the ceremonies of a parade ground for the sterner purposes of battle.

Omar's army advanced in two divisions—himself leading one, the other conducted by the major next in command. The eagle eye of our hero swept along the serried ranks of the enemy to ascertain if any Croat provincial regiment constituted a portion of that line; and infinite was his relief when he found that it was not so. For sorely would it have afflicted him to combat against his own fellow countrymen—and more especially against that Ozulin corps to which he himself had once belonged, and which perhaps might still be commanded by the saviour of his life—the generous Krozki. But no; they were all Imperial troops constituting that long and formidable array; and the Ban himself, attended by his brilliant staff, commanded the hostile armament.

"Death to the Austrian invaders!" exclaimed Omar, as he gave the signal for the conflict to commence.

The Turkish band struck up a martial air—the great red banner of the regiment, with the golden crescent on its scarlet field, was thrown forth to the breeze—and the battle of Kladous began. It was now past one in the afternoon; and the heat would have been intolerable, were it not for that gentle breeze which made the Turkish standard flutter—its blood-red folds being ominous of the sanguinary carnage that would ensue. The Ban, posted on a little eminence, made light of the Turkish force when he beheld the paucity of its numbers in comparison with his own troops; and little suspected he that in its leader, the name of Omar, was concealed an identity with that same Theodore Lattos whom he had never ceased to hate with so burning a rancour.

Great was the surprise and infuriate the rage of the Ban when he beheld his regiments reeling from the first shock—those regiments which in his presumption he flattered himself had merely to show themselves in order to disperse the Ottomans almost without striking a blow. Eight field pieces on the Austrian side opened their fire upon the Turks; Omar at once saw this terrific cannonade would be fatal if maintained for even half an hour; and he pressed forward with two companies of his division to silence those guns. This manœuvre was executed with a rapidity and a boldness that had the desired effect—though the Austrian artillerymen succeeded in spiking their cannon before they were finally abandoned. But in the mean time the two field pieces on the Turkish side were admirably served, and were opening frightful chasms in the

Austrian ranks. The Ban, goaded well nigh to desperation at the ominous aspect which the circumstances of the battle assumed ere it had progressed a couple of hours, put himself at the head of a squadron of cavalry to charge the advancing Turks. That charge was valiantly made but resolutely met; and the wounded steeds recoiled from the bristling array of Ottoman bayonets. Then a tremendous volley was poured upon that cavalry, and the Turks rushed on with enthusiastic cries of "*En la illallah!*"

Fierce and desperate was the conflict now; but still the Ottomans gained ground—and more and more did the Austrians give way. An attempt to outflank the advancing Turks was at once discerned by Omar, and completely baffled by means of the two companies which he had led to the capture of the Austrian guns. Our young hero himself led the charge—his gleaming weapon smiting down all before him—his steed trampling on the slain that thus fell beneath its rider's prowess. At length the circumstances of this deadly conflict suddenly brought Omar in the presence of the Ban, and their weapons at once crossed.

So unusual a thing is it in modern warfare for the chiefs of two opposing forces thus to meet hand to hand, that those around paused for a few minutes from the terrific work of carnage, to view the combat—and with a presentiment likewise on both sides that on its issue depended the fortune of the day.

For an instant it flashed to the mind of the Ban that the countenance of the young Ottoman Colonel was not altogether unfamiliar with him; but he had not leisure for another moment's reflection on the subject: cowardice was not one of his failings; and he accepted the combat which the accidents of battle had thus brought about. His naturally irritable temper was however no mean disadvantage to him when opposed to the cool intrepidity of Omar; and thus the conflict was brief. Every blow aimed by the Ban was with lightning swiftness turned aside by our hero's weapon; and each time did that weapon drink the blood of the Austrian commander. At length, maddened to frenzy, the Ban seized a pistol from his holster and discharged it point-blank at his opponent. The bullet whistled past Omar's ear; and not more quickly than does the eye wink than his weapon penetrated the Austrian's breast. Throwing up both his arms with a wild cry—the sword dropping from one hand, the pistol from the other—the Ban fell from his horse. The Turks set up a terrific shout of triumph—and rushed on for a final charge against the Imperial troops.

Omar sprang from his own steed, and bent over the prostrate Ban—with whom he was now left comparatively alone, on account of that sudden forward movement of the Turks and an equally abrupt recoil on the part of the Austrians. The Ban was gasping for breath, and his lips murmured the word, "Water!"

There was a streamlet close by: Omar snatched up an Austrian helmet that was near; and filling it from the limpid current, he hastened back to the Ban. Raising his dying enemy in his arms, Omar placed the helmet to his lips, and the Ban drank of the refreshing element.

"You are a generous conqueror," murmured the perishing commander, whose rugged nature was touched, in that supreme moment, by the kindness of his victorious foe.

"Do you know me?" asked Omar in a tremulous voice, as he looked in the countenance of that mortal enemy whom he could not help compassionating.

The Ban opened his glazing eyes, and contemplated our hero's features: his looks slowly indicated recognition—and their expression changed into one of diabolical hate, as he murmured, "If I had known it was you, accursed renegade, I would not have accepted that drop of water for my parched tongue."

"Renegade!" ejaculated Omar, bitterly: "who rendered me a renegade? who drove my relatives into exile?"

The Ban essayed to speak again—he could not—the death-rattle was in his throat; but the look of diabolic hatred remained upon his features, and while it was still fearfully stamped there, he fell back and expired.

Half an hour afterwards Omar entered Kladous at the head of his victorious troops; and by four o'clock in the afternoon the Ottoman banner floated above the town. A messenger came galloping in with intelligence of the success at Ostrosatz; and thus the disputed district was reconquered from the Austrian marauders and restored to the dominion of the Sultan.

When the tidings of these brilliant and rapidly-

executed achievements reached Constantinople, the old seraskier joyously found himself justified in raising the youthful Omar to the rank of general; while the grateful Ottoman monarch bestowed as an additional reward the princely distinction of pasha.

CHAPTER VIII TREACHERY.

It being uncertain to what graver complications the affairs in the district of Klados might lead—whether Austria might in consequence declare war against the Sublime Port—or whether the Ban's immediate successor in the government of Austrian Croatia might march with all his forces in the hope of retrieving the disastrous result of the two battles—Omar Pasha remained for a few weeks at Novi; and two other regiments were despatched to the frontier to place themselves under his banner. But it did not then suit the purposes of Austria to plunge itself into a war; and the differences arising from the disputed district were settled by diplomacy. Thus, at the expiration of three months after his successes in the reconquered district, Omar received orders to return at his leisure to Constantinople. We need hardly say that he was revered as a saviour by the now happy families whom, through the prowess of his arms, he had restored to their homes and possessions, from which they had been driven by the Austrian invaders—or that the inhabitants of Novi were proud of the presence of the youthful hero amongst them.

One evening—a couple of days previous to the contemplated departure of Omar Pasha from Novi—on alighting from his horse at the door of the hostelry, he was informed that a young man desired to have speech with him. A suspicion instantaneously flashed to the mind of our hero: but with a countenance perfectly unruffled, he ascended to his apartment, desiring that the young man might be admitted into his presence. Omar seated himself in a leisurely manner near the latticed window; and tossing his red fez upon the table, he put back from over his brows the encroaching curls of his raven hair. In the course of a minute or two the individual who had requested an audience was ushered into the apartment; and the first glance confirmed Omar's previous suspicion—for the young man's personal appearance exactly corresponded with the description which Colonel Krokzi had given of it.

Daniel Lamberg was about our hero's own age—namely, a few months past twenty-three. He was short and thickset: his countenance had naturally a sullen, downcast look—though he now endeavored to invest it with an air of open-hearted frankness. He was not absolutely ill-looking so far as the conformation of his features was concerned: but, despite his effort to assume an aspect that should disarm suspicion, there was something repelling in the expression of his countenance. He was dressed meanly—he having purposely arrayed himself in a humble apparel that should suit the tale he meant to tell: and no weapon of any kind was visible about his person.

On entering into Omar's presence, Daniel Lamberg made a low obeisance; and at once proceeded to say, with an assumed air of blunt frankness, "Your Excellency sees before you an Austrian who has suffered from Austrian tyranny: he has renounced his fatherland—and, inspired by admiration of all the good he has heard spoken of Omar Pasha, he comes to throw himself at his feet, in the hope that he may be permitted to serve him, even though as the humblest of his slaves."

"And what is the nature of the injustice which has overtaken you?" inquired our hero, with an air of cold composure.

Daniel Lamberg proceeded to deliver a long narrative of imaginary wrongs—or rather, we should say, of invented tyrannies, but which it is not needful for us to place before the reader. Suffice it to observe that the story was so artfully contrived, and had such an air of sincerity and truthfulness, that Omar, unless previously warned, would certainly have been thrown off his guard. As it was, he listened in silence, with his looks bent down, so that there should be nothing in the expression of his countenance to excite a suspicion on the part of Lamberg that his treachery was fathomed. But when the intending assassin had brought his cunningly-woven tissue of falsehoods to a conclusion, Omar slowly raised his countenance; and his coal-black eyes blazed with all their full power of penetrating light upon the face of Daniel Lamberg.

"And your name?" said our hero, perceiving that the traitor shrank from beneath the searching look thus riveted on him.

"Arnold Hanhart, may it please your Excellency," was Lamberg's response.

"Are you sure that this is your name?" demanded Omar, still fixing upon the treacherous-minded wretch that gaze which appeared to pierce him through and through.

"Yes—it is my name," was the reply falteringly given. "But wherefore does your Excellency—"

"No!—it is for me to question you!" exclaimed Omar, rising from his seat; and with arms folded across the breast of his tight, elegantly-fitting military frock coat, he advanced close up to the man who had sworn to take his life: then, as his looks seemed to scorch, sear, and wither the guilty wretch, he asked, "How long has the name of Arnold Hanhart been substituted for that of Daniel Lamberg?"

The Austrian started as if suddenly galvanised with the strongest shock which the electric battery is capable of conveying; and for an instant he appeared as if about to sink down upon his knees at Omar's feet. But the next moment—feeling, doubtless, all the desperation of the position in which he had placed himself—he plucked a dagger from the folds of his raiment, and with a half-subdued savage howl, like that of a wild beast, he sprang upon our hero. But Omar was thoroughly prepared for such an attack. With one hand he in a moment grasped the wrist of the intending assassin—and with the other he tore the dagger from his hand. For an instant Daniel Lamberg stood in mute horrified dismay; and then sinking on his knees, he appealed for his dastard life to him whose existence he had so atrociously endeavored to cut short.

"Yes—take your life!" answered Omar, contemptuously tossing behind him the dagger, so that it fell at the further extremity of the room. "I spare you, in the hope that my conduct will awaken some better feeling in your breast—if, indeed, you be susceptible of it. Know you not, wretched man, that it is in my power to consign you at once to the ignominy of a gibbet?—for I exercise plenary powers here, and my word is law. But I spare you, I repeat! Go—and beware how you ever approach me again!"

The miserable Lamberg faltered out a few scarcely intelligible words, and was slinking from the room—when Omar, in a tone of command that sent a thrill of an almost mortal terror through the wretch's form, exclaimed, "Stop!"

"Alas, alas!" moaned Lamberg, piteously; "you repent, mighty Pasha, of the mercy which you promised—"

"No—I repent not!" answered our hero: "I am not a man to recall a pledge that is given. Take your wretched life, therefore: but ere you quit my presence, hear a few words which I have to say. You told me a tale of Austrian tyranny, which was utterly false: I could tell you a tale of Austrian tyranny likewise—but it would be all true! Of such tyranny have I been the victim; and the tyrant who wronged, who persecuted me—who made my relatives homeless—who was he? Your own father!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Lamberg, as a light suddenly broke into his mind. "Then your Excellency must be—"

"No matter who I was!" interrupted Omar. "Suffice it for you to know that your own father was to me and mine the bitterest of persecutors; and it was heaven's dispensation that he should fall beneath my hand. But it was in fair and equal combat that he fell;—not for worlds would I have grasped the assassin's dagger to avenge myself upon him! Now, Daniel Lamberg, what reason have you to consider me as a mortal enemy whom you are justified in striking down with the bravo's blade? Your father persecuted me—perhaps he had a cause. But if so, he had none to justify his remorseless persecution of my unoffending kindred. Heaven has decreed that this arm of mine should deal a righteous chastisement to my persecutor—your sire: but my rancor extends not beyond the limit of his own grave. I am no persecutor of yours. On the contrary—though you have outraged the laws of God and man—I give you your life. May this leniency prove a lesson which you will never forget! And now depart."

Omar waved his arm in a peremptory manner, for the purpose of cutting short any expressions of gratitude, which he felt would not be sincere; and Daniel Lamberg—grovelling, discomfited, and utterly abashed—yet with a subdued rage mingling with his sense of disappointment and self-degradation, slunk from the apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SINISTER COUNTENANCE.

Our narrative again takes a leap; and on this occasion it is for a period of four years. At the time we resume the thread of our story, Constanti-

nople had just been the theatre of a terrific drama—one of the most frightful tragedies ever recorded in history. We allude to the destruction of the Janissaries.

This formidable corps—formed principally of Christian renegades, and which dated its existence from the earliest period of Ottoman history—had of late years assumed to itself the attributes and had usurped the same powers as those which were exercised by the Prætorian Guards in the days of the decadence of imperial Rome. For inasmuch as the Prætorian Guards set up and opposed Emperors at their will, so did the Janissaries make puppets of the Sultans—dethroning him who encroached upon their privileges or resisted their exactions, and taking from the depths of the seraglio any other prince who, as a reward for his elevation to the imperial power, would consent to lavish treasures on the formidable authors of his dominion.

The Sultan Mahmoud, ably seconded by the old Seraskier Khosrew Pasha, gave of his own accord to the Ottoman Empire such a system of political, municipal, and social reforms that completely revolutionized all pre-existing institutions. This was a noble spectacle. It was not the people rising in their indignation at long-standing traditional abuses: but it was the monarch himself who, notwithstanding the apathy of one portion of his subjects, and in the very despite of another, proclaimed the radical amendment of all former systems and the voluntary amelioration of all social inequalities.

The effect of Sultan Mahmoud's reforms was to trench upon the privileges of the Janissaries; and to the number of thirty thousand they broke out in rebellion. For this outburst, so formidable in its complexion—so fierce in its nature, the Sultan was fully prepared; inasmuch as the Seraskier Khosrew Pasha had taken the precaution of collecting at Constantinople an army of fifty thousand troops, devoted to the cause of reform and to the person of the Sultan. Of this armament, a division consisting of five regiments—to the aggregate number of eighteen thousand men—was under the command of Omar Pasha, on whom the seraskier could principally rely. The rebellion took place on the part of the Janissaries; and the army so faithful to the Sultan attacked that terrible corps in their barracks. A frightful battle ensued. Omar led on his own gallant division—carried one of the barracks by storm—and took possession of the head-quarters of the Aga, or General of the Janissaries. The streets of Constantinople were for many hours the scenes of a hideous conflict and of a stupendous carnage: twenty thousand Janissaries atoned with their lives for their crime of rebellion against the enlightened Sultan; and the survivors of the once terrible corps either fled or were taken prisoners. These latter were subsequently incorporated among the regiments of the regular army; and thus the institution of the Janissaries ceased to have existence in the military hierarchy of the Ottoman Empire. The chiefs who had proved so faithful to Mahmoud, were liberally rewarded; and amongst them our hero, Omar, received not merely a munificent pension, but likewise the patrician rank of Pasha of Two Tails.

It was about six o'clock in the evening of the same day on which Omar had received the standard with two horse-tails from the hands of the Sultan, that he presented himself at the palace of the seraskier. Khosrew expected him—for he knew that the time had now come when the gallant Omar had a right to demand the crowning reward—a reward far higher in our hero's estimation than even munificent pension or patrician rank at the hands of the Sultan.

Omar was at once introduced into the presence of that august minister who to his previous fame as a celebrated warrior, had for some years past added the renown of one of the greatest of statesmen. Khosrew Pasha was alone when Omar entered, in that very room to which seven years previously he was introduced when he went with only his sword by his side to ask for bread in the service of the Sultan. How different was his position now!—to what culminating point had his aspirations now risen! It was no longer the common sword of a subaltern that was by his side—but the jewelled sabre of a general-officer; and upon his breast were numerous stars and orders which his various exploits had won.

Omar, in accordance with the prescribed etiquette, was about to kneel in the presence of Khosrew Pasha—when the old seraskier, descending from his divan, caught him in his arms, murmuring in a voice full of emotions, "Kneel not to me, Omar—thou who art about to enter into the bosom of my family!"

"According to your highness's most gracious permission," replied Omar, "I come to claim my bride!"

"Selima is thine, brave and excellent young man!" answered the seraskier; "and never in the course of my long life have I with such unmixed joy fulfilled a given pledge. But I saw at the outset that there was in you every element of success: I knew that you required but the opportunity in order to carve out a brilliant career for yourself. And therefore I said to you, when you stood before me seven years back, 'In thy favor, Omar, I have this day made an exception to the rule and custom of our country; I have suffered thee to behold the face of her whom, if thou wilt, I intend as thy bride. Go forth into the world, Omar; win thyself a name, distinction, and rank; and when thou canst come to me with the insignia of the two horse-tails, Selima shall be thine.'—It was thus that I spoke to thee," added Khosrew Pasha; "such was the language that I held to thee seven years back. Thou hast now accomplished all that I shadowed forth; and Selima shall be thine!"

Khosrew Pasha could not this time prevent Omar from kneeling at his feet; and our hero pressed the hand of his venerable patron with grateful fervor to his lips. Then the seraskier summoned the black slave—that well remembered slave who seven years back had conducted Omar to the beautiful garden; and this same duty he was in readiness to perform now on a sign from Khosrew Pasha. Omar, with ecstatic feelings in his soul, followed the black slave, until at length that door was reached which seemed to constitute the entrance to a terrestrial paradise.

Yes—seven years had elapsed since our hero first looked upon that enchanting scene—seven long years since he parted from the charming and well-beloved Selima! Never once during that interval had it been permitted to him to enter this garden again—nor again to behold the beautiful niece of his venerable friend.

He entered the garden. For the first few minutes he found himself alone—while a strain of that music which was so well remembered in its ravishing admixture of vocal and instrumental harmony, came stealing again upon his senses. Oh! was it possible that seven years had indeed elapsed since he was there, in that elysium?—could such an interval of time have occurred since he stood amidst those flowers and trees and listened to that delicious music?

He was not left alone for many instants longer. An angel-presence was revealing itself to his view: the presiding houri-genius of that paradise of flowers, and sunlit air, and ravishing music, was now in sight. The lovely form came along the pathway—not timidly and slowly advancing now, with a maiden's coy bashfulness—but gliding swiftly with her exquisitely glancing feet, in all a maiden's tenderest and most devoted love. The veil was thrown back: an ejaculation of rapture burst from Omar's lips as a glance showed him that his Selima was, if possible, more beautiful than ever;—and the next instant she was strained to his breast.

How ineffable was the joy with which Omar thus embraced the blooming maiden!—how transcending was the happiness with which she welcomed her hero-lover! Language has no power—words indeed are wanting, to describe what both felt on this occasion. As they walked together amidst that Elysian scene and through that ambrosial air, the looks which they threw upon each other were doomed to experience no disappointment at this contemplation of the personal appearance of one another. Omar's manly beauty was indeed well calculated to rivet, at the age of twenty-seven, the impression he had made when only twenty upon that young heart: while Selima, at twenty-three, fulfilled in the softly rounded developments of blooming womanhood, the promise which her appearance at sweet sixteen had indicated. Yes—the lovers were indeed happy as they roamed together through that terrestrial paradise, and amidst a roseate atmosphere which appeared to be emblematical of the hue of their own destinies. Such at least was the hope which filled their glowing hearts:—and such is ever the fond—alas! often too fond, too sanguine anticipation of mortal creatures when their love makes them dream only of happiness!

On the following day Omar Pasha repaired to the seraskier's palace for the nuptial ceremony. The intelligence that this was his bridal day had spread throughout the city; and as he rode on his splendid white charger through the streets, thousands and thousands thronged to welcome him with acclamations: for few names were more popular amongst the masses than that of Omar Pasha. His great

exploits—his rapid rise, through his own merits, to rank, wealth, and distinction—his youth and his personal beauty—the reputation he enjoyed for being one of the staunchest supporters of the Sultan's reforms—and the important part he had played in suppressing the rebellion and crushing the power of the haughty, overbearing Janissaries—all these rendered him an object of most favorable interest with the Ottoman populace. Turks, Franks, Jews, and Armenians thronged to greet him; and thus his passage to the seraskier's palace was a complete ovation.

Many streets were threaded, and already the gate of that palace was in sight, when on a sudden Omar fancied he discovered one sinister countenance amongst the myriads of happy animated faces that were upturned towards him. It was as if his eyes had for an instant encountered those of a reptile, which the next moment withdrew its loathsome head and disappeared from the view. Not, however, for a single moment was our hero disconcerted—nor was his composure ruffled. He continued his way unmoved; and yet the conviction was now deep within his breast that he had seen the face and met the sinister looks of Daniel Lamberg.

The palace of the seraskier was reached; and the venerable old minister came forth into the outer court-yard to welcome the intended husband of his niece. At the same time numbers of slaves issued from the gates and showered handfuls of silver coins amongst the assembled populace. During the usual preliminary formalities which preceded the nuptial ceremony, Omar learnt that his bride was to receive from her uncle's generosity a dowry the munificence of which may be represented as \$300,000; and this was no mean addition to the wealth that Omar already enjoyed. But equally welcome to him would the beautiful Selima have been even if given dowerless to his arms; and when introduced into her presence, the first look that beamed from her lovely countenance dispersed every disagreeable reminiscence of the sinister face which for a moment had peered upon him from the midst of the acclaiming multitude.

CHAPTER X THE CASKET.

THE circumstances of our narrative require that we should again take a leap in respect to the lapse of time; and on the present occasion it is an interval of no less than twelve years that we pass over. This brings us to the middle of the year 1839. Thirty-nine years, too, now constituted the age of our hero Omar Pasha; and be it remembered that his wife, the charming and well-beloved Selima, was four years his junior. Their conjugal state had been one of almost unalloyed happiness; and though their union was blessed with no offspring, yet so firm were the bonds which linked their hearts together, that there was no need of any additional ties to consolidate their mutual affection. Time wore well with Omar—he looked younger than he really was; and the same might be said of the beautiful Selima.

Although our narrative has taken this leap, yet it must not be imagined that its hero's existence had been an inactive one during that interval of twelve years. In various parts of the immense Ottoman empire had he held high commands, and both as a warrior and a statesman had rendered good service to his imperial master. He had suppressed revolts in Bosnia and Montenegro—he had borne himself valiantly in the Syrian campaigns, where the troops of the sultan had to combat against the rebellious Mamelukes of Egypt—and in the provinces of Asia Minor, in the mountainous regions of Lebanon, and in the wild districts of Albania, the name of Omar was equally well renowned for administrative wisdom as a governor or for prowess as a warrior. In all his expeditions he was wont to be accompanied by his faithful and attached Selima; and though a Mussulman by profession, yet was Omar still a Christian in conduct: for he never availed himself of the Moslem privilege to have a plurality of wives, nor in any way to show that he loved Selima one tittle less than on the day that she became his bride.

In the year 1839, to which the leap we have taken in our narrative has just brought us, Omar and Selima were residing at Constantinople. They possessed a sumptuous palace within the circuit of the imperial city, and an elegant villa on the shores of the Bosphorus. The venerable Khosrew Pasha was their most frequent guest. He loved them both as if they were his own children; for Selima, having lost at a tender age her own parents, was unto him as an adopted daughter—while Omar, whom his influence had afforded opportunities of carving out a brilliant career for himself, was looked upon by the

old man with as much pride, satisfaction, and love as if he had been his son.

It was late one evening—on the 30th of June, in the year of which we are speaking—that a messenger from the seraglio, or imperial palace, arrived hastily at Omar's villa on the bank of the Bosphorus, with an intimation that our hero's presence was immediately required by the sultan. The sultan had despatched one of his own caiques, or barges, to convey Omar to the seraglio; and having hastily informed Selima of the summons he had received, he lost no time in repairing to the boat, which in the meanwhile was moored at the bottom of a beautiful garden sloping down from the villa to the water's edge. The sultan's messenger accompanied our hero; and six stalwart rowers made the light caique shoot rapidly over the blue waters of the Bosphorus, whose bosom mirrored the countless stars that were shining on a night as lovely as ever belonged to that orient clime.

The seraglio occupies an immense area at the north-eastern corner of Constantinople; and is at the very commencement of the Bosphorus. In something less than half an hour the caique shot in to the foot of an ascent of marble steps; and the imperial messenger, having commanded the boatmen to wait, requested Omar to follow him. A garden was traversed—a private door was entered—and our hero was conducted up a staircase to a sumptuously furnished ante-room, where the messenger respectfully solicited him to tarry for a few minutes.

The inner door again opened; and another page appearing upon the threshold made a sign for Omar to follow. The page conducted him along a passage to a door which was veiled by a heavy velvet curtain with massive gold fringes. The curtain was drawn back—the door revolved noiselessly upon its hinges—the page stood aside—and our hero entered alone into the chamber where the Sultan Mahmoud lay upon his death-bed. A youth whom our hero had never seen before, was bending over the couch, towards which Omar advanced; and on reaching the steps of the velvet-colored dais on which that sumptuous bed was raised, he sank upon his knees.

"Come near me, my faithful and beloved Omar," said the dying monarch; "approach and receive the last instructions of your sovereign whom you have served so constantly and so well."

The pasha accordingly advanced nearer to the couch; and Mahmoud, gazing affectionately up at the countenance of the youth who had turned to contemplate our hero, said, "This is he to whom you will shortly owe all that allegiance which you have hitherto so faithfully paid unto myself."

Omar made a profound obeisance to the young prince; and his soul was filled with an illimitable compassion at the thought that such a mere youth would soon be called upon to undertake the cares, the responsibilities, and the difficulties of government.

"And now leave us, my son, for a brief space," said the dying sultan. "It grieves me to part from you even for a few minutes, when my time in this world is so short; but I have private matters for the ear of our faithful Omar."

Abdul-Medjid withdrew, and our hero was now alone with the dying monarch.

"If you were called upon," Mahmoud observed, "to perform a father's or a brother's part towards one of the weaker sex, you would accomplish it faithfully, honorably, and truthfully?"

"By all that fidelity towards your imperial person which your majesty has been pleased to recollect and to commend," answered Omar solemnly, "I swear to do your august bidding in this and every other respect!"

"And if there be one," continued Mahmoud, "who may temporarily require a mother's care and a sister's affection, would these be vouchsafed by your much-prized wife, the Lady Selima."

"As assuredly, sire," rejoined Omar, "as that such a being should find in me a father or a brother."

"There is within the walls of this imperial palace a young creature for whom I at first experienced a lover's passion, but whom circumstances have led me to regard with a paternal interest. She will go forth in your care pure and spotless, as when she entered these walls; and I have your pledge that her virtue will be respected. You will take her with you; and in presenting her to your charming Selima, you will explain all that has taken place at your monarch's death-bed. Lose no time—with your Selima—in bearing this damsel away from Constantinople. When the next sun rises let your journey be commencing. It is a long one—for the Austrian province of Transylvania is your destination. There—in the neighborhood of Hermanstadt—you will seek the castellated mansion of the Baron

de Cehryn. If he be alive, you will find him an old man—he has been long a widower—he has neither kith nor kindred, save and except — But no matter! If he be alive, I say, present to him that damsel who within these walls has borne the name of Ayesha, but who in that castellated mansion of which I am speaking may announce herself by another name. You swear to perform all this?"

"I swear, sire," answered our hero. "But what if the Baron de Cehryn should be no more?"

"To that point I am coming," resumed the dying sultan; thrusting his hand beneath the immense flocculent cushions which sustained him in a half-sitting posture in his couch, he produced a small casket of some curious Indian wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and all its rims edged with gold. To its golden handle, which was on the top of the casket, a small key was attached by a silken string; but over the key-hole itself there was a large seal bearing the stamp of the imperial arms. "Should it happen that the Baron de Cehryn has ceased to exist," continued the sultan, in a solemn voice, "and if his possessions shall by his will have been alienated into the hands of strangers—if, in a word, Ayesha finds herself friendless and destitute, then let this casket be opened. But if, on the other hand, the baron be alive, and if he welcome her, as I trust and hope he will, then will you place this casket in Ayesha's hand, with the solemn injunction that she neither open it, nor suffer it to be opened, until the day that some accepted suitor takes her hand as that of his bride. But there is still a provision," added the sultan, "which I must make; and this is, that if for eleven years she remain unmarried, then, at the expiration of that eleventh year, she may open the casket, the same as if it were at the bridal altar. Do you understand me?"

"I have followed your majesty attentively," answered Omar; "and your words are as completely impressed on my memory as if it were a task I had studied for years."

"And once more, my faithful Omar, you swear to perform it all?" inquired Mahmoud.

"I swear!" was the solemnly uttered response.

Mahmoud then gave Omar the casket, which, being of very small dimensions, was easily secured about his person; and the sultan bade him summon the page who had conducted him to the room. This was immediately done; and the monarch whispered a few brief instructions in that page's ear. Now came the parting between Omar and his dying sovereign; and it was not without deep emotions on either side that their eternal farewells were said. A few hours afterwards the mighty Mahmoud—the great reforming potentate—one of the most enlightened sovereigns that ever sat upon a throne, in any age or in any country, had ceased to exist; and Abdul-Medjid, the present sultan of the Ottomans, reigned in his stead.

Upon being conducted forth from Mahmoud's chamber, Omar was not led by the page back again to the waiting-room. All kinds of inviting refreshments were spread upon the table; and here he was left for upwards of a quarter of an hour by himself.

He was in the midst of reflections, when two black slaves—of that unhappy and degraded class which Oriental customs render subservient as the guardians of the harems of the wealthy—and both richly apparelled, entered the apartment. They conducted between them a lady who was closely veiled. She was tall; and her form, so far as the flowing veil revealed it, was characterised with the willowy elasticity of youth. Her raiment was alike of the richest and of the most elegant description; graceful lightness was in her steps—grace, too, in all her movements, as she advanced through the spacious apartment towards the spot where Omar had risen to receive her. For an instant she stopped short, as if to assure herself by a quick scrutinising survey through her veil that she might place in him that implicit confidence of which he had doubtless been represented to her as worthy; and if such were her object, the result was completely favorable to our hero—for she accosted him, and taking his hand, said in a voice that was softly tremulous and indescribably musical—"I regard you, generous pasha, as a friend—a father—or a brother!"

"And I swear, lady," responded Omar, his voice expressing all the chivalrous enthusiasm of his character, "that your confidence in me shall never be abused."

CHAPTER XI. THE CAVERN.

It might be about a fortnight after the incidents we have related in the preceding chapter, that a

party of travellers were wending their way through the province of Wallachia towards the frontier of Transylvania. A carriage drawn by four horses contained two ladies and two female dependants: Omar Pasha rode on horseback, attended by five male servants, all equally well mounted. We need hardly say that the two ladies just referred to were Selima and Ayesha.

They had travelled by comparatively easy stages; as the journey through the huge Ottoman provinces of Roumelia, Bulgaria, and Wallachia, towards the Austrian frontier of Transylvania, was an immense long one; and Omar was afraid of exhausting the ladies with fatigue. Faithfully was he keeping his promise to the departed sultan; and most affectionately was the high-minded Selima discharging her share of the duty. She remained constantly with Ayesha; and thus during the journey hitherto, there had scarcely been any opportunity for the exchange of even a dozen words in private between Omar Pasha and his wife. On one occasion, however, Selima had just found leisure to whisper a few hasty syllables, to the effect that the amiable Ayesha had confided to her much of her former history, and that as this revelation was made without any reserve of secrecy in respect to Omar, she (Selima) would narrate to him the romantic tale when the accomplishment of their task should leave them once more together again.

Omar, who had been in Wallachia, and to whom every part of it was familiar, knew that they had seven miles before them to reach Slatina, and that in the interval there was no village nor hamlet where any decent accommodation could be obtained. Fearful, for the ladies' sake, of being caught in the impending storm, he urged on the positions; but the rain speedily began to descend in torrents, so that in a very few minutes himself and those who were more immediately exposed to the deluge, were drenched to the skin. For this, however, he himself cared nothing; he was accustomed to the far sterner incidents of campaigning. But the rain penetrated through the carriage; and to complete their misfortunes, one of the axle-trees presently broke with a sudden jerk over an uneven part of the road. A halt was now rendered imperative; and hard by there was a deep cave in the side of a hill with a perpendicular face. To this cavern Omar and his followers conveyed the ladies and the female dependants with all possible despatch, the forms of those tender ones being so well muffled up in shawls and cloaks as to escape the wet. Scarcely were they housed—if housing it could be called in such a rude asylum—when the thunder pealed forth with crashing din, and the lightning threw the whole canopy of heaven into one lambent-playing blaze for nearly a minute.

While Omar and his followers were engaged in repairing the axle, the sounds of a horse's hoofs were heard rapidly approaching; and a traveller, mounted on a fine, powerful steed, as well as could be judged through the darkness which now prevailed during the intervals between the lightning, galloped up to the spot.

"What! an accident?" he exclaimed, reining in his horse at a little distance from the carriage.

Omar started. That voice struck him as familiar, though its tones were deeper than they were when, according to his fancy, he had last heard them. But the next instant, conceiving that he must be mistaken, he said, with his accustomed courtesy, "Yes, it is an accident—and all the more serious, inasmuch as there were lady-travellers in this equipage —"

But he stopped short; for the horseman suddenly set spurs to the flanks of his steed, and darted away from the spot.

"It is he!" said Omar to himself. "How could I have been for a moment in doubt as to that voice? The conscience-stricken coward has betaken himself to flight."

The reader requires not to be told that it was the voice of Daniel Lamberg that had thus been recognised by Omar. Sixteen years had elapsed since that villain's baffled treachery at Novi—twelve years since our hero had caught a glimpse of his sinister countenance peering ominously up at him from amidst the crowd when he rode through the streets of Constantinople to espouse his beloved Selima. For a long, long period Omar had ceased to think of him; or if now and then, at distant intervals, the man's image fitted into our hero's brain, it was only to be discarded again as quickly as it entered there. And now, too, when Daniel Lamberg so suddenly galloped away from the spot where Omar had encountered him, he was quickly forgotten once more, as our hero, the axle being repaired sufficiently for temporary service, retraced his steps towards the cave.

The cave penetrated to a distance of about fifty feet from the escarped face of the hillock; and Omar's dependants had placed a couple of blazing pine-torches inside. As our hero entered, he observed that Ayesha, still thickly veiled as usual, was reposing upon the lap of one of the females: while Selima, seated upon a large cloak spread upon the ground, was watching her charge in silence. On observing her husband, Selima rose, made a sign for him not to speak, for fear of disturbing Ayesha, and taking his arm, went forth with him to the mouth of the cavern, to observe what prospect there was of the journey being shortly continued.

"Overcome by terror and exhaustion," said the beautiful Selima to Omar, "Ayesha slumbers soundly."

Thus speaking, Selima tripped back to the extremity of the cavern; and Omar advanced some twenty paces from its entrance, to contemplate the aspect of the heavens, in order to ascertain how soon the journey might be resumed. Only a minute elapsed ere he turned back again towards the spot where he had just been conversing with his wife; and at the very instant when he came within the sphere of the blaze thrown forth by the nearest torch, it struck him that he heard a footstep close behind. All that followed was the work of a single moment; the eye winks not more quickly than it was accomplished.

"Vengeance at last!" were the words which in accents of savage concentrated fierceness sounded in his ear; a piercing scream at the same instant rang through the cave, and at the moment that something bright gleamed before his eyes in the glare of the torch, the arms of his loving Selima were thrown about his neck.

A blow was dealt—another scream thrilled from Selima's lips—and there was a quick rush of footsteps away from the spot where the foul deed was done.

"Treachery!" exclaimed Omar; "secure the assassin!" he cried in the wildness and anguish of a terrific excitement; for warm blood was felt upon his face—and in the horrible bewilderment of his thoughts he knew not whether it was Selima's or his own.

Oh, if it were his own, it were nothing! but if that of his adored wife, it were madness for his tortured brain.

"Heaven be thanked! great Allah be praised!" murmured Selima: "you, my beloved husband, are safe!"

"Oh! what words are these, my sweetest, dearest Selima?" exclaimed Omar, as she nestled with such loving tenderness on his bosom that some few moments thus passed ere he could ascertain precisely what had occurred; and it was the horrible anxiety he experienced which had prevented him from speeding in person after the miscreant whose voice he had but too well recognised.

Both the female dependants, as well as Ayesha herself, and two or three of the male followers, were now gathering in almost frantic alarm around the pasha and his wife; and when they perceived that both were stained with blood, ejaculations of horror, dismay, and agony burst from their lips. Ayesha fainted, and was borne back again by one of the females to the extremity of the cavern—at the same time that the worst was now ascertained by the almost frenzied Omar. The assassin's blade—that blade which was aimed at himself—had pierced the bosom of his adored wife Selima; and her life was now ebbing fast away, as, on his knees, Omar sustained her in his arms.

The warrior who had borne himself so dauntless against the brunt of many a battle, and who, with the sternest intrepidity had so often looked death in the face, wept and sobbed like a child as he bent over the dying loved one whom he sustained in his arms. She gazed up at him with an indescribable sweetness; she murmured words of solace—and then, with the serene placidity of a child going off to slumber in its mother's bosom, she sank into that sleep which knows no waking.

Ayesha fainted, and was taken charge of by the female dependants. When she recovered her consciousness, she was almost wild with the frenzy of her grief; she accused herself of being the cause of the tragedy, inasmuch as it was while engaged in conducting her into Transylvania that the shocking event occurred. Omar said all that his own afflicted mind could suggest to console the unhappy young lady; and, to be brief, their journey was continued to Slatina, the Wallachian town in the neighborhood of which the foul crime was perpetrated. There, in that town, the remains of Selima were conveyed to the tomb. After the halt of a few days which was thus necessitated, their jour-

ney was pursued. Ayesha travelled in the carriage with the female attendants; and Omar rode on horseback, as before. Not once did he behold Ayesha's countenance until that journey was accomplished; nor did any communication take place between them beyond those few occasional words which ordinary courtesy necessitated. At length they arrived in the neighborhood of Hermanstadt; and then, for the first time, Omar learnt what indeed he had all along expected—that it was a daughter whom he was about to restore to a long bereaved father. This fact transpired from the anxious inquiry which Ayesha put so soon as they gained the vicinity of Hermanstadt, as to whether the Baron de Cehryn yet lived? A response in the affirmative drew a wild cry of joy from Ayesha's lips; and she exclaimed, "Heaven be thanked, my father still exists!" It was a fine old mansion to which they wended their way. The baron was at home; Omar took the hand of his trembling young charge—they were conducted to the apartment where his lordship was seated, and she, throwing herself at his feet, and flinging back her veil, exclaimed, "Receive your daughter, dear father! receive your long-lost Alida!" The next instant she was strained to the heart of her venerable sire.

Omar had now for the first time seen the countenance of Alida de Cehryn. She was exquisitely beautiful, and her age appeared to be about nineteen—as indeed it actually was. She presented Omar to her father; and when he heard his name, and learnt the terrible bereavement which he had so recently experienced, he gave him the warmest, the most cordial greeting. It appeared that the Baron de Cehryn was left a widower when his Alida was quite an infant. She was his only child—and therefore the only solace that then remained to him. He was a diplomatist; and when Alida was about ten years old, he was appointed by the Austrian government to a special mission to the court of the Shah of Persia. He could not bear to leave his little daughter behind; he therefore resolved to take her with him, her governess accompanying her. They proceeded to Persia; and after a two years' absence from Europe they set off on their return from the court of Isfahan. Alida was then twelve years of age, and of a remarkable loveliness. While journeying overland through the Turkish province of Diarbekir, in Asia Minor, the ambassadorial party was attacked by banditti; they were plundered of all they possessed—and the wildly-shrieking Alida, torn from the arms of her distracted parent, was carried away. He exceeding beauty had suggested to the ruffians that they might turn the possession of her to good account by selling her as a slave. They took her to Aleppo, where they sold her to an elderly Turk—a trafficker in human beings. This man, whose name was Ibrahim, and with whom the banditti appeared to have an excellent understanding, gave her the name of Ayesha, and transported her amidst a bevy of female slaves to Constantinople. Vainly had the youthful Alida implored his mercy; her prayers and entreaties only brought down the bitterest invectives as well as personal chastisement upon herself. She was exposed for sale in the slave-market of Constantinople, and was bought for the Sultan's household. To the officer who thus purchased her she told her tale; but he heeded it not. She was consigned to the female slaves' department of the imperial harem, where she was compelled to submit herself as best she could to her unhappy lot. Time passed on—years elapsed—and one day, when about seventeen, Alida attracted the notice of the Sultan Mahmoud. His imperial majesty became at once deeply enamored of her, and would have removed her amongst his own favorites, had not the half-distracted girl thrown herself at his feet and implored his mercy. He listened to her tale—he was possessed of a generous heart—and he sacrificed his own feelings to a sense of duty. Still he could not immediately prevail upon himself to grant Alida her liberty; he doubtless hoped that by his delicate attentions and his kind assiduities he might win her love and thus succeed in retaining her in the seraglio. But time wore on; and though Alida was grateful for the Sultan's forbearance as well as for all the kindness he showed her, she could not conquer her repugnance to become his mistress. We should here observe that in consequence of Alida's tale, inquiries were set on foot relative to the proceedings of Ibrahim the slave-dealer: and it was ascertained by reference to the Pasha of Diarbekir, that he was notoriously in league with the banditti who infested that province, and who purveyed the most beautiful creatures of those bevy of human merchandise in which Ibrahim dealt. A command was therefore issued that on the next occasion when Ibrahim should make his appear-

ance in Constantinople, his arrest was to be effected. Time passed on; the Sultan Mahmoud was still sufficiently generous to abstain from persecuting Alida with his addresses, but not magnanimous enough to restore her to freedom. One day, not very long before Mahmoud's last illness, his son Abdul Medjid, the present Sultan, caught a glimpse of Alida as she happened to be walking without her veil in the garden of the seraglio. The youthful prince—for he was a mere boy then—became deeply enamored of her: he instituted inquiries, and learnt that she belonged not to the inner apartments of his father's harem. He penned a letter to her; and this happened to fall into his sire Mahmoud's hands. Mahmoud questioned Alida as to whether she had given his son any encouragement, and whether she reciprocated the young prince's affection? She replied with frank firmness in the negative. Almost immediately afterwards the Sultan Mahmoud was taken suddenly ill; and in the pangs of sickness, as well as in the devotion which he until the last paid to the cares of government, Alida was well nigh forgotten. But when Mahmoud felt that his supreme hour was approaching, he bethought himself of the beautiful creature who was so cruelly torn when yet a child from the arms of her parent; and he was resolved to do an act of justice. To this determination he was doubtless all the more irresistibly led by the idea that at his death his son Abdul might not prove so magnanimously considerate as he himself had been, but that he would make use of his power to gratify his passion, even at the expense of the young damsel's happiness. It was decided that Alida should be restored to freedom, and that she should be hurried away from within the reach of Abdul Medjid. Omar was selected for this task.

The Baron de Cehryn was overjoyed to receive his long-lost daughter—and great was his gratitude towards the memory of that Sultan who had allowed her to issue pure and virtuous from the interior of the harem. Nor less was his lordship grateful to Omar for the care he had taken of his daughter since she was confided to his hands; and he received an invitation to pass some weeks at the baron's mansion. So great was his affliction on account of the loss of Selima, that he appeared for the time to be without energy sufficient for undertaking the long journey that lay before him homeward; and he tarried a month at the baron's hospitable abode. He had confided the casket to Alida in her father's presence, at the same time delivering Mahmoud's injunctions relative to the conditions under which it was to be opened; for it was not to be opened then, inasmuch as she had found her father alive—she was not destitute, and she had experienced the warmest reception. At the end of the month Omar took his departure, having promised that if he were ever again within a convenient distance of the baron's abode he would not fail to make it his temporary home. Years passed away, and all that concerned Alida was to him nothing more than the pleasing reminiscences of how, in the midst of his own bitter reflections, he had been instrumental in restoring a long-lost child to her parent. In 1845—six years after those incidents—Omar had occasion to visit Bucharest, the Wallachian capital, to make personal inquiries into the conduct of the reigning Hospodar, the Sultan's vassal. There in that brilliant city he met the Baron de Cehryn with his daughter Alida. She had been ill, and was ordered to Bucharest by her physicians for change of air and scene; for it was supposed that her malady was rather a moral than a physical one, and that something was preying upon her mind. Omar's business kept him some months in Bucharest; and he was a frequent visitor at the Baron de Cehryn's house. Accident one day revealed to him the secret of the lady's indisposition; she entertained an imperishable attachment towards him. He pitied her; and the sentiment of pity gradually became of a more tender character. They conversed together of Selima; and gradually the impression grew upon Omar's mind that the style of Alida's beauty was that of Selima's—the same raven glossiness of the hair—the same beautiful lustrous eyes—the same profile—the same angelic expression of countenance! And her manners, too, so completely oriental—the touching melody of her voice—all, everything appeared to reflect the image of his lost Selima. In a word, he loved her; but yet he dared not offer his hand. He thought it was a desecration of the memory of her who had perished in saving his life. At that crisis the Baron de Cehryn was suddenly smitten by paralysis; and in a few days he was no more. His daughter was for some time inconsolable for his loss, and Omar saw that her only solace was in his

society. What was he to do? To separate from her—to give her to understand that he never could wed again—this would be to wreck her happiness for ever! He could not do it; and one day, at the expiration of some five or six months after the baron's death, he spoke seriously to Alida. He represented to her that he had adopted the creed and country of the Ottomans, and that if she wedded him, the ceremony must take place according to Moslem usages. She vowed that his adopted country should be her own—his creed her's—and that there was no sacrifice she was not prepared to make on his account. They were married—and then, according to the Sultan Mahmoud's dying injunctions, the casket was opened.

At the top was a sealed letter, addressed to Alida de Cehryn; and beneath lay gems and jewels of immense value. The letter, which was written by the deceased Sultan's private secretary, and bore the imperial sign-manual, explained in affectionate terms the motives of the conditions attached to this munificent bequest. If Alida, on returning to Transylvania had found her father dead and herself destitute, there was a fortune for her. Again, if her father, being alive, refused to receive her under the impression that she was a lost and dishonored being, there was equally a fortune for her, while the contents of the letter might also have the effect of convincing the baron that she came back to him pure and stainless. Thirdly, if all went well on her return to Transylvania, she was to retain the casket unopened until her bridal-day, in order that the splendid marriage-dowry which it contained might be settled on herself. And fourthly, if she attained her thirtieth year without being led to the altar, it was to be presumed that she would continue unwedded, and therefore need no longer kept out of the enjoyment of the immense wealth thus bequeathed to her in a true paternal spirit by the Sultan Mahmoud. Such were the explanations given in the letter; and both were deeply affected at all these evidences of the late Sultan's delicate consideration and generosity which the casket contained. To be brief, Alida on becoming his bride, resumed her Moslem name of Ayesha: and a loving, a tender, and a faithful wife she proved to him.

THE FIGHTING POWERS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

—The French, proverbially a brave and excitable people, are brilliant and formidable in an attack. If repulsed, a revolution equally violent usually takes place, and would often prove fatal if it were not for the precaution of placing reserves. When these are not wanting, they are capable of being easily rallied, and their lively spirit is soon restored. The Russians are less excitable; but nevertheless, in an attack they are not to be surpassed in bravery and perseverance by the troops of any European nation, with this advantage, that they appear to be incapable of panic, and, though they may be repulsed and defeated, they cannot be forced to run in confusion from the field of battle. The Prussian armies engaged in these campaigns were not, for the most part, very young soldiers; a spirit of enthusiasm pervaded their ranks, which rendered them capable of the most brilliant achievements. In cases of defeat, the effects of momentary hurry and confusion, to which all young troops are liable, were less violent with them than with the French; but though easily rallied, and their patriotic enthusiasm soon restored, they could not rival the Russian stoicism in adversity. The Austrians, properly so called, were highly disciplined and brave, but the infantry of that race appeared different in energy when compared with the French or Prussians, and their physical powers could not be compared with the sturdy Russian soldiery. The Bohemians appeared to be somewhat more healthy and robust, but did not materially differ in point of national character from their Austrian brethren in arms. The Hungarian infantry were decidedly superior to both in point of energy and physical power, and the select corps of Grenadiers furnished by that nation were equal, if not superior, to any in the field.

Dr. MITCHELL, of Trinidad, communicates to a daily paper some singular facts with reference to the recent visitation of cholera. Nearly the whole island suffered, but the swampy and febrile districts were generally last attacked, and suffered least. There was one exception—the district of La Brea, the "pitch lake," escaped altogether, though inhabited by a poor and unhealthy community. In the town of San Fernando, a quantity of asphaltum had been thrown under and around a house—the inmates of that house alone escaped the cholera. The badly-ventilated cells of the prison of San Fernando are flooded with asphaltum—no case of cholera occurred. Is, then, asphaltum a preventive?

The Red Sea.

THE Red Sea, or Arabian Gulf, divides Arabia on the east, from Egypt and Ethiopia on the west, and communicates, by the Straits of Babelmandeb, with the Indian Ocean.

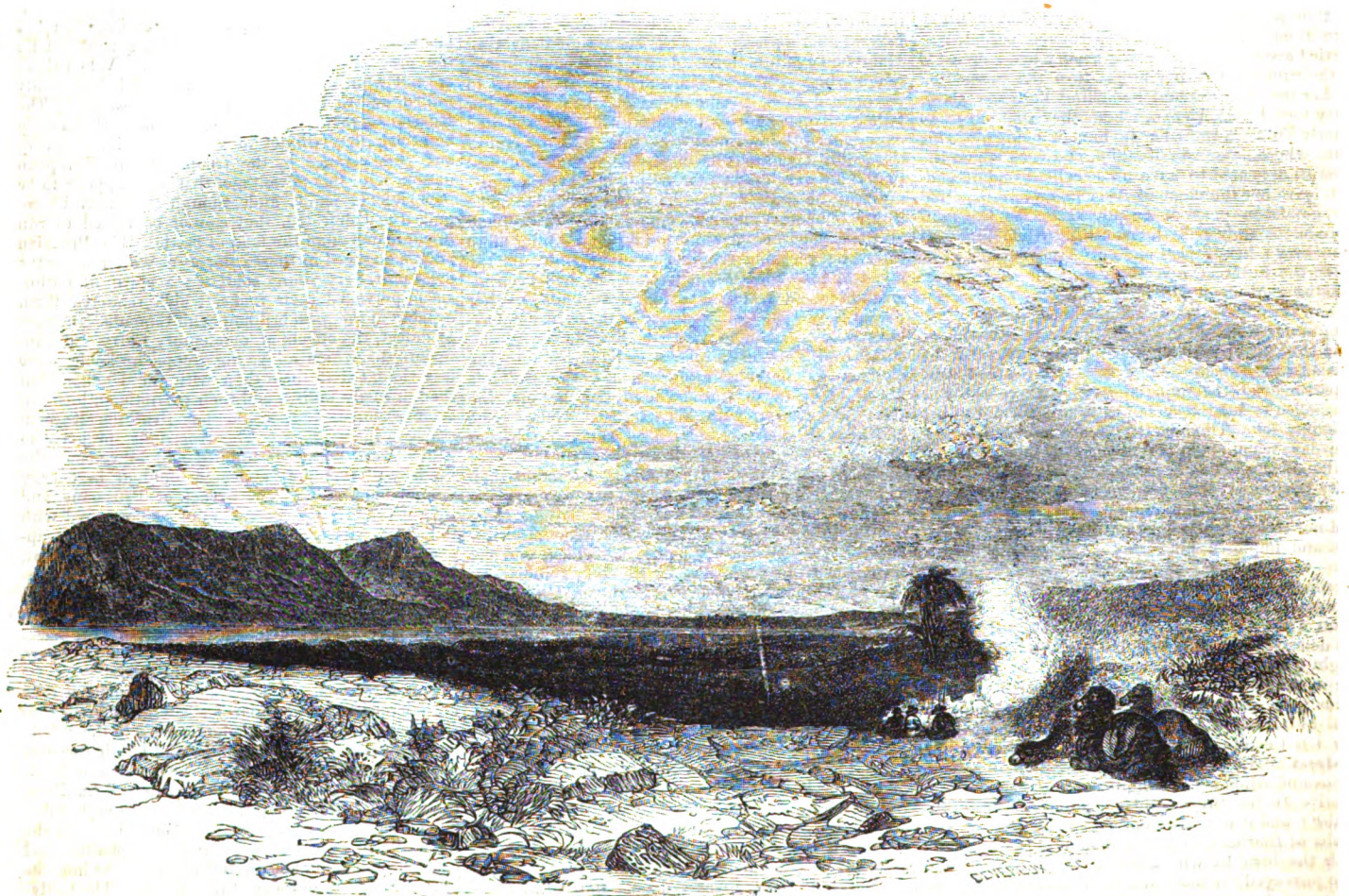
The entire sea extends about 1,500 miles in length, of which the Gulf of Suez cuts off about a tenth part. The spot where the Israelites crossed is subject to dispute, but is generally supposed to have been about two or three leagues below its northern point, at a place called Clysma, or Bahr al Kolsun, *the bay of submersion*. The names in the vicinity convey allusions to the miracle. The hills at the west are called Attaca, *deliverance*; on the opposite coast is a headland called Ras Mousa, *the cape of Moses*. The ancient name Etham is still recognised in Etti, a mountain forming the southern extremity of the great mountain-ridge now called Jebel-Te. Sur answers to Shur; Faroun to Paran. The head of the gulf at the period of the Exodus advanced much further inland, having been gradually narrowed by the encroaching sands driven from the Arabian continent, which threaten in time to choke up the gulf. This progressive encroachment should be ever borne in mind in comparing the present state of these parts with the Scripture history. There is reason to believe, that the wilderness did not extend so far upon Egypt; that it was not so utterly devoid of vegetation; and that the country about Sinai was better able to afford nourishment to the immense flocks and herds that attended Israel, accustomed to the fruitful districts of the Delta. The effect of these encroachments is clearly seen. Kolsun, which was a port in the time of the Caliphs, is now three-quarters of a mile inland, and Baalzephon was probably several miles north of the present Suez. Supposing, therefore, the spot represented in the plate to mark the passage of the Israelites, its breadth and depth would be proportionably greater than at present, when it measures between three and four leagues broad, and 14 feet deep in mid-channel. Our view is taken from the east side, which is low and sandy. The sun is represented as setting behind the Accaba range of hills, and an Arabian group, with their camels, as reclining in the foreground.

It is plain that such a body of water could not

have been acted on in the manner described in Scripture without a miracle. And yet such is the perversity of man, that in all ages attempts have been made to explain how the effects described might have been produced simply by the operation of second causes. Some have discoursed of the ebbing of tides, which, not being counteracted by any river, and being driven in from the ocean through a comparatively narrow channel, are necessarily high; some of the periodical blowing of the Etesian winds; others have groped to discover a ridge of rocks, which might naturally have accommodated such a host without the Divine intervention. One traveller, having satisfied himself that the crossing was at Suez, hired a man to walk through the water at ebb tide, holding his hands over his head, which was effected; and he thence draws the inference that the waters were driven back by the wind or the tide, so as to admit the Israelites to cross. A plain reference to Scripture, and submission to the text, would save all this vain and needless speculation. We are told that the instrument employed by God was an east wind, accompanied with rain and lightning; (Ps. lxxvii. 16—18;) but the Etesian winds blow half the year from the north, and the other half from the south. On the testimony of Niebuhr and Bruce, there is no ledge of rocks in any part running across the gulf capable of affording a passage. Admitting that God could have made dry land at Suez, even when the channel was deeper by the retiring of a tide, the operation of no tide could account for the water being thrown up to form walls (Ps. lxxviii. 13; cxxxvi. 13) on the right hand and on the left. It would be well for those who assert that this is merely a figurative expression, to show the nature of the figure, and adduce a similar Scriptural example of its use. To compare the sea to a wall of defence is intelligible enough; but according to what figure of speech, consistently with truth, could it be said, that the sea was a defence to the Israelites *both on the right hand and on the left*, when their *right* alone was protected by the waves, their *left* being exposed and open to attack? Such a description would not become even the laxity of a profane narrative, and would ill accord with the accuracy of Scripture history. The remarks of Bruce, who takes the trouble of seriously investigating and showing the folly of

such reasoning, are admirable. He allows God to be the only judge of his own works, and refers simply to his word. "This passage is said by Scripture to be a miraculous one; and, if so, we have nothing to do with natural causes. If we do not believe Moses, we need not believe the transaction at all, seeing that it is from his authority alone that we derive it. If we believe in God, that he made the sea, we must believe he could divide it, when he sees proper reason, and of that He must be the only judge." Then, having demolished the notions of those who ascribe the event to the Etesian winds, he quotes the tradition of the Troglodytes, the indigenous inhabitants of that very spot, referred to by Diodorus Siculus, whose testimony was the more remarkable as he knew not Moses, nor says a word about Pharaoh and his host, but records the miracle of the division of the sea in words nearly as strong as those of Moses, from the mouths of unbiassed, undesigning Pagans. "Were all these difficulties surmounted, what should we do with the pillar of fire? The answer is, we should not believe it. Then why believe the passage at all? We have no authority for the one but what is for the other; it is altogether contrary to the ordinary nature of things; and if not a miracle, it must be a fable."

The Red Sea used to be, before the discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, the only channel of communication between Egypt, or Arabia, and the Indies, and was for many centuries navigated for the supply of Europe with the valuable commodities of the East. Its navigation is dangerous, from the violent winds to which it is exposed, as well as from the number of sunken rocks, especially on the western coast, extensive coral reefs jutting out into the very middle of the channel. Of the fleet which carried out Sir D. Baird's expedition to Egypt, seventeen sail perished in this sea. The vessels that now navigate it are a species of small boats called *dows*, which never venture into mid-channel, but keep close in by the shore. It abounds in shell-fish; and from Ps. lxxiv. 14, it has been supposed that whales once inhabited it. "It is singular," says Major Mackworth, "notwithstanding the great extent of the Red Sea, not one river, I believe not one streamlet, however trifling, falls into it."



THE RED SEA.

Coast of the Red Sea.

JOURNEYING onwards towards the coast, the children of Israel came to Dophkah, and by Alush to Rephidim. The two former places cannot now be recognised; but if the valley, a little to the southwest of Sinai, be that of Rephidim, Dophkah was probably at no great distance from Tor, from which Sinai is about two days' journey. The accompanying view from Laborde represents the coast of the Red Sea in the neighborhood of Tor, which port lies under the cliff of the sloping mountain. The Greeks called this place Raitho, which name may have been given it as inhabited by the people who dwell towards the mountainous parts of Arabia Felix, termed Raitheni by Ptolemy. The monks of Mount Sinai have a convent here; and in the time of Pococke's visit, the town was inhabited by Arabs, and about twenty people of the Greek Church, and a sect of Mahometans, called Selemites, from Solomon, to whom they pay equal reverence with Mahomet. These people, Pococke supposes, may be of the race of Jethro, Moses' father-in-law. To the south of the town is a ruined castle, under an Arab governor. Ali Bey, who visited the place in the beginning of this century, describes the town as deserted in consequence of the aggressive conduct of the crews of the *daos* which anchored there. They had fled to a village called El Wadi Tor, about a league distant, where they had good water and shelter. Laborde, who visited it in 1828, describes the place as "a whitish-look'g town, wretched, and quite deserted." As the only port in Arabia Petrea with good water and safe anchorage, its decline he considers chiefly to be attributed to the loss of its trade, its inhabitants having disappeared with the vessels that formerly frequented it, few of which now visit its bay, except at very distant intervals. The fortress he perceived wholly deserted and in ruins. The character of its construction reminded him of the fortresses of Acaba, of Nickel, Moilah, as well as that of Wady Ictoum. When the tide is in, the waves beat against its walls; and as there is nothing to show that it was originally built in the sea, it is one proof, in conjunction with several others, that the level of the Red Sea has not been altered, and that the shallowness of its harbors, and the distance from it of some towns, which would seem to have been built on its coast, have been caused by the accumulation of the sands.

About fifty miles to the south of Tor, the peninsula of Sinai terminates in a narrow cape termed Ras Mohammed. Laborde says, "The point, formed of limestone, mixed with fossils, is seen at a considerable distance, appearing white upon the azure

ground of the sea." "There was nothing here worthy of remark, except a few huts belonging to fishermen; and, a little further on, upon a small island, a heap of ruins, the position of which seemed to indicate a pyramidal erection, probably intended as a lighthouse for the benefit of navigators, at the most southern part of the peninsula."

The Cedars of Lebanon.

FROM the frequent allusions in Scripture, the cedar-tree is necessarily associated in our minds with the glory of Lebanon. The very air of the tree

The cedar is an evergreen, the leaves not unlike rosemary, and it distils an odoriferous gum, drop by drop. Hence the fragrance attributed to Lebanon. The fruit resembles the cone of the pine, of which it is considered a species, though the *white* cedar is ranked under the cypress, and the *red* under the juniper. It delights in cool situations, and is found in Cyprus, Candia, and in parts of Africa. The wood is compact, and of a beautiful brown tint, and though its resistance to actual wear is not equal to that of the oak, it is so bitter, that no insect will touch it; and it seems proof against time itself. We are told that the timber in the Temple of Apollo

at Utica was found undecayed after the lapse of 2000 years; and that a beam in the oratory of Diana, at Saguntum, in Spain, was fetched from Zante two centuries before the Trojan war. If the rapidity of its growth were at all correspondent to its other qualities, it would be the most valuable tree in the forest.

Though there is little doubt, from the immense number of workmen employed by Solomon in the mountains, and from particular allusions to its extent, that the forest reached in various directions, it is not improbable, that the chief part lay in the Kesrouan above Tripoli, the only place where cedars are still to be met with. In fact, Ezekiel points out this very site Eden, or Aven, as containing the choice and best of Lebanon. Eden is about ten hours' distance from Tripoli, and thence in about two hours further you reach the cedars, which lie in the hollow of an amphitheatre of high mountains, enclosing it on the north-east and south, and open on the west. Dr. Richardson, who descended upon them from above, thus describes them:—"At first the far-famed cedars, which are called by the natives Arselibân, appeared like a dark spot on the base of the mountain, and afterwards like a clump of dwarfish shrubs, that possessed neither dignity nor beauty. In about an hour and a half we reached them. They are large, tall, and beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world we have



COAST OF THE RED SEA, NEAR REPHIDIM.

impresses one with the idea of its comparative immortality. There is a firmness in the bark and a stability in the trunk, in the mode in which it lays hold of the ground, and in the form of the branches, and their insertion into the trunk, not found in any other pine, scarcely in any other tree. The foliage, too, is superior to that of any other of the tribe, each branch being perfect in its form; the points of the leaves spread upwards into beautiful little tufts, and the whole upper surface of the branch has the semblance of velvet; the color is a rich green, wanting the blueish tint of the pine and fir, and the lurid and gloomy hue of the cypress.

ever seen. In this clump are two generations of trees; the oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar. Seven of these trees have a particularly ancient appearance; the rest are younger; and though equally tall, for want of space, their branches are not so spreading. The old cedars are not found in any other part of Lebanon." These seven mentioned by Dr. Richardson, as seen by him in 1818, are supposed by the inhabitants to be the remains of the very forest existing in the time of Solomon. The old timber seems to have been gradually on the decrease, since first noticed by travellers.

Tales of the Brahmins.

Our traveller, in the course of his desultory wanderings, visited the city of Delhi, still the seat of a phantom imperial authority, but looking as if it had fallen never to rise again. Its ruins, however, attest its former grandeur, for they extend over a surface as large as the whole of the British metropolis, and amply sustain the assertion, that when Delhi was the capital of Mahomedan India, under the Afghan or Patan dynasties, its inhabitants numbered upwards of two millions. At present they are probably not a tenth of that number, although Delhi is considered the most important British station in north-western India.

The inhabited part of Delhi is about seven miles in circuit, seated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded with an embattled wall, strengthened with bastions, a moat, and a regular glacis. The houses within are many of them large and high. There are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes, and above all, are seen the palace, a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, and the Jumma Musjeed, the largest and handsomest place of Mussulman worship in India. The chief material of all these fine buildings is red granite, of a very agreeable though solemn color, inlaid, in some of the ornamental parts, with white marble; and the general style of building is of a simple and impressive character. It far exceeds anything at Moscow. The Jumna, like the other great rivers of this country, overflows, during the rains, a wide extent; but, unlike the Ganges, does not confer fertility. In this part of its course, it is so strongly impregnated with natron—extensive beds of which abound in all the neighborhood—that its waters destroy, instead of promoting vegetation; and the whole space between the high banks and the river is a loose and perfectly barren sand, like that of the sea-shore.

Bishop Heber says, in his lively volumes, that:

"From the gate of Agra to Humaioun's tomb, is a very awful scene of desolation; ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brickwork, freestone, granite, and marble, scattered everywhere over a soil naturally rocky and barren, without cultivation, except in one or two small spots, and without a single tree. I was reminded of Caffa, in the Crimea; but this was Caffa on the scale of Paris, with the wretched fragments of a magnificence such as Paris itself cannot boast. The ruins really extended as far as the eye could reach, and our track wound among them all the way. This was the seat of old Delhi, as founded by the Patan kings, on the ruins of the still larger Hindoo city of Indraput, which lay chiefly in a western direction. When the present city, which is certainly in a more advantageous situation, was founded by the emperor Shah Jehan, he removed many of its inhabitants thither; most of the rest followed, to be near the palace and the principal markets; and as, during the Mahratta government, there was no sleeping in a safe skin without the walls, old Delhi was soon entirely abandoned. The official name of the present city is Shah Jehan-poor (city of the king of the world); but the name of Delhi is always used in conversation, and in every writing but those which are immediately offered to the emperor's eye.

In our way, one mass of ruins larger than the rest, was pointed out to us as the old Patan palace. It has been a large and solid fortress, in a plain and unornamented style of architecture, and would have been picturesque, had it been in a country where trees grow and ivy is green—but is here only ugly and melancholy. It is chiefly remarkable for a high, black pillar of cast metal, called Feroze's walking-stick. This was originally a Hindoo work; the emblem, I apprehend, of Siva, which stood, in a temple in the same spot, and concerning which there was a tradition, like that attached to the coronation stone of the Scots; that while it stood, the children of Brahma were to rule in Indraput. On the conquest of the country by the Mussulmen, the vanity of the prediction was shown; and Feroze inclosed it within the court of his palace, as a trophy of the victory of Islam over idolatry. It is covered with inscriptions, mostly Persian and Arabic; but that which is evidently the original, and probably contains the prophecy, is in a character now obsolete and unknown, though apparently akin to the Nagree."

It has been remarked that the Patans built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers; yet the ornaments, florid as they are, in their proper places are never thrown away, or allowed to interfere with the severe and solemn character of their edifices. The breadth and excellence of their style may be attributed to the examples of Hindoo archi-

ture which they had constantly before them, and which they scarcely ever failed to imitate, adapt, and improve upon. The picturesque mass of ruins shown in our very fine pictorial embellishment, exhibits something of the severity and simplicity of the manners of the early Mahomedan invaders of India; but we believe it has not yet been determined to what period the buildings belong. The probability is, that they owe their erection to Feroze Shah—the monarch whom Heber alluded to—who flourished about the middle of the fourteenth century, and is said to have built forty mosques, twenty caravanserais, five hospitals, a hundred palaces, ten baths, a hundred tombs, and a hundred bridges. But all his building could not save his throne from the invasions of the Moguls, under Timour and Baber, and the ultimate ruin of the whole of his posterity, under Akbar, the celebrated grandson of the latter. Nor could the building mania, which subsequently seized upon the Mogul emperors, prevent the like catastrophe befalling them at the hands of the rebellious vassals, brigand Mahrattas, and hard-fighting and incorrigibly-intriguing British. The Mahomedan empire in India, both in fact and sentiment, is utterly ruined and destroyed, and all that remains of its several brilliant phases, are magnificent ruins like those shown in our illustration, scattered over the face of the country.

Some such conviction as this must have seized upon the mind of our traveller; for, after gazing upon those remains of a once splendid Patan palace, he remarked to the Brahmin who acted as his guide, that he thought not only the political power, but the very monuments of the Mahomedan rulers of India, were rapidly hastening to oblivion.

"It is so decreed," remarked the Brahmin "empires founded by the sword, melt away just as snow-flakes on the hills of Cashmere melt in the beams of the noon-day sun. The dust of battle has scarcely cleared away, ere the victorious rider and horse fall prostrate on the plain. Nothing is eternal but Brahma."

"If I mistake not, my friend," said the traveller, drily, "the swords of Bala Rama and Krishnu had a good deal to do with overturning Buddhism, and seating Brahma on his throne."

"The Prophet Brothers," replied the Brahmin, "founded kingdoms and bequeathed them to their posterity; but the kingdom of Brahma they could not found, for it was before them, after them, and is eternal. Still I am free to admit that the earthly monarchies of Rama and Krishnu have disappeared; but they endured for more than two thousand years, and their monuments still survive. Moslem rage in vain has attempted to extirpate them. Behold their power, and its evidence. The Great Mogul is a phantom in the hands of your mighty company, and these buildings, founded by his race, which in this part of India do not take back beyond two centuries, are already crumbling to dust."

"So I perceive," said the traveller. "Delhi, although, in its architecture, comparatively a modern city, is nothing better than a pile of ruins. Yet some of the Mussulmen monarchs were great men. It would be difficult to find, in the long roll of European kings, one that excelled Baber, the most eminent and accomplished prince that ever adorned an Asiatic throne. Akbar was also a great emperor. The vast empire of the Moguls was never more flourishing than under his rule. History tells us that he established schools, in which both the Indian and Arabic languages and sciences were taught. Translations of works of taste and art were made at his express desire. Under his mild and equitable government, agriculture flourished, commerce revived, arts prospered, and his subjects enjoyed the fruits of their increased industry, free from those apprehensions of insecurity to which they had been so long exposed. Truly Akbar was a great king, as well as a great warrior!"

"He had many solid as well as shining virtues," said the Brahmin, sententiously; "but he failed to transmit any of them to his posterity. His grandson, Shah Jehan, the last Great Mogul who resided in the palace of the Patans, the ruins of which you so much admire, could not rule his own family; his sons were perpetually in rebellion against him, and while his wife Noorjean lived, she possessed absolute sway over his actions as well as affections. When she died, Aurungzebe, the third son, seized upon the throne by force and treachery, after massacring his brothers, and placing his father in prison, where he ultimately died, not much lamented by any class of his subjects."

"His affection for his queen must have been remarkably strong," said the traveller, to have induced him to erect over her ashes such a magnifi-

cent pile as the Tage Mahal, in Agra. But what induced him to abandon a palace founded, like Windsor Castle, or the Kremlin in Moscow, by monarchs of his own creed, if not of his race?"

"The cause was romantic," said the Brahmin; and if you are not disinclined to listen to a story, I will tell you."

The traveller willingly assented, and, in view of the sombre memorials of a past age, looking hoar and surly in the dazzling light of an early morning sun, the Brahmin, with much comment and circumlocution, which has necessarily been omitted, related the following narrative.

THE SULTANA'S SACRIFICE.

In the summer of 1719, the imperial city of Delhi was in mourning. Shah Jehan, "The Lord and Conqueror of the World," "The Sun of Wisdom," "The Star of Islam," "The Light of the Universe," "The Puissant Emperor of India," lay on a bed of sickness. The mosques were filled with the faithful, offering up prayers for his speedy recovery; the shops were closed, to the great grief of all the tradesmen of Delhi, and the houses, as well as the people, wore a melancholy, apprehensive appearance. Some of the latter, congregated in groups in the squares and open places, were performing a ceremony dear to Mussulmen as well as Jews. Each one in turn waved his turban and shawl thrice round his head, as he besought the intercession of the prophet and all the saints, on behalf of his sovereign. Many of them made presents to each other, with the same ceremony; and a few, consisting of the most devout, revolved within themselves the necessity of a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Near one of these groups, closely observing them, stood a man in the prime of life and of distinguished appearance, who, although he wore the oriental costume, from the fairness of his complexion, was evidently a European. By his side was a shrewd-looking Mussulman, whose long white beard descended to the pit of his very ample stomach. The former was an English physician, named Boughton, one of those energetic men who, two centuries ago, by their tact, skill, and courage, obtained from the Mogul court concessions which served to lay the foundation of the British empire in India. Boughton had proceeded from Surat to Delhi, to negotiate with the emperor in person, for a licence to trade within his dominions, and establish a factory on some advantageous point on the sea-coast. But just as he had found Shah Jehan inclined to concede some trifling privileges to the company, the negotiations were interrupted by the latter's illness; and the adventurer had nothing to do but wait patiently until the light of the world was permitted to shine again in public. His mission, conciliatory manners, and, it must be added, convivial habits had gained him the acquaintance—friendship it could scarcely be termed—of Shen the court sage and poet, who had good-naturedly assigned him quarters in the part of the palace where he was permitted to reside. Shere had taken a fancy to the young and dashing traveller, and frequently accompanied him in his rambles in the town and through the adjacent country. On the present occasion both were rather taciturn, for the bulletin of that morning had been more dismal than usual. The emperor had passed a very bad night indeed. Boughton would have tendered his professional services, but, as he knew such a step would provoke jealousy, perhaps compromise his safety—for failure in a medical man in the East, is the last offence that is forgiven—he hesitated. Shere very much approved of his determination—indeed ventured obscurely to hint that the recovery of the emperor was not very ardently desired by his sons.

"That is very shocking!" observed the frank traveller.

"Hush!" replied the wily poet-laureate, drawing him away from the edge of the crowd, so as to be beyond hearing; "the very stones of Delhi have ears?"

"In the event of the emperor going the way of all flesh," inquired Boughton, "what chance do you think I shall have?"

"The prophet guide us!—what a question!" replied the poet; "but as you seem so anxious, I will tell you all I know of their mightinesses the princes. Like all the children of the house of Baber, they are well versed in the learning of Persia and Arabia, and have deigned to cultivate some of the infidel Hindoo lore of Hindostan. Dara, the eldest, is handsome, generous, and rash. He is a very great favorite with everybody. The women sing his praises morning, noon, and night. Sujah is more prudent; but when in the pursuit of pleasure, he is a perfect tyrant. Aurungzebe, the

third son, is a mystery: he affects the austere habits of a fakir, but I suspect his religion is but used as a cloak for his ambition. Morad is a very violent and impatient youth—quite a cub at present—but disposed to spurn all control."

"I should think the prince Dara the noblest of the brothers," said Boughton; "and he would be the one to whom I ought to apply."

"Not so!" replied the poet; "he detests foreigners, but is too magnanimous to do them a wanton injury. Do you go to Aurungzebe—his star is the brightest: besides, I have heard him approve of the Portuguese settlements, and say that trade and commerce were the best mines from which the imperial treasury could be replenished."

While thus conversing, they reached the poet's residence. The chambers were numerous enough, but the furniture was very scanty; and Boughton was much inconvenienced for the want of a seat like what he had been accustomed to in Europe. Squatting on the ground like a tailor, offended his notions of dignity; but, as he could not avoid it, he endeavoured to make himself at home. The etiquette of the court of the great Mogul did not prohibit clandestine tipping. The poet was fond of his bottle, and as Boughton found the emperor's wine by no means disagreeable, he exerted himself to do honor to his entertainer's hospitality, sang him some French and English songs, and actually moved the old man to tears, by the pathos of his Scotch and Irish ballads. While they were thus engaged, a messenger summoned the poet away; and Boughton, glad of the opportunity, hasted to pay a visit to the zenana. Don't be alarmed, it only contained one lovely girl—the daughter of Shere.

The traveller had discovered her one day, while rambling about the rooms in search of amusement. She had often seen him before, and heard him too—for his singing resounded through the empty rooms of that portion of the palace. She was rather startled, but Boughton calmed her fears so gently, that she spoke to him; and as he understood both Persian and Arabic very well, they could converse with fluency. Her father had given her an instruction far superior to that generally received by the daughters even of the Mogul nobility; and as he regarded her extreme beauty and fascinating manners he was not without hopes of pushing his fortune at court, by means of marrying her to some distinguished personage. Baba herself was totally ignorant of these ambitious views, and as she was as artless and innocent as a child, it is not surprising, in a climate in which love at first sight is the rule instead of the exception, that she should from the first have been charmed by the handsome exterior, and manly but fascinating manners of her father's guest. On his part, it would be difficult to describe his sensations. He was young, ardent, and bold; and he could not disguise from himself that the lustrous oriental eyes of Baba had in them an expressible attraction for him. But he never returned from one of these stolen interviews without some misgivings as to its propriety. His English notions of honor were rather shocked at his abuse of the confidence of his entertainer. But as his passion rather increased than diminished after every visit, his scruples gradually softened in tone, and he submitted to what he deemed an irresistible impulse.

On this occasion, he found Baba magnificently attired, for the daughter of a literary man. A circlet of diamonds crossed her fair open brow—she had inherited a fair complexion from her Persian mother—and several jewels flashed in the coils of her raven hair. In person she was tall, with a fine figure, and a face of ecstatic beauty. Her lineaments were like those which delirious poets coin in their dreams of cups—for such inspiration comes as frequently from the latter as the former; and in her bewitching exterior she combined all the graces, as well as virgin freshness and modesty, of that rare style of beauty which seems a combination of the Greek and broader featured daughters of the north. She had only one attendant, an old woman, whom a trifling present of money and opium had easily bribed to secrecy.

She received the traveller with a deep blush, and his brozed countenance became deeply suffused, as he carried her jewelled hand to his lips, and then seated himself at her feet.

Perhaps, owing to his being heated with wine, he pressed his suit with more than his customary ardor; and among his soft whispers there was one which hinted at an elopement and a disguise.

Baba was alarmed: although unsophisticated, she had been educated in such strict notions of female reserve and restraint, that the proposal jarred upon her sensitive nature.

"Would you ask me to leave my kind old father?" she softly said.

"Father!" cried Boughton, carried away by his head-long passion; "what is a father to a husband? A father calculates, orders, and disposes; a husband, on the contrary, loves and entreats: he shelters his beloved one from every storm, from every danger; ever by her side, she is pressed to his bosom, rooted in and twined round his very soul; and while invoking heaven to shield her from harm, he puts forth his strength and his wisdom to build up for her a house, and provide for her a happiness which never ends but with the grave. A Christian husband, Baba, cherishes only one wife: fly with me, then, to the sea-side, where I have friends, companions, wealth; and if fortune should not smile on us in this land, I have my own dear native one, and a mother who will receive you as kindly as the second father of mankind did the timid dove when it returned to his ark."

"My father has said that your country is cold, that it is beaten by perpetual storms; and that to arrive there, one would have to sail from one extremity of the world to the other!" said Baba, gently repulsing him.

Boughton strove to combat her fears, which he partially succeeded in doing; but he had no sooner commenced renewing his frantic solicitations, than Baba hurriedly started to her feet, uttered a shriek, and fled.

The old woman uttered an unearthly exclamation, and speedily followed her example. Boughton was bewildered; but, on hearing a voice—a stern, sonorous one—saying:

"Miserable slave!—are you weary of life?"

He turned rapidly round, and beheld a sight which caused the blood to roll back on his heart in frost-touched currents. The figure of a tall, swarthy, but fine-looking man, blocked up the doorway. He wore a breastplate, inlaid with gold, and on his head a helmet, from which nodded a plume of feathers. The traveller immediately recognised the Prince Dara.

"Explain this scene, Frank?" said he sternly.

Boughton stammered forth some excuses, the weightiest of which was, his ignorance of the customs of the country, and his regret if he had committed any offence.

The prince eyed him for a moment in disdain, and then peremptorily gave him to understand that he had fixed his princely regards on the lovely Baba, and only waited for her father's consent to transfer her to his zenana.

Boughton looked the indignation he felt, but, not daring to reply, made a stiff inclination of his head, and seemed to await any further injunctions the prince had to lay upon him.

At this juncture Shere himself made his appearance evidently in great perturbation.

"The emperor!—the emperor!" he gasped.

"What of my father, the emperor, the wise Shah Jehan?" asked Dara, turning pale.

"The angel of death has spread his wings over him," said the poet, "and nothing can save him but a sacrifice! There must be a life as dear as his own freely given to save him!"

Dara was not superior to the superstitions of the age; but in this particular one he lacked faith, and, after a few moments reflection, he turned to Boughton, and, with a less severe countenance, said to him:

"I came hither to see you concerning my father, when I —, but let it pass; Dara knows how to pardon as well as condemn! I have heard that you are skilled in medicine!"

"I am a physician, and, in my own country as well as the neighboring one of France, had acquired no slight reputation for skill," replied Boughton, boldly—for he felt that in his present position it would be better to show confidence than hesitation.

"Will you venture the cure of the Shah-in-Shah, my illustrious father?" demanded the prince.

"I will!"

"Follow me!"

And the pair without another word, disappeared from the presence of the astounded poet, court-seer, and astrologer.

The prince led the way in silence, through numerous long corridors, and across splendid adorned courts, all rigidly guarded by the *élite* of the emperor's guards, until he came to a large hall lighted by a hundred lamps. This was the threshold of the zenana, a place into which the prince dared not penetrate without the express permission of the empress. Having given the customary signal, the door was cautiously opened, and the prince was admitted. In a few minutes he returned, and beckoned the physician to accompany him. The latter unhesitatingly complied; after traversing several gloomy passages, he was ushered into a room

hung with red cloth, and, like all the others he had seen in this portion of the palace, lighted by artificial means. On a couch of silk, above which was suspended the red umbrella of state, lay the monarch, moaning and tossing feverishly from side to side. Close by the couch knelt the figure of a woman, veiled from head to foot, and at some distance from it stood Aurungzebe with his hands clasped and his eyes raised, as if in the act of silent devotion.

"Empress," said Dara softly; "the Frank doctor."

The empress quietly rose to her feet, and slightly putting back her veil, gazed at Boughton with an expression of deep scrutiny. The glimpse, passing as it was, enabled him to see a pair of deep-blue eyes, and a face of much sweetness, blended with dignity. She was young, having only borne the emperor one child, and justly celebrated for her personal charms as well as mental accomplishments.

Being as passionately fond of her husband as he was of her, his illness had roused all her woman's energies; and, as all the emperor's medical advisers had failed to restore him to convalescence, she had resolved, although contrary to court etiquette, and in defiance of the deeply-rooted prejudices of her husband and sons-in-law against foreigners, to consult the traveller, of whose professional skill she had heard something from the rumors spread abroad by his attendants.

Stepping, without even a rustle of her robe, to the spot where he stood, she seemed to gaze into his very soul, as she said to him:

"Does thy knowledge of the healing art enable thee to practise it on kings?"

"It does," replied Boughton, touched by her sorrowful aspect; "I have studied in the first schools of medicine in the western world, and have had much experience in various countries."

"You seem honest," said the empress, thoughtfully; and then addressing herself to the two princes, added: "Dare we trust our lord the king of kings in the hands of this stranger?"

"Let it be on the peril of his life if he fails!" replied Dara, who with all his reputation for magnanimity, had an inveterate dislike and suspicion of foreigners.

"In the name of the prophet, let him try!" answered Aurungzebe, covertly fastening on the traveller a look as glittering as a serpent's.

The empress hesitated an instant, and then touchingly said:

"Frank, my lord has been a good lord to me—his hand has ever been gentle, his voice has ever been soft to me, his only bride and empress—judge, then, how deep is my love for him, and how bitter my sorrow would be, should he be wafted from my side, even to Paradise! Essay thy skill, and the prophet and the saints direct thy judgment!"

Boughton then was permitted to approach his patient, who, after a brief examination, he found was laboring under unmistakable symptoms, of poison; but he prudently kept this discovery to himself, and, retreating from the couch, declared that the emperor was in no immediate danger, and would most likely be restored to health in a few days, if he took a draught prepared solely by himself, and administered by no other hands save those of the empress.

"Why only the empress?" said Aurungzebe, sharply.

"The hands of those well beloved lend a charm and a potency to the most powerful medicine," answered Boughton, quietly.

"It shall be so!" said the empress, decisively, as she commanded Dara to place the traveller in an apartment by himself, and furnish him with whatever he desired to have for his great experiment. The princes conducted him to a neighboring apartment, where they left him, after placing a strong guard at the door; but not before Dara had threatened him with instant death in case of failure, and Aurungzebe had cast upon him a look which shook his well-tempered and long-tried iron nerves.

His medicine chest having been brought to him, he prepared the draught, which he intended to be a powerful counter-agent to a slow vegetable poison; and, having been conducted by the princes to the door of the zenana, delivered it to the empress, who received it trembling, and in silence. He was then led back to what in fact was his prison, to indulge in whatever meditations he might, in such a peculiarly perplexing position.

Thoughts of home, and country, and friends poured in upon him; and he began to consider that being head physician to a monarch who was then considered the greatest potentate on the earth, was by no means a sinecure.

While thus pondering, Aurungzebe entered, and



ANCIENT BUILDINGS NEAR FEROZE SHAH'S COTILLA, DELHI.

abruptly inquired the real cause of the emperor's disease.

"Fever!" said Boughton.

"Produced by what?" demanded the prince.

"That I cannot say precisely; probably from over-exertion in the affairs of state, or a cold caught when last out hunting," replied Boughton, cautiously.

Aurangzebe eyed him closely and curiously for a few seconds, and then said:

"Will his majesty of the universe be worse before he recovers?"

"He will be nigh unto death's door?"

"Ah! When?"

"On the third day from this!"

The prince mused for a little while, and then said to Boughton:

"You wish to trade in my father's dominions, and build a factory on the coast: to what nation do you belong?"

"England, your highness!"

"I have heard of it. In the reign of my grandfather—the magnificent Jehanghire—an English ambassador was presented at court. The coach he presented is still in the royal menagerie.* Well, I perceive you are discreet, but upon your further discretion depends the success of your mission. I am going away, but the walls of this palace are not too thick for my ears?"

Boughton understood him, and shuddered as he imagined that he saw a premeditated parricide before him. Aurangzebe repeated his caution, and, after bestowing upon him a massive chain of gold, he left the room, and soon after the palace, to put into execution some of those crafty schemes which subsequently conducted him to the throne, over the bodies of his brothers, and at the expense of the perpetual imprisonment of his father, who in his old age was to learn the bitter lesson, that filial ingratitude was the basest of crimes, and that, for his rebellions against his father, he was retributively punished in the daring usurpation of his third and least-loved son, Aurangzebe.

While Boughton was pondering over the cold-blooded atrocities practised even at a fiery Asiatic court, the door of his room was again opened, and this time the Prince Dara entered. His inquiries were bold and straightforward, and he appeared satisfied with the assurance he received; but in one matter it pleased him to be exceedingly angry.

"Infidel!" said he.

"I am a Christian, and an Englishman!" retorted Boughton, indignantly.

"Thou art a Nazarene!" said the prince, unmoved, "and therein art an infidel; so, touching thy audacity with the Lady Baba, I have to tell thee that if thou darest lift thine eyes but to her sandal-tie, I'll have thee torn to pieces!"

"Have you forgotten that I am a prisoner?" said Boughton, looking him full in the face.

The prince blushed, and, without saving another word, turned upon his heel.

Two days passed away without his seeing any one but the guard; but on the morning of the third he was awakened from the uneasy slumber into which he had fallen, by hearing the hollow murmur of voices, and the clank of arms. The whole palace was in commotion. The traveller smiled: he guessed the cause, and was about to congratulate himself on his captivity being near at an end, when Dara, transported with fury, and followed by a band of armed men, burst into the room, and loaded him with every species of reproach, in Arabic, Persian, and Hindostanee.

"Dog—murderer—poisoner!" he exclaimed; "thou hast extinguished the 'Light of the World,' and shalt die!"

"The Light of the World will burn brighter than ever before sundown!" said Boughton, calmly. "The emperor, I presume, is in the swoon I had anticipated!"

Dara gazed at him with a tiger-like expression of countenance, as he muttered an oath, and half drew his sword. Boughton saw that his life was scarcely worth a minute's purchase, so, instantly recollecting the incident between Louis XI. and his astrologer, he quickly said:

"If you slay me you slay your father! He dies within an hour after my murder! The spell will not work without the breath of him who prepared it!"

Dara was awed but not subdued by this threat, and ordered the officer by his side to throw the unfortunate physician into one of the dungeons beneath the palace. This was speedily obeyed, and as a reward for his endeavor to prevent the "Light of the World" being snuffed out by a poisoned hand, he found himself in a damp, musty, and dark dungeon, containing not a single article of furniture; indeed, nothing but a pitcher of water.

To account for this disaster, we must return to the chamber of the king, and also mention that Prince Dara, the day before, had been repulsed by Baba, and received but slight encouragement of his suit from her father. The poet loved his child too well to give his permission that she should enter the

harem of a prince who already had the number of wives allowed him by the law of Islam. Dara had too much savage pride either to stoop to entreaty or disclose the particulars of the scene he had witnessed between Baba and Boughton. In a few hours he thought he should be emperor, and then who dare dispute his will? But he had resolved to sacrifice the physician to his resentment; and what occurred in the imperial chamber afforded him a pretext for gratifying it.

On the third day Shah Jehan became much worse. His mind wandered more, his pulse beat quicker, and after a few convulsive throes he fell into a swoon, which the empress and her attendants at first imagined was the sleep of death: hence the alarm which had led to Boughton's catastrophe. But gradually his lineaments became more composed, and after awhile assumed the placid expression of simulated death. The empress remained by his couch, absorbed in prayer, except when she kissed the clammy brow of her husband, and gave way to a passionate burst of grief mingled with the most endearing exclamations.

As the day wore on, and the emperor remained in the same condition, the empress became more composed; but it was the composure resulting from a desperate resolve, founded on the most implicit faith in the efficacy of the expedient she was about to adopt. Summoning Shere to her presence, she asked him whether a great sacrifice would not be acceptable to the Almighty under the present deplorable circumstance.

"It would, O Empress!" answered Shere; "and as I had the melancholy honor of informing your majesty two days ago, the Almighty sometimes vouchsafes to receive the most valuable thing possessed by one friend, as an offering in exchange for the life of another."

The empress threw herself on her knees, and, in a transport of conjugal love and fervent pity, exclaimed:—

"My life is dearest to my lord as his is to me, and next to the life of my lord my own is the most valuable thing I possess: so, in the name of the most holy prophet and the saints in Paradise, I here devote my life to heaven, as a sacrifice for my lord's!"

The ladies in attendance on the empress set up a loud wail at hearing this determination, and entreated her to retract the rash vow.

"Your sublime highness!" stammered Shere, "has offered too much! The ancient sages have said that it was the dearest of our worldly possessions alone that were to be devoted to Heaven! The 'Mountain of Light,' that priceless diamond, taken

* Sir Thomas Roe was sent as the first ambassador from England to the Emperor of Hindostan. He presented a coach to Jehanghire, from James I., and obtained permission to establish a factory at Surat.

by your great ancestor, the invincible Babar, at Agra, is the most valuable thing on earth. Let that, O Empress, be the sacrifice for the life of the 'Ornament of the World, the King of Kings!'

"Not so!" answered the empress solemnly; "no stone, of whatever value it might be—no, not even all the precious stones and jewels of the earth—can be put in competition with his life! I am resolved! my life for my lord's! had I a thousand I would sacrifice them in return for the unbounded love he has given me."

Summoning the Prince Dara, who was a great favorite with her, also the great officers of state, to the zenana, she appeared before them attired in her imperial robes, and wearing a crown of gold, inlaid with sparkling gems.

The couch of the dying emperor had been removed to the centre of the room, and the empress, after declaring, in a loud but musical tone of voice, that her sacrifice was free and voluntary, walked three times round it, and while doing so, fervently prayed heaven to take her life in exchange for the emperor's. After she had performed this solemnity she retired behind a screen, and continued praying aloud, so that all in the chamber could plainly hear her. After some time she was heard to exclaim:—

"It is accepted—it is borne away—it is borne away!"

While these exclamations were ringing through the chamber, to the great terror of all present, the emperor opened his great black eyes, and murmured:

"Oh, my beloved, paradise without thee is a dreary blank! My love, my light of lights, my beautiful, come—Shah Jehan calls!"

The sound of his voice brought back to the heart of the empress all her womanly feelings, and with a sob of joy she rushed to the couch, and kissed his hands, his cheeks, his mouth, his eyes, his forehead, the very pillow on which his head reclined.

The Prince Dara, after assuring himself that his father still lived, and was likely to live, ordered the chamber to be cleared, and went forth himself to command prayers to be said in all the mosques in Delhi, and throughout the empire.

The physician, who had really wrought this wonderful cure, meanwhile lay in his dungeon, unheeded and neglected. No, not quite neglected—for on the morning of the second day of his imprisonment, the dungeon door creaked on its hinges, and when it closed again, Boughton could hear the light breathing of some one who had been admitted.

"Another miserable wretch!" he thought; and at the same instant the idea flashed across his mind that his executioner had arrived. At this surmise he fairly groaned. To die a violent death at thirty, and in the hideous darkness of a dungeon, was too much for even the stoical philosophy of an Englishman in difficulties. We say he groaned, and then, convinced that he was to be put to death like a beast, he resolved to die after the fashion of a brave one when driven into a corner. Drawing a long hunting-knife, which he wore in his belt, he prepared to spring upon his assailant the moment he approached. The breathing every instant became louder; some garments rustled, and even in that moment of terrible excitement, he detected a rich perfume in his cell, and concluded that the assassin was a noble—perhaps the Prince Dara himself. Nearer and nearer the object came, and just as he was preparing to take the fatal spring, he heard his own name pronounced by a musical and well-known voice; the next moment the knife was dashed to the ground, and he was clasping the sobbing Baba to his heart. She had neither forgotten nor neglected him. Inspired by love, she had bribed the guards—not a difficult matter in an Asiatic palace—and prevailed upon them to allow her to visit the prisoner.

"Baba—dear Baba!" exclaimed the delighted Boughton, as, in despite of his boasted manhood, hot scalding tears, rushed to his eyes; and he added to himself, "may heaven fail to forgive me if I ever wrong a woman with an evil thought or a suspicion again!"

Baba could not speak—her emotion was too deep for utterance, but she had sufficient presence of mind to place a stone bottle of the emperor's wine to his lips, and a rich patty in his hands.

The traveller after satisfying his hunger and quenching his thirst—inquired the news; and was rather astonished when Baba told him that the emperor's recovery had been caused by the sacrifice of the empress. It is reported that he swore terribly; but while he was cross-examining Baba on the delicate subject of Prince Dara's attentions, the door of his cell was once more opened, and he was informed that an order had arrived from the empress to set him free.

"Heaven bless her!" thought the traveller; "she

at least has more wisdom than to believe in the efficacy of her mummery!"

Hastily snatching a kiss from the lips of Baba, while under cover of the darkness—for the guard had told her she must vanish like a flash of lightning—he bade her an affectionate adieu, after obtaining from her a promise to meet him again; he was then conducted to the gate of Sultan Khosroo, and dismissed with a friendly hint that he had better leave Delhi at once.

Shere received him warmly—almost kindly—and Boughton, who was naturally frank and honorable, confided to him the secret of his attachment for Baba. The old man was more astounded than displeased; but as he revolved in his mind the insidious designs of the heir-apparent, and was himself by no means a strict follower of Islam, he did not view the disclosure with that indignation it would have excited in a rigidly orthodox Musulman.

"The Emperor Jehanghire, my never-to-be-forgotten and illustrious patron," he muttered, "was more of a Deist than anything else! He saw good in the followers of Brahma, and Zoroaster, and Christ—and why should I not see good in this handsome Nazarene? Besides, his people take only one wife, and his star, next to that of Aurungzebe, is the brightest in the horoscope!"

The next day Boughton was summoned to court to administer to Jehanara, the favorite daughter of the emperor, whom grief for her father's illness had thrown on a bed of sickness.

A week's assiduous attention served to restore her to her wonted health, and the physician, whose fame, despite the wonderful sacrifice of the empress, began to be noised abroad, was honored by an audience with the emperor and empress. Shah Jehan was a magnificent monarch; but Boughton, when offered some most costly presents, only asked for the privilege of carrying on a free trade in his majesty's dominions. The emperor, amazed at the modesty of the request, complied with it cheerfully, but insisted on his accepting what had been offered him.

"And thus," observed the Brahmin, as he drew towards the conclusion of his narrative, "commented that tremendous power which you British now wield in India. The emperor recommended the English physician specially to the favor of the Nabob of Bengal, in whose service his professional abilities enabled him greatly to distinguish himself; and Boughton, who must have been a patriotic, self-denying man, obtained an extension of the privilege given to him personally by Shah Jehan, to all his nation. On the payment of 3000 rupees, a license was given for an unlimited trade, without payment of customs, and a factory allowed to be established at Hooghly, by the Company's servants at Surat.

"And what of Baba?" inquired the traveller, whom the story had interested.

"She married the man of medicine—turned Christian, I believe, and became a happy wife, and the mother of a numerous family. Her descendants are now among the most opulent of the merchant princes of Calcutta."

"And the empress?"

"Sickened and died. As the emperor began to recover, in proportion her health and strength visibly decayed. The emperor, distracted, removed her during the sultry summer months, to the cool and beautiful valleys of Cashmere—but all in vain. In the ensuing winter she breathed her last, in his arms, at Agra—the sacrifice was completed. Shah Jehan, after her death, became an altered man. Instead of having only one wife, he adopted the custom of the East in this respect to its fullest extent. He became extravagant, undertook expensive wars, and finally so alienated the affections of his subjects, that he was easily dethroned and imprisoned by his own son, Aurungzebe, who subsequently proved himself to be a man of the most consummate talent. Shah Jehan had abandoned the ancient Patan Palace, which you now behold in ruins before you; but after the loss of his umbrella, he petitioned his son that he might reside in it during his remaining years, in order that he might chasten himself by constant familiarity with every object that would remind him of his beloved empress, and her unexampled sacrifice to conjugal affection. His request was complied with, and his body is believed to be reposing under the centre of that great white dome which you see crowning the hill in the rear of Feroze Shah's once gorgeous palace. Most certain it is that he was not buried at Agra, where he interred his wife, and built for her a tomb which, to this day, is one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in the world.

WOMEN are like old-fashioned houses, with many doors, and few windows. It is easier to gain entrance into their hearts than to see through them.

A NEW ZEALAND LEGEND.—One of the native legends we shall quote, for the sake of its simplicity, as well as for its resemblance to stories which may be found in the romantic literature of the East and of the North, as well as among the tribes of the Southern isles. In the days when beings superior to our mortal race inhabited this earth, there were three brothers, of whom the two elder persecuted the youngest. The youngest, like Cinderella—his sister in fable—was protected by Fortune. Some way off from the habitation of the three Maui lived an old woman called Hine. She had the reputation of being a very terrible person, and no one ventured to meddle with her property. Little Maui, however, determined to go and visit her country to see whether he could find any thing good there. So coming near the place where Hine lived, he seated himself on a hill overlooking her garden, and began to play a tune on his flute. As soon as Hine heard the sound of the flute, she sent out some of her slaves to watch and see who was coming. But before they went, she gave them this injunction, "If the man comes down the hill walking upright on his legs, catch him, for he is a thief; but if he comes walking on his hands and feet, having his belly and face downwards, then know he is an *Atua*, and be sure not to meddle with him." Little Maui heard all she said, and, of course, came down the hill on his hands and feet, and as the slaves never meddled with him, supposing him to be an *Atua*, he crept into the old lady's *kumara* store, and after eating as much as he could, carried off a basketful. The next day his brothers sat together, eating their morning meal, and every now and then threw a bit to little Maui, who sat as usual by himself at a distance from them. Instead of picking up these morsels, however, he pulled out from under his cloak a *kumara*, and ate it. At last the elder Maui, seeing all the scraps thrown to his brother still lying untouched, asked little Maui what he was eating. "Excellent food, let me tell you," said little Maui, throwing a handful towards his two brothers. The elder Maui was much pleased with the taste and size of the *kumara*, and wished to know where some more of them were to be obtained. Little Maui then told how he had stolen the *kumara* from the store of Hine. But instead of repeating correctly the command which the old woman had given her slaves when she sent them to watch in the garden, he made her say, "If the man comes down the hill on his hands and legs catch him, for he is a thief; but if he comes walking upright on his legs leave him alone, for he is an *Atua*." Maui-mua was so much pleased with the adventure of his younger brother, that he resolved to set off the same evening, and steal some *kumara* in the same way. So when it began to grow dusk he started, little Maui calling to him as he was going, and bidding him be sure remember correctly the command given to her slaves by Hine. Of course, when this cruel brother began to play his flute the old woman saw him, and as he knew not how to deceive her, she squeezed him to death.

A LEGENDARY SULTAN.—The people of the Caucasus are said to have a legend that some day a Sultan will arise in the West, and finally deliver them from the hands of the Muscovite Padishah.

THE WINDOW-TAX—THE GREATEST ABSORBENT OF LIGHT.—Since government is so particular in charging for light, we wonder it has never thought of putting a tax upon spectacles, eye-glasses, and opera-glasses, which are all media for conveying light to the eye, just as much as a pane of glass. The same with the windows in carriages, omnibuses, or bathing machines. Why should they not pay the same monstrous duty as the windows in a house? These are shameful inequalities, which betray a partiality which should exist in no tax, particularly in one which should be framed with the strictest eye to accuracy, as the larger the frame the larger the payment for it. It is strange that government should institute itself the great purveyor of light, in opposition to the sun; with this difference, however, that government charges for every pane of light, it lays on, and cuts it off pretty quickly if it is not paid up exactly to the quarter, and the sun gives its light for nothing. Of all monopolies, the monopoly of light is the most cruel, and is a measure only worthy of the dark ages. To carry out the cruelty consistently, every man who has two eyes should be taxed for light doubly, men with only one eye should be let off with one payment, and none should be exempt from the tax but blind persons.—*Punch*.

VIRTUE is not a mushroom, that springeth up of itself in a night, when we are asleep and regard it not; but a delicate plant that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, and much time to mature it.

Outlines of Popular Science.

SINCERELY hoping that our young readers have experienced no difficulty in following our previous descriptions, or in performing the experiments mentioned, we resume our pleasing task of making known some further properties of oxygen, "the virtue of atmospheric air." Our present report, we beg to say, before proceeding further, will chiefly consist of details for conducting certain experiments—some very brilliant experiments; others, although not brilliant, yet extremely interesting.

The editor trusts that all his young philosophers will remember how oxygen gas was made; how it was driven—forced out of the salt chlorate of potash by means of heat; how we managed to avoid the necessity of a furnace, by putting some lighted charcoal on a fire-shovel; and finally, how the leading property of oxygen (at that time introduced by name) was illustrated by means of an ignited chip of wood. Perhaps it will be remembered also that the distillation of oxygen gas from chlorate of potash, even with the aid of a strong charcoal fire, was no very easy operation. The oxygen came over with some little difficulty, and the glass of the retort became soft with the excess of heat. Before proceeding with any further experiments on oxygen, Professor Faraday required a further stock of the gas; and this he did not generate by the same process as before—namely, by heating in a retort, chlorate of potash alone, but a mixture of chlorate of potash and black oxide of manganese. By adopting this expedient, the oxygen comes over with great facility, not even requiring a charcoal fire, but merely the flame of a spirit-lamp. A very curious point, too, is this:—the black oxide of manganese, although promoting the evolution of oxygen from the chlorate, yet undergoes no change itself.

Before performing the experiments presently to be described, it will be necessary to generate a further portion of oxygen gas, and instead of using the fire-pan, the far more convenient spirit-lamp may now be employed. Neither will it be required to use a retort. A large test tube, fitted up with a perforated cork, and a small bent tube, as represented in the accompanying wood-cut, being quite sufficient. But stay.—We have not yet described how the hole is to be bored through the cork in question. This may appear a very simple operation to many, but its performance requires peculiar treatment, which a novice would not readily discover for himself. There are

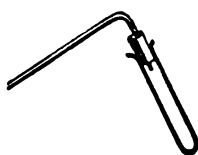


Fig. 22.

sold by philosophical instrument makers, little tubes of brass, termed cork-borers. They are in appearance very much like the brass ferules of a fishing-rod, and sharpened at one end to an edge by means of a file. By means of an instrument of this description, a hole, clear, round, well defined, may be made through a cork with the greatest facility; and when made, it may be slightly enlarged, if necessary, by means of what is called a rat's-tail file. Whenever a piece of glass tube is required to be thrust through a cork in the manner just described, the fitting must be quite accurate, else the junction will be useless. The slightest chink or crevice is sufficient to permit the escape of gas. This absolute accuracy can only be secured by carefully attending to certain little details, which we shall now proceed to explain. Let not the young chemist think them trivial, or pass them over; whether he is to succeed in his experiments or fail, will mainly depend on his attention to, or negligence of details, such as these. Having bored a hole in the cork, then it is required to push the end of a glass rod tightly through it; and the young chemist, in trying to accomplish this, is frequently apt to forget that glass is glass. He is apt to employ an injurious amount of force, just the amount he would have employed had the glass tube been a rod of iron or of wood. Thus the tube becomes shattered, and not unfrequently the operator's hands are cut. The chief impediment to the ready passage of the extremity of a glass tube through a cork is this. The end of the tube, when cut or broken off from another piece, has usually sharp edges, like a knife, which edges pressing against the soft matter of the cork, drive the latter in fragments before them, and thus spoiling the accuracy previously existing of the perforation. To obviate this defect, the knife edges must be destroyed. This can be very easily accomplished by means of the spirit-lamp flame, in which, if the end of the tube be held for a time, the knife edges fuse, and the orifice of the tube becomes slightly contracted, thus favor-

ing its passage through the cork. If it be pressed whilst still hot through the latter, all the better.

It now remains to adjust the outside of the cork exactly to the diameter of the distilling tube. This is not accomplished by cutting, but by careful filing, the cork being fashioned into a tapering shape in such a manner that the very extremity is somewhat less than the orifice of the tube. Finally, all the preceding directions having been attended to, the tube itself will require to be bent, which can be readily accomplished by holding it in the spirit-lamp flame. Does any reader think that all these long directions are tedious, trivial, unimportant? The case is simply this, if they be not absolutely attended to, the operations to be described will fail. Therefore let the reader take his choice, either to set about his experiments according to our directions, taking heed of every admonition, however minute, or to forego these experiments altogether.

Supposing, then, the distilling apparatus to be quite ready; about two teaspoonfuls of chlorate of potash, intimately mixed with an equal portion of black oxide of manganese, are to be put into the large tube, and the various parts of the apparatus being joined, heat is to be applied, and the oxygen gas which comes over is to be collected. The proper vessels to be employed in performing the experiments, presently to be described, with oxygen are gas jars, as illustrated by the annexed wood-cut; but provided such cannot be obtained, tolerably efficient substitutes may be made by cutting off the lower parts of wide-mouthed



Fig. 23.

pint bottles; an expedient, by the way, which will prove far more expensive than the purchase of some proper gas jars at once.

Resuming the thread of his discourse, Professor Faraday said: "Let us now see the effects of this oxygen gas when brought to bear on certain bodies which are known to be combustible even in atmospheric air. First of all let us see its effects on charcoal; for this purpose I take a piece of charcoal, through which a hole has been perforated; I pass through the hole a wire, having previously tied the end of the wire into a sort of knot; then at its other extremity the wire is passed through a round metallic disc, and finally through a cork, in such a manner that when all are put together, as indicated, an apparatus may be formed of the kind represented." We illustrate the combination by a diagram. "The charcoal thus suspended on a wire, I ignite by holding it in the flame of a spirit-lamp; the slightest point of ignition is sufficient, and when thus ignited, I plunge it into a jar containing oxygen gas. Remark, now, how beautifully, how brilliantly the charcoal burns, throwing off its coruscations in every direction, like so many little meteors shooting through the jar; remark, too, the kind of combustion which ensues—it is rapid, violent, but totally devoid of flame. This distinction between combustion with, and combustion without flame, is highly important, and I shall have a good deal to say concerning the subject hereafter. I will only state at this time, that flame can only result from the burning of a volatile substance, such as a vapor or a gas; an illuminating flame can only, then, occur under certain circumstances.

"Now charcoal is not volatile; on the contrary, it is one of the most fixed bodies with which we are acquainted. If heated in a closed vessel out of contact with atmospheric air or oxygen, it suffers no diminution of weight; hence during combustion it does not yield a flame. Yet by a beautiful and wonderful provision of the Almighty, this property of carbon is so far modified in certain instances, hereafter to be described, that it yields a flame of the most vivid kind. However, our present theme is oxygen, not charcoal; therefore I will pass on to show you the effects of this element upon ignited sulphur. Having placed some sulphur in a little copper tube attached to a copper wire, and the latter to a metallic disc and cork, as before, I ignite the sulphur by holding it in the flame of a spirit-lamp, and plunge it into a glass jar containing oxygen. Rapid combustion, you observe, ensues, a peculiar blue light being diffused all around. In this operation of combustion, there is a flame, a very beautiful flame, but not highly illuminative. The conditions necessary to illumination are still not here. Let us now perform a third experiment. Instead of charcoal or sulphur, let us take iron; a substance which has already been demonstrated, capable of burning, even in the atmospheric air. Let us see

what will be the result of causing it to burn in oxygen gas. The details necessary for the successful performance of this experiment are as follows:—a length (some eighteen inches) of steel piano-wire, being tightly wound round a small rod or glass tube, a coil is formed. This coil now being unfolded, and slightly extended, a helix or corkscrew-like form results. One end of this helix is to be unwound and straightened; then it is to be fitted with metallic disc and cork, as already described; the other end being supplied with a very small chip of wood. The point of a match is very good for this purpose, but it must not be attached to the wire by simply thrusting the latter through it. The very extreme point of the wire being filed thin, like the point of a needle, is to be tightly wound round the chip of wood, by means of a small pair of pliers. All matters being thus arranged, the chip of wood may be ignited by holding it in the flame of a candle or spirit-lamp, and when ignited it may be plunged into a jar containing oxygen gas. The chip will immediately take fire, and, burning, will set fire to the fine extremity of iron wire, which begins to throw off coruscations in all directions, and the fire gradually extending, proceeds, from the very end of the wire considerably further back into its corkscrew-like portion. Here again," remarked Professor Faraday, "we have no flame; sparks are evolved just as we noticed them to have been during the combustion of charcoal. The result, however, is very different in this case, as we shall make out hereafter; for whilst all the charcoal by combustion seems to have been dissipated, on account of its conversion into a gaseous or invisible form, the iron wire by combustion has been changed into little fused globules, not of iron, but of an oxide of iron, or combination of iron with oxygen; some of these globules have been heated to such a degree of intensity, that, falling against the sides of the glass jar, they have almost perforated the latter, and falling on the plate, have been buried deeply into it, notwithstanding they must have previously sunk through a layer of cold water.

"On the facts supplied by the burning of a piece of iron wire in oxygen gas, hangs a celebrated and a most important chemical doctrine. This doctrine I shall have occasion to advert to hereafter; meantime, what I have stated respecting a great and all important chemical doctrine being founded on a correct observation and interpretation of appearances rendered evident by this result, will teach you the propriety of thinking attentively on the bearings of every appearance manifested in the course of an experiment.

"A philosopher desirous of extending the boundaries of our knowledge, should set out in his career with the determination to consider nothing as trivial—to regard no phenomenon, however seemingly unimportant, as beneath his notice. It is absolutely impossible to value correctly the importance of any new truth. To correct thinkers, it may seem trivial, or it may seem important just in proportion as an immediate application for it may be evident; but the philosopher regards no truth as trivial or unimportant. Years—centuries may, perhaps, roll on without an application for it being found. No matter. Though not for us, or our immediate successors, a discovered truth is nevertheless a new impulse directed towards the moral elevation of mankind. One more experiment with oxygen in illustration of its powerfully combustible force, and we will pass on to the consideration of other elements; yet oxygen will come before us indirectly again and again; we cannot avoid this mighty element, if we would! In one condition or another it pervades the whole economy of the world. Gas, vapor, liquid or solid, oxygen may exist in all. In the thin, mobile, fleeting atmosphere, the mighty oxygen is there:—in water—that very type of inactivity—it is there. In aquafortis and oil of vitriol, still this wonderful element exists. In flint, and in clay, in saltpetre, gunpowder, in the very earth we tread upon, in the substance of trees and plants, in blood and hair, skin and muscle, nerve and bone—oxygen pervades all and every one.

We cannot bid farewell to this mighty element if we would, but we can bid farewell to it in its pure, simple, uncombined gaseous form; for that state exists not in nature, it is produced by the disposing agency of man. One experiment more, then, for the purpose of illuminating the combustion-supporting powers of oxygen in this state.

The combustion of phosphorus in oxygen is exceedingly brilliant and not dangerous, if the following instructions be implicitly attended to. The copper ladle in which the com-



Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.

bustion is effected must be of considerable depth, and the phosphorus employed should not be more than sufficient to half fill, when fused, the copper dish. Moreover, the phosphorus employed must be perfectly dry, the drying to be accomplished by means of contact (not friction) with blotting-paper. Finally, the phosphorus, when placed in the ladle, is to be ignited by touching it on the surface with a piece of hot wire, not by holding the ladle which contains it in the flame of a candle or spirit-lamp. All these directions having been attended to, the phosphorus, as soon as ignited, may be plunged rapidly but steadily into the glass jar designed to contain it, and standing as usual, in the middle of a soup-plate with water. The combustion resulting is exceedingly brilliant, because, in the instance under consideration, the two conditions necessary to accomplish this result are supplied. The phosphorus itself is a volatile body, and the result of its combustion is a solid. These circumstances, however, will be rendered more evident by and by. Thus have we accomplished the combustion of four different bodies with oxygen; namely, charcoal, sulphur, iron, and phosphorus. We have seen the most intense effects produced. We have seen each substance disappear, and light and heat evolved.



Fig. 26.

"At length the question presents itself, where has the oxygen gone? Is there any oxygen in the jars now? We can easily ascertain this, you know, by the very simple experiment of dipping into the jars respectively an ignited chip of wood. If oxygen be present, the wood will not only burn, but it will burn with great brilliancy. If oxygen be not present, the fire will be extinguished. Well, I commence with the jar in which charcoal has been burned—and observe the wood, instead of burning, is immediately extinguished. I try the same mode of testing on the remaining jars, and in every case we discover that the oxygen is no longer there. Where, then, can it have gone? you will ask? Is it destroyed? Once, and for all, banish this word from your minds—that is to say, from your minds as philosophers. Nothing whatever is destroyed. Not even combustion itself can destroy the smallest atom. To make use of the word 'destruction' in common language is, with certain restrictions, permissible. Thus, if I burn a stick, the stick, as such, no longer exists; it is dissipated in many gaseous forms. Yet, in these forms, disguised, still exist every atom of which the vegetable portion of the stick was composed. If I burn a candle, again, the candle, in ordinary language, is said to be destroyed; but there is no destruction here any more than there was in the case of a burned stick; the elements entering into the composition of the candle are merely dispersed in various forms. And so is it with charcoal, and so is it with sulphur; the material of these bodies is, by combustion in oxygen, dispersed in the gaseous form. Not so, when phosphorus, or iron ore are burned in oxygen gas. The results of burning either of these substances are not gases or vapors, but solid bodies, which give us no great trouble to collect. On looking at the jar in which the phosphorus was burned, you observe it to be pervaded with snow-white particles, which, gradually depositing on the sides of the jar, cover it with a crust, and which, by falling into the water, dissolve and disappear.

"But the result of combustion is most strikingly exemplified in the jar, where the iron-wire was burned. There, instead of a gas, or a vapor, or a powder in distributed particles, little fused beads are seen, to the existence of which I have already directed your attention. They are not iron, nor, if you come to regard them attentively, do they look like iron. All the metallic splendor of the original wire is gone, and the little beads look very much like the black scales which cover an iron-bar when taken from a glowing blacksmith's forge. They are, indeed, the very same. And now for a curious circumstance. These fused beads, composed of oxygen and iron, therefore termed oxide of iron, if collected and weighed, would be found to be heavier than the original iron consumed by the exact amount of oxygen which has disappeared. Thus you see the result of burning a combustible body may be a gas, a vapor—may be a powder, may be a solid mass. Generally, and most fortunately, as we shall hereafter discover, all the ordinary combustibles do not yield solids or powders when they are burned, but gases or vapors; and, consider what a fortunate circumstance this is. Suppose, for instance, a candle

so constituted, as it might have been—consider it so constituted, that, instead of the results of its combustion consisting of invisible gases or vapors, floating away in the passing air, rapidly, insensibly—suppose the results of its combustion had been a powder, such as phosphorus yields—a powder which is intensely sour and almost corrosive—suppose that, like iron, it had yielded a solid—what, then, would have been the consequence? Why, it is terrible to reflect on the necessary result of such an alteration. We could not have used candles of this kind. Had the result of their combustion been solid, not only would their light have been too feeble for the purposes of useful illumination, but we should soon have become enveloped in ashes. Had the result of their combustion been a corrosive powder, it would soon have killed us by penetrating into our lungs.

"The results of useful ordinary combustion could not then have been different to what they are without disturbing the whole economy of the world; so beautifully have all these things been calculated and provided for, so wisely have all consequences been foreseen by an all-wise Creator.

"Of course, when the result of burning a substance is a liquid or a gas, there must be more difficulty in collecting this result, in catching it, so to speak, storing it up and examining it, than when the result is a solid. For this reason it was that chemists in bygone time actually considered that bodies burned were bodies destroyed. Had they been accustomed to weigh the substances which they experimented upon, and likewise to weigh the results, this opinion could not have been long entertained; but the operation of weighing, which we modern chemists think so essential, ancient chemists neglected altogether; and see what a beautiful truth they lost by this same neglect; the true principle regulating the combustion of bodies was totally unknown to them.

To be continued.

Practical Instructions in the Art of Photography.

CHAPTER IV.

14. We have now to consider some of the properties of light, and therefore shall pass in review its leading characteristics.

15. Light is transmitted in all directions in straight lines (as in Fig. 5), and traverses about 192,500 miles in a second of time.

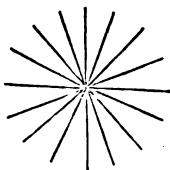


Fig. 5.

16. When a beam of white light (§ 9, 10) falls upon the surface of any body, effects are produced varying with the body upon which it falls. Thus it may be absorbed, and disappear entirely; or be nearly all reflected or thrown back; or it may pass through the body, and it is then said to be transmitted; and, lastly, it may be partially absorbed, partially reflected, and partially transmitted. There are other effects produced by light; but as photographers do not require to know them, we must leave their consideration to those who wish to make the delightful science of Optics their study.

17. The color of bodies is due to the absorption of light. A body that absorbs all the rays will appear black, while one that reflects them, will seem white; but some substances absorb some of the rays and reflect the others. A yellow surface reflects the yellow rays, and absorbs the others; a blue surface reflects the blue; a scarlet surface absorbs all the rays except the red. Light is the cause of color in animals, plants and minerals; but what becomes of the light that is absorbed by bodies is unknown: it may possibly be latent or hidden, the same as caloric or heat, and enter into combination with them, for it is evident that light may be extricated from some bodies without any change being produced, as in pyrophori or substances which absorb light, and emit it again when carried back into a dark place. The taste, odor, and combustibility of plants is due to the absorption of light; for a plant reared in the dark is nearly colorless, insipid, inodorous, and possesses very little combustible matter, because plants exhale the carbon in the form of carbonic acid when in the dark, while they absorb carbon when in the light, and exhale oxygen gas.

18. From what has been adduced before (§ 16), it is evident that light is decomposed by absorption, for when a beam of light falls upon a blue glass, the blue ray is separated from the rest of the rays of the spectrum, and reflected, while the other rays are absorbed. Sir David Brewster instituted a very interesting series of experiments upon the conditions of the spectrum and its rays, but although willing to

communicate his views, we are unable on account of other matters of more importance to photographers.

19. One of the most curious effects of the absorption of light is that which is discovered by examining the solar spectrum with a telescope. If this is done, numerous dark bands or lines (a representation of some of the larger of which is given in Fig. 6), are observed to be crossing the colored rays. These bands, or lines, which are nearly 600 in number, are generally called Fraunhofer's dark lines, which have been demonstrated by Dr. Miller, the Professor of Chemistry in King's College, London, to vary continually with the alteration of the atmospheric conditions. This fact, which should be remembered, is of importance to the photographer, as will be explained hereafter. These lines are not found in the spectra of ordinary artificial lights, although they are discovered in those of the sun and the planets. In the electric spectrum, the dark lines are replaced by brilliant ones, and the light is much clearer, so that we anticipate the day when the electric light will be used instead of the sun's light, with greater certainty, and perhaps more power. Electricity and photography are in their infancy. Therefore, who can foresee the benefits that will result to society, nay, to the universe, from the daily improvements in both sciences? Even now we are following out a series of experiments with the electric light in connection with Photography, that bid fair to cause a change in the art; and we hope before the present series is completed to lay the result before our readers.



Fig. 6.

20. If the same sunbeam that we admitted into the room a short time before, and allowed to fall upon the prism (§ 10) had been permitted to fall upon a polished metallic surface, the rays would have been reflected or turned into another direction, so that the angle of incidence would have been exactly equal to the angle of reflection. The angle of incidence means the angle formed by the line in which the light moves in a straight line perpendicular to the plane. For example, if the direction of the incident beam (n in Fig. 7) be oblique to the plane (m in m), or surface of the reflecting body, then the beam will be reflected in such a direction (i in d) that supposing a perpendicular imaginary line (p in i) to be drawn between the incident

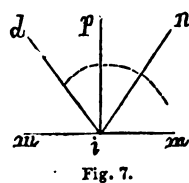


Fig. 7.

beam and its reflection, the angle of reflection (d in p) is equal to the angle of incidence (n in p); consequently it follows, that the beam makes the same angle with the perpendicular, both before and after its reflection.

21. If we employ a convex surface to reflect from, instead of a plain one, the image will be reduced in size, and the outline be defective, because the imaginary, or virtual focus of reflection varies for different parts of the same figure, while the central portion alone is correct. This fact is most important, as we shall learn hereafter.

22. If a concave reflecting surface is employed, the image becomes inverted, or turned upside down.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—We find people apparently easy in the midst of great dangers; nay, we know that mankind show the same indifference in cities where the Emperor or the Bashaw amuses himself from time to time in cutting off the heads of those he happens to meet with in his walks; and I make no doubt that, if it were usual for the earth to open and swallow a proportion of its inhabitants every day, mankind would behold this with as much coolness as at present they read the bills of mortality. Such is the effect of habit on the human mind, and so wonderfully does it accommodate itself to those evils for which there is no remedy.—*Dr. Moore.*

MISSING FROM KILLARNEY, Lane O'Fogerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoiseshell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back which squints awfully.

A GOOD RETORT.—Some one called Richard Steele the "vilest of mankind." He retorted, with proud humility; "It would be a glorious world if I were!"

BE NOT DIVERTED from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you—for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The Hippopotamus.

The hippopotamus is exclusively a denizen of Africa; and perfectly harmless when unprovoked; except that he sometimes gets into the plantations in the vicinity of his haunts, and crushes and devours a crop of maize, or millet. He would rather avoid fighting or quarrelling; but, like all other brute creatures, can retaliate an injury with a fury, which is rendered frightful by his enormous weight. He looks best when walking in the shallow part of a lake or river, just under the water, with his eyes open; but if there should be a boat, or canoe on the surface, the sooner it bears its fright to the shore the better; for he is sure at least to try and upset it with his huge back; not that he has any murderous intentions, but he probably thinks it is an intrusion on his peculiar domains.

The hide of the hippopotamus, of which tremendous whips are made, is at least two inches thick, and has no hair upon it; his legs are so short, that the body of one that is full grown, almost reaches the ground, and sometimes measures five feet across; his tail is very short and insignificant, and his eyes and ears are very small. They live together in small numbers, feed chiefly on grass and aquatic plants, and come forth at night. Each foot has four toes, and each toe a separate hoof; the nostrils open on the top of the muzzle; their flesh is thought to be very good to eat, and to resemble pork. A thick layer of fat lies just under the skin, which the Africans look upon as a great delicacy for the table. The male is the largest; and two species are said to exist. The following account from the pen of Captain Owen who explored so large a portion of the African shores, is the only instance met with which wears the semblance of almost unprovoked anger on the part of a hippopotamus:—While examining a branch of the Temby river, in Delagoa Bay, a violent shock was suddenly felt from underneath the boat, and in another moment, a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat; with one grasp of its tremendous jaws it seized and tore seven planks from her side; the creature disappeared for a few seconds, and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled; but, as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they (the crew) succeeded in reaching it before she sank. The keel,

in all probability, had touched the back of the animal, which, irritating him, occasioned this furious attack; and had he got his upper jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent, that her stern was almost lifted out of the water, and Mr. Tams, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him."

The hippopotamus, with his shy and secluded habits, may be easily passed as he lies concealed among the reeds which grow by the side of the river, but if he once gets into the water, he is always to be detected by the blowing noise which he makes.

The Hog.

NATURE has so strongly marked the wild and the tame hog with the same characters, that no hesitation arises in pronouncing the former to be the stock from whence we have derived the latter.

The hunting of wild boars has, from the most

ancient times, been reckoned a noble sport; for it not only called for dexterity and courage, but was attended with considerable danger, from the extreme savageness of these animals when at bay, and the facility with which they rip open their antagonist with their tusks.

Some idea of the sort of sport which attends the chase of wild boars, may be formed from the following account of one which took place in a forest in Luxembourg. At a battue, several of these animals were driven together, and they came rushing on like a squadron of heavy dragoons, breaking through the underwood. Several shots were fired, and they tried to disperse. One huntsman got out of the line, and a boar came rushing upon him; but a fresh shot broke one of his legs; which, however, though it made him more savage, caused him to turn into the forest. The well-trained dogs, and the huntsmen pursued him; and when they came up to him, found him terrifically savage. One of the hounds, more daring than the rest, made a start at the beast, seized him by one ear, and bounded over him to the opposite side. They ran off together, the boar's head almost turned upside down; but, with a sudden jerk, the dog was shaken off, and the boar tearing him open, tossed him several feet in the air. The pack then gathered so thickly round, that the boar's progress was stayed; the men then came up and cut his throat. At another point of the wood, a sow, weighing three hundred pounds, and followed by her young, was wounded, and furiously pursued a hunter, whom she surprised in a narrow pass between two rocks. He waited her approach and fired, or rather tried to do so, but his gun missed; he then, in an instant, fell on his face and hands, and the sow ran over his body. Rising, and loading his gun, he provoked the sow again by his cries. The foaming creature, with flashing eyes, turned upon him; but this time she received the charge in her head and fell.

Wild hogs are easily domesticated, and as easily resume their uncivilised habits; but they seem then to keep in packs. Mr. Byam relates the following adventure with these renegades:—I was one day hunting alone, on foot, in a rather open wood, when a large boar made his appearance about sixty yards off, and not seeing any of his companions, I let fly the ball, and tumbled him over. He gave a fierce grunt or two as he lay; and a large herd of boars and sows rushed out of some thick underwood behind him, and, after looking at the fallen beast for a few seconds, made a dash at me: but they were a trifle too late, for on catching sight of them, I ran

to a tree, 'cut up' it for life, and had only just scrambled into some diverging branches, about ten feet from the ground, when the whole herd arrived; grunting and squeaking, at the foot of the tree. I could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure I must have made, chased up a tree by a dozen of pigs; but it soon turned out no laughing matter, for their patience was not, as I expected, soon exhausted; and they settled round the tree about twenty yards distant, and kept looking at me with their little twinkling eyes, as much as to say, 'We'll have you yet.' So far are Mr. Byam's own words; and I now give the sequel in a more abridged form, though by so doing, I feel that I deprive the story of some of its zest:—Having made up his mind to a regular siege, he examined his resources, and found them to be a double-barrelled gun, a flask of powder (nearly full), plenty of copper caps; a few charges of shot; only two balls; a knife, flint, and steel; a piece of hard, dried tongue; a small flask of spirits and water; and a good bundle of cigars. He could not expect relief, a sally was out of the question; so he made himself as comfortable as he could. Hour after hour passed, the pigs never stirred, except when one or two returned to look at their dead comrade, as if to sharpen their revenge. At length the imprisoned hunter thought of firing off some powder every few minutes, shouting at the same time. One barrel of his gun was still loaded with shot, and he aimed at an old boar; who, on returning from his deceased friend, had looked up at him and grunted. The whole charge, at a distance of about twenty feet, went into the boar's face, who then turned round and ran away, making a horrible noise. The rest of the party charged altogether up to the foot of the tree, but the out-cry of the old boar drew them away; and the whole herd went after him, making such a noise as never before had saluted Mr. Byam's ears. He remained in the tree a short time; and, when all was quiet, he slipped down, and ran away as fast as he could in a contrary direction.

Somewhat like rats, there seems to be a mysterious distribution of swine all over the face of the earth; and much astonishment was created in the minds of the discoverers of the South Sea Islands, by finding them in those far-off specks of the earth. Perhaps there had been earlier navigators there than ourselves.

Pork, fresh or cured, forms the principal food of our sailors and peasantry; and most precious is the pig to the poor man. It is often the pet of the younger branches of his family, and returns their affection with interest.

Of course, it is an idle fable that pigs can see and smell the wind; but it is perfectly true that they are always much agitated when a storm is approaching.

Considering the stupid way in which they run when they are frightened, the manner in which they squeak on all occasions, and the obstinacy which they evince, very often when an endeavor is made to add to their relief or comfort, it is not surprising that a low estimate of their intelligence should have been formed. Nevertheless, they have been trained to point out letters and spell words, till they have acquired the appellation of "learned pigs." What, however, is more useful, they draw the plough in the south of France—they are taught to hunt the truffles, which are hidden under the soil—they even stand at game like the most accomplished pointers. The latter instructions was conveyed by means of stones and pudding; if they failed in their duty, they received the former; but when they drooped their ears and tail, and sank upon their knees, nor rose till the birds had already risen, they feasted on "lumps o' pudding."

Of the voracity of pigs, there are many stories, all more or less disagreeable; and none more so than when they have killed and partially eaten children, and utterly devoured their young-keepers. Such stories have been too well authenticated to be doubted; but they are exceptions to the general history of the animal. It is much more pleasing to refer to the life, death, and burial of poor Jean, who was saved out of a litter of six (born on board ship) from the butcher's knife. She was brought up as a pet, and suffered to run about deck, among sheep and goats. Most of the live stock was washed off, but Jean remained because she had been stowed away in the long boat. In warm latitudes the men took their meals on deck, and she was always one of the mess, poking her nose into every bread bag, and scalding it in the soup. The sailors poured grog down her throat, and twice made her tipsy; and she behaved as most individuals do on such occasions.

EVERY one can master a grief but he that has it.

Prize Rabbits.

We present our readers with the engraving of a couple of prize rabbits, which were exhibited recently at the Chatham fancy rabbit show, and which gained the prize for length of ears. The length of ears of the grey rabbit was twenty-one inches and three-quarters, and of the black and white twenty-one inches and five-eighths; and the breadth of the ears of both was four inches and a quarter, being the longest ears that have ever been known. The length of ears of these rabbits is the more remarkable, when it is borne in mind that the ears of the ordinary wild rabbit vary only from five to six inches, the growth depending upon the warmth or coldness of the locality; for rabbits in the vicinity of the sea-coast and other bleak and open places, have much shorter ears than those which are found inland, where the atmosphere is warmer and more genial. Thus fanciers, to get rabbits with long ears, are in the habit of keeping them warm, by filling the hutch with hay, and even sometimes keeping the place heated with fires. Self-colored rabbits always have the longest ears; the length of ear of the black

Of these colors the rarest are the tortoiseshell and blue, and the most beautiful the tortoiseshell, which is procured by breeding only with the fawn and white or the black and white. Fanciers never breed from two broken-colored rabbits, because the color then becomes grizzled, and, what is termed, not of a firm color.

The face of the fancy rabbit is either butterfly smut—that is, with all the wings, legs, antennæ, and shape of the butterfly distinctly visible on the face; double smut—that is, with a dot on each side of the nose; and single smut, or with only one dot, which is considered bad.

Fancy rabbits, when young, and before they get to their full growth, should be fed upon peas, oats, hay, and green meat—that is, food consisting of cabbage-leaves, turnip-tops, and such kind of vegetables. When they attain their full size they should be fed on nothing but hay and green meat. It may here be observed that high-backed rabbits are considered fancy; and that if a fancy rabbit is let wild, it always dies, its death being produced more by the damp and general exposure to the weather, than

the enthusiastic admiration of the sailors, accompanied, at times, with some of the most sounding oaths in their vocabulary. "I say, Davie," said one of them on a certain occasion, peeping to his mess-mate, who was under the deck; "here, boy, come up quickly. My eyes and joints, Davy, if here ain't one of the bunnies sitting on the boatswain's shoulder picking a bone!" A supply of drift seaweed, casually procured for them, and on which they had feasted a long time, being exhausted, and their accustomed portion of hard biscuit, peas, and oatmeal, failing, from an apprehension of all hands going to be put on short allowance, they had been offered, it seems, as a last resource, the remains of a boiled fowl, whence this bone was taken, as the offals of a dinner in the ward-room. To say they partook of these, would be using language but faintly expressive of their performance: they devoured the edible parts thereof with avidity, to the astonishment of a crowd collected on the deck to witness so strange a spectacle.

From such an accommodating trait in their character, added to the consideration of their hardness,



NATIONAL POULTRY EXHIBITION.—MADAGASCAR RABBITS.

and white rabbit drawn is consequently extraordinary, on account of the broken color of the animal. The rabbits that have the shortest ears of any are the blue and white and the white.

Rabbits are exhibited for color, size, weight, and length of ears; and four different prizes are given, the highest being awarded to the longest ears.

They are divided into pricked ears, half lops, oar lops, dew or horn lops, and full or flat lops. Pricked ears are those that have the ears sticking upright; half lops are those that have one ear lopping down and the other standing upright; oar lops are those that have the ears standing out horizontally, or level from the head; and the dew or horn, or flat or full lops are those that have the ears hanging down, and the more they lean forward towards the face, the more fancy it is considered. If the ear shows any tendency to lean back, fanciers fasten cardboards on the back of the ears, to force them forward.

The several colors of fancy rabbits are (self-colored) white, black, fawn, or yellow, sooty-fawn, a fine rich grey, tortoiseshell and blue; and (broken colored) black and white, fawn and white, grey and white, tortoiseshell and white, and blue and white.

from the means of procuring proper and sufficient food.

It is a remarkable fact, that few creatures can find subsistence on such a variety of soils as the rabbit. Possibly no one under the sun can accommodate itself with such ease and address to circumstances of complicated hardship and distress. The following account may seem to illustrate the latter position:

A couple of young rabbits were taken out of their native earth, some years since, by some sailors, who put them, in the hurry of re-embarking, into the stern-sheets, so called, of a man-of-war's pinnace. In this circumscribed apartment, destined, with the addition of a few boards, as their future residence, till arriving at full growth, they were hoisted on the deck, preparatory to the ship's sailing. The bustle over—usual in putting to sea after a long detention in port—these little creatures excited much interest amongst the crew, who vied with each other in placing before them whatever it was in their power to procure, as suited to their palates. Universal, however, as had been the esteem for them, their versatility, on the falling off of all vegetable resources, when they had been long at sea, drew forth

and such fecundity as is proverbial, one would suppose that few countries are so sterile as to deny them support, and that, with the exception of *coathing*—a malady contracted on certain moist soils, and which, like a scourge, carries off thousands and thousands of them annually—they would multiply anywhere and everywhere. It must be admitted, however, that in very many places these little creatures have enemies to encounter. In addition to their being plagued and teased by dogs of almost every description, hawks, gledes, and other birds of prey hover over their young during their hours of feeding; whilst both old and young are watched and waylaid by foxes as a choice food, or are gradually tormented to death, even in their subterranean retreats, by the polecat, the marten, or that relentless little blood-sucker, the stoat, or weasel. Guns, gins, and various engines of human device, in addition to nets, of various web and woof, not forgetting the fatal hay-net, fill up the measure of what tends to their destruction. But, surrounded as these little animals are by snares and enemies, the period of their extermination seems remote enough, as, in addition to their amazing fecundity, they are gifted with great keenness of smell.

THE TRUE AND FALSE HEIRESS.

CHAPTER I.

It was the flat, waste coast of Arundel. It was evening, clouds sat upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of the storm moved on the waters.

Southward, the darkened sea spread till it met the lowering sky. Nothward, the primeval forest stretched till it reached the horizon. Between the sea and the forest lay a desert of level sands. It was not dark—for the moon was at its full, and though obscured by clouds, shed a sombre grey light over the scene.

A sullen, drizzling rain was falling, and through this rain, over the dreary coast-road, passed what might be called a gipsy-cart, drawn by a mule, and filled with three weary-hearted travellers.

The first was a woman of tall and powerful frame, whose fine proportions could not be concealed, even by the voluminous brown cloak that enveloped her form. The hood of the cloak, which served also as a bonnet, had fallen back, revealing a well-set, resolute head, covered with black and gray hair, a face with large, strong, and clear-cut features, and a stern, determined expression. She sat forward in the cart driving the mule, but as her hand mechanically guided the reins, her eyes were fixed with a fierce, devouring gaze, upon the distance before her.

The second, her companion, was a young woman of slight and graceful form—or rather it seemed so—for she sat closely shrouded in a dark shawl, with her white face pressed upon her whiter hands—bowed, collapsed, shuddering and silent, except when trying to soothe the weeping babe upon her lap, or venturing some anxious whispered question to the stern driver, as:

"Mother—mother, are we almost there? Can you see the lights of the city yet?"

And the dark woman's only answer was her silence, which seemed to be understood by her daughter.

Many weary hours had the wretched little party plodded on their way through the rain and mist, and now they neared their journey's end. And well might the mother send her burning glance with passionate desire into the far distance; and well might the daughter question with eager, breathless anxiety.

Their errand was one upon the issue of which hung life or death. The only son of the elder woman, the husband of the younger, the father of the infant, lay chained and fettered in a condemned cell, doomed to die, before twelve o'clock of the second day, a felon's death upon the scaffold. A crime that had filled the whole community with horror had been traced to his door; and so strong were the circumstances produced in evidence against him on his trial, that the whole tenor of his previous life had been unavailing to effect a verdict in his favor. He was found guilty, and condemned to death. The youth, beauty, genius, and misfortunes of the prisoner had produced their natural effect upon the minds of the good people of Arundel. Such things ought not to be, perhaps, but such things are. Where a poor, illiterate, misguided, friendless man would have been executed, without a hand or voice being lifted to save him, this handsome, talented, and accomplished youth found hosts of friends ready to accept and credit his protestations of innocence, and get up and sign eloquent petitions in his behalf. That the previous history of his life had been comparatively good—that he was condemned upon circumstantial evidence alone—that he was the only son of a beloved and widowed mother, whose heart would be broken, and whose grey hairs would be brought in dishonor to the grave by his fall—that he was the husband of a youthful wife, and the father of an innocent child, whose lives would be ruined and disgraced by his unmerited execution; these were the causes set forth, with more or less good reason, why the sentence of the law should not be executed upon the prisoner. But the minister of that day was a hard-headed, some said hard-hearted, inflexible old man; who boasted that he made it a rule, without an exception, never to interfere with or arrest the course of the law. And so the friends of the prisoner had given up in despair, and left the boy to his fate. Only one still hoped—his young wife. And this was the ground of her hope: the old minister had retired, and a new one named to succeed him—a young statesman, whose name and fame made the poor wife's heart thrill with new life and expectation—for he was one who had known want, sorrow,

toil, and struggle, who had conquered them and his own destiny, and who was now borne victorious upon the very topmost crest of popularity. It was natural to suppose that his bosom was filled with all gracious affections, benevolent emotions, and generous impulses. Was it not most reasonable to suppose that his very first official act would be an act of mercy? Youth was always generous and merciful—and this new minister was young. Was it not likely that he would rejoice at the opportunity of signalling his coming into power by the salvation of a fellow-creature's life? And oh, besides, more than all, he was himself a young husband and father, with a beautiful wife, and a beloved, only baby! Would not the pity of his heart grow strong for the wife and child of the poor condemned? Oh, altogether, when she came to think of it, it was unlikely—it was impossible—that he should refuse to hear her prayers? And so she had urged the prisoner's mother to this journey, and now, as she rode on through the driving rain and mist, her hopes grew so strong by cultivation, that she raised her cowering form, and would not endure to see her mother sitting there in front of the cart, driving so mechanically, with her burning gaze fixed with such fierce desire upon the forward vision of the unseen city. She said:

"Dear mother, cheer up—cheer up, mother! Oh, I know that all will be well! He cannot fail to hear us! Oh, yes, all will be well!"

"And yet, Nelly, you shudder and sigh as you say it!"

"Yes, mother, because the faintest doubt is so horrible!"

"Hope nothing, Nelly—hope nothing from what you have advanced! I have found none so proud as the prosperous, and none so heartless as the happy!"

"See, mother—see the lights of the city! Are not those the lights of the city?"

"Yes—we are drawing near, Nelly! Still that wild, eager heart of yours, woman! What is the use of wishing, longing, hoping, fearing about anything in life? 'Tis but threescore years and ten! And prince and pauper, king and convict are equal in the grave!"

Nelly pressed the infant on her knees closer to her bosom as she bent forward and looked into the mother's face. It was white, and stern, and set, but the eyes beamed with a wild fire.

"God preserve her senses!" said the poor girl to herself, as she sank back into her seat.

They were drawing near the suburbs of the city, and drove on with what speed the poor old animal could be urged to make. And soon the boundaries of the city were passed, and the wretched little cart drew up before a small but decent tavern.

The elder woman alighted, and assisted the younger to descend with her child; then giving the old mule to the care of a boy, she led the way into a poor parlor. Her first question to the landlord was:

"Has the new minister arrived?"

"No—but he is expected to pass through the city this evening. You will be wanting a room for the night?"

"Yes!" answered the elder woman.

"You have come to attend the markets, mayhap?"

"We have not come to market. Send some waiting-woman to show us where we are to sleep!" said the elder woman, in order to get rid of her troublesome host.

Nelly had sat down in a darkened corner, with her child on her knee and her head bowed over it, but she heard and shuddered at the cruel words of the unconscious landlord.

He went out, and his exit was soon followed by a slatternly maid-of-all-work, who conducted the two women up stairs into a little, low, ill-furnished bedroom, and left them.

"Oh, mother! how can we sit still here, waiting in idleness, and know that he is imprisoned, chained, alone, unfriended, suffering! Oh, mother! he cannot come to us—he is helpless! We cannot see the minister till to-morrow, mother. Oh, let us go to him!"

"Impossible, Nelly—the prison-doors have been closed for hours! I charge you be patient: to-morrow, at the earliest hour of admittance, we will be at the prison-gates!"

"Oh, but to have got here to-night! And how to live till to-morrow!" exclaimed the poor girl, shuddering.

CHAPTER II.

From within us comes often all the gloom or beauty of the scene around us. On that same night, at that hour, and by that road, passed another

vehicle, with another party, on their way to the city.

It was a very handsome, spacious travelling carriage, drawn by a pair of superb grey horses, and attended by an outrider, mounted on a fine saddle-horse.

The carriage contained four persons. On the back seat reclined a handsome man, in the early prime of life, and a beautiful woman, in her first bloom. Opposite to them sat a neat, pretty, mulatto nurse-maid, and on her lap reposed a lovely child, six months old. The babe was well wrapped in a soft white silk cloak and hood, and a linen cambric handkerchief of cobweb texture was thrown partially over its face, to shield it from the night air, without obstructing its breathing.

The blinds of the carriage were let down for awhile to admit the fresh, invigorating air.

It was the mother who at length put down the windows, with an apologetic smile. She, too, inquired—but it was with a beaming eye and joyous tone:

"Are we near the city? Do you see the light?"

And he answered, in an encouraging, cordial voice:

"No, dear Augusta—not yet! We are full ten miles off, and even on such a grand level as this, could not see so far! But never mind—the road is good, the night fine, the horses swift, and we shall be there in less than two hours!"

Well might they be happy—well might they be eager for their journey's consummation—for it was to be a triumph—a well-earned, well-merited triumph.

Daniel Ransom, the minister, was one of those sons of which we may justly be very proud. He was a man of the people—the son of a country blacksmith—taking for his sword and shield in the battle of life simply right reason and Christian principles. He had fought every inch of the way through the successive stages of reputation, distinction, and eminence, even to his present high official station.

And she who now bore his distinguished name and shared his honors—the lady who sat by his side—was one of England's proudest daughters. Not won in the days of his great success, but—the grandchild of a nobleman—by the strangest vicissitudes of fortune she had been thrown upon Daniel Ransom's protection, while she was yet an infant and he a boy. Much trouble of every sort had the young patrician given the boy, the youth, and the man. But he had carried her above every want, and care, and sorrow, loving her more tenderly for every burthen he bore for her sake, prizing her higher for every fault he conquered in her manners. And now she sat by his side his happy wife.

The marriage, on his side, at least, was scarcely one of passion. He had but one grand passion—ambition—and even *that* was dedicated, consecrated to high and holy purposes. But from childhood he had loved, served, and protected her. And now he cherished her with tender, unchanging affection. He, her guardian and teacher, as well as her lover, had had some difficulty in winning her heart and hand; but when at last she gave them, they were yielded up utterly, entirely, without reservation, with passionate abandonment. He was a man for a woman's worship: it was his right, and he received it.

The travellers pursued the same road for more than an hour longer, until, coming to a point where it forked, he pulled the check-string, stopped the carriage, and called to the coachman:

"Take the road to the left, Sampson!"

"But why do you prefer the longest and worst road?" inquired the young wife, curiously.

"Because, dear Augusta, I have been confidentially advised that there are numerous friends coming down the road we have just left, to meet the carriage. And I consider, also, that my dear wife and child are tired, and need rest and refreshment. And, finally, I remember that there are a quiet old couple, in a quiet little house, who will be more sincerely happy to see us to-night than all that gaping, staring multitude assembled to do *themselves* honor! And so, Augusta, we will enter the city quietly by another road, go to our parents' house, gladden their aged hearts by the sight of the babe, and refresh ourselves by a calm, domestic evening and a long night's rest!"

"But will not the disappointment of your friends make you very unpopular?"

"Not just at this time! It is now the good pleasure of the sovereign people to praise their favorite! They will attribute the best motives to his actions! In this instance, they will ascribe a much better one than that which really actuates him! They will say he eludes parade!"

"Still I am sorry that their confident hope will be disappointed, and that they will lose the pleasure of doing you this honor!"

"Honor! My dear Augusta, you do not understand! Why, if to-morrow, instead of being inaugurated, I were to be executed, there would be as great a crowd collected from the very same motive—love of excitement!"

This seemed to be an unhappy simile—both were suddenly silent from a similar cause.

"There is a poor wretch condemned to be executed the day after to-morrow—is there not?" asked Augusta, in a subdued tone.

"Yes—I was just thinking of him?" he replied, in a grave voice.

"And after to-morrow you will have the power of urging his reprieve—and so, by your exertions, save a fellow-creature from the scaffold! What a privilege!"

"And what a responsibility!"

"I do not know the poor man, of course; I only know that he lies fettered in the condemned cell, waiting to die a shameful death; and from my heart I pity him and his friends, whose misery this night stands in such hideous contrast to our own happiness! And my very heart thrilled with joy to-day, when I read in the morning's paper that it is confidently reported that you will meet the public wishes by procuring the reprieve of O'Leary as soon as you get into office! It is a God-like prerogative, that of showing mercy! You will sanctify your own happiness by a deed of mercy to the miserable! You will consecrate your office by making your very first official act an act of grace!" said Augusta, fervently; and in the enthusiasm of her benevolence and sympathy she caught his hand, pressed it to her bosom, and bent forward to catch a reponsive glow from his face.

There was none there. His countenance was dark and very grave. His silence was ominous. She trembled, and scarcely lifted her voice above her breath, when she inquired:

"Will you not?"

"No, Augusta—I will not!"

"Alas, I was so sure you would!"

"You presumed in your ignorance!"

"And so do the public! The pardon of this poor prisoner is confidently expected!"

"Then public expectation must be disappointed!"

"It will make you unpopular!"

"A second time, to-day, dear Augusta, you have urged popularity upon me as an object! Never do so a third time—never while you live! When did you ever know the desire of popular favor to influence my actions? Who would wisely and righteously rule, must not be governed by the caprices of the ruled—it were a paradox!"

"God be merciful to him!"

"Amen!"

CHAPTER III.

Here's the vast city, with its peopled homes,
And hearts all full of an immortal life,
Thousands and tens of thousands beating there;
Strangers from different lands, of every hue,
And tribe, and nation, congregating near:
Seamen, the sport of many a distant wave,
And busy merchants hurrying to and fro,
And curious travellers, with thoughtful mien;
Grave men of place, and inexperienced youth,
And the doomed prisoner, in his darkened cell.

MRS. ELLIS.

THE statesman, with his family, entered through one of the quietest suburbs, and turned into one of the broadest, finest, and most retired streets.

The carriage drew up before a handsome dark stone house.

Two lamps on posts before the gates illuminated the front of the house and the successive terraces.

The groom dismounted from his horse, opened the carriage door, and put down the steps. In a moment the door was thrown open, revealing a lighted hall within, and a number of ladies on the watch, who, when they saw and recognised the travellers, flew out like a flock of birds, and met them half way with the most joyous welcome, clasping and kissing the stately minister as if he had been the most familiar "Brother Dan" in the world, folding his wife in their arms with cordial affection, taking possession of the baby, and then passing it from one to the other, with exclamations of love, wonder, and delight—though it was perfectly true that there never was a baby seen on earth precisely like that baby; and therefore it is no wonder that all its aunts, uncles, cousins, parents, and grandparents doated on it to fatuity.

"And how are father and mother, girls?" asked Daniel Ransom.

"Pa is confined to his easy chair with a slight touch of the gout, though we have wheeled him into

the parlor for to-night to see you! And ma is well—there she is now!" said one of the young girls, as an old lady, dressed in a black satin gown, with a fine white muslin kerchief and cap, appeared at the door.

She was walking slowly and cautiously to meet her son and daughter. But Daniel Ransom hastened to greet her, drew her arm within his own, and supported her form till the others came up; and Augusta had paid her affectionate respects, and had been pressed to the old lady's bosom, and the baby had been held up by the admiring aunts to the view of the admiring grandmother. No—the world was several thousand years old then, but had never produced a "human" baby like that before! Grandmamma elevated both her hands in speechless ecstasy; and all the aunts, uncles, cousins, nursemaids, and footmen held up theirs. And all this enthusiastic appreciation re-acted upon the mother's love and pride, and made her admire her baby more than she did before, if that could be possible.

The travellers were then conducted into a spacious, well-lighted, richly-furnished parlor, ornamented with elegant books, paintings, medallions, statuettes, mirrors that multiplied everything else, and exotics that filled the air with perfume.

In a corner, by the glowing grate, sat an old man, in the easiest of easy chairs, propped up and reposing half-buried in and among downy silken cushions. This was old Daniel Ransom, the retired blacksmith, and the father of the minister. He was a grand-looking old man, of gigantic proportions and fine Roman features, like his son's, crowned by a head of hair white as a snow-drift. He was smoking, but laid the pipe aside when he saw the party enter, and made several attempts to rise and meet them, but failed, and at last sank back in his chair.

Daniel Ransom hastened to him, and greeted him with the warmest respect and affection—to which the old man replied:

"The Lord bless thee, Dan! The Lord for ever bless thee! So they have promoted thee at last, lad? Well, well, well! who lives long must see much! But I never expected to see this day! The Lord be praised that he has brought thee to honor, and spared me to see it, boy! Well, well! I didn't expect this thirty years ago, when I begged an old packing-box of Jemmy O'Leary, the tavern-keeper, and put rockers to it for a cradle for you! Jemmy was the greater man in those days! Well, but how the times are changed! My son is a minister, and Jemmy's son is in prison—condemned—well, well!"

While the childish old man is babbling in this way, the young sisters have crowded around Augusta, proffering their services. They insist that she shall not have the trouble of going up stairs to change her dress until she retires for the night. Nor indeed is any change necessary. In her luxurious carriage she has contracted no travel-dust. And so, of the young sisters, one takes off her bonnet and shawl, and carries them up stairs, while another draws forward an easy chair to receive her, and grandmamma herself relieves the darling baby of its cloak and hood. And "Times are changed!" chimes in the old man. Yes, times were changed, indeed, with them; but not more so than with a vast number of our countrymen and country-women, whom their own industry and talents, or those of their children, have lifted from the dust, and set in high places.

I heard a very old friend of this family, who had known them from the first, say that it seemed to her strange and delightful to remember what that old lady had been, and to see what she was now—to remember her the barefooted mistress of a rural hovel, who daily carried her husband's dinner to the forge, who would spend all the afternoon in gathering a basketful of wild fruit or nuts, and walk ten miles to market the next morning to sell them for three shillings, to get little Dan a pair of shoes. And to see her now, arrayed in that rich dark satin dress, seated in the velvet easy chair, and misbecoming neither—presiding, with not undignified ease, over her son's house.

But the old man is still babbling pleasantly, while we are digressing. At last he remembers that there is some one else in the world besides that matchless son, the stately minister who now stands there by his chair, listening to his childish talk as respectfully as if it were the wisdom of Solomon—and he calls out, chirpingly.

"But where is my dear Augusta? Where is Mrs. Daniel Ransom?"

"Ay! she is more considerate than she used to be, Dan—that is thy work! These always had the knack of making people think a bit! But where is the wee lassie?"

The babe was brought by its grandmother, and laid upon his knees.

"Ay, a fine child, said the patriarch, taking out his glasses, and wiping them slowly, 'a very fine child, quite an uncommon fine one! But who is she like? Can thee tell me, grandmother?'"

The old lady was sure it was the express image of grandfather himself.

At which grandfather, who entirely believed it, was wonderfully pleased.

The girls who followed and clustered around the baby were entirely faithless upon the point, as they turned their glance from the yellow, shrunken visage of the most venerable of patriarchs, to the tender, delicate, blooming face of the most beautiful of infants. And then the girls, united upon this point, were divided upon another—namely, having decided who the baby was not like, they fell to disputing who it was. Harriet and Elizabeth were certain it was like its beautiful mother; but Lucy and Letitia were positive it resembled its father.

"How can you say that, when her eyes are of the deepest blue, like dear Augusta's!" exclaimed Harriet.

"Blue! Just hear the girl! when I will leave it to any human being with eyes in their head, that the child's are black—black as midnight—like brother Dan's!" said Letitia; and to prove it, she snatched the babe from its grandfather's knees, and carried it under the full blaze of a chandelier, where the little one winked its eyes at such a rate that it was impossible to tell their hue.

To decide the matter, the cap was pulled off, to see if the color of the hair would throw any light upon the subject.

"There!" exclaimed Harriet, exhibiting a little glistening, golden head of hair. "There! I told you she had dark-blue eyes, like her beautiful mamma's: and so she has—for her hair is light, and everybody knows light hair always goes with blue eyes!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Letitia. "Oh! that's too good! Just see how she's caught herself! 'Light hair always goes with blue eyes,' does it? And dear Augusta's eyes are dark blue, and her hair bluish black! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Girls—girls!" cried the old man, in a shrill voice; "girls—I am going to have that child put to bed! It's not a wooden doll, to be pulled and dragged in that way! Augusta, has thee no mother's heart in thee? Daniel Ransom, does thee see how they're treating thy heires?"

Augusta, who had been uneasily watching their rough usage of her darling, now came forward, and took the frightened but patient little creature in her arms, saying:

"It is late, dear girls, for little Maud's eyes to be open—let me ring for her nurse, and take her to bed!"

No—Augusta must not fatigue herself. They would see the nurse put Maud to bed.

They passed through the parlor in going to supper. The old man still sat in his easy chair, and his son, the minister, still stood by his side, leaning his elbow upon the mantel-piece, and listening to his talk. Augusta, as she entered, caught the fag-end of the conversation. The old man was saying:

"I think thee *ought to*, though, Dan—indeed, I do! His father was a good friend of mine, and a good friend to thee, too! Ay, I mind when he gave me the shoe-box to make a cradle for thee, Dan! You can't say *that* was bribery and corruption—because he couldn't a' foreseen thee'd ever have the power, Dan! Thee'll do it, I reckon?"

"No, father!"

"No!" repeated the old man, bringing down his cane emphatically—even authoritatively; "but the people expect it of thee, Dan—the people expect it of thee, Dan! Thee owes them something! Thee should try to please these employers, Dan—as I used to admonish thee long since, when I prenticed thee to the lawyer! Thee'll do it, like a good lad, Dan?"

"No, sir—I cannot!"

"Cannot? Thee can! Thee's got the power!"

"Then I will not!"

"Thee will—it must be so! The people will have it so! And you know, 'Vox——' What is it, Dan? The—the *text* you know you used to put to your paper?"

"'Vox populi—vox——'"

"Yes—I know now! The voice of the people is the voice of God! Now, Dan, that used to be thee own text! Now if thee believes that, thee ought to obey it!"

"Father, we outlive most of our youthful enthusiasms, and learn to modify many of our opinions!"

"Ah, Dan—ah, Dan! thee's a good orator, and that's what helped thee! But oratory don't make it feel a bit pleasanter to have poor young O'Leary hung! Ah, Dan—I'm afraid—I'm afraid! But I always heard prosperity hardened the heart! Lord bless my soul, grandmother—ain't supper ready yet?" concluded the old man, when he perceived that his wife and daughter had entered.

The old lady announced supper on the table, and the old gentleman, with the help of his son, arose, and supported by the son on his right side, and leaning on a cane with his left hand, slowly passed into the supper room.

Here some of the sons of the family joined them, and all gathered around the well-laid table. And still the old man harped upon the subject of the convict, turning the conversation into that channel, and keeping it there; and all around the table expressed their deep sympathy. Some of them, we know, had already pleaded the cause of the prisoner; and now you could not have decided whether they were the most interested in the subject of the pardon or their supper—and yet they were very sincere in their sympathy. Such is nature.

Only mark this—that while they who so eloquently expressed their piety, and so zealously pleaded for a pardon, ate and drank with a good relish for their food; Daniel scarcely touched a morsel, but sat grave and pale; and judge, if you please, who at heart felt the most painful sympathy.

But Daniel was a man in a million, and weighed justice and mercy in the scales of conscience. But to-morrow the most potent trial awaits him. He must encounter the pleadings of the convict's broken-hearted mother and grief-stricken wife. He would not sacrifice conscience for family love or popular favor; will he sacrifice it to their awful sorrow? He would not yield to wife or people; will he yield to them!

They left the supper-table, and assembled in the parlor for family prayer. Daniel read a portion of the Holy scriptures, and then knelt with all his household, and led their devotions. When this was over, the family separated for the night.

The old lady and her girls accompanied Augusta to her chamber, to see that everything was there that could possibly be needed for herself or the child, previous to leaving them for the night. They found the babe sleeping sweetly, and the pretty nurse-maid sitting by the crib, sewing by the light of the night-lamp. The room was quiet, and they stole on tip-toe up to the crib, put aside the lace curtain, and gazed with the devotion of love upon the little sleeper, murmuring to themselves and to each other:

"The beauty!" "The darling!" "The sweet innocent!" "The angel!"

No wonder! It was the only baby in the family, and the only baby that had been in the family for the last eighteen years. And this very baby had been waited for for five years. Yes—its parents had been married five years, and this was their first child.

CHAPTER IV. THE CONDEMNED CELL.

The young wife of O'Leary might weep and wail, but her sorrow was nothing to the fierce, bitter, burning passion of grief and terror—the very agony of grief and terror—that fired the mother's heart, and scorched up the fountain of her tears, through all that live-long night and maddening day.

At the earliest hour of the morning that the prison rules would sanction, the mother was at the gate, waiting for admission. Nelly was with her. There could scarcely be a greater contrast in any two human beings than in these two women, as they stood waiting.

Norah O'Leary, the elder, was a woman of about forty years of age, but, whose tall, gaunt figure, dark complexion, and harshly-cut features made her look full ten years older. Her strong black hair was mixed with grey, her hollow, deep-set eyes were dark, fierce, strained, and blood-shot; her forehead was low, her nose large and aquiline, her lips thin and compressed, her chin long and slightly protruding. The chiselling of her features exhibited a great deal of self-reliant strength.

Ellen O'Leary, the younger, was a mere girl, scarcely twenty years of age, whose slight figure, fair complexion, and soft, delicate features, made her seem still younger. Her face, with its broad, fair forehead, softly shaded by disheveled brown curls—its raised eyebrows, its large, hazy blue eyes, in their deep, circular hollows, and small, quivering lips and chin, was the face of an innocent, grieved, mazed child.

Both these women were dressed in black—mourning for the elder O'Leary.

While they waited, looking at each other in sad silence, the guns were fired, ushering in a day of glory for at least one man.

And on the signal the flags on all the public buildings and the shipping suddenly ran up, and as suddenly streamed above the prison.

The women raised their eyes to see the national symbol of freedom, joy, and triumph waving over the prisoner, the condemned, and the despairing.

But soon the gates were opened, and they presented themselves for admission. An under turnkey conducted them up the broad paved walk that led to the principal entrance.

The prison was a large, square, strong edifice, built of grey rock. And even on entering the central hall, they were turned sick with the closeness and fetor of the confined foul air, and they felt with a sharp pang that their beloved was suffering in all the time. The Turnkey led them down several long, dark passages, first to the warden's office, to get permission, and the key to enter the condemned cell. The gaoler, who seemed to be a kind-hearted man, arose from his seat and came to tell them that there was a clergyman with the prisoner now, and that they might go in at once to him. And when he saw more distinctly their faces, and noticed their despairing looks, he bade them, in a cheering voice:

"Oh, take heart—take heart! There are strong hopes—almost a certainty—in fact, I may as well say certainty—of a pardon!"

The young wife looked up with a sudden shiver of nervous joy, as this meteoric hope crossed her heart. She could not speak—she could only wait, with dilated eyes and lips apart, in expectancy to hear more.

The mother raised her head, struck her strong piercing eyes into those of the speaker, and asked:

"What authority have you for saying it?"

"Ma'am, it is generally reported and believed!"

"Officially!"

"Why you see, ma'am, it is not a proper subject for the official announcement!"

The mother clasped her hands together in speechless anguish.

"Oh, but ma'am, it is well understood by everybody!"

"Oh, God! but the time is so short—so short—and the danger so imminent!" said the poor wife, wringing her hands.

The mother only ground her teeth together, to suppress the fierce groan ready to burst from her bosom. The peril, the uncertainty, the suspense was terrible! She motioned to the turnkey to lead the way, and followed him along the narrow passage up a flight of stairs, and along another dark passage to the criminal ward, about midway of which was situated the condemned cell occupied by young O'Leary. The turnkey paused before this door, opened it, and held it while the mother and wife of the convict passed in.

The cell was a small, arched apartment, with whitewashed walls, with one narrow, grated window opposite the door. Its furniture was a small cot, covered with a coarse white counterpane, on the right-hand side, and a little stand and a chair on the left.

The convict sat upon the side of the cot, and the clergyman stood near him, as if in the act of taking leave.

William O'Leary, the prisoner, was very unlike his mother. He was not yet twenty-three years of age, of medium height, of slender yet elegant and firmly-knit frame, of fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes, and a Grecian profile. The great charm of his presence had at once been a singular grace of motion and a sweet joyousness of expression and speech which won all hearts that approached him. But since he had been in prison, confinement, foul air, and cruel anxiety had jaded and worn him until he was extremely pale and thin. Yet now, as he saw his mother and his wife enter his cell, the old "sweet joyousness" lighted in his countenance and burst forth in his tones, as he started to meet them, and folded them alternately to his bosom exclaiming:

"Mother—Nelly—dear Nelly—dearest Nelly! don't cry my darling! It is all over—the danger is all over! Don't cry so, dearest Nelly!"

And his mother groaned from her bursting heart.

"My son—my son!"

And his wife sobbed in silence on his shoulder.

"Yes, mother—poor mother—the agony is all over! The governor expects a reprieve! I shall be pardoned, mother—pardoned for a crime, I never committed! It is, however, almost as bad as being

hanged for it—only there is hope of my innocence being proved some day! Yes, Nelly, my little darling, the reprieve is expected this very forenoon; and then, mother," he said, standing straight, stretching his limbs as far as the fetters would admit, and taking a long breath, with an eager anticipation of relief—"then, mother, I shall leave this place! And, dear Nelly, I am free to confess that I am tired and sick of it! Yes, indeed—oh, very tired and sick of it, indeed! Here, sit down by my side on the cot, mother, and sit you down on the other side of me, dear Nelly—for I must sit down! You don't know how miserably weak this wretched place has made me!" The prisoner sank back on his seat, and his wife and mother took the places on each side of him. The clergymen took his hat to retire. "Don't go, Mr. Goodrich—don't go!" said William. "I beg your pardon, I—I was so glad to see my mother and Nelly, and so excited with the thoughts of the good news I had to tell them, that I—I entirely forgot you were strangers! But it is never too late too do well—so allow me to introduce you! Mother, this is my kind, most excellent friend, the Reverend Mr. Goodrich! And, sir, this is my mother, and this is Ellen, my wife!"

The two women rose, and the clergyman shook hands with them, and then would have left the family together, but the poor mother held and clasped his hands, while she thanked him, in a broken voice, for his kindness to her son.

And Will himself, lifting up his thin but joyous face, exclaimed:

"No—don't go, dear Mr. Goodrich! Many and many a hopeless day and night have you stayed to share my grief—now stay and see my joy—I have nothing to say to my family, and they have nothing to say to me, which you are not welcome to hear: so stay and share our reunion—well I know how much pleasure it will give your kind heart! Oh, but I forgot—perhaps you have some other engagement?"

"No, my son—no engagement presses upon me; yet I think it is better you should be left with your friends for a little while! I will return soon," said the clergyman, with a lingering motion of departure—for the widow still grasped his hand, and looked in his face with a searching gaze.

"Is it true, sir?" Can we let our hearts rest upon it—I mean the reprieve?" she asked, in a low, husky voice.

The good man looked at her gravely and compassionately.

He was a mild-looking old man, with a pale face, and thin, silvery hair—the gaze of his dim blue eyes was soft and lingering, and the tones of his voice slow and very gentle.

"Alas!" he said, "the future is *always* uncertain—we can only hope and trust, knowing that, whatever the issue is, all is for the best, though we may not be able to see how!"

The strained eyes relaxed and fell; the lips closed with a spasmodic catch, and the poor mother sank back in her chair.

"Will is innocent! You know, sir, Will is innocent!" said Nelly, weeping afresh.

Mr. Goodrich looked pitifully at the poor young creature, who had involuntarily, unconsciously, clasped both her arms around the form of her husband, and was holding him with a trembling pressure, as if to protect him. And while he was considering what to say to comfort her, the jealous mother's heart misinterpreted his silence, and she exclaimed, almost threateningly:

"My son is guiltless! You know my son is guiltless!"

"Of the crime imputed to him, yes—as guiltless as the angels!" said the clergyman.

"And it would be murder—it would be murder—to—" the mother, could not speak the fatal word it would have scathed her lips.

"William will be saved! He will be saved! There is no doubt of it, sir! Say, is there a doubt of it?" asked the young wife, clasping her hands in an agony of entreaty.

"My dear daughter—my poor girl—try to be calm and patient, for your husband's sake! It is uncertain as yet, my poor child! I should do better wrong to deceive him! It is true that a reprieve is called for by acclamation, and that the highest and most influential personages in the city will present a petition. In addition to that, my poor, best efforts shall be given. I am fully convinced of William O'Leary's innocence of the crime for which he has been condemned. I shall urge that conviction with what force and earnestness I am master of, and trust in heaven for the result!"

The young woman lifted her head from her husband's shoulder, took the hand of Mr. Goodrich,

and pressed it to her lips in silence and then let it fall.

But William O'Leary, in a cheerful tone exclaimed:

"Oh there is no doubt of a reprieve! Every one who has visited me for a week past has assured me of it! And Mr. Thomas, the warden, showed me a paper to-day where it was announced! What makes you all look so grave? Oh, I know! Nelly always was afraid of shadows—dear Nelly is so timid! And mother has but little faith! And Mr. Goodrich has but little hope! But I have courage, hope, and faith; and am easy about to-morrow! Only I wish it were here—for I am sick of this! Never mind, dearest Nelly! By this time to-morrow we shall be far away from this hideous place—far away in the deep, sweet woods, on our way home! Mother," he asked, with sudden eagerness, "did you bring the cart?"

"We came in it, Willie!"

"I am glad of that!" he exclaimed, joyously; "for indeed, mother, I did not want to go by the stage coach! I know it will be full of strangers going home. And they might find out the poor convict, and gaze him and his little wife out of countenance! And, besides, the stage route is over the dusty road. Oh, yes, indeed, I am very glad you thought of bringing the cart, dear mother! Now we shall have such a delightful ride home, with you, and Nelly, and the baby! We will take the country road through the forest, Nelly, and we will stop at the Cool Springs Tavern to rest. Mother! the people at Cool Springs don't think so ill of me as to think —"

"Oh—no, no, no! the family would stake their souls upon your innocence!"

"Yet still, on second thought, mother, we will not stop at Cool Springs—there might be some strangers there at this busy time, and they might recognise me—there were so many people at my trial! Oh, mother—Nelly! I thought man as I was—that I should have died under so many pitiless eyes! But I mean to forget that! It shall pass away like a bad dream! I will never allude to it again! And mother and Nelly, after we get out of this horrid place, please never do you? No—we will not stop at Cool Springs! I had rather not meet strangers; but we will do better than that—we will eat our dinners in the woods!"

Poor mother! she shuddered to hear him talk so confidently. Her conscience bade her stay him:

"Oh, be not so sanguine! Give some thought to the other possibility! Prepare for the other darker doom, lest it take thee unawares!"

But how could she teach her lips to dash his hopes in this way? She could not. She even repressed her sighs, lest they should damp his spirits. And Nelly looked from one to another, and was fain to hope with her young husband.

"And, mother," he went on confidently, "as I do not expect the pardon till late this evening, I shall not get out from this hateful place till night, why I wish you and Nelly to make every preparation for our early start to-morrow! And, mother, you may think it childish, but I feel as if I would like such a lunch, in just such a way, as we used to when Nelly and I were girl and boy, and we used to go picnicking with you, and father, and the neighbors! So, mother, just get a linen bag and have a chicken roasted, and a tongue boiled, and some biscuits, and a pie—and put them all in the bag, and put in three cups to dip the water out of the spring; and I know the place where we will stop to rest. It is that deep dell in the forest, you know, Nelly, where there is a spring as cold as ice, with a gigantic elm bending over it, and a brook that sings as it runs over the gravel, clear as silver! I think I never saw gravel so silvery, or water so pure and cold, or shade so deep as that is! I have dreamed of it to-night? I have written some verses about it, too! It seems to me that, well as I loved the forest-dell before, I never felt its beauty so deeply—I might say so poignantly—as since I have been shut up here! Ah! you who are outside, you do not know how to prize your blessings! No matter how poor and despised you may be—no matter if you are a slave or a beggar—you have fresh air and sunshine, and the sight of the sky and earth, and the free use of your limbs! I think one good will come to me from my being shut up here—it is that I shall for ever more enjoy freedom and nature with a thousand-fold enjoyment! Mother, we must start just at sunrise to-morrow! It is the most delightful hour for beginning a journey! Nelly, what is it that Gray says about

Nelly reflected a moment, and then said:

At the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"Yes—that is it, Nelly! We, too, will meet the sun! Yes, mother, we can start at six o'clock, reach the edge of the forest by the time the sun is well up, and if we take the journey easily and pleasantly, by one o'clock we can reach the forest dell, where we can stop and rest under the great elm by the spring! And we can afford to spend an hour pleasantly there, start again at two, travel leisurely, and reach our dear home by six in the evening! Mother—Nelly—I think I shall never care to leave that sweet forest-home of ours again! I shall never care to set foot within a city again as long as I live! I will hunt, fish, plough, reap—do anything, rather than go back to the city again! By six to-morrow evening we shall be home—that blessed home—sitting by our own hearth, caressing our dear children! Ah, Nelly—Why hadn't you brought little Willie?"

Poor Nelly looked distressed. She could not tell him that little Willie lay very ill at home. She knew not what to say.

The less scrupulous or more devoted mother spoke, saying:

"You know we were in haste, and we could not bring both children on the journey!"

"Little Willie! Well, I am glad he is hearty! You told me so, Nelly—did you not?"

"I told you so, Willie! We left him in the care of Aunt Abishag—you know he could not be in better hands!"

"No, indeed! But how is poor old Aunt Hag?"

"Very well, and very anxious to see you!"

"Oh, I know she will be glad to see me! I fancy how she will put her apron up to her eyes, and cry! She never believed me guilty!"

"No, indeed! If you were to hear her hard wishes on the judge and jury!" said Nelly.

All fell suddenly silent now, oppressed by the memory of that awful judge and jury.

The great clock of the prison struck twelve, and the mother and daughter arose to go.

"You are not going to leave me so soon!" asked William O'Leary, in surprise.

"Yes, dear Willie, we must go—We have been away from the dear child ever since six o'clock this morning!"

"Who did you leave her with?"

"Only with the maid servant!"

"And you've been here since six o'clock! It does not seem to me so long!"

"We spent more than an hour waiting for the gates to open!"

"And yet you've been here with me more than four hours! It does not seem to me like one hour! Can't you stay a little longer—just a little?"

Nelly looked distressed. Between her feelings as a wife and mother she found it hard to decide.

The elder woman came to her assistance, saying:

"Mother's love is the strongest love in the world! Nelly, go back to your child, and I will remain here with mine!"

"Will that content you, Willie?" asked Nelly, hesitating.

"Yes—oh yes! Go back to the poor baby, Nelly! But mind, bring her to me this afternoon—do you hear?"

"Yes, I will!" said Nelly, tying her bonnet and stooping down to receive his parting kiss. And then she left the cell.

When the mother and son were left alone together, the former inquired:

"Did not Mr. Goodrich promise to come again this afternoon?"

"Oh, certainly—he promised to be back soon! But really I do not expect to see him until this evening! I have no doubt on earth that he will be detained until the reprieve is made out and signed! I firmly believe that the minister will confide its delivery to Mr. Goodrich himself! As, indeed, who so proper to be the messenger of pardon—he who is the messenger of God's pardon to sinful man? Therefore it is that I do not look for Mr. Goodrich until near night!"

The mother remained some time after this with her son. Indeed she was not in the least hurry to depart.

William O'Leary's prison dinner was brought in. William O'Leary ate, talking gaily all through the meal. Norah forced herself to eat, lest her failing to do so might distress him. At last the meal came to an end, and the turnkey piled his empty dishes upon the tray, and took them away; and the cell door was again locked outside. The retreating

steps of the official died away in the distance, and they—the mother and son—felt themselves once more alone.

"It is such a farce locking that door now, when they know that in a few hours I shall be free to walk out of it!" said William O'Leary, laughing.

His mother did not laugh; but, feeling constrained to say something, lest her trouble should be observed, she remarked, evasively:

"It is a form, you know, my son!"

"Yes—yes! Well, I suppose we must bear with it an hour or so longer!"

An hour passed on, and then, lifting up his head, he asked:

"Isn't it time for Nelly to be back?"

"Hardly, my son—the way is long, and the child is heavy!"

The young man soon began to betray signs of such debility, that his mother spoke to him, and tried to prevail on him to lie down. At first he resisted her persuasions, declaring that he felt very well, and could not rest till the return of Mr. Goodrich, and that he also felt as if he never could lie down again on that cot in that cell. At last, however, wearied out by debility, he suffered himself to be persuaded, and laid himself down upon the prison cot, laughing, and saying that it did not matter, as it was the last time. And soon, worn out by excitement, his eyelids drooped and drooped, and then fell and sealed themselves in sleep. But he started out of slumber, and asked:

"Mother! Nelly not come yet? What o'clock is it?"

"Four, dear! She'll not be here for an hour yet!"

And his eyelids drooped again and closed in sleep. Soon starting out of this, he exclaimed:

"Mother, if she should come while I am asleep, wake me up—will you?"

"Yes, my dear Will!"

Once more his heavy eyelids sank upon his eyes, and he dropped into a deep sleep, from which he did not start again.

And Norah sat and watched him: never before had the change in his countenance been so manifest. She smothered a sob to see the pale, thin face, with its hollow cheeks and sunken eyes—the pale face

That did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening fair.

She sat and watched until five o'clock. Then the sounds of approaching steps in the lobby fell upon her ear, the key was turned in the lock, and the cell door was thrown open to admit Nelly, who entered, bringing in her infant.

Norah arose softly, placed her finger on her lips, and pointed to the sleeper.

Nelly entered quietly, and came and sat down on the foot of the cot.

But at the same time, while Nelly's back was turned towards him, the turnkey, standing within the door, telegraphed to Norah to come out. With a sinking heart the mother arose, and, without a word or sign to Nelly, left the cell.

The turnkey looked it, and beckoned her on to follow him, saying, as they went down the lobby:

"Mr. Goodrich is waiting in the warden's room to see you!"

With trembling limbs, scarcely able to bear up her tottering form, Norah followed her conductor down the stairs and through the long passages leading to the prison office.

There were but two persons in the office—the warden and Mr. Goodrich. The kind-hearted warden looked grave, and old Mr. Goodrich sorrowful. On meeting their looks, Norah reeled on her feet, and must have fallen but for her almost superhuman effort of self-command. The good man came to her, led her to a chair, and seated her.

"I have just left the minister!" he said.

She looked up in his face and read doom there.

"It is over! The minister refuses to pardon!" she said, in a low, hollow voice.

The old man took her hand, and said:

"I told you this morning, when that poor boy was so confident —"

"Oh, he is confident still! I left the poor, innocent soul sleeping a sweet sleep, trusting in the mercy of his fellow-man! Oh, God—oh, God!"

To be continued.

If they who affect an outward show knew how many deride their trivial taste, they would be ashamed of themselves and grow wiser, and bestow their superfluities in helping the needy and befriending the neglected.

DANGER.—The worst of an imaginary danger is, that it often leads us to overlook a real one.

Brushing with hasty steps the dew at peep of dawn?
Repeat it for me!"

Pretty Pol.

It is Pol's philological capabilities which are his chief passport to favor. His round fleshy tongue and complicated laryngeal apparatus endow him with imitative faculties, which, if all stories that are current concerning him be true, are wonderful indeed. It should be remembered by those who would direct his education, that Pol's instinct is imitation; and therefore, if you would have him talk, you must talk to him; otherwise, he will imitate sounds which are not articulate, and, though really a genius in his way, will pass for a dunce for lack of the power of speech. We have known one who passed his life in a carpenter's shop, imitate the planing of a deal board with such precision, that the imitated was undistinguishable from the real sound. The mewing of a cat, or the bark or whine of a dog, the sharpening of a saw, and fifty other disagreeable sounds, may be acquired, if care is not taken, by isolating him from bad examples while yet young, to habituate him to articulate sounds, and to the expression of unobjectionable phrases. We have heard of parrots educated to serve a commercial purpose, by puffing the wares of their proprietors; and we really see no reason why they should not answer that end, at least as well as some of the loquacious "touters," who, standing at their open show-boards from morn till night, utter the same phrases from one week's end to the other. A grey parrot, with whom we had the pleasure of an acquaintance some years ago, learned to repeat several couplets of a sentimental poem, and having been taught to pronounce them in a sentimental drawl and a kind of maudlin tone, could of course repeat them in no other way. When, after a long course of private instruction, he was brought out for exhibition, roars of laughter followed his recitations: the effect, in fact, was irresistible. But flattery spoiled him. Hearing nothing but laughter in response to his oracular utterances, he shortly began to laugh himself, and indulged so much in the exercise, that his poetical memories soon vanished altogether. Another grey specimen, whom we recollect very well, could sing the first line of "O, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?" not only pronouncing the words, but screaming the tune with a discordantly comical kind of correctness. He was in the habit of exhibiting at a drawing-room window in a fashionable watering-place, and generally concluded his solo with the words, rather angrily pronounced, "Go on, good people—go on, good people," addressed to the crowd who stopped to hear.

Said a gentleman to a dealer, who was asking a high price for a parrot, "This is a handsome bird, but he talks very little."

"I think the more," answered Pol, immediately, and was bought up without further chaffering.

We once witnessed the performance of a parrot in Paris, who had been taught to go through a modified manual exercise with a firelock, and who concluded his performance by firing a pistol fairly charged, and shouting amid the smoke, "Vive l'empereur!" His proprietor boldly challenged all Europe to produce his fellow, and vaunted him as the only one of his race who relished the smell of powder.

Some years ago an unfortunate green parrot arrived at the house of a rather penurious landlady where we were quartered. It was a present from a relation in Calcutta, who had sent it over without a cage. Pol's new proprietor being too stingy to buy one, the poor fellow was left to wander about the house and shift as he might. He soon became a spectacle as curious as melancholy. For lack of a perch, his handsome tail was ground off by the action of the floor and the gravel as he foraged about the house and garden in search of food. He next became as black as a cinder, from routing in dusty holes and corners, and grew to resemble rather a huge toad than a bird of the air. At length a child employed in the house took compassion on it; she made it a shelter, from an old box, in which she stuck a perch for its accommodation, and began a course of instruction. Pol manifested extraordinary docility, and soon learned to bawl out lustily, "There's a knock at the door"—a phrase which it picked up from the constant appeals made to the child, its patron, whose business it was to open the street door to all comers. Pol's talking talent won for him a consideration that humanity alone would not have dictated; a cage was bought, and the bird was put in possession. The delight of the child found expression in childlike terms, which Polly soon caught up; and for years afterwards he was heard to repeat at intervals, "Polly got a cage! Polly got a cage!—lost his tail—poor tail!"—a complaint which he continued to reiterate long after the tail was renewed.

As a talker, the parrot has numerous rivals among birds native to Britain. The magpie, the jay, even the jackdaw, may be taught to utter intelligible sentences; but all these, and even the parrot himself, must succumb to the starling, whose imitative powers are equal to those of any other bird, (save, perhaps, the American mocking-bird,) and who, to the faculty of speech, adds the charm of a wild but melodious song. Anecdotes of the starling are not uncommon; everybody knows the story of Sterne's imprisoned bird, who complained unceasingly, "I can't get out—I can't get out;" and perhaps most of our readers could match that story with another as good. But we once fell in with a starling whose genius soared far above that of the bird of Sterne; and we may as well close this paper with a report of that memorable interview, in which we shall be careful to set down nothing more than the simple fact. Thus it was.

On a day (now many years ago) when we happened to require the services of a tonsor, we stepped into a barber's shop, in a rather retired street of the town where we then dwelt. It was verging towards sunset, and the shop-window being darkened with wigs, busts, bottled hair-brushes, fronts, perfumes, sponges, &c., the contents of the apartments were not clearly visible in the comparative gloom. On our opening the door, a voice called out:

"Gentleman wants to be shaved—Gentleman wants to be shaved!"

"No," said I, "I want my hair cut."

"Gentleman wants to be shaved!" rang the voice again.

The barber came forward from an inner room, saying, "You're wrong this time, Jacob;" and, drawing up a small blind to let in more light, revealed a starling in a cage, who, I then saw, had been the sole shopkeeper when I entered.

While I sat under the scissors, the operator commenced a conversation with the bird.

"Come, Jacob, give us a song now—come, Jacob!"

"Come and kiss me, then," said the bird, in accents almost as plain as those of a child of six or seven years—"Come and kiss me—come and kiss me—come and kiss me!"

The barber put his lips to the wires of the cage, and the bird thrust his bill between them, and a succession of loud kisses ensued, in which it was not possible to distinguish those of the human from the feathered piped, until the barber had resumed his task, when the bird continued kissing the air for some minutes.

"Come, that's kissing enough, Jacob; now give us a song. Come, 'Home, sweet home!'"

With that the barber began whistling the air; the starling took it up, and continued it alone to the concluding bar of the second strain, whistling it with perfect accuracy up to that point, and then breaking into its own wild natural song.

"Ah! Jacob, Jacob! why don't you finish your music? That's the way it is, sir—you can't get 'em to sing a whole tune; they always go off into their own wild notes before they get to the end."

Jacob now began again to insist that I wanted shaving, and would only be convinced to the contrary by more kissing. When he was quieted, I asked his owner how he had succeeded in teaching him so effectually.

"I had him young, sir," he said, "and he had nothing to unlearn when I got him. Ever since he has been my only companion, except when customers come in, from morning to night. I sit by him nearly all day, perhaps weaving a wig, or doing some other quiet job, and I talk to him, and he talks to me. Of course I don't teach him one thing before he has learned another; and if I was to try to teach him too much, perhaps he would not learn anything. He can talk a great deal more than you have yet heard, and he'll speak again presently."

Of this I had some doubts, as the bird was then busy feeding; but no sooner was the cloth removed from my neck, and I rose from my seat, than up started Jacob to his perch, and began shouting with the whole force of his little lungs:—

"Gentleman, pay your money—Gentleman, pay your money—Gentleman, pay your money!" and he continued to vociferate this delicate reminder long after the money was paid—as long indeed as I continued within hearing.

A LAWYER once pleaded with great ability the cause of his client for nearly an hour. When he had done, his antagonist, with a supercilious sneer, said he did not understand a word the other had said, who merely replied, "I believe it, for I was speaking law."

The Czar and his Capital.

The *Constitutionnel* extracts from a letter from St. Petersburg—the correctness of which the *Constitutionnel* can guarantee—the following details as to the state of affairs in that capital:

The Emperor Nicholas, notwithstanding the pre-occupations of the war, still keeps to his usual habit of taking solitary walks. He may frequently be met in the street on foot, protected, however, against the indiscretions of curiosity by the police regulations, which forbid any one to speak to him. Although his face has long since contracted a character of impassibility, it is readily seen that terrible storms have assailed his mind and reacted on his physical strength. He has got much thinner, and his hair is almost white.

It may be remarked that, of all foreigners, Frenchmen are regarded with the least dislike by the Russians. The English are not so well treated, but the Austrians are the object of general animadversion. Every kind of vexation is heaped on them.

The consequences of the war are severely felt in the capital. With the exception of bread—the price of which is moderate, in consequence of the abundance of the late harvest—everything is excessively dear.

A bottle of champagne costs from 20fr. to 25fr.; sugar is 1fr. 50c. a pound; salad oil, 5fr. a bottle; a glass of brandy, 60c.; and other things in the same way. The supply of coal is completely exhausted. The gas-works are suspended, and it is found necessary to light the city with oil, which is very expensive and insufficient. The steamboat which runs to Cronstadt, as well as the locomotives on the railways, are compelled to heat their boilers with wood. The aspect of the city is very gloomy. At the very commencement of the war, the lower classes were rather enthusiastic; while the upper classes, whose fortunes were affected, were morose and desperate. Popular demonstrations were organised in honor of the Czar and of holy Russia. The processions of the moujicks called to mind the manifestations which with us followed the revolution of February. But this effervescence subsided by degrees, and, moreover, the government began to get uneasy at those patriotic *fetes*, which brought into the streets idle workmen, heated by copious libations. Since then a veil of melancholy has hung over the city. The nobility, who are much in debt, can no longer get credit; trade is at a stand, and the people are suffering. A number of the largest establishments are closed, and the manufactories which still remain at work have dismissed the half or two-thirds of their hands. The principal hotels are going to ruin. The price of rent has considerably diminished. The people hear little or nothing of what is going on at the seat of war. The foreign journals arrive in a very lacerated state—the police cutting out everything that displeases them. The news of the battle of the Alma was not known to the public until four days after the intelligence of it had reached the authorities. The only troops left at St. Petersburg are the 45,000 men of the Guard. Last month there were several reviews, at one of which thirty-six standards, taken from the Circassians, were presented to the Emperor. Only one of those standards was, however, genuine: the remainder were of Russian manufacture. The exhibition produced a very bad effect on the enlightened part of the public.

A Cow Hunt in Australia.

THE cattle, who had begun their retreat at a steady trot, increased their speed as they saw me galloping up to them. I was afraid of their crossing the plain, and escaping in the thick forest beyond, and so pushed my good horse to his utmost speed. He seemed to be as much excited as myself, and in a few minutes I headed the herd, and tried to turn them back, but they would not deviate from their course, and would have rushed through a regiment of foot, had it been in their way. I therefore avoided the old bull, who came charging along at the head of the phalanx, and found myself in the midst of the herd. It was a moment of delightful excitement; some skill was required to avoid the hurtling forest of horns, but I turned round and galloped with the mass; and having perfect confidence in my horse and horsemanship, I felt that I could pick out any of the animals I pleased. My gun, however, was wanting to bring the huge bull to his bearings. He looked so enormous as I galloped alongside of him, that I despaired of making any impression with a pistol, and resolved to limit my ambition to the slaughter of one of the cows. We were now across the plain; the bull had entered the forest, and the others were in the act of doing the same, when I rode against the outside cow, in the hope of turning

her away from the thick cover, and keeping her in the open plain. She would not, however, turn aside, and I fired my first pistol at her eye, and though I only grazed her cheek, succeeded in separating her from her companions, and turning her up the long plain.

At this moment, four kangaroo-dogs (a cross between a greyhound and a bloodhound—bold, powerful, and swift) that had followed me in the chase, but had only galloped alongside of the cattle, finding me seriously engaged with one of the number, made a simultaneous dash at the unfortunate cow, and endeavored to impede her career by barking and biting at her nostrils, dewlap, and flanks. It was a fine sight to see these four noble hounds chasing on either side of the animal, whilst she, every now and then, stooped low her head and made a dash at them, without pausing in her career. Away she went at a slashing pace, keeping me on the gallop. Fearful of hurting the dogs, I refrained from firing for some time, but at length got a chance, and aimed a ball behind her shoulders, but it struck her ribs, and penetrated no deeper than the skin. Loading as I rode along, I delivered another ball with better success, and she began to abate her speed. The rest of the party now came up, cheering and hallooing, but the game had dashed into a swamp, in which the reeds and shrubs were high enough to conceal horses and huntsmen. Nevertheless, we pushed through, and found her on the bank of a muddy pool, where she stood at bay, whilst the dogs barked cautiously before her. She was covered with sweat, blood, and dirt, and perfectly furious; and the moment we approached, she made a rush, trampling over several of the dogs, and darting madly against the nearest horseman, caught his charger on the flank, and steed and rider rolled together on the ground. The furious assailant stumbled over her prostrate foe, and was saluted with a discharge of fire-arms, which, however, did not prevent her from rushing against me, in return for a ball in the shoulder; but I eluded the assault, and the animal fell exhausted to the ground.—*Australian Sketches.*

A German Legend.

THE following extraordinary letter appears in the German papers:

"The Queen Theresa of Bavaria died of cholera, at Munich, on October 28, 1854, as already known. I hasten to communicate to your readers the following highly interesting and affecting details, of which I can guarantee the exact veracity:

"On the 6th of October, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, two princes of the Bavarian royal family, equal in birth and relationship, were seated at tea in a room of the Aschaffenburg Palace. A folding door divides this room from another apartment, and a smaller papered door separates it from the ante-chamber usually occupied by the domestics in waiting. Of a sudden the latter door opened, and a lady covered with a black veil entered and made a low curtsy before the two illustrious personages. One of the princes, no little astounded, asked the lady if she were invited to tea, and, pointing to the folding door leading into the tea-room—where the queen and ladies were assembled—gave her to understand that she should enter. No reply, and the lady vanished through the small papered door. Both the illustrious personages were extremely agitated by this wonderful apparition and its mysterious disappearance. One of them immediately hastened to the ante-chamber, to inquire of the servants about the mysterious figure. No one had seen it come or go except Asyat, queen Theresa's body hussar, who had met it in the passage. No other trace could be discovered. Both illustrious persons narrated what had occurred, and it soon came to queen Theresa's ears, and she was so overwhelmed thereby that she became greatly indisposed, and wept during the whole night. The journey to Munich was fixed for the following day. All the luggage, and half the servants were on the road. To remain longer at Aschaffenburg was scarcely possible. Queen Theresa was filled with the most sorrowful forebodings. She asked several times if it were not possible to remain here. It would be too painful for her to quit Aschaffenburg this time. The mysterious and ominous black lady glided constantly before her imagination. Somewhat calmed, at length, by judicious observations, she at last sorrowfully commenced the journey, which it was not possible to postpone. But still, at Munich, where she was at first slightly indisposed, but recovered, her mind was pre-occupied with the apparition of the Black Lady, of whom she spoke to many persons with trembling apprehension. She was sought to be consoled by saying that the sentries on duty

had seen the lady enter the palace. But all was in vain. The idea that the apparition of the figure had a sinister foreboding for her life never quitted her mind. Twenty days after the mysterious evening, queen Theresa lay a corpse in the Wittelbacher Palace. I took the above narrative, *verbatim*, from the statement of the best informed persons, before I had the slightest suspicion of the queen's death. The two illustrious persons narrated the circumstances of the apparition minutely to several persons—so that the whole town heard of it next morning; and on the same evening the whole *personnel* of the palace and the soldiers on duty were strictly examined, and requested to state all they knew of the matter—a proof that the occurrence cannot be set down among ordinary tales."

Hungarian Patriotism.

In a small cottage of a populous town, on the right bank of the Danube, dwells an elderly widow, surrounded by five orphan children. Grief, ill health, and want, have left ineffaceable traces on her furrowed cheeks; so much so, that at first sight it is difficult to believe that so firm and lofty a spirit animates her feeble frame. This poor woman was the wife of General S., who, after a service of thirty-five years in the Austrian army, having, at the command of the king, taken the oath of allegiance to the Hungarian constitution, in his simple but uncorrupted mind, thought it preferable to remain faithful, and to die, than to save his existence at the price of perjury. Thus he made one of the unfortunate thirteen who were immolated at Arad. A former comrade of S., moved by his widow's needy circumstances, without her knowledge, interceded for her at court; and the young Emperor, after the true fashion of tyrants, having injured her irreparably, generously consented to cover the wounds with a plaster of a few Austrian bank notes. The governor of the town hastened to communicate the joyous tidings to the widow. She heard the announcement made with anything but pleasure, and, after a short reflection, replied: "Though necessity urges me to take advantage of the Emperor's offer, still my conscience forbids my doing so. I feel that I should disgrace my husband's memory and the misfortunes of my fatherland were I to accept the price of blood to provide for my daily bread. If it is the will of Providence that I and my children should perish, His will be done; we shall not share their father's fate." Her righteous refusal brought its just reward. The angel of mercy gathered the words as they fell from her lips, and disseminated them through the length and breadth of the land, and whenever they reached the ears of other patriotic women, they lost no time in bringing material aid to the dwelling of the widow, and affording her that consolation which woman's sympathy alone can effectively administer.

Scientific Warfare.

[From an English Paper.]

WITH all our boast about civilisation and the improvement of those arts and sciences in which we are notoriously so superior to the enemy, it is an undoubted fact, that we are carrying on this war in almost utter neglect of those advantages. The machinery of war with which our armies are now besieging Sebastopol is very little better than that used by the Duke of Wellington at the time of the Peninsular campaign. Where are the enormous natural forces, and still more wonderful machinery which scientific men have discovered during the last forty years? There was Perkins's steam-gun, for instance, capable of throwing four hundred bullets into an advancing column in one minute, with all the force and precision of a rifle. What, too, has become of Captain Warner's invention? James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, and one of the greatest mechanics in the country, declares that he can make a gun capable of carrying a ball weighing three hundred pounds three miles, and offers to do it! Mr. Perkins, son to the inventor of the steam-gun, offers to project by steam a ball, weighing a ton, to a distance of five miles! Conceive the effect of such ammunition against the strongest walls—even those of Sebastopol.

A correspondent, signing himself "Scientia," adopts the suggestion hinted at, that the best plan of taking a place by storm would be to do it by contract. Compare the *modus operandi* of a contractor with that of a scientific tactician. A tram-road would have lightened the labor of draught, in bringing up the heavy guns and material from Balaklava to the trenches. The American boring-machine would also have been brought to bear upon the solid

rock with ten times the speed and efficiency of the finest Sappers and Miners. Corrugated iron houses would have protected the workmen from the climate, and science would have been pressed to supply her most skilful sons to watch over and preserve their health. Engines of destruction far exceeding those now in use would have been provided, and, long ere this, Sebastopol would have fallen. The deficiencies of the old system cannot be better expressed than by quoting Mr. Nasmyth's remarks bearing upon the superiority of wrought over cast-iron ordnance:

"Why, then, do we continue to use cast-iron for our great ordnance, which are naturally subjected to vastly more severe shocks and strains than anchors or railway axles; and, in so doing, limit our destructive power to its very limited capabilities—to accommodate which, we are obliged to come to such close quarters and discharge such comparatively ineffective shot, that we sacrifice, in consequence, thousands of lives of our bravest men, and spend millions of money in our endeavor to accomplish, by throwing a vast number of small pieces of iron, that which we might to a certainty accomplish by massive shot and shell, discharged from our wrought-iron ordnance, at distances quite out of reach of the enemy; for nothing but such massive missiles as I refer to—namely, shot of two or three hundred weight—will ever effectually destroy the tremendous forts in question."

Gleanings.

ESCUAPIUS invented the probe. By means of æther, water can be made to freeze in summer. Augustus Cæsar established lending-houses. Basons were formerly used instead of mirrors. Bladders were used by the Romans to preserve their hair during the night. Chemical names of metals were first given to the heavenly bodies. There has been an instance of an elephant that walked upon a rope. (See Suetonius.) Fuller's earth was used by the ancients for washing. The streets of Rome have no lights, but those placed before the images of saints. Mahomet IV. was very fond of the ranunculus. The Duke of Mantua is said to have had, in his possession, a powder which would convert water instantaneously into ice even in summer. The Greeks and Romans kept servants, whose duty it was to announce certain periods of the day. An ancient watchman carried bells. Poras, an Indian king, sent to Augustus a man without arms, who with his feet could bend a bow and discharge arrows. Printers originally endeavored to make the books they printed resemble manuscripts. Puppets were employed formerly to work miracles. Chinese puppets were put in motion by means of quicksilver. The Roman ladies dyed their hair with plants brought from Germany. Saltpetre is used by the Italians for cooling wine. Thomas Schweicker wrote and made pens with his feet. Soap was invented by the Gauls, used by the Roman ladies as a pomade. Boiled water is said to freeze sooner than unboiled. Wildman taught bees to obey his orders. The Greek and Roman physicians prepared their own medicines. Gustavus Erickson, king of Sweden, when he died, had no other physician with him than his barber, master Jacob; an apothecary, master Lucas; and his confessor, magister Johannes. The scales of bleak are used for making artificial pearls. King Charles II. invited to England, Brower, a Fleming, to improve the art of dyeing scarlet. Buckwheat was not known to the ancients; brought from the north of Asia into Europe about the beginning of the sixteenth century; sows itself in Siberia, for four or five years, by the seed that drops. Butter was known to the Scythians; called by Hippocrates *pikrion*; eaten by the Thracians at the wedding entertainment of Sphicrates; used by the Lusitanians instead of oil; Pliny ascribes its invention to the Germans. The Carthaginians had the first paved streets. Chimneys are not to be traced at Heroulaeum. Dogs in Kamtschatka have socks upon their feet to preserve them from the snow. Saint Elizabeth the inventress of Hungary water. Fowls are said to thrive near smoke. Honey was used by the ancients for preserving natural curiosities. Smoke-jacks are of high antiquity. The transformation of insects was little known to the ancients. Justin, emperor of the West, was so ignorant, that he could not write without his secretary guiding his hand. The kitchens of the ancients were sufficiently smoky. The streets of London were not paved in the eleventh century. Quarantine was first established by the Venetians. The ancients wrote with reeds. Rolender sent the cochineal plant, with live insects on it, to Linnæus, at Upsal. The first mention of horse-shoes is in the works of the Emperor Leo.

Algerian Blague, or Tabasco Pouch.

Materials.—French crochet silk, emerald green, two skeins; black, one and a half skeins; ombre crimson, four skeins; gold thread, eighteen skeins. Algerian trimmings to correspond.

The blague is worked entirely in sc, excepting the border.

With a fine hook and a gold thread make a chain of 8; close it into a round, and do a stitch on every stitch.

1st pattern round + 1 sc, 1 ch, miss none; + 8 times.

2d green and gold, + 1 green, 1 gold; + 8 times.

3d + 2 green on 1, 1 gold; + 8 times. (As the repetitions in every round occur eight times, it will be unnecessary to specify it in future.)

4th + 3 green on 2, 1 gold; +

5th + 3 green on 3, 2 gold on 1; +.

6th + 3 green on 3, 3 gold on 2; +.

7th + 1 gold, 1 green on 2d of 3, 5 more gold; fasten off the green, and join on the crimson; do 1 round of gold only, increasing 8 stitches at equal distances.

9th +; do 4 stitches in gold, then 1 crimson, so as to come equally between 2 green stitches of 7th round; then 4 more gold; +.

10th +; gold, 3 crimson, 4 gold; + the 2d crimson over the one of last round.

11th + 2 gold on 1, 8 crimson (centre 3 on 3), 2 gold; +.

12th + 4 gold (over 2, and 1 crimson), 5 crimson, 4 gold; +, join on black.

13th + 1 black, on same stitch as last gold, 3 gold, 2 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson (on centre of 5), 1 gold, 2 crimson, 3 gold; +.

14th + 1 black on black, 6 gold (over 5 stitches), 3 crimson (on 1, and a gold on each side), 6 gold over 5; +.

15th + 3 black, 3 gold, 7 crimson, 3 gold, 2 black; +.

16th + 3 black, 3 gold, 2 crimson (on 1), 1 gold, 2 crimson, 1 gold, 2 crimson, 3 gold, 2 black.

17th + 3 black, 5 gold, 5 crimson, 5 gold, 2 black; +. Fasten off crimson.

18th + 4 black, 13 gold, 3 black; +.

19th + 7 black, 7 gold, 6 black; +.

20th + 10 black, 3 gold on centre, 3 of 7, 10 black, +. Do one round increasing a stitch in each of the patterns, then another black.

The next round, work alternately one stitch black and the next gold. Then two rounds of gold only, and again one of alternately black and gold. Do again two rounds of black only.

1st pattern round of sides + 10 black, 5 gold, 9 black +; repeat each pattern 8 times in the round, as before.

2d + 8 black, 9 gold, 7 black; +.

3d + 6 black, 13 gold, 5 black; +.

4th + 1 black, 1 gold, 3 black, 16 gold, 3 black, 1 gold, +; join on green.

5th + 2 black, 7 gold, 7 green, 7 gold, 1 black; +.

6th + 3 black, 4 gold, 11 green, 4 gold, 2 black; +.

7th + 3 black, 3 gold, 3 green, 2 gold, 3 green, 2 gold, 3 green, 3 gold, 2 black; +.

8th + 3 black, 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold, 1 green, 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold, 2 black; +.

9th + 2 black, 2 gold, 1 black, 4 gold, 1 green, 5 gold, 1 green, 4 gold, 1 black, 2 gold, 1 black; +.

10th + 2 black, 5 gold, 3 green, 5 gold, 3 green, 5 gold, 1 black; +.

11th + 2 black, 4 gold, 3 green, 7 green, 3 green, 4 gold, 4 black; +.

12th + 1 black, 5 gold, 2 green, 9 gold, 2 green, 5 gold; +.

13th + 6 gold, 2 green, 9 gold, 2 green, 3 gold, +.

14th + 3 gold, 5 green, 9 gold, 5 green, 2 gold, +; join on crimson.

15th + 2 gold, 6 green, 4 gold, 1 crimson, 4 gold, 6 green, 1 gold; +.

16th + 1 gold, 1 green, 3 gold, 2 green, 3 gold, 1 crimson, 3 gold, 2 green, 3 gold, 3 green; +.

17th + 1 gold, 2 green, 5 gold, 1 green, 3 gold, 1 crimson, 3 gold, 3 green, 5 gold, 2 green; +.

18th + 2 green, 10 gold, 1 crimson, 10 gold, 1 green, +.

19th + 2 green, 2 gold, 1 crimson, 6 gold, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson, 6 gold, 1 crimson, 2 gold, 1 green; +.

20th + 2 green, 2 gold, 2 crimson, 4 gold, 1 crimson, 3 gold, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 2 crimson, 2 gold, 1 green, +.

21st + 2 green, 2 gold, 8 crimson, 1 gold, 8 crimson, 2 gold, 1 green; +.

22d + 1 green, 4 gold, 15 crimson, 4 gold.

23d + 2 green, 4 gold, 3 crimson, 1 gold, 2 crimson, 1 gold, 2 crimson, 1 gold, 3 crimson, 4 gold, 1 green; +.

24th + 3 green, 7 gold, 1 crimson, 3 gold, 1 crimson, 7 gold, 2 green; +.

25th + 5 green, 4 gold, 2 crimson, 3 gold, 2 crimson, 4 gold, 4 green; +.

26th + 2 green, 1 gold, 3 green, 2 gold, 2 crimson, 3 gold, 2 crimson, 3 gold, 3 green, 1 gold, 1 green; +.

27th + 2 green, 7 gold, 3 crimson, 1 gold, 3 crimson, 7 gold, 1 green; +.

28th + 1 green, 7 gold, 9 crimson, 7 gold; +.

29th + 1 green, 4 gold, 6 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 6 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson.

38th + 1 black, 3 gold, 2 green, 13 gold, 2 green, 3 gold; +.

39th + 2 black, 2 gold, 3 green, 11 gold, 3 green, 2 gold, 1 black; +.

40th + 2 black, 3 gold, 3 green, 9 gold, 3 green, 3 gold, 1 black; +.

41st + 1 gold, 2 black, 3 gold, 5 green, 3 gold, 5 green, 3 gold, 2 black; +.

42d + 2 gold, 2 black, 5 gold, 1 green, 5 gold, 1 green, 5 gold, 2 black, 1 gold; +.

43d + 2 gold, 2 black, 4 gold, 2 green, 5 gold, 2 green, 4 gold, 2 black, 1 gold; +.

44th like 43d.

45th + 1 gold, 2 black, 5 gold, 3 green, 3 gold, 3 green, 5 gold, 2 black; +.

46th + 2 black, 1 gold, 3 black, 3 gold, 7 green, 3 gold, 3 black, 1 gold, 1 black; +.

47th + 7 black, 3 gold, 5 green, 3 gold, 6 black; +.

48th no more green; + 2 black, 3 gold, 2 black, 11 gold, 2 black, 3 gold, 1 black; +.

49th + 1 black, 3 gold, 3 black, 11 gold, 3 black, 3 gold; +.

50th + 4 gold, 2 black, 1 gold, 3 black, 5 gold, 3 black, 1 gold, 2 black, 3 gold; +.

51st + 4 gold, 7 black, 3 gold, 7 black, 3 gold; +.

52d + 5 gold, 3 black, 1 gold, 3 black, 1 gold, 3 black, 1 gold, 3 black, 4 gold; +.

53d + 2 green, 7 gold, 2 black, 3 gold, 2 black, 7 gold, 1 green; +.

54th + 1 gold, 3 green, 5 gold, 3 black, 1 gold, 3 black, 5 gold, 3 green; +.

55th + 3 gold, 2 green, 5 gold, 5 black, 5 gold, 2 green, 2 gold; +. Fasten off black.

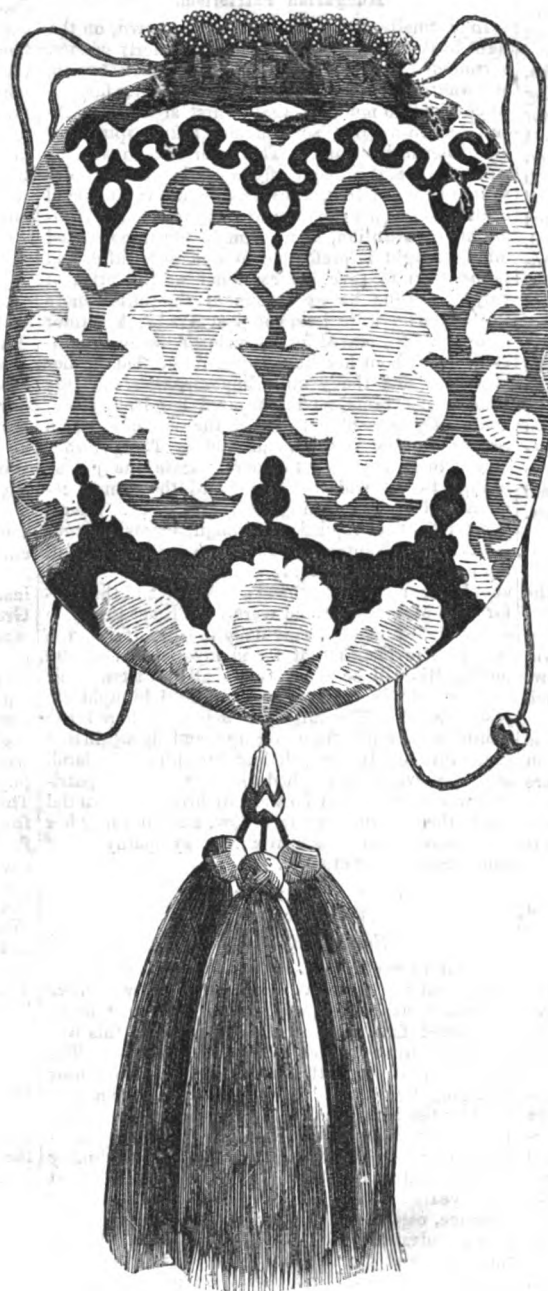
56th + 4 gold, 2 green, 13 gold, 2 green, 3 gold; +.

57th + 3 gold, 5 green, 9 gold, 5 green, 2 gold; +.

58th + 1 gold, 9 green, 5 gold, 9 green; +.

Do two rounds of green only; then one with the stitches alternately green and gold; then 2 rounds of gold only; then repeat the round of alternate green and gold; finish with 4 rounds of green. For the border, do 3 rounds of open square crochet, green only.

Edge crimson; 7 dc under a chain, 1 chain, 1 slip stitch on the second dc stitch of last round, 1 chain, miss 1 square. Last round, do a sc stitch on every stitch. Run the cords in the two upper rounds of square crochet, covering the ends with bullion slides. Fasten the tassel at the bottom. Napoleon blue is equally pretty with green.



THE PLEASURES OF A GARDEN.—We are continually told, by certain sapient economists, that they do not care for a garden, and do not possess one, because they find it cheaper to buy their fruits and vegetables. Who doubts it? The pleasures of gardening depend not upon economic considerations. The fascination is in the very arts of cultivation—in the very growing of your own fruits and flowers. Is there no pleasure in tending flowers, and watching their opening blossoms—in nursing the sickly, and rejoicing over the strong—in culling a well chosen bouquet for the adornment of your *cara sposa*? Is there no pleasure in being able to send well ripened grapes or peaches to a sick neighbor who has them not—in bestowing a capful of rosy-cheeked apples on a rosy-cheeked boy—in inviting the children of your village to partake of your gooseberries—in sending, at the close of a severe winter, a hundred cauliflower plants to the minister of the parish? Is there no pleasure in exchanging rare flowers—in getting and giving floral gifts? Does your heart not leap up when the first snowdrop—bold chider of lingering winter, and adventurous invader of his icy reign—shows its welcome face on the green? Is there no transport when the seedling hollyhock burst on your astonished vision in unexpected beauty? Thousands there are who are doomed by dire necessity never to have a garden of their own; but those who can and ought, and yet have not, for the sake of cheapness and from motives of a mean economy, ought to be banished to some desert wilderness, where the green earth and nature's bowers may not waste their sweetness on them.

POLITENESS is the outer garment of good-will; but many are the nutshells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.

son, 1 gold, 6 crimson, 4 gold, +.

30th + 2 green, 4 gold, 4 crimson, 1 gold, 3 crimson, 1 gold, 4 crimson, 4 gold, 1 green; +.

31st + 3 green, 8 gold, 3 crimson, 8 gold, 2 green, +.

32d + 4 green, 6 gold, 5 crimson, 6 gold, 3 green; +.

33d + 2 gold, 3 green, 5 gold, 5 crimson, 5 gold, 3 green, 1 gold; +.

34th + 3 gold, 5 green, 2 gold, 5 crimson, 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold.

35th + 5 gold, 2 green, 4 gold, 3 crimson, 4 gold, 2 green, 4 gold; +. Join on black.

36th + 1 black, 3 gold, 2 green, 5 gold, 3 crimson, 5 gold, 2 green, 3 gold; +.

37th + 1 black, 3 gold, 2 green, 6 gold, 1 crimson, 6 gold, 2 green, 3 gold; +. Fasten off crimson.

Sofa, or Carriage Pillow, in Crochet.

7 Shades of scarlet, 4 thread Berlin wool; the 3rd shade from the lightest, to be a bright military scarlet, the darkest to be nearly black. 7 shades of bright emerald green, (grass green must never be used,) $\frac{3}{4}$ of an oz. of each shade, except the lightest of both colors—6 skeins of each of these. No. 2 Penelope Crochet Hooks.

1st. Row.—With lightest scarlet make a chain of 9 stitches, unite the ends; 5 chain, dc under the 9 chain; repeat this 5 times more, (in all, 6 chains of 5.) Cut off the wool, tie it securely at the back. This must be done at every row.)

2nd.—Same color. 2 long under the 5 chain; 3

chain; 2 more long under the same; 3 chain; repeat this five times more.

3rd.—Next shaded scarlet; 2 long under the 3 chain, between the 4 long stitch; 3 chain; 2 more long under the same; 3 chain; dc under 3 chain; 3 chain, repeat this 5 times more.

4th.—Military scarlet; 2 long under the 3 chain, between the 4 long; 4 chain; 2 more long under the same; 4 chain; dc on dc; 4 chain; repeat this 5 times more.

5th.—Palest green; 3 long under the 4 chain, between the 4 long; 5 chain; 3 more long under the same; 3 chain; dc under 4 chain; 5 chain; dc under 4 chain; 3 chain, repeat.

This forms the centre star.

Now work 6 more stars, in precisely the same manner, only varying the shades as follows:—Commence with the lightest shade scarlet, and work the 2nd row with next shade instead of the same; taking the next shade green for the outside row; sew with green wool these 6 stars to the points of the centre star, sewing them also at the side.

Now make 12 stars, beginning with the 2nd shade scarlet, making the 1st and 2nd rows of the same color.

3rd.—Military scarlet, same as 3rd row of 1st star.

4th.—Next darker shade, same as 4th row.

5th.—Next darkest green.

Sew these 12 stars round the last 6, attaching them as before.



SOFA CUSHION, IN APPLIQUE.

Now make 18 stars, commencing with military scarlet, making the 2 first rows in the same shade.

3rd.—Next darker.

4th.—Next darker.

5th.—Next darker green.

Sew these round the other stars.

Make 24 stars, commencing with military scarlet, but making the 2nd row of the next darker shade, instead of the same.

Use the next two darker shades in gradation, and the next darkest green.

Sew these stars round the others.

Make 30 stars, commencing with the next shade darker than the military scarlet; use the 3 darker

shades in gradation, and edge with the darkest green but one. It will be observed, that 7 shades of scarlet are used on this side, and 6 of green; for the reverse of the cushion, 6 of scarlet and 7 of green. Damp well, and press by placing it between folded linen, with a heavy weight upon it, till dry.

Line this side with white cotton velvet, white satin, or watered silk.

For the reverse.

Make exactly the same number of stars and work precisely the same way with respect to the tints, but commencing with the palest green, instead of scarlet, and edging the outside row with scarlet.

This side may be either lined with white or green

velvet: make a lining of strong calico, the exact size; fill with 4lbs of feathers.

Trim with green silk cushion cord, and 6 shaded bullion tassels.

Great care must be taken to arrange the colors precisely as the instructions given, as the effect will be to give a most intense and brilliant color, and in selecting the wools, they should be of the brightest tints.

KNOWLEDGE will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

Family Matters.

True goodness is like the glowworm in this, that it shines the most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon it.

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from the tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.

HINTS TO THE MARRIED.—"I have heard," says Mr. Henry, "of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed—never to be both angry together." And he adds that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children when they were married:

Doth one speak fire? t'other with water come.
Is one provoked? be t'other soft and dumb.

THE SWearer REBUKED.—Dr. Scudder, on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy—my son—was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man colored, blurted out a sort of an apology and moved away, looking not a little ashamed of himself. If there is any custom more silly than duelling, it is that of swearing.

You can depend on no man, on no friend, but him who can depend upon himself. He only who acts conscientiously toward himself will act so toward others, and *vice versa*.

It was a good answer that was once given by a poor woman to a minister who asked her, "What is faith?" She replied, "I am ignorant; I cannot answer well; but I think faith is taking God at his word."

TRUTH.—Truth alone may not constitute a great man, but it is the most important ingredient in a great character; it exalts and extends its own qualities, it gives confidence to those who serve under him, security to those who employ him; and, in the world at large, it inspires a solid and permanent admiration, which maintains, and at last surpasses and outlives, the enthusiasm excited by the temporary success.

Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind "no" is often more agreeable than a rough "yes."

CALUMNY.—The aspersions of calumny will not adhere permanently to your character, unless they find in it some ground of adhesion. When, therefore, you are assailed by slander and obloquy, suffer that which will not stick to fall to the ground of its own accord; and as to the rest, mend your character.

SALMI, or HASH OF GAME.—Melt in a saucepan an ounce or two of butter, according to the quantity of cold game there is left; thicken it with flour, and stir it well over the fire for five minutes, taking care it does not burn; then add to it gradually half-a-pint or more of good broth, a glass of red wine, and two whole eschalots, with a bunch of sweet herbs; season with cayenne pepper and salt, and simmer gently for half an hour. Skim off any butter that may be on the top, and pass the same through a sieve. Have the game cut up in neat joints or pieces, and put it into the sauce to warm, *not to boil*; squeeze in the juice of half a lemon; add a pinch of sugar; dish the game neatly on a dish; pour over the sauce and serve. Cold duck or goose may be served in the same way.

ECONOMICAL PLUM PUDDING.—Take one pound of stoned raisins; one pound of washed and picked currants or, as these when good are dear, Smyrna raisins may be substituted for them; twelve ounces of flour; six ounces of crumbs of bread soaked in milk, drained dry, and beat fine; one pound of finely chopped suet; two ounces of each of preserved lemon, orange, and citron peel, cut small; one nutmeg grated; half a pound of sugar, and a salt-spoon of salt. Having prepared these things, first mix well the flour with a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, and half as much tartaric acid; or get from a chemist a three cents worth of saline powders, which is the same thing, and let these be most intimately mixed with the flour; then stir well together the other articles with the flour, and mix the whole of a firm consistence with milk. Boil in a cloth, or well-buttered basin, three hours. The soda and tartaric acid will render the pudding light without the use of eggs. It will be found, on trial, a good pudding, suitable for any season.

Useful Receipts.

Portable Ginger Beer.—Take of powdered lump sugar, two drams. Carbonate of soda, half a dram. Mix them together. Take of tartaric acid, half a dram, best ginger powder, five grains, essence of lemon, one drop. Mix them together. Dissolve the above powders in separate glasses, containing together, about half a pint of cold spring water; when dissolved, mix the contents of each glass, and let it be drank immediately. The proportion of ginger may be increased to double or quadruple the quantity agreeable to the palate; it should be of the finest kind (the subtle powder, as it is called,) which, with the other ingredients, may be obtained at any druggist's. The powders, when made, should be kept from damp. A cubic box of four inches will receive six dozen of them, equal to the same quantity of ginger beer.

Portable Ice-house.—Take an iron bound-butt, or puncheon, and knock out the head; then cut a very small hole in the bottom, about the size of a wine cork. Place inside of the butt a wooden tub, shaped like a churn, resting it upon two pieces of wood, which are to raise it from touching the bottom. Fill the space round the inner tub with pounded charcoal; and fit to the tub a cover with a convenient handle: having inside one or two small hooks, on which the bottles are to be hung, during the operations. Place on the lid a bag of pounded charcoal, about two feet square; and over all place another cover, which must cover the head of the outer cask. When the apparatus is thus prepared, let it be placed in a cold cellar; and buried in the earth above four-fifths of its height; but though cold, the cellar must be dry; wet ground will not answer, and a sandy soil is the best. Fill the inner tub, or nearly so, with pounded ice; or, if prepared in winter, with snow well pressed down, and the apparatus will be complete. Whenever it is wished to make ices, take off the upper cover, then the sack or bag of pounded charcoal, and suspend the vessel, containing the liquid to be frozen, to the hooks inside of the inner cover; then close up the whole, as before, for half an hour, when the operation will be complete, provided care be taken to exclude external air.

Tomato Catsup.—Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft. Squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter of a pound of allspice, three ounces of Cayenne pepper, three tablespoonfuls of black pepper, five heads of garlic, skinned and separated. Mix together, and boil about three hours, or until reduced to about one-half. Then bottle, without straining.

Orange Pudding.—Grate the yellow rind of the oranges, and squeeze the juice into a saucer, taking out all the seeds. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Beat the eggs as light as possible, and then stir them by degrees into the pan of butter and sugar. Add gradually the liquor and rose-water; and then, by degrees, the oranges. Stir all well together. Have ready a sheet of puff-paste, made of five ounces of sifted flour, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Lay the paste in a buttered pie-dish. Trim and notch the edges, and then put in the mixture. Bake it about half an hour, in a moderate oven. Grate loaf sugar over it, before you send it to table.

To Collar a Breast of Veal.—Take the finest breast of veal, bone it, and rub it over with the yolks of two eggs, and strew over it some crumbs of bread, a little grated lemon, a little pepper and salt, a handful of chopped parsley, roll it up tight, and bind it hard with twine, wrap it in a cloth, and boil it one hour and a half, then take it up to cool, when a little cold take off the cloth, and clip off the twine carefully, lest you open the veal, cut it in five slices, lay them on a dish with the sweetbread boiled and cut in thin slices and laid round them, with ten or twelve forcemeat balls; pour over your white sauce, and garnish with barberries or green pickles. The white sauce must be made thus:—Take a pint of good veal gravy, put to it a spoonful of lemon pickle, half an anchovy, a teaspoonful of mushroom powder, or a few pickled mushrooms, give it a gentle boil; then put in half a pint of cream, the yolks of two eggs beat fine, shake it over the fire after the eggs and cream are in, but do not let it boil, it will curdle the cream.

Preserved Plums.—Cut your plums in half, (they must not be quite ripe,) and take out the stones. Weigh the plums, and allow a pound of loaf sugar to a pound of fruit. Crack the stones, take out the kernels and break them in pieces. Boil the plums and kernels very slowly for about fifteen minutes, in as little water as possible. Then spread them on

a large dish to cool, and strain the liquor. Next day make your syrup. Melt the sugar in as little water as will suffice to dissolve it, (about a gill of water to a pound of sugar,) and boil it a few minutes, skimming it till quite clear. Then put in your plums with the liquor, and boil them fifteen minutes. Put them in jars, pour the juice over them warm, and tie them up, when cold, with brandy paper. Plums for common use are very good done in molasses. Put your plums into an earthen vessel that holds a gallon, having first slit each plum with a knife. To three quarts of plums put a pint of molasses. Cover them, and set them on a moderately heated stove. Let them stew for twelve hours or more, occasionally stirring them, and renewing the coals. The next day put them in jars. Done in this manner, they will keep till the next spring. Syrups may be improved in clearness by adding to the dissolved sugar and water some white of egg very well beaten, allowing the white of one egg to two pounds of sugar. Boil it very hard, (adding the egg-shells,) and skim it well, that it may be quite clear before you put in your fruit.

To prevent Flies from settling on Pictures, Picture Frames, or other Furniture.—Soak a large bundle of leeks for five or six days in a pail of water, and then wash or sponge the pictures, &c., over with it.

To remove Iron-moulds from Linen.—Take some crystallized citric acid, (acid of lemons,) pound a small quantity to a fine powder, and apply it to the spot; drop some hot water on, and rub it in, upon a pewter plate over a stove, until the oxide of the iron unites with the acid, when a little warm water washes all out.

To Bleach Ivory.—Take a double-handful of lime, and slake it by sprinkling it with water, then add three pints of water and stir it up together; let it settle ten minutes, and pour the water into a pan for your purpose; then take your ivory and steep it into the lime-water twenty-four hours, after which boil it in strong alum-water one hour, and dry it in the air.

Excellent Lemonade.—To the rinds of ten lemons, pared very thin, put one pound of fine loaf sugar, and two quarts of spring water, boiling hot; stir it to dissolve the sugar; let it stand twenty-four hours, covered close; then squeeze in the juice of the ten lemons; add one pint of white wine; boil a pint of new milk, pour it hot on the ingredients; when cold, run it through a close filtering-bag, when it will be fit for immediate use.

For Sharpening Razors.—Take oxide of tin, levigated, vulgarly termed, prepared putty, one ounce; saturated solution of oxalic acid, a sufficient quantity to form a paste. This composition is to be rubbed over the strop, and, when dry, a little water may be added. The oxalic acid having a great attraction for iron, a little friction with this powder gives a fine edge even to a blunt razor.

To make Paper Transparent.—Dissolve some resin in spirits of wine. Dip into it a camel's hair brush, and with it go over as much of the paper as you wish to make transparent, doing it on both sides. A colored drawing or engraving may be made by this application transparent in those parts where moonlight or fire-light is intended to be very bright. Afterwards, they can only be seen to advantage with a light behind them. The same application is used for transparencies painted on linen or thick muslin stretched on a frame.

Black Dye and Ink.—The following is a process for the preparation of a black dye, for which a patent was taken out at Vienna by M. Honig:—Logwood is to be boiled several times in water, and a little sub-carbonate of potash to be added to the decoctions, the quantity being so moderated that it shall not change the color to blue; the stuff to be dyed is then to be plunged into this bath. This stuff may be either animal or vegetable. When it is well impregnated with coloring matter, it is to be withdrawn, and, without being exposed to air, is to be introduced into a solution of green vitriol, and left there until it has obtained the desired black hue. In preparing the ink, the decoction of logwood is used in place of the infusion of galls.

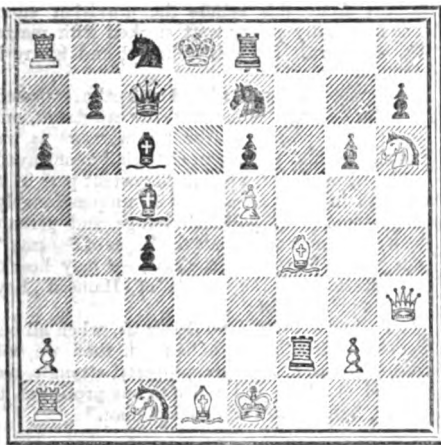
Best Position for Bee-hives.—The best situation for hives is to face the south, or the south-east. From the north they should always be sheltered. As bees require a great deal of water, they will not thrive unless there is a stream in their vicinity. The grass round their bench should be kept free from weeds, and some dwarf or low flowers may come within two feet of it; but tall plants will assist destructive insects in getting to the bees.

The powder of sorrel or lemon will remove blood-stains from paper. The place must be wetted first with clean water or vinegar.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. IV.—By HERR HARRWITZ.—(This position is supposed to be the close of a game, in which White has received the odds of Pawn and two moves.)—White playing first to mate in six moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. IV.—Played October 15, 1849, between Mr. E. CROOKS, the strongest player of the Halifax Chess Club, and Mr. HARRWITZ, the latter giving the odds of pawn and two moves.

WHITE. White—Mr. E. Crooks.	BLACK. Black—Mr. Harwitz.
1 K. and Q. P. 2.	1 Q. P. 1.
2 Q. Kt. to B. 3.	2 K. Kt. to B. 3.
3 K. B. to Q. 3.	3 K. P. 2.
4 P. takes P.	4 P. takes P.
5 Q. B. to K. Kt. 5.	5 Q. B. to K. 3.
6 K. Kt. to B. 3.	6 K. B. to Q. 3.
7 Q. Kt. to Q. 5.	7 B. takes Kt.
8 P. takes B.	8 Castles.
9 Castles.	9 Q. Kt. to Q. 2.
10 Q. B. P. 1.	10 Q. to K. sq.
11 B. takes Kt.	11 Kt. takes B.
12 B. to K. B. 5.	12 Q. to K. R. 4.
13 B. to K. 6. (ch.)	13 K. to R. sq.
14 K. R. P. 1.	14 Q. R. to Q. sq.
15 Kt. to R. 2.	15 B. to Q. B. 4.
16 Q. takes Q.	16 Kt. takes Q.
17 Kt. to Kt. 4.	17 K. P. 1.
18 Kt. to K. 5.	18 Kt. to Kt. 6.
19 Kt. to K. B. 7. (ch.)	19 R. takes Kt.
20 B. takes R.	20 Kt. takes R.
21 B. takes Kt.	21 K. Kt. P. 1.
22 K. Kt. P. 2.	22 K. to Kt. 2.
23 B. to K. 6.	23 K. to B. 3.
24 K. to Kt. 2.	24 K. to K. 4.
25 K. B. P. 2. (ch.)	25 P. takes P. <i>en passant</i> , (ch.)
26 R. takes P.	26 Q. B. P. 1.
27 Q. Kt. P. 2.	27 P. takes P.
28 P. takes B.	28 K. takes B.
29 R. to K. 3. (ch.)	29 K. to B. 3.
30 K. to B. 3.	30 R. to Q. B. sq.
31 K. to B. 4.	31 K. Kt. P. 1. (ch.)
32 K. to Kt. 3.	32 R. takes P.
33 K. R. P. 1.	33 K. R. P. 1.
34 P. takes P. (ch.)	34 P. takes P.
35 R. to Q. 3.	35 R. to Q. R. 4.
36 Q. R. P. 2.	36 K. to K. 4.
37 R. to Q. 4.	37 R. to Q. B. 4.
38 R. to Q. 3.	38 R. to Q. B. 5.
39 Q. R. P. 1.	39 R. to Q. R. 5.
40 R. to K. B. 3.	40 R. takes P.
41 R. to K. B. 5. (ch.)	41 K. to K. 5.
42 R. takes Kt. P.	42 R. to B. 4.
43 R. to Kt. 7.	43 R. takes P. (ch.)
44 K. to B. 2.	44 R. to Q. Kt. 6.
45 Kt. P. 1.	45 Q. P. 1.
46 Kt. P. 1.	46 R. to Kt. 7. (ch.)
47 K. to K. sq.	47 K. to B. 4.
48 R. to Q. 7.	48 K. takes P.
49 R. takes Q. P.	49 K. to B. 4.
50 R. to Q. R. 4.	50 Q. R. P. 1.
51 K. to Q. sq.	51 K. to K. 4.
52 K. to B. sq.	52 R. to K. R. 7.
53 R. to R. 5. (ch.)	53 R. to Q. 5.
54 R. to Kt. 5.	54 Kt. P. 2.
55 K. to Kt. sq.	55 K. to B. 5.
56 R. to Kt. 4. (ch.)	56 K. to Kt. 6.
57 R. to Kt. 3. (ch.)	57 K. to R. 5.
58 R. to Kt. 6.	58 R. P. 1.
59 R. to Kt. 4. (ch.)	59 Kt. P. 1.
60 R. to Kt. sq.	60 Kt. P. 1.

And after a few more moves, White resigned.

Solution to Problem III

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt. takes Q. P.	1 B. takes Kt. (best.)
2 Q. to her R. sq.	2 Kt. to K. 4. (best.) (a.)
3 Kt. to R. 4. (ch.)	3 P. takes Kt.
4 Q. takes Kt. (ch.)	4 K. takes Q.
5 B. takes K. P.	5 B. is moved.
6 P. to Q. 4., checkmate.	

(a.) If the B. is moved White plays Q. to Kt. Kt. 7. &c. &c., or if he play P. to K. 4, White answers with Q. to her B. 3, &c.

AUNT BETSY has said many good things—among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have one of his own.

Recreations in Science.

To cause Water to Boil on the Surface of Ice.—To effect this, first freeze a quantity of water in the bottom of a long glass tube, closed at one end, either by exposure to cold air, or by means of a freezing mixture; say equal parts of nitrate of ammonia and water. Then cover the cake of ice by a quantity of water, and hold the tube (without handling the part of it containing the ice) in such a manner over a lamp, that the surface of the water may be heated to the point of boiling: for this, the tube requires to be placed in a diagonal direction, which is such as allows the water at the top of it to be heated, while the ice remains unheated below.

Riddles.

When is it that one and one do not make two!

My second is a man of might; who, if he is in luck, may chance to do my first;—my third bestows equal pleasure on a cripple and a peer of the realm.

My first, if lost, is a disgrace.
Unless misfortune bear the blame;
My second, though it can't replace
The heavy loss will hide the shame.
My whole has life, and wings the air,
Delights in sweetness to repose;
 Ofttimes, unseen, attends the fair,
And sips the honey of the rose.

Charades.

A noun I am, used to wisdom denote,
Both in these present times, and times remote.
I am a noun too, when as herb I'm seen,
Of colors two—one red—the other green.
For different uses—each a purpose good—
One makes rare tea—the other seasons food.
When I appear of my first letter left,
I'm still a noun, with many honors left;
Denoting then a space so very long,
Fain would we outstrip time when we are young.
That we its changing scenes might see and know,
But ere this end's attain'd, we wiser grow;
Each then, his footsteps would retrace, and fain,
Prudence obtain'd, commence the search again.

My first a most valuable instrument is,
Exceedingly lovely and small;
And although very powerful, can easily be made
At will either to rise or to fall.
'Tis occasionally wash'd in a colorless fluid,
Which is kept for the purpose alone:
And by it the value, size, color, and shape,
And weight of anything may be known
Yet notwithstanding its delicate frame,
You'll be greatly surprised when you hear,
That it may be darted a very great way,
Without the least danger or fear.
My second no person would like to receive,
Though it came from the hand of a king;
And those who have had it have often affirm'd,
That behind it it left a sore sting.
Now, also my second, if you will behead,
The name of a tree you will find,
Which produces a syrup which is stout to the taste,
And from Calabria comes the best of its kind.

My whole is a beautiful fringe,
Which to a light curtain is placed;
And when danger e'er threatens my first,
The curtain will fall o'er it in haste.
Very difficult you would find it I ween,
Such a curtain and fringe to compose;
And now under the guard of my whole,
My first I will leave to repose.

Enigmas.

My first oft in summer time shuts up the eyes,
And what all, that has life, will be when it dies.
My second's a god of a rural profession;
Also, I'm found in each household possession,
And my whole's a utensil often required,
When cleanliness is by the housewife desired

From men of ancient days I claim my birth,
Confess'd by all, when known, of highest worth:
Whether in distant lands and foreign climes I roam,
Not one without me deems complete his home.
Amongst the rich and great I'm always found,
Also, where neither rank nor wealth abound;
Part of my whole is always found around
The ancient pyramid's capacious bound;
Another part in divers plants we find.
Yet I am not, except where we're combined.
Although I'm hard, I'm easily destroy'd;
In deep researches I am oft employ'd.
To young and old my services I lend.
Yet some on me much time and labor spend.
The painter oft on me has shown his skill;
The blame on me is laid of much that's ill;
From me in music, too, proceed sweet strains;
No botanist that ere my aid disdains.
A rose, I have been seen to grace the fair,
By savages I'm rank'd like jewels rare.

Grammatical Puzzle.

Let the rich, great and noble, banquet in the festal hall,
And pass the hours away as the most thoughtless revel;
Then seek the poor man's dreary home, whose very dingy
walls,
Proclaim full well to all how low his rank and level.
Take away one letter from a word in the above stanza,
and substitute another, leaving the word so metamorphosed,
still a word of the English language; and by that change,
totally alter the syntactical construction of the whole sentence—changing the moods and tenses of verbs, turning
verbs into nouns, nouns into adjectives and adjectives into
adverbs, &c.; and so make the entire stanza bear quite a
different meaning from that which it has as it stands above.

Rebuses.

Take the centre of sight
A wanderer by night,
What cheese-eaters fancy;
The short for fair Naney,
Something easily crack'd,
And a sermon or tract;
The initials will show you a country of fame,
The centres and finals two towns in the same—

A poisonous snake; hard water; a rugged rock; Latin bulls; a bulbous vegetable; a seaport in the Baltic; a little demon; and malt liquor. The initials of these will give the name of an illustrious lady, and the finals of all but the last two will give her title.

Transpositions.

If anything you wish to buy,
Say how you wish to get it;
Transpose it, and you may rely
A pleasant fruit you will decry,
And when you find it, eat it.

What once I did with an old shoe,
Transpose, and it will bring to view
A learned correspondent's name,
Who long has shone in lists of fame.

Enigmatical List of Distinguished Personages.

- 1 A conqueror, myself, and a vowel.
- 2 Nearly all, and four-fifths of a sailor's apartment.
- 3 A deep cavity, omitting a letter, a fish, and a weight.
- 4 A short sleep, a circle, and a kingdom in Spain.
- 5 Three-fourths of a savage animal, and a verb changing a letter.
- 6 A christian name, and three-fourths of a rope.
- 7 A favorite dish, a consonant, and a place for wild beasts.
- 8 Three-fourths of a security, and a long stick.
- 9 A kind of clay, and a corporation town.
- 10 A large fish, a circle, and a heavy weight.
- 11 A savage animal, and a vowel.
- 12 A verb, and a sharp weapon.
- 13 Cleansing, and three-fourths of a sound.
- 14 An outer garment.
- 15 A mount, a verb, and joyful, omitting a letter.
- 16 Not old, and half an unruly member.
- 17 A nick-name, and one of a family.
- 18 An abbreviation, a fish, and an assemblage of trees.
- 19 A composition of bricks or stone, and an important card.
- 20 A water-fowl.
- 21 A preposition, and three-fifths of a piece of music.
- 22 Four-fifths of a voracious bird, myself and a consonant.
- 23 A useful animal, and half an individual.

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

RIDDLES.

1. Rhubarb. 2. Inch—Chin. 3. Rage—Age—Bag. 4. Cap-rice. 5. Because all should begin with a good stock-in-trade (stocking-trade.) 6. Foot-path. 7. Black-eye.

CHARADE.

The county town most for antiquity famed,
Is Chester, I ween—thus your first I have named.
The second is field, whose crop at first green,
Is oft, ere 'tis perfect in other shades seen.
And Chesterfield being man of mortal mould,
I think you'll confess I your riddle have told.

ENIGMAS.

1. Cotton. 2. Manna, Anna, Ann. 3. Pin. 3. The coral worm.—This insect forms the substance called coral; it enlarges its work in the ocean till it gradually comes close to the water's edge—and various vegetable substances becoming entangled on it, form one of the wonders of nature, known as the coral-reef. Many persons suppose that islands are formed by this means.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF FISHES.

Your present, dear brother, was quite to my wish,
Fine specimens of many species of fish.
(1.) The skate, and the pilot-fish, (2.) friend to the shark,
(3.) With soles that are caught, to be eaten in the dark.
(4.) The sword-fish, and pike (5.) with its mouth full of teeth;
(6.) A trumpet-fish, found Europe's south waves beneath.
(7.) Some silver and gold fish—from China they came;
(8.) The soldier-crab is a West India name.
(9.) Stargazers, from Mediterranean's shore;
(10.) The telescope-fish, from the Kian,* you bore:
(11.) A parrot-fish, from the Antilles, you've brought;
(12.) A perch, which so oft, in our own streams we caught.
(13.) The sea-cock, which lives in so many a clime;
(14.) A toad-fish, which hides among sea-weed and alime;
(15.) A ribband-fish, sold in the markets of Rome.
(16.) A butterfly-fish, from the same sunny home.
(17.) The salmon was dress'd, and said 'twas perfection!
The rest of the things will improve my collection.
* The Kian—a river of China.

REBUSES.

1. Themistocles, House, England, Flodden Field, Armor, Mirror, Isabella, Lion, York, Ferdinand, Raphael, Isaac, Eagle, Neptune, Day.
2. Gentian—Amethyst—Rose—Lily—Aster—Narcissus—Dahlia—Garland.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 1 Lassa. | 11 Crossfell. |
| 2 Macassar. | 12 Lough Conn. |
| 3 Annan. | 13 Caracass. |
| 4 Alloa. | 14 Duck. |
| 5 Alabama. | 15 Dresden. |
| 6 Bonifacio. | 16 Aberdeen. |
| 7 Bassora. | 17 Wetter. |
| 8 Bala. | 18 Yencessel. |
| 9 Bagdad. | 19 Finisterra. |
| 10 Loo Choo. | 20 Family Friend. |



SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

Schamyl.

On the 13th of April, last year, the Czar ordered Lieutenant-General Wrevesky to attack Schamyl in his capital of Argille—and the Circassians saw themselves closely invested by 40,000 Russians and thirty-six field-pieces. Partial attacks were made by the latter in different points; but Schamyl, prudently avoiding a general battle, manoeuvred to get the Russians in such a position as to close up their retreat and prevent their advance—and succeeded completely. He then attacked them on all sides, and routed them with great havoc—twenty-three guns and an immense quantity of provisions falling into his hands. Five battalions of Poles and irregular troops went over to the Circassians on that occasion, and Schamyl subsequently issued a proclamation, declaring that Russian deserters should henceforward receive his protection. This singular and intrepid man is at present filling a large portion of the public eye in the remote region of the Caucasus, where he is looked upon in the three-fold capacity of sultan, warrior, and prophet. Such facts as we have been able to collect of the peculiarities of his character and his doings cannot at the present time be uninteresting.

"Schamyl," says a contemporary, "was born in the aul, or village of Himri, in the year 1797, and was thirty-seven years of age when he became the leader of the Tchetchenzes. Even in his early youth he was distinguished by his unbending spirit, his serious, reserved demeanor, by his pride and ambition. His originally rather weak person he strengthened and hardened by gymnastic exercises. He frequently spent the whole day in utter solitude, and the wise mullah, Tilal Eddin, inflamed him with a love of the Koran. The mullah, who was initiated in the doctrine of the Sufl, aroused religious enthusiasm in his disciple, and prepared him for mighty deeds. This education bore its fruit, and from the days when Schamyl stepped forth as the successor of Hamsad Bey, every forehead was bared before the presence of the master. Schamyl, however, is a worthy leader of the fiery sect which chose him as their prophet. He is of

the middle height, with light, almost red hair—especially his beard, which is now becoming grey—has grey eyes, a regularly-shaped nose, and small mouth. An extraordinary calmness, which deserts him least of all in the hour of danger, pervades his whole demeanor, and he addresses prisoners or traitors without a trace of excitement or thirst of revenge. He is convinced that his actions and words are the immediate inspirations of the Deity. He eats little, drinks only water, sleeps but a few hours, and relaxes himself with praying and reading the Koran." "When he speaks," the Daghestani poet, Bered Bey, says, "lightning is in his eyes and flowers on his lips." He is, in truth, a perfect master of the Oriental eloquence which is adapted to inflame the Mussulman people, and the exaggerations which the Russian generals are guilty of in their proclamations are far inferior to his.

The first to form a separate corps of Polish and Russian deserters was Hassan Bey; but the merit of improving and more thoroughly perfecting its organization belongs to Schamyl. It now consists of 4,000 men, but amongst them are to be found representatives of almost every Eastern European nation. His body guard consists of a thousand chosen Murides, who are paid at the rate of twelve shillings a month, and a share of whatever spoils falls into the predatory hands of their chief. These are called Murtosigati, and all the villages endeavor to win the honor of having several warriors among them. As the Oriental imagination takes a peculiar delight in every display of pomp or magnificence, the policy of Schamyl induces him never to leave his residence without an escort of five hundred men, though it is asserted that the discontent of some of the provinces subjected to his sway compels this precautionary defence for his own safety.

It is almost unnecessary to mention, that Schamyl tries to gain as much advantage as he possibly can by practising on the credulity of the mountaineers. Thus, when about to undertake any important expedition, he usually retires to a grotto, where, in imitation of the first Mahomet, he passes whole weeks in fasting and communion with Allah. This imposes upon the multitude: so that when he appears among them again from his solitude, and proclaims the result of his communication with the Deity, they are disposed to receive him with a species of reverential awe. With all his superstitious practices, however, there can be no question that he has qualities for governing. He has introduced the postal system through the whole of Daghestan, and in every village commands several horses to be in readiness for the transmission of state messages and couriers, who travel vast distances with almost fabulous celerity. In the arrangement of his army he has also introduced great improvements, and confers honorary distinctions and grades of rank on those who signalise themselves by their prowess or conduct. Before the time of Schamyl, the revenue of the chief was principally raised from booty, a fifth portion of which has, from time immemorial, been the chief's share; but he has introduced a regular system of taxation. Tracts of land, which in times long gone by had been granted to the monks, and conferred no benefit whatever upon the community, have now become the property of the state; and the religious teachers receive by way of compensation for their lands a regular salary. Other improvements have been schemed and carried into effect by this Eastern warrior, whose genius is not entirely confined to the military character, but also embracing something of the rude and practical politician.

The residence of Schamyl is somewhat in keeping with the wild strength and fanaticism of his character. It consists of a castle built on an inaccessible spot called Dargy-Vedeuno. There is only one gate to it, opposite to which, and within the fortress, there is a tower, mounting one solitary gun, to defend the entrance. The castle itself, however, is defended by two rows of heavy upright posts, with clay stamped between them, and driven deep into the soil. A little to the right is a sepa-

rate village for the Murides, and at a short distance a powder magazine, defended by a guard. Before the castle lies another village, chiefly occupied by artisans. A stream has been directed into the middle of the fortress from the adjoining hills, where, after filling a huge tank, it escapes into a precipitous ravine, and thence to the Chlilo stream. A little way from this stands the provision store, which is usually pretty well stocked with maize, millet, and corn. Such is Schamyl and his residence.

His character is distinguished by a calm, collected, and resolute energy, which nothing can daunt, and the power he possesses over his warriors is unbounded. Should the war in Georgia be continued, he will yet, no doubt, play an important part in it. The affairs in the Caucasus will, unquestionably, undergo some great political change, and perhaps such an one as may annihilate the hopes of Schamyl's friends. Should this be the case, we may hear of the realization of the words of Hamsad Bey, Schamyl's predecessor:

"If Turkey and England desert us, when all our powers of resistance are exhausted, then we will burn our houses and our property, strangle our wives and children, and retire to our precipices to die there, fighting to the very last man."

The Gates of the Baltic.

The three entrances or gates of the Baltic are formed by the comparatively large islands of Zeland and Funen, and the continental coasts of Sweden and Denmark. These islands and four lesser immediately to the south—Dangeland, Laland, Falster, and Moen—with upwards of sixty more, dwindling down to insignificant tracts, compose the Danish Archipelago. The entire group occupies an area not exceeding 100 miles from north to south, by 130 from east to west. Thus crowded, the separating channels are narrow, and are rendered still more confined by innumerable shoals and sandbanks. Though contiguous to one of the great highways of European commerce, many of these little spots were little known to each other, and much less to the outlying world, prior to the establishment of steam navigation. The physiognomy of the more extensive is very uniform. There is no bold scenery, but it is often picturesque, and eminently beautiful with tolerable summer weather. Striking blendings of land, water, and sky are to be seen in almost every direction, while the white sails of merchantmen, the boats of pilots and fishermen, rich meadows and noble beach-woods, neat churches, windmills, and homesteads, give variety and life to the landscape. Vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and long retains a vernal appearance, owing to the humidity of the atmosphere and of the soil. When the plains of Germany are brown and ashy with the summer heat, the isles of Denmark delight the eye with a fresh, bright green, and truly deserves the title of emerald. But dense fog, and cold drenching rains are more common experiences than fine weather, marring out-of-doors enjoyment. Yet, when a gale from the westward drives up clouds of mist from the Atlantic, alternately veiling and disclosing sea, shore, and sky, fine studies are afforded to the painter of marine scenery.

THE LIFE AND SOUL OF HIGH ART.—All things that are worth doing in art are interesting and attractive when they are done. There is no law of right which consecrates dullness. The proof of a thing's being right is that it has power over the heart; that it excites us, wins us, helps us. I do not say that it has influence over all, but it has over a large class, one kind of art being fit for one class, and another for another; and there is no goodness in art which is independent of the power of pleasing. Yet, do not mistake me; I do not mean that there is no such thing as neglect of the best art, or delight in the worst, just as many men neglect nature, and feed upon what is artificial and base; but I mean that all good art has the capacity of pleasing, if people will attend to it; that there is no law against its pleasing, but, on the contrary, something wrong either in the spectator or the art, when it ceases to please.—*Ruskin.*

THE HEART.—The heart of a man is a short word—a small substance, scarce enough to give a kite one meal—yet great in capacity; yes, so infinite in desire, that the round globe of the world cannot fill the three corners of it. When it desires more, and cries, "Give give!" I will set it over to that infinite good where the more it hath it may desire more, and see more to be desired.—*Bishop Hall.*

Facetia.

THE worst of an imaginary danger is, that it often leads us to overlook a real one.

THOSE who think that money will do anything, may be suspected of doing anything for money.

A BREEDER of Shanghais says, that one of these fowls when eating corn, takes one peck at a time.

THE speaker who exhausted the subject had a hard struggle. He put his whole soul and both his arms into it.

"PAPA, do people buy snuff?" "Yes, my dear. Why?" "Well, then, why do people say they take it?"

AN infallible remedy for redundancy of style is for the diffuse author to form the habit of writing advertisements, and paying for their insertion.

MANY a fool has passed for a clever man, because he has known how to hold his tongue; and many a clever man has passed for a fool because he has not known how to make use of it.

SINCE it has become the fashion for men to confess their past errors very freely in books, it is boldly asserted that there is no material difference between an auto-biography and a naughty-biography.

THE natives of Australia are a simple race. Their superstitions are curious. They believe that after death they return as white men. One of them, hanged at Melbourne, said, "Never mind, I jump up white fellow, with plenty of sixpence."

"STOP your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable "yell" for the last five minutes; "stop, I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do you?" chimed in the hopeful urchin.

ANNE of Austria, queen of Louis XIII, was extremely delicate in all that concerned the care of her person; it was scarcely possible to find lawn or cambric sufficiently fine for her use. Cardinal Mazarin used to say that her punishment in purgatory would be her having to sleep in Holland sheets.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.—When Walpole, in allusion to the sameness of the system of politics continued in the reign of George the third observed, "But there is nothing new under the sun." "No," said Selwin, "nor under the grandson."

A FAMILY PARTY.—A friend of ours, met his neighbor's coachman looking remarkably facetious on Monday morning last. As the man touched his hat, he said to him, "Well, John, what has happened to make you look so pleasant to-day?" "Why, sir," was the reply, "what do you think? We are a pretty lot at our house, that we are. I started with five of us in the old carriage yesterday morning. First of all, I drove the young mistress to the Church, and then old master to the Wesleys; next I took young master to the Romans; my wife went to the Ranters; and when I had put up the horse, I took a turn myself with the Calvinists." We certainly did laugh outright at hearing the account of this "happy family:" the rainbow is nothing to it.



Stern Parent.—"I TELL YOU, SIR, I WILL NOT ALLOW IT; AND DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE."

Young Williams.—"BOO-HOO—AND WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE?"



Emily.—WHY, MY GOODNESS, FRANK! WHAT A DREADFUL BLACK EYE YOU HAVE! YOU ARE QUITE DISFIGURED!"

Frank.—"H'M, HA! THAT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE, NOW; I WAS IN HOPES NO ONE WOULD HAVE PERCEIVED IT!"

[FRANK has been so unfortunate as to catch a cold in his eye from sitting in a draught at Military Hall—so he SAYS.]

MORE PERTINENT THAN POLITE.—"Pray, sir," said a judge angrily to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?" "Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars a-day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousands a year."

A NEW NAME.—The *Herald* says:—"The district registrars have daily convincing proof of the popularity of the war, as a great number of the female children born during the last three months have been by their patriotic parents named 'Alma.'" Complimentary this to the spirit of the war, but unnecessary. For, let the girls be christened what they might, is it not ten to one that they would become *All ma's* in time?

PERSEVERANCE.—A provincial judge, a great bore in his way, called upon Bautru, wishing to see him. A servant announced him. "Tell him I am in bed." "Sir, he says he will wait till you are risen." "Tell him I am very ill." "He says he will prescribe some remedy." "Tell him I am at the last extremity." "He says he wishes to say adieu to you." "Tell him I am dead." "He says he will sprinkle you with holy water." "Confound him, let him in."

HAD A "WINNING WAY" WITH HER.—A wayward son of the Emerald Isle "left the bed and board" which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself "in," whenever anybody should "stand treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get him home again. We shall see how she proceeds:—"No, Margaret, I won't come back." "An' won't ye come back for the love of the children?" "Not for the love of the children, Margaret." "Will ye come back for the love of mesilf?" "Niver at all. 'Way wid ye." "An' Patrick, won't the love of the church bring ye back?" The church to the deuce, and then I won't.

Margaret thought she would try one other inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said, "Will ye come for the drop of whiskey?" "Ah, me darlint," answered Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, "It's yerself that'll always bring me home again, ye has such a winning way wid ye; I'll come home, Margaret." Margaret declares that Patrick was "reclaimed by moral suasion."

Why is that excellent weapon the rifle being very nearly an insignificant thing? Because it is within a t of a trifle.

THE music-master who beat time is going to run his shadow.

Is a man bound to say grace after meat, when he has only had a fish dinner?

A MAN much addicted to snoring remarked to his bedfellow in the morning, "that he slept like a top." "I know you have," replied the other tartly, "like a humming-top."

It is difficult to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye nor a fool in the eyes of the world.

Facetia.

If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured. An angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

What difference is there between forms and ceremonies? You sit upon one and stand on the other.

An obituary, very eulogistic of a lady, says: "She was married twenty-four years, and in all that time never once banged the door."

THE COW AND CALF.—A dandy who wanted the milk passed to him at a country tavern, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please pass your cow this way!" To whom the landlady thus retorted: "Waiter, take the cow down there where the calf is bleating!"

TRUTH BY TELEGRAPH.—A telegraph report has contrived to speak the unvarnished truth for once. It says that "rumors are abundant, facts scarce."

A BACHELOR friend of ours has left a boarding-house, in which were a number of very plain-featured women, on account of the miserable fair set before him at the table.

A MAN in New Bedford, who had backed out from a promise of marriage, was prosecuted and imprisoned by his intended. The injured fair one paid his board for two weeks, when he surrendered, and they were married. Others similarly situated might adopt this method with equal success.

MARBLE-ous.—Dan Marble is delighting the English with stories like this: He says he once partook of a rooster so old that he was bald headed.

If you please, Mr. Sugarcoat, ma wants to know if you will have the kindness to send her two cents worth of starch and a cents worth of needles by the boy, in a basket. Please send the bill with the goods, and she will call and settle with you on Saturday.

A "RUN" FOR GOLD.—The horse *West Australian* is the favorite at Tattersall's, for the Derby. No wonder, when the run for gold to Australia has been so general and durable!

COMPLICATION OF DISORDERS.—The *Medical Gazette* and *Journal of Health* has this "hit" among its brevities: "What did Mr. — die of?" asked an acquaintance. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe a complication, my good sir?" "He died," rejoined the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon."

RATHER DRY.—We heard the other day a good anecdote of a clever fellow, who was a passenger on the mail-boat some time since. He is not in the habit of "indulging," but on this occasion he found himself somewhat under the influence of "old King Al." Being asked how in the world he came to drink so much, he replied: "Why, the fact is, gents, (hic,) the river has got so low, (hic,) that the Captain has forbid the use of water as a beverage—there's none to spare."

ASTRONOMICAL PUN.—When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggy member exclaimed: "What! our sun's sun! why, that must be a grand sun!"

A BULL.—A local newspaper says: "On Wednesday we shall issue a second edition, but no first edition." This reminds us of an honest Hibernian, who called at the *Weekly Times* office with an advertisement, the price of which, he was told, would be nine shillings for the first time, and seven and sixpence for the second. "Faith, then," said he, "I'll have it in the second time, and not the first at all."

SOMETHING NEW ON FOOT.—We will tell the ladies a pretty secret, an' they will promise faithfully not to say anything about it—except to their particular friends. A new style of dress and evening slipper is coming in vogue, which will decrease the apparent dimensions, while it will greatly add to the invisible fascination of all the pretty feet in the metropolis. The new slipper is made of black or bronze satin, with three or four light bands of India rubber running around the top, and the instep ornamented with a good sized rosette, of the same color as the slipper. Isn't it charming and quite refreshing, after the dull monotony of square toes and plain quarters?

TAITH AND TRUE.—"I am now about to do for you what the devil never did by you," said a quaint parson, in his valedictory address to his flock; "that is, I shall leave you."

SOMETHING "LIKE."—Louis Napoleon's embracing the Countess "Theba" as his wife, was decidedly rather a Span-ish affair!

"RED" MOROCCO.—We are told that the expected death of the emperor of Morocco will cause sanguinary civil war. The only question will be, which of the Morocco chiefs will get the worst leathering!

SUSPENSION OF THE "GRAPE" SHOT.—Now that the Kaffir war is supposed to be terminated, it may reasonably be expected that the people at the Cape will cease to cry out for fresh troops. Thus we shall have no more Cape wine—(wine.)

A DRUNKEN ASS.—An old lady in Knarsborough lately placed her "brewing" in the street in a cooler, and it caught the eye of a drouthy donkey, who took an opportunity of drinking it up. Poor Cuddie! he found even four legs incompetent to hold him up respectably straight, and reeled about town, a delightful text for teetotallers.

TOO DEAR.—A pair of rustic lovers had resolved to make a match of it, and the prudent bridegroom went about the parish, asking the cheapest road to wedded bliss. The conclusion to which he came was complimentary to the church. The registrar's charge was so substantial that he thought he might as well employ "a real parson" at once, and then "the job would be sure to stand!" So off he went to church with his bride, and made her his own, for better or for worse. The knot tied, he asked for the "reckonin'," and was thunderstruck by the announcement of "fourteen shillings." He proposed seven. Heads were shaken: "no half-price" was the rule. "Then," said Hodge, handing over the full sum in a fume, "I'm blow'd if ever I get wed here any more!" The priest could no longer contain his gravity—the man's threat was too droll to be resisted. He thought it so good, that he rewarded its author by returning the fees, and made him a present of his first wife gratis.

WHO OWNS IT?—The young ladies who have had occasion to visit the sub-post office recently have noticed that the Postmaster in every instance regarded them with a curious look, and the matter has been made the subject of a large amount of chat among the fair denizens of the place. "Jane, have you been to the post-office within a day or two?" "Yes?" "Didn't the Postmaster scrutinise your countenance as if he was about to make an inventory of your features?" "La, yes! Now I think of it, I remember that he looked at me very hard!" "There, there, Antoinette, it's just what all the girls say! What does it mean, I wonder?" This was the conversation for a week; but at length it was ascertained that there was a letter lying in the post-office which bore this inscription: "To the handsomest girl in New York." The Postmaster, who claims the privilege of deciding upon the matter, has not yet come to a decision.

A large majority of the Carlton Club—all lawyers—wishing to get clear of an obnoxious member, O. P. Clifford, agreed recently to dissolve, for the purpose of reforming without him; but he unexpectedly took the stand that, as they had left the club, he was the sole possessor of the property; and so it proved; and they were obliged to buy him off.

THE INQUISITIVE INNKEEPER'S REVENGE.—The American orator, John Randolph, being at an inn in Virginia, was about to leave, when the master of the house inquired which way he was travelling. "Sir!" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure. "I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you travelling?" "Have I paid you my bill?" "Yes." "Do I owe you anything more?" "No." "Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?" "Yes." The landlord was somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off; but to his surprise, in a few minutes sent one of his servants to inquire which of the forks of the road he should take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath: "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent—just take which road you please."

ALL THE BERRIES.—A celebrated comedian arranged with his greengrocer—one Berry—to pay him quarterly; but the greengrocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the greengrocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say, here's a pretty mul, Berry; you've sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry; your father, the elder, Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look black, Berry—for I don't care a straw, Berry—and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

NEWS FOR THE LADIES.—Serjeant Wilkins, in a recent case of breach of promise, laid it down that no lady's heart was ever broken after she was twenty years of age; but we have the testimony of many excellent spinsters of a "certain age," that they cannot agree with him on that score.

A man said ale was an excellent drink, though when taken in large quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen it make you lean," said a bystander.

A QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—The following extract from the Paris correspondence of the *Republic*, is decidedly French. It starts an interesting question for lawyers: "To whom does a broken pane of glass belong? If you can decide under the circumstances of the case I am about to relate, you will set a vexed question at rest. The other night a carriage, badly guided, dashed upon the sidewalk, and the pole passed through the window-pane of a shoemaker's shop. It went through as clean as a bullet, making a round O in the pane—and letting in a streak of cold air as smooth as a musket-barrel. If the pane had been cut up by cracks like the rays of the sun, or the spokes of a wheel, it would have possessed no earthly value, of course; but as it was, sundry amateurs of curiosities who passed by, declared it to be worth ten thousand franks at least. The shoemaker thought he had made his everlasting fortune, and, naturally enough, claimed the broken square. But he had counted without his host, or, as I should say, without the proprietor. The owner of the house claimed the smashed window-glass as his own by right of possession. The shoemaker was only his tenant. It was in vain that the latter reminded his landlord that he had never offered before to replace the window-panes that he had the misfortune to break or to have broken. The landlord insisted—but he had not foreseen a certain difficulty. The insurance company that had insured his house, not only against fire, but against tumbling to pieces, against earthquakes, and against window-breakage, claimed, in its turn, the right to mend the pane and take the old one. But the insurance company had forgotten a slight circumstance in their way. The glazier claimed the broken pane as one of his traditional, immemorial perquisites; never, he said, had any one yet made any objection to his removing the splinters and the old putty, and doing what he pleased with them. So here are four claimants, and I am not sure that the adroit driver will not put in his claim, too, as the original cause of the breakage, and the lawsuit which threatens to grow out of it."

FEMALE INFALLIBILITY.—A man frequently admits that he is in the wrong, but a woman, never—she was "only mistaken."

APPROPRIATE.—A cargo of emigrants recently left England for Melbourne, in the ship *John Bunyan*. Of course this was the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Police Regulations

FOR THE BETTER BEHAVIOR AND ELEGANT DEPORTMENT OF HACKMEN.

Every hackman to wear a white neckcloth. No hackman is to open the door without putting his gloves on.

Every hackman is to have a bottle of *Eau-de-Cologne* in his vehicle, for fear of accidents.

Every hackman to shave at least once a day, and to wash his face and hands not less than three times: viz. 8 A. M.—1 P. M.—and 4 P. M.

None but the best Windsor soap to be used on all ablutual occasions.

Any hackman detected reading a letter on his box, and afterwards tearing it up, and flinging the pieces about the street, will be instantly taken into custody.

Every hackman is expected to touch his hat only every time he sees a gentleman or lady pass, but if he is spoken to, he must take it off, and remain uncovered until the gentleman or lady leaves him.

Every hackman must possess a certain knowledge of French and German—sufficient to make himself understood—and, if he can add to the above a small smattering of Italian, his merits will not be overlooked.

Every hackman must be provided with a silk umbrella, in the event of rainy weather.

No hackman, whilst on his box, must read or yawn, or sleep, or sing, or whistle, or talk too loud, or make pantomimic signals with his hands, or keep them in his pocket, or sit with one leg crossed over the other, under any pretence whatever.

Any infringement of the above regulations will be visited with the very severest punishments the legislature can inflict—the lowest being a month's imprisonment with hard labor.

THE DYING SOLDIER.—In the heat of the battle of Neerwinde, gained by the French in 1693, the Marshal of Luxembourg, who commanded them, seeing a soldier of the guard quitting his corps, said to him, in a threatening tone: "Where art thou going?" "Sir," replied he, opening his coat and showing his wounds, "I am going to die, a few paces from this, happy to have exposed my life, and to have lost it, for my country, in fighting under so great a general as you."

Random Readings.

WHY is an overworked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

THAT'S my impression, as the seal said to the seal-ling-wax.

A LIUTENANT'S widow writes to complain that her heart is "left tenantless."

It is noticed as a horrible relic of ancient barbarity, that the unfortunate militia were first drawn and then quartered.

A Southern paper, in noticing a proposal to light the streets of a village with red-headed girls, says:—"If we lived there we'd play tipsy every night and hug the lamp-posts."

"Now, then, Thomas, what are you burning off my writing-table?" said an author to his servant.—"Only the paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.

It is found that women make the best clerks for the electric telegraph. Very rarely, indeed, are they at fault. The only difficulty is, to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what mischance he had lost his divinity?—"Alas!" said he, "I flattered her until she grew too proud to speak to me; had she been but a tithe of what I told her she was, she would have been too good for me!"

SOME people, even in high quarters, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kitchener, happened to be one of the company of that number, at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked and pronounced unlucky, he said, "I admit that it is unlucky in one case."—"What is that?"—"When there is only dinner enough for twelve."

A TEACHER in a Sunday school was lecturing a class of little girls on the influence of pious instructions in the formation of youthful character. "Ah, Miss Caroline," said he to one of the class, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?"—"I suppose, sir," answered Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

A GENTLEMAN who had taken rather too much wine at a party the other evening, and who had to cross the park "before he could reach his abode," came suddenly in contact with a tree. "Schuze me, shir," said he, stammering out an apology; "I shure you shir, tirely 'tentional on my part. Sho dark, shir, I didn't seee you. 'Schuze me, shir, 'schuze me, shir, if you please." After this obsequious explanation, and an abortive attempt to put on his hat, he essayed to continue on his way, but again came in contact with the same tree. "I really beg your pardon, shir," said he; "I'm 'fraid you'll 'spect I'm 'tossicated; but I shure you, shir, I shposed, shir, you'd gone home." At this instant a policeman who had been enjoying the scene volunteered to show the gentleman through the park, assuring him that it was indeed very dark, and that the gentleman whom he had run against belonged to the stationary department, and that it was not in his power to order him to "move on."

DOING IT THOROUGHLY.—A lady on separating from her husband, changed her religion, being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

THE OLD EWES.—At an American "revival" meeting, one old lady prayed fervently for the "young lambs of the flock." A "lad in black," not to be outdone by Sister Walton, responded, and blandly asked who was to pray for the "old ewes." This set the congregation in a roar.

BOILED ICE.—In some hot countries to which Yankee ice is sent, it is a great luxury. An African journal relates that a gentleman, who had purchased some lumps of it, sent it to his cook with orders to have it sent up for dinner. The cook was at a loss what to do with it; but as he had a pot of boiling water over the fire, he dropped the ice into it. At the dinner-table, the master said, when the desert was ready, "Now fetch on the ice."—"All gone, massa."—"Gone! where is it gone to?"—"Why, massa, me put it in the pot to boil, and when me look for it, it wasn't there." The poor fellow had a bottle thrown at his head for his blunder.

A LOVE-SICK swain sent a Christmas gift of a pair of shoes to his sweetheart, accompanied by the following highly poetical effusion:—

Dear Molly, I do as is my duty,
Honor the shadow of your shoe-tie;
And now in name of all the Muses,
Send you a present of a pair of shoes—es!

A TREETOTALLER is a person who eats his toast and does not drink it.

WORK many women, going to church is little better than looking into a bonnet shop.

I Would be Rich.

BY GRACE DE LA VERITE.

I would be rich in the things of life,
Although old sages say,
That the best things here are profits of strife,
That all we deem good with evil is rife;
And that lowliness, want, recreant fear,
And insults, and cold, and poverty drear,
All line the Milky Way!

I would be rich that I might know
Why rich men always seem
In pursuit of pleasure so ardent, as though
All hope of the future they'd lightly forego;
Nor see Time on the wings of Folly flee!
They spring through life's cares so buoyant, so free
From every saddening theme!

I would be rich, that I might see,
Though but for one short day,
The oppressed, the poor, in their deep agony,
The wretched, the worn by sharp misery,
In their trustfulness calling me to relieve,
Believing my heart would struggle to save
From poverty's grim sway!

I would be rich in truth and power,
And knowledge, costly gift!
For it lighteneth labor in many an hour,
And falleth so soft as summer's sweet shower,
To the truthful, and ever-radiant sun,
She raiseth the drooping head which the one
So fragile, scarce could lift!

I would be rich in love, and faith,
To pierce through doubts dark mists
With full human faith, though black sin may scathe,
And whisper her thoughts with poisonous breath;
With all faith in bright guardian angels here;
With faith in the saving power of prayer,
Faith in the realms of bliss!

Statistics.

CANADIAN COMMERCE.—The exports for the last year amounted to 23,801,303 dollars, and the imports to 31,981,436 dollars. The exports to Great Britain were 11,465,408 dollars, and the imports therefrom 18,489,121 dollars; exports to the United States, 10,725,455 dollars; imports from ditto, 11,782,147; exports to North America Colonies, 1,380,465 dollars; imports, 632,660 dollars; to British West Indies, 20,184 dollars; from ditto, 3479 dollars; to other countries, 209,791 dollars; from ditto, 1,074,029 dollars. The increase of the aggregate imports and exports since the preceding year was 57 per cent.

THE gold shipped from Australia during the last year, to the 22nd of September—including that of Ceylon—amounts to nearly sixty-six tons—the value of which, at \$20 dollars an ounce, is thirty-two and a half millions of dollars.

THE DOCKS OF LONDON.—The district north and south of the Thames, from the Tower to Blackwall, is the most remarkable portion of the everywhere wonderful London. Here have been formed for the reception, discharge, and loading of vessels, on the north, St. Katherine's Docks, the London Docks, the West India Docks, the East India Docks, the Victoria Docks; and on the south, the Grand Surrey Docks and the Commercial Docks, which comprise hundreds of acres of water, surrounded by miles of walls, and sheltering thousands of ships; here have been spent not simply thousands, but millions of dollars, and all this has been effected in the present century, which has but half expired.

THE KNOT.—The knout, the emblem of Russian barbarism (says a contemporary), falls not only on the slave or the criminal. A poor student of more than ordinary talents had, by great perseverance, twice merited a prize; but he was regarded with jealous hostility by a certain professor, whom he was too poor to bribe. Twice cheated, the poor fellow made a third effort, though barely able to sustain himself in his humble lodging until the period of his examination came. His future hung upon the result; for, upon his passing the ordeal with credit, depended his access to employment that would get him bread. He strained every nerve, and succeeded well. All the professors testified their approbation except one, whose voice was necessary to complete the votes. He rose, and withheld his suffrage upon false grounds, that cast dishonor on the young man's character. It was his old enemy; and the poor boy—a widow's son—with starvation before him, and his hopes all cast to winds, rushed forward by a sudden impulse of despair, and struck his persecutor. He was arrested, tried, and condemned, by the emperor himself, to receive a thousand lashes with the knout. All the students and professors were ordered to be present at the execution of the sentence. Long before it was complete, of course, the youth was dead; but the full number was completed. Many students who were made spectators of the scene lay on the ground in a swoon.

Varieties.

ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE.—The late Dr. Kitto when a boy, was removed from a workhouse to become an apprentice to a shoemaker. His master was a coarse tyrant. The poor boy appealed to the magistrates. His written statement was marked by a striking propriety of sentiment and diction. The indentures were cancelled, and he returned to the workhouse—to him a welcome refuge. He was not idle there. In 1823, his talents and capabilities being better understood, he was enabled, by the kindness of two gentlemen of the neighborhood, to publish a small volume of essays and letters, and was placed in a position less unfavorable to self-improvement.

MENTAL AND CORPOREAL SUFFERING.—There is a pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporeal suffering. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be more severe, and to convince his sovereign of it he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger which was bound with a strong chain, so that the beast could spring near but not seize the lamb, and also put food before him. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten all the food placed before him—the other was found dead from fright.

WHEN is a man truly over head and ears in debt? When he has not paid for his wig.

WHY is a horse that is constantly ridden and never fed in no danger of being starved?—Because he has always a bit.

WHY is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?—Because it requires to be ground.

WHY is a drawn tooth like something to be forgotten?—Because it is out of the head.

WHY is a fanciful idea like the sea?—Because it is a notion (an ocean).

WHY is the letter D like a sailor?—Because it follows the C (sea).

WHY are B and D in the alphabet like England and France?—Because there is a C (sea) between them.

WHAT word, signifying anything taken, can be spelt in two letters?—C. Z. (seized).

WHAT pungent powder can be spelt with two letters?—K. N. (Cayenne).

WHAT two letters signify a written article?—S. A. (Essay).

WHAT single bird's name will at once designate fish and poultry?—Solon goose (sole and goose).

WHY are the very strongest parts of a wall as weak as a woman's hair?—Because they are buttresses (but tresses).

WHY is the sense more clearly seen in the word vision than in sight?—Because the former has two eyes, and the latter only one.

WHY is a happy laughing eye like one that is totally destroyed?—Because it is an eye elated (annihilated).

WHAT is that which we often see made, but never see after it is done?—A bow.

WHY is the Journal like a dollar bill?—Because it is well circulated, offends no one, and is welcome to all.

LETTER-CARRIERS OF HAINAULT.—It is a singular fact, that the letter-carriers to the villages of Hainault, which is a mountainous country, put a quill in their mouths to breathe through whilst running. They go at the rate of about five miles an hour, and find this practice prevents shortness of breath. They likewise carry a pole about eight feet long in one hand, which facilitates their course somewhat like the fly-wheel of a steam-engine. It is common with boys, too, when running, to put a pebble in their mouths. The object of these practices is plainly to retard the expiration of the air from the lungs—to render the breathing deeper and slower.

BRASS FORMED BY ELECTRIC AGENCY.—There are to be taken of sulphate of copper, 1 part; warm water, 4 parts; and then sulphate of zinc, 8 parts; warm water, 16 parts; cyanide of potassium, 18 parts; warm water, 36 parts. Each salt is dissolved in its prescribed quantity of water, and the solutions are then mixed; thereupon a precipitate is thrown down, which is either dissolved by agitation alone, or by the addition of a little cyanide of potassium; indeed it does not much matter if the solution be a little troubled. After the addition of 250 parts of distilled water, it is subjected to the action of two Bunsen elements, charged with concentrated nitric acid mixed with one-tenth of oil of vitriol. The bath is to be heated to ebullition, and is introduced into a glass with a foot, in which the two electrodes are plunged. The object to be covered is suspended from the positive pole, whilst a plate of brass is attached to the negative pole.

Facetia.

"Doctor, do you think tight-lacing is bad for the consumption?" "Not at all; it is what it lives on." The doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

REVERENCE FOR TRUTH.—"My friend has a great reverence for the truth," said a baronet to a gentleman." "So I perceive," was the reply; "for he always keeps a respectable distance from it."

QUITS SAFE.—There is a gentleman in the legislature who can be trusted with any secret; for nothing he can say will be believed."

NO OPIATE REQUIRED.—The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be an auditor. "Ah! thank you," said Malherbe; "pray excuse me; I can sleep very well without that."

A SCEPTIC'S CREED.—A sceptical young man one day, conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man that I know."

ANGLING.—"Anyt'ing pite you dar?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, not'ing at all." "Vell," returned the other, "not'ing pite me, too."

AN IRISHISM.—A merchant of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom; "Since writing the above I have died."

A YOUTH'S BEARD GROWING.—A youth went into a barber's shop, the other day, to be scraped. The barber, having adjusted the cloth, and soaped the smooth skin, left him, and went lounging about the door. As soon as the young gent saw him sauntering, he impatiently called out: "Well, what are you leaving me all this time for?" "Sir," said he, "I am waiting until your beard grows."

WHAT IS MAN?—An American author describes man as the only animal that drinks sherry cobbles.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE; OR, THE SOLDIER AS HE WILL BE IN 1900.

A LITTLE girl was told to spell *ferment*, and give its meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer:—"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work—I love to ferment in the garden!"

THE POWER OF ABSTRACTING YOUR MIND.—The man who chalked the Wall of China with "Free Trade and Starvation," during an earthquake, had a singular power of abstracting his mind.

EVERY man can do his best thing easiest.

A STUDY FOR A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.—Thimberig Thistlewate thievishly thought to thrive through thick and thin, by throwing his thimbles about. But he was thwarted, and thwacked, and thumped, and thrashed, with thirty thousand thistles and thorns, for thievishly thinking to thrive through thick and thin by throwing his thimbles about.

PAT'S RETORT COURTEOUS.—A simple-looking Irishman landed on one of the piers in this city, in search of work. A fellow on the pier, thinking to quiz the poor stranger, asked him, "How long, Pat, have you broke loose from your father's cabin? and how do the potatoes eat now?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a shillelagh in his hand, answered, "Oh! they eat very well, jewel; would you like to taste the stalk?" And, knocking down the inquirer, coolly walked off.

BISHOP BURNET once, preaching before Charles II., was much warmed by his subject, and, uttering a religious truth in a very earnest manner, with great vehemence struck his clenched hand upon the desk, and cried out, "Who dares deny this?" "Faith," observed the king, in a key not quite so loud as the preacher, "nobody, I should think, that is within reach of that great fist of yours."

AN ARGUMENT.—A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son-in-law, exclaimed: "You are right; she is an impertinent jade; and if I hear any more complaints of her, I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

HINT TO A HIGH-FLYING LAWYER.—The late Judge Pence was a noted wag. A lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination into the seventh heaven, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent, when the judge struck his rule on the desk two or three times, exclaiming to the astonished orator, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir. Don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of the court."



NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.



"ARRAH, NOW, MONEY! SHURE AN' THE MOON IS 'GLIPER'D!"